

Immigrant

I journey north by night
The *coyotes* take family money
and hide me – but not for long
When it becomes inconvenient
They leave me a child abandoned
and I continue alone
to the border to the rio grande
I am small and fast and scared
fleeing guns gangs violence drugs poverty
I slip through the fence wade across the water
I slip through the lights and sirens and searching
Seeking new life free life fair life
and finding nothing
and finding everything

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