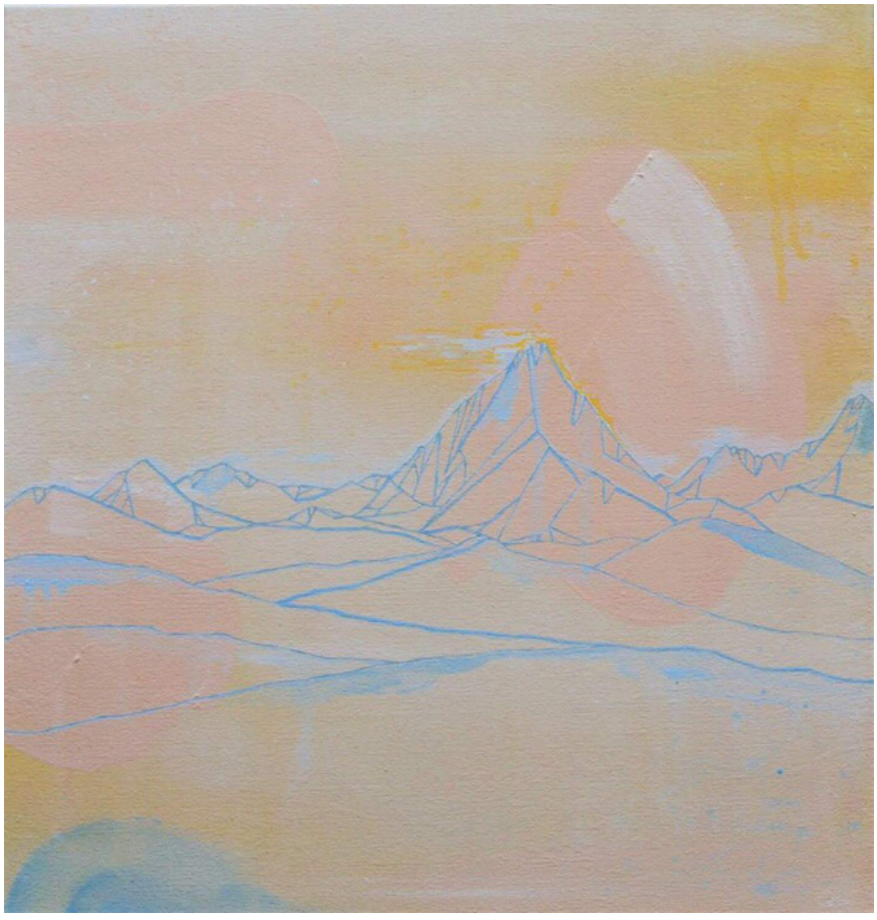
POETRY

Caramelized dessert sand

by Maria Arango



"mountain make believe" by Carey_deVictoria-Michel

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Dust crawls in between
my thighs and hips,
I swallow my thirst.

My knees crave
the sweetness of
freedom.

Warmly, my tongue
wraps my hunger.
My knees crack open
with the *red* I thirst to drink.

The sun boils my blood
and skin tanner,
screaming the letters of
my footsteps —
telling on me.

I can only taste the
white purity of water,
reaching my
toxic thoughts,
as I drink a bottle of sand.

I hear the melody
of the other side:
“Build the wall...”

And suddenly my eyes
have met the piercing
blue of a home that won’t
recognize me,

and the stars begin
to blink against my cage,
“illegals.”

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