

## FOREIGN

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We were not made  
to be foreign,  
you say  
with your eyes,  
to all the homeless knights, and wandering butterflies,  
¿Will a pint of blood make you Mexican?

We were not made to have  
our bodies  
tabulated by numbers  
questioned by designated orders,  
prejudged in a state with arms that distrust  
measured by liminal hearts.

We have only known the palpitations of  
electronic malevolence  
for nine students on hunger strike  
chained to the imprisoned thoughts of  
a fearful government.

We were not made to hate or be hated  
while lines are drawn  
on our Aztlán,  
the only territory we know  
as our own  
the mythic map  
we were joyfully inscribed  
as spirits of the past,  
a recent history given to us  
A Movimiento  
of civil rights  
our Chican@ homeland  
from where we cannot  
be evicted.

We just so happen to be the proprietors.