

Journey

By C.E. Cuebas

As I crossed the US-Mexican border last night
I felt like a lamb in the wolf's mouth,
I was unbudging and incompetent to help the others
as they marched in line like sheep to the slaughterhouse.
My feet tired and blistered, screamed out
in agony with every step I took.

I am hungry.

Last night I lost all I had with me
including my honor and my dignity.
I was beaten and raped
by that man, the coyote,
whose job it was to take me and others
from Guadalajara to Maine.

I am lost.

I escaped the pack early this morning
leaving my backpack with my possessions
behind. As I see a sign on the distance
by the deserted road,
I hear the cactus breathing the hot
early morning air.

I am hot.

Texas welcomes me.
(At least that's what the sign says.)
I hope to find my way to Maine
and be reunited with Diego once more.
It has been eight years since I last saw him.

I am alone.

I left Lupita back home
en casa de la abuela María.
I'm glad I did!
This is not a safe place to be.
Lupita was in my womb
when Diego went north
searching for the American Dream.

I am mad.

In search for the American Dream
I left the comfort of my home,
the fresh tortillas en el comal,
mi mamá, mi papá, mi Lupita...

The American Dream is first
a frightening unreality.