



"Tijuana: Dos Mundos Separados." [Sekoyamag 08-06-200508-06-2005 07-19-2007](http://www.sekoyamag.com/nouveausite/SPIP/breve.php?id_breve=331)
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Just one of many, reasons

With night blanketing the earth, children are laid to bed
but there is still commotion about
The men of the *pueblo* are anxious, they must leave
this land support their families no longer
With jugs of water in hand and crumbs in bags,
they leave under the guidance of the stars,
their path guarded by *coyotes*,
marching with their mother's whispered blessings
in the still of *la noche*,

Crossing their minds, the *Fiestas Patronales*,
the blur of technicolor and sound
that they must leave for the year to come,
and for many never again.
For their children to have what they never did.
And what they did have all too many times.
Dust enveloped sadness
which they could taste
by looking through barred windows,
there's no such thing as hiding these problems,
taking ravenous leaps toward
every pupil
looking through glassy plastic walls.
The sight of a dying infant in its mother's arms being cradled to sleep,
the depressing sadness of an empty plate and protruding ribs,
tethered down by the weight of a lumbering cross

thrust upon their weakened shoulders.

The children of a pueblo, a generation for which the men will fight for,
looking not back at their bony flesh torn by barbed wire
or ink on paper trying to hold back what cannot be
but at a *pueblo* where they will one day wish to lay and rest.
And think back to the days when they aspired to have three meals a day.
This is no sour nightmare of your sub-conscious
look to your left and right
somewhere along those lines,
eyes have seen what you have not dared to imagine,
you see what the glass shows you, left and right,
not *mirando atraves* the stiffened tile on the person's face
to either one of your sides.

Images are branded and seeded
into every man, woman, and child that has truly
looked far and beyond without a kaleidoscope blocking censored sight,
wanting to or not
unwatered they are exposed,
becoming dry and cemented, that is why.
This is a *pueblo* from which a *guerrero* of *la vida* is born.

Hector