

*“¿¡NO TRAVESURA!?”*

My grandmother calls to us from the kitchen whenever we get too quiet and curious. We aren't allowed to remove the couch protectors so we sit on the plastic spikes. The adults have taken over the kitchen and my tíos and older cousins are watching football in the living room, so we play in the backroom while we wait for our turn to sit at the kitchen table. The adults are talking about boring things and they talk in Spanish anyway so it's much more fun to hangout in the backroom anyway.

Now I would give anything to be at that table.

I am a borderland creature. In my work I use personal experiences to tell stories to attempt to connect with other borderland creatures. From intimate and personal memories from growing up in my own borderland in Southeastern Michigan to the mental and emotional traumas of being human and living life. Gloria Anzaldúa uses borderland theory to describe the inbetween state of being. For me, it's being American and Peruvian; of being not female and not male. Borderland people don't straddle borders, they live in the space between them, they are constricted and confined by them. And we never belong.