The Dreamers

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“What happens to a dream deferred?” Langston Hughes

We came drooling, cooing, tied on our mother’s backs, presented in rebozos of teal, red and magenta.

We came because paid coyotes spirited us to the other side.

We came fleeing an abuser’s pistol cocked at our mother’s pregnant womb, one born in Guadalajara, the other in San Diego.

Our parents came to work in the garment district while we played with scraps, hidden from bosses with a deft covering of silk.

Our mamas took care of other people’s children so that we would be fed.

We came thirsty, trudging, across the desert, in tunnels, in vans and trucks.

And now, America, fear stalks us every day.

Now, America you shun us, and the whole world looks away.