

POETRY

# Caramelized dessert sand

by Maria Arango



"mountain make believe" by Carey\_deVictoria-Michel

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.”