**Lost in Translation by Yosimar Reyes**

Growing up my nickname was *gordito*

And endearing term that a lot of *las familias* used to show us their affection

In English, *gordito* translates to ‘fat’

I guess it’s true when people say some things simply get lost in translation

The *cardiña* my *familia* would buy me my favorite snacks

Hot Cheetos *con Tampico*, *y un paleta de mango con chile*

Never did I imagine these sweet gestures of affection were actually poison

*Un veneno* (?) neatly packaged in colorful wrappers and sold to us as *cultura*

To us, we were far away from home in a strange land

With a new language, too heavy for us to speak it

Miles away from home

We found ourselves situated

Between two liquor stores on the same block

Eating poison to nourish our bodies

No more *milpas* (?) soil or open sky

Simply 12-hour shifts, grey concrete, and noise

Labels with words we can’t read much less pronounce

And Fanta commercials promising to quench our thirst

How far we have come

From the oranges of our lands

Migrated to a place where everything is commercialized

Uprooted from the ways of our *abuelos*

We are lost

Trusting corporations to tell us that what we’re ingesting is substantial to our living

No one really tells you that being *gordito* is cute when you’re a baby

But slowly your body grows tired

Like closed borders

You grew up caged *atrapado* between social conditions and foods you cannot afford

Your tongue becomes addicted to additive sugars found in coke

We drink *pensando* their intake in harmless but over the course of time

Your body will ingest pounds of sugar

*Azucar,* *cantaba la gran Celia Cruz*

And it’s ironic that though we are a festive people

Some of us move our hips slower to the rhythm, just trying to catch our breath

These foods we trust to give us nourishment are slowly killing us

A sweet venom *que corre por nuestras venas*

And though they tell us to read the labels

How many of our *abuelos* will understand words that to the average Ameican are impossible to pronounce

*Abuelo* sits back in his memories

Tells of a time in which we ate from the land

That *cocos* fell from trees, and *mangos* were the only sweets our tongues were rejoiced in

How far we have come

From the origins of our lands

Our *cuerpos* lost in translation

And our *costumbres* left to dry in deserts

Our grains monopolized by corporations

*Pero nosotros somos la respuesta*

We remember of a time in which the land was not something we were scared of

In which the harvest of vegetable called for celebration

*Nosotros somos la respuesta*

We remember *nuestra lengua,* *nuestro idioma, nuestra tierra*

It is time for us to return to the ways of our ancestors