

La Llorona

It's said she murdered her children.
Drowned them in a river.
Condemned now forever
To search for them at night.

But it's a lie. She was a goddess.
Her children, a civilization.
The murderers, invaders.
The river, their source of life.

To conceal their guilt, cement their rule,
the invaders carved lies in story and song,
spread them among those who lived on,
and told them in every land which they ruled.

To this day, parents are told
To not let children roam rivers at night
Lest She – La Llorona – take them as her own,
And they forever remain out of sight.

Save for on Dia de Los Muertos.



