The Caravan

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Prosthetic limbs push across a continent
Broken bones are no match for the determination
To upright history, so long desaparecido
Under black bags
Over faces, with blistered manos tied behind backs
Mass graves as fertilizer for this jardín
With raíces gruesas and thorns like a crown

Move north in migration
Follow the butterflies
Cactus and stone
Woven sombreros worn thin
The sun like a planet riding brown backs
Children whisper in ears
To walk on, adelante

The caravan continues in a rhythmic pace
Practiced by the constellations
Flowing across borders without documentation
Weather patterns more ancient than any nation
Guide towards a rightful destination

The infants José
And Mariana with toasted almond skin
have eyes that follow yellow desert birds
Parents perch under boulders
That stand in prehistoric guard
Unmoved

Uncarved by the invisible river
Of wind
Exhaled in prohibition
A contraband breath
A criminal swallow of water
A demographic threat in a can of peas

Broken sandal against black boot
Refugee child against billionaire machine
Arms linked in song against electrified fence
History against illusion
Justice against death.