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Teaching a Son the Moon: Five Lessons

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I.

"Look. Right here." She pointed the cursor arrow on the monitor to a small white cylindrical shape between the fetus' legs. The tears felt thick in my eyeballs, stinging like ocean, the trauma that holds me bound to long ago; but that's another story. My compañero held my hand. I looked away from the monitor and closed my eyes, resisting the involuntary thrust of my shoulders and chest, the movements of weeping.

I dreamed a "girl": a young womyn, my daughter, brown skin, long beautiful dark hair and familiar eyes. But as the x-ray technician printed out the sonogram photos I wanted to tell her that it was not true. I can't have a male child, a boy, a man. As much I am too familiar with the multiple violences that womyn, Brown womyn, Black womyn, face in our real world, I felt that this child would be change. But a "boy"? A brown boy, a man? How would I raise him? How would I keep him from the influences of a predator world that would surely strip him of his feeling, of his ability to Love...of his creativity and spirit...? A world that would teach him violence instead of relations.

I wept that night. And many nights after that. As my belly grew I told my child that I chose to keep him and that I was sorry that he would enter this world with a responsibility too large for him to bear on his own.

I prayed for our shared pasts, for our future unknowns.

And my heart ached when I received a response, or rather, a question: "How can you

ask us to change before we are even born?"
Teach us other worlds.

II.

"Betrayal occurs when a boy grows into a man and sees his mother as a woman for the first time. A woman, a thing. A creature to be controlled."- Cherrie Moraga

*Mami, is that your moon? The one that makes your blood come?
No, remember my moon looks like a half circle...a few more days, Baby.
Oh. Does she have a mouth?
Who?
The La Luna.
It's possible...yes, I believe she does.*

III.

We found ourselves and each other in our plantita ancestors.

I watched him in the garden.

He stopped in front of Romero and spoke something; I stopped myself from walking over to him, from interrupting the conversation they were clearly engaged in. His little hand reached and plucked a few of Romero's leaves.

I can eat this, mama.

I didn't know if he was asking me a question or telling me what he was going to do. I nodded and he shoved the leaves in his mouth, chewing with purpose.

I believe he asked Romero permission, and Romero said yes. In that moment I remembered how so many years ago, my abuelita talked to her plants and encouraged me to do that same. She said they remembered your voice, and if you gave them respect, they would tell you what you need to know. My son remembered for me. That it was our duty to remember, and to communicate, and to learn from plantitas. An act that, in the absence of my abuela, I failed to do, for fear of seeming ridiculous. But he is unafraid. And he teaches me, everyday the right way to be.

IV.

*Mama, how come everyone thinks I'm a girl?
Are you upset that people think you're a girl?
No, but I'm a boy, mama. They don't even see me.*

V.

" For if she changed her relationship to her body and that in turn changed her relationship to another's body then she would change her relationship to the world. And when that happened she would change the world."- Gloria Anzaldua

I do not believe that one person can heal other people, that a healing touch is possible. I was told that we do not heal, but we transform. We regenerate, we grow new cells, we shed excess weight, we remove, we shrink, we grow, and by that process we change.

Teaching my son the Moon, the connection of the Moon to womyn's bodies, changes the way I see my own body. Seeing the awe on his face when I explained that bodies like mama's make life, that blood is not something to be feared or disgusted by. His genuine inquiries show me that he is changing, and he will change with others. He puts the mirror to my face, and I to his, and again to mine. And in his actions, he shows the mirror to our womyn-fearing kin, the ones that see us as as controllable, as easy to violate. We catch our glimpses of possibilities, glimpses of the rumbling change.

Let that Love be our always, and our everywhere.