Anita Sincera's Annex

August 13

Dear paper with the dotted blue lines,

My name is Anita Sincera. I am ten years old today. I live at 263 Prince's Canal St. My mami worked hard for me to remember it. Or maybe I have been ten for a very long time.

Mami and Papi did not come home when the sky turned purple. The house feels bigger now. The refrigerator hum is loud. The clock sounds angry. I sit on the floor because the linoleum is cold and it keeps me awake.

Outside, the big black trucks sit with their lights off. They look like animals waiting. Papi said never open the door because sometimes the state lies to make you open it. He called them ruses. I think it sounds like roses. Roses are supposed to be nice.

I found a bolillo in the tupper bread bin and a jar of cajeta. The sweetness hurts my teeth. I eat slow so it lasts longer.

Maybe Tía comes tomorrow.
Maybe Chuy and Chacho will come with her.

I keep listening for keys in the door.

August 14

The second night is heavier.

I keep looking through the curtain but only a little. The same cars are still there. I think they can see through walls. I think they know when people are scared. They can smell like the way papi smells when he comes home from construction.

My stomach hurts. I ate the last bread. I licked the cajeta jar clean. My tongue feels raw.

The neighbors talk and laugh and watch reality tv. Their lives keep going. I try not to make noise. I feel like I am doing something wrong just by being here.

I write on my school paper because the paper does not ask questions. The paper does not ask for papers.

I wait for the knock that means family. The one my papi uses, the curacha one, "Ta Ta Ta Ta---- Ta, Ta ta ta ta-----"

I wait for the smell of chicharron, refried beans, Zote soap, Fabuloso and someone saying my name softly, "Anita".

I am Anita Sincera. I am still waiting.

August 15

Tonight is cold.

There are only the cups of Maruchan left. The bad flavor nobody wants. I do not turn on the stove. The blue flame feels dangerous. Light means being seen.

I eat the noodles dry. They crack like sand in my mouth and I cough them up in the air so I don't choke.

Every engine sound makes my heart jump. I press my face into the carpet so I cannot hear as much. I try to breathe quietly. I wonder if the men who took my parents are police or pretending to be police. Papi said sometimes they wear the same clothes.

The house feels like a cage now. A quiet cage. A sad one.

If Tía does not come, maybe they take me somewhere else. Somewhere with numbers instead of names like canaries in chain-link cages. Somewhere Mami and Papi can't ever find me again.

I try not to cry because crying makes noise.

My name is Anita Sincera.
I am ten years old.
I live at 263 Prince's Canal St.
I am still here.
I am waiting in the dark.

Tezozomoc

Tezozomoc is a Los Angeles Chicano Essayist, Poet and 2009 Oscar Nominated Activist, internationally published and has been published by Amoxcalco Books for "I am not your Chihuahua", and by Floricanto Press, "Gashes!: Poems and Pain from the halls of injustice", a collection of poetry, ISBN-13: 978-1951088040, 9/2019. Featured nationally and internationally across zoom open virtual mics. Published in the following journals/anthologies: 2021 Boundless Anthology, 1/20/2022, MacroMicroCosm, Healing Hands, Vol 7 Issue #3, BC, Canada, 4/15/2021, Rigorous Journal, 9/21/2020, Red Earth Productions & Cultural Work, 12/17/2019, Underwood Press, 9/9/2019, Mom Egg Review, Los Angeles Poets for Justice, 03/15/2021.

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