

MEDÉA

In this world, there is great evil—mala terrible, that I still pray that you girls never encounter in this life. *That* is what I bring to the loas. My pain, my suffering, my fear. May you never feel the pain of losing the things that you love most. 'ta un dolor that stings and shreds, feels like your body is being split in half, like someone is dragging 'na cuchillo from la fruta straight up to the top of your head. And the suffering you bear is the soreness from the cut. Aching and bleeding, pressing each nerve from the front of your mind to the back. It's maddening, all you can think about. Y la vergüenza, the shame you hold. The fear that you cannot walk outside without the ones who you called family staring at you...making fun of you...stepping on your feet. You become a warning for daughters and grandkids: "Cuidate, niña. ¡No quieres convertirte como una Medéa! You wouldn't want to be that bitch who lives down the street!"