The Many Faces of La Llorona

The pregnant drowned woman became a Chihuateteo, a heavenly Aztec butterfly warrior. Her weeping voice lingers on earth, mourning her infant.

At the sea side border town of Tijuana, where kids are found lifeless at the barbed wire barrier, one can see a ghostly Mexican woman dredging the sea shore for the lost innocents.

The Los Angeles Times reported a screaming woman leaping into the LA river, flailing for her slain son whose face was a mass of river debris, a lone bullet and gelatinous blood clots.

Near the crossroads of Valley and Main Streets, in Northeast L.A., at the Lincoln Park Dance Pavilion, where teenagers gather on Friday nights, La Llorona appears as the clock strikes midnight.


One can sometimes hear her along the San Gabriel River tempranito in la manana, Her spirit haunts the place where aborted fetuses and umbilical cords are abandoned.

La Llorona eternally wanders. For her children, her mournful voice is heard weeping. Aaay Aaay. Mis Hijos. Mis Hijos.
Auntie’s Son

The pregnant Woman,
whose name is Auntie,
Had a wronged Niece
And a good Son,
who was gunned down
on Vermont and Gage Streets in South Central L.A.
on the very day
that a brown chested white dove sat on the tree
outside of her kitchen window
gave mournful cries.
And her small dog lay quiet
all day.

Vibiana Aparicio-Chamberlin, of Pasadena performed her poetry at Vona, Voices of Our nation, San Francisco, The Armory Center for the Arts, The Writers Institute of Idyllwild and was awarded for her poetry in The Inscape Literary Journal, Pasadena City College, and The Los Angeles County Latino Arts Calendar.