

# The New Room

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The emptiness of this room speaks volumes  
Its unchanging nature  
And I've been told if I look the other way it'd be different  
But not in this room  
I could look up down, left to right  
And I still feel the pull down of past layers of this beautiful architecture The  
sameness isn't all bad  
In a way I've made my peace and found some sense of agency to it  
Where I can say it is for me and mine  
But I haven't figured out what comfort is for me yet  
If it's consistency or the chameleon nature of this all  
I've stayed silent and ready  
Waiting for the answer to come  
Because I've been made to believe  
That it will come  
The only thing that causes strife is that it isn't on my own accord  
And I wish someone told me I could've called on my ancestors much sooner than I have When I did, it  
was in hopes of salvation but nothing, nobody came  
And I cursed it  
Everything I once believed in I cursed  
I cursed it and I cursed it til one day  
They revealed themselves to me  
And I'm still in a period of pardon  
Because I realized they were here all along  
Through the colors, shapes, figures, energies  
I would encounter that has kept me up  
And continues to give power to the powerless  
So I'll continue to remain still and  
Reflect  
Feel  
It is enough for now  
And it is okay to be just (drag this out) enough right now  
It wasn't til I feared  
Really feared  
When I realized I wasn't who I thought

So I've hid in this room for some time  
I don't rush to come out  
Because it's been comfortable  
The tightness and strain doesn't exist here  
It's vague  
Not detailed  
Or specific  
The way we long things to be, the way I longed for things to be  
But there's peace in not being visible, yet present  
And while my days of preservation may be over soon  
I'll take every part of it  
It's a reminder I got through,  
Every pang in my heart and sudden void in my stomach. I know I'll open my eyes to a new room  
Where things can turn bitter only when I want it to  
Because now I found the language for it  
And this shadow will always be here too Unmasked and unintended  
It has drawn its strength over the years from Toni's invisible ink  
Kahlo's accidental acceptance  
Junot's slick word  
And Shange's honest horror Til it all just snapped.