

IF WE WERE BIRDS

Janine Harrison

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

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We were babies, toddlers, preschoolers, grade schoolers, when carried over borders,

allowed entry via visas now expired.
We absorbed English like top soil imbued by rain.
Outlooks as pliant as our cartilage
we fed and drank American myths
of hard work and boot straps,
college
white pickets and 2.5.

Only later did we understand in high school in driver's ed. on field trips over state lines when applying for first jobs college

that we lived outside

looked in a window so clean if we were birds we would have flown into the glass would have made that sound

you know the sound, the clunk that makes you wonder Will it ever fly again? The sound that makes you dread opening the door bending down to examine.

We wear shrouds
are not seen, not heard
don't complain
break laws
report violence
don't even whisper

as we tiptoe through
days and years
afraid of 15 minutes
tapping us on shoulders
15 minutes of shame
as we are deported to countries
where aromas assault our noses
sounds startle us to shivers

we may speak the language but cannot speak the culture. We were raised on "Take Me Out to the Ballgame," PBS Kids, M&C and M&M's, "Rock, Paper, Scissors" fist bumps and 4th of July, Star Wars and Marvel.

We learned in school:

If you believe it, you can achieve it.

You can be anything you want to be.

Each imagined a street sign
bearing our name,
all gold roads leading to

American Dreams.

We later grew to know without papers we can be Honor Roll, 4.0, National Honor's Society, Who's Who, Salutatorian, Valedictorian — it won't matter: We are Juan Doe and Juana Doe

We are the Invisible Hombre America's second-class undocumented citizen – we are Limitation.

We are Future Tentative, without DACA
Bridge becoming law without what is most needed – merited a permanent solution.
Two-year, three-year permits with fees are rent to a slumlord when we want to own.
Our credit is good.

No human is illegal
we hear, we read, we chant
but no SS number means
no driving
job
money to pay for college
help our families.

No SS number means a cracked beak broken wings scavenging for worms after other birds have eaten

formed flocks flown away in formation.

II.

We are 750,000+ paperless American children on DACA 1.9 million eligible young people across the USA 96,000+ college graduates We are untapped clean energy for future consumption.

III.

When police pulled over Daisy Romero's Dad for a broken tail light he didn't have a license. The officer asked, "Why are you driving... if you know it's not okay?" Her dad replied, "Because we have to survive"

Aseal Reyes dropped out of high school feeling he had "no future." With DACA, he is a 4.0 double major.

A U.S. history teacher explained, "DACA allows me to give back to my community. I teach in the same neighborhood I grew up in."

Denisse Rojas explained, "Without DACA or a long-term remedy, I will not be able to practice as a doctor."

"The moment I was smuggled into this country at the age of seven,"

argued Fidencio Fifield-Perez, "my body ceased to be my own. DREAMers' bodies have been debated, regulated, rounded up...
The stakes have risen...
We find ourselves repeating what we've done before, convincing you that we exist, while allowing you to ignore that our parents are the original dreamers."

IV.

When Mexican ancestors came, they were greeted with signs:

No Mexicans Allowed

We Serve Whites Only –

No Spanish or Mexicans

No Mexicans or Dogs.

Low-wage migrant workers, they were deported during

Great Depression "Operation Wetback" – suddenly accused of stealing

American jobs.

Like the Italians, the Irish, the Chinese, all the unwanteds before us still we came.

Now we are the largest minority population.

Did the USA fall apart when the Chinese Ban was lifted?

Will it fall apart if children trained as tight-rope walkers on the hyphen between

"Mexican" and "American" are built a highway to citizenship?

V.

Native Americans believe the Eagle is Master. Eagles fly higher, see better, commune with Father Sky.

Bald and Golden Eagles*
are equally revered
by these indigenous people –
here before the French and the Spanish
the English came

If we were birds
we would rise and fly again
accept leftovers no longer
we would have broad wings
be fast, agile, and strong
be Golden Eagles ascending.
We all exist as Eagles in America.

*The Golden Eagle is the national bird of Mexico and also lives in the Western United States.

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