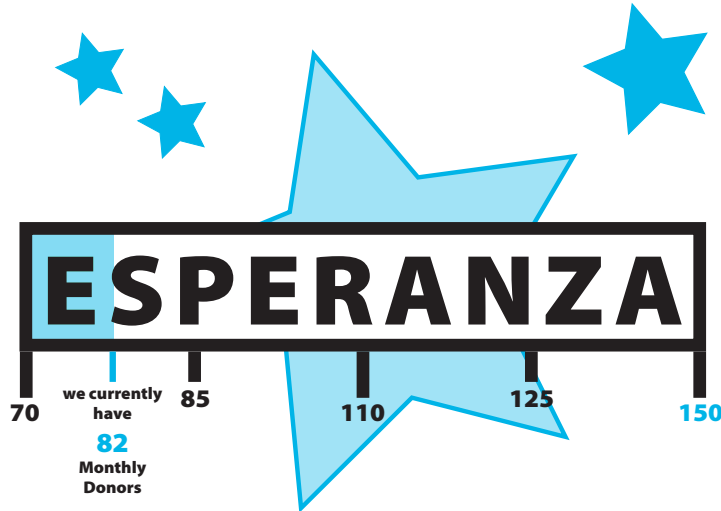


and your loved ones a Happy New Year in 2019

A special thanks to our **MONTHLY DONORS ALWAYS, NEW AND OLD** — ¡Gracias!



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Call Natalie @ 210.228.0201 to sign up in 2019!

Refugees

*We are water
oozing over walls,
under and around.*

*We are music and poems
wafting in air
for all to breathe.*

*We are truth
lacing down lies,
ever risking, ever rising.*

*Tom Keene and Muse
December 18, 2018*

Here, There

by Pablo Martinez

In shelters from Kansas to New York, hundreds of migrant children have been roused in the middle of the night in recent weeks and loaded onto buses with backpacks and snacks for a cross-country journey to their new home: a barren tent city on a sprawling patch of desert in West Texas.

—The New York Times, September 30, 2018

They call it Tornillo, Mamá. Every day we are drilled deeper into sunburned chambers. Yes, some night-dreams sneak in, but before you know it, they're pawed and caged in babies' cries. The nights are furred hunger, Mamá, a growling that never swells into fiesta's loud-color cheer. Here there's a stiff list of no's: no cartwheels, no books filled with heroes, no caricias, no besos. Our memories keep getting caught on spines of nopal. Here, tomorrow is blanketed, Mamá—foiled. Chelita says you are fading to a dot, a faraway point when she squints.

Why did you disappear, Mamá?

Here no wind-jewels to ring my wrist, shells Abuela strung, shells that sing when I clap, when I run to you, only you, when daylight runs out. A la ru-ru. You'd smooth our hair, Mamá. At night, no canciones de cuna, only fright-twisted smiles, no Mami kisses, no starry faldas twirling across our folclórico sky. No rhymes to soothe me and Chela when locks clank—an exclamation at the end of a sentence—when we cry. Soon I will clap, the bright shells filled with sound like raindrops back home. Back home, Mamá, away from this sand-without-sea, orphan emptiness.

Please tell Abuela to send her angels to rouse us. We are ready to leap, to fly, to hold you, Mamá. For now, we wait, wingless, and think of our casita and those mornings and braids and atole and you and Abuela, there and here, the words so close, so separate, so far.



Tent city at the Marcelino Serna Port of Entry in Tornillo, Far West Texas.

AP: Nearly 2,000 children were separated from their families at the border over a period of 6 Weeks in June. Buzz60. Source: El Paso Times

