Irruptions

Someone entered my house,  
the computer, a camera, two cellphones  
robbed.  
Made a mess.

Companions were followed  
someone opened our cars,  
harmed the tires.  
Those kind of things.

And in August  
they entered again  
And one week ago  
they entered.

There is a pattern;  
all the irruptions  
converge  
with certain moments.

The arrival of thousands  
of federal police;  
state elections,  
this context.

People in uniform  
make me  
less nervous  
than those without.

In moments of fury  
I have put myself at risk.

When the attacks  
are institutional; we publish a report  
statistics, disappearances, femicides,  
violence, abortion access.  
They contradict this,  
delegitimise.

Arrests, death threats,  
cautionary measures.

There is a peril of fracture.  
Balancing ourselves  
with what we see  
outside.
The corporeal impacts are centered in the shoulders, stomach, genitals. We see that as intimate, but if you cannot - what does that mean?

*Composed by Juliana Mensah from the interview transcript of woman human rights defender from Mexico working on gender based violence, indigenous rights and civil and political rights from the research project ‘Navigating Risk, Managing Security, and Receiving Support’, which focuses on the experiences of human rights defenders at risk in Colombia, Mexico, Egypt, Kenya, and Indonesia* (securityofdefendersproject.org)