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# la danza del fuego: a lesson on Love

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My eyes are oddly captivated by the person looking  
at the mirror, I am critiquing my curves.

Naked.  
Burning.

I insert my middle finger deep inside  
my throat, it vibrates inside as if having  
an orgy. It makes me throw up all the  
self-hate, low self-esteem and lack of  
confidence. I see the ceramic toilet  
support my right elbow, and my right  
shoulder, and the weight of my  
bending head, my mouth is open my  
teeth are eating my flesh

cutting me  
open, enacting transgenerational  
distress,

the pain enslaves  
me.

Tears are coming out of my eyes. I am bending forward, pressing on my stomach with my left hand while salty water drips down my fat cheeks. I am more disgusted about my body, than the smell of orange and yellowish liquid right in front of me.

The self-shaming state of shock, el choque cultural, is slowly going away. My heart is beating again. My vision is decongesting, esta respirando.

My hand is already out of my mouth What's left to see are the nutrients, calories, sugar, and fats hypnotically blending together as I flush the toilet.

El baile del fuego.

The dance of fire prevailed after each meal for quite a number of days. days days days días diet dieta tired tired of losing myself in every attempt to modify my body.

Going through eating disorders made me understand there was something wrong, and it was not me. It was the imposed reflection in the mirror seducing me, coercing me to follow a colonized standard of beauty.

I resisted: I am not white, I am

not skinny, I  
am not  
blonde.

Instead, I am brown, Soy la nieta de las parteras who cultivate the land, I am the daughter of El Boquerón and the granddaughter of el río Lempa. I am the legacy of the guerrilleras who fought in Guazapa against the economic inequality and repression committed by the Salvadoran oligarchic-military dictatorship. I am the Salvadoran movement in the diaspora. Soy Centroamericana, floreciendo en el ombligo del continente, y desafiando a la hegemonía del imperio yankee.

I am honoring the lencas, pipiles, náhuat, pocomames, chortis, chorotegas, cacaoperas.

Tasujkamati Nana  
Nan Tasujkamati  
Tata Tunal  
Tasujkamati Apan

And so with the few energies I preserved, I started to slowly raise my middle finger up and from deep inside my bowels I shouted: "fuck society's standards of beauty."

I realized I was hungry for cultura. I was hungry for love. I was hungry for pleasure and lust. I wanted to sin against the rules, so I started to love myself.

I broke the chains which tied me down because of my gender. No matter what gender you are, society will always tell you: "You're not good enough," "You're not smart enough," "You're not strong enough." Well see, isn't it about time we tell society:

“shut the fuck up!?”

I tell you all, love yourself, amáte,  
respect yourself, respetáte, and do  
not contribute to your own  
oppression.

When in doubt, ask your  
ancestors for guidance.

They are here,

listening to  
you  
embracing  
you loving  
you you you  
you love  
you love  
yourself.