



A PLACE FOR POETRY —

I WALKED THIS EARTH

—PATRICIA VALDÉS

I bend toiling the land. I go on strike to feed my children . . . to serve my family.
I stand to claim land, land that belongs to the poor . . . to serve my community.
I speak against the government. I am jailed and tortured . . . to serve my country.
I walk to protest the killing of my people . . . to serve humanity.

Some say I am *loca* . . . crazy

. . . I should stay home.

Some say I should not go out to the plaza.

. . . I will go into exile.

Some say they will kill my spirit . . . my body.

Some said I was only a woman, *solo una mujer* . . .

Others . . . perhaps the ones that join the struggle . . .

They know that service, passion, and love were my guides.

They said I walked this earth . . . woman leader . . . a servant-leader.