

*A daughter's inherited narrative*

*You are your mother's daughter*

They say

As the August sun shines  
upon the glass of my skin,  
As an intended canvas to stay pristine  
a standard to follow

a sign of beauty,  
seen only once every earth rotation

Their admiration is seen only on this occasion

*You are your mother's daughter*

They say

As I transform messy dough  
Into a dozen tortillas  
constructed by love

To be served to: my father,  
uncles, cousins, grandparents  
and every man thereof

*You are your mother's daughter*

They say

As I race to attach a bandaid  
on my baby sister's knee  
Caressing her wound

Praying for an early end to her misery

Am I too,  
my mother's daughter,  
as I carry generations of trauma?  
Even if I am determined to resolve them?  
Withholding the weight on my back  
Correcting the errors of my family's past

My growing desire,  
to be measured by my growing intellect  
Not my growing weight  
Nor the kitchen's state

To be an individual, not just a relative  
But a woman  
with her own narrative

When I roll out of bed, even on harrowing days  
With a body raised to the sky  
Head held up high

As I constantly evolve,  
following the migration of time  
As society progresses  
and we are defined differently  
than the length of our dresses

Am I more than what the world expects a woman to be?  
Or am I doomed to fall victim  
to the ingrained expectations of society?

*Yoseline Magaña*