

My Name

My name is AnaSofía.

It should be that simple.
You ask my name and I answer.

But my name tells a story.
Not just the origin story of the Hebrew name Hannāh Sophiā
The barren prophet whose prayers brought her six children
Or the story of my favorite of Homer's characters Athena
Whose name also means Goddess of Wisdom and War
Or the story of mi abuela
Who swore to never speak to my parents if she were to be my namesake
A threat that not even the bravest of brujas would challenge
Or the story of how my parents gave me a name with the initials AS
Foreshadowing the role of the middle child to be the bridge that connects the sisters
A for the elder, Alma
S for the baby, Sonia
Or the story of how AS blossomed into Ana Sofia.

My name tells another story.
How I changed my name
From two words to one
So the teachers would say my name altogether.
How I changed my name
To include an accent over the I
So the professors would emphasize the correct syllable.
How I refuse to change my name to make it
More palatable.
Digestible.
Simpler to spell.

A-n-a-S-o-f-í-a
One word.
Capital S.
Accent over the...
No. One word.
Capital S.
Accent over the...
No. Just the one N.

A-n-a.
Yes. But still one word.
F instead of a PH.
Please don't forget to capitalize the S.
Yes, one word.
Accent over the...
An accent.
Like a dash that goes upward.
Just the one N.
S-o-f-í-a.
With an F.
Accent over the...
No. One word.
But capital S.
Yes. Accent over the...
Please put an accent over the...
One word.
Accent over the I.
Thank you.

No...
You don't have to roll any Rs.
It's phonetic.
Spoken as written.
No. Not Anna.
Not Sophia.
Yes. I go by the whole thing.
No. Not Ana-Sophie.
Ana-Marie.
Sophie-Marie.
Sophie-Anne.
Anne-Sophie.
Ana-Rosa.
Ana-Carmen.
Ana-Maria.
Or Maria.

And no, Latinxs, it is not pronounced Auna-Sofía.
I am not stumbling over my Spanish name.
It is a mixed-race Jíbara's version of
We are not all the same.

My name tells a story of you.
Of how you see me.
Mistaken at the park as Guadalupe, your nanny.
Isabella, your housekeeper.
Rita, your side piece.
Scolded while shopping in an evening gown
“Lupita, clean up on aisle five!”

The fiery Latina who asks you to use her full name.
The angry Woman of Color who corrects your pronunciation of her name.
The self-righteous Bitch who requests a reprint to include her accent.

Someone not worth two extra seconds of your time to get her name right.
Someone not worth remembering.
An invisible name of a person belonging to a people made invisible.

My name tells a story of me.
Of an optimist with boundless hope.
Of a sister with endless love.
Of a granddaughter full of mischievous magic.
And a Goddess of Wisdom and War.

My name fights on the front lines.
It survives the daily cuts from smiling faces.
It rebuilds scar tissue over the deliberate jabs of erasure.
It endures the wounds that cannot heal.
Each syllable of my name carrying a century of colonization.

My name is a Warrior.
And when you ask my name
When you speak my name
When you write my name
When you use my name
Honor it.
Honor how it lays on the page.
Honor how it shapes your mouth.
Honor how it tastes.
How it sings through your teeth.
Punching through at the end.
Fighting to be heard.
Honor its story.

My name is AnaSofía.