



5-1-2018

Immigrants

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Recommended Citation

Saavedra, Ingrid (2018) "Immigrants," *Calliope*: Vol. 49 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol49/iss1/9>

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Immigrants

Ingrid Saavedra

Blistered feet walk to the promised land
Where the selling point is safety.
Tired eyes close knowing the dangers
And I hope the nightmares won't chase me.

Without a dime to spare for food
And without clothes to last the fight.
I climb into a migrant-inhabited sheet
And shiver as I am blanketed by the night.

Sand like a census record-keeper,
Footprints like a faded tattoo.
The removal, I hear is just as painful.
The wind removing evidence like a stolen clue.

The desert is a menagerie of lost people,
Photos sinking into the hot sand.
But we remain nameless creatures
We are suffering, but slaves to better land.