

A Map for Return**Aracely Mondragon**

San Francisco Organizing Project/Peninsula Interfaith Action

We almost lost each other in our migration
an iron fence tugging at your sand-encrusted skin
claiming the memories you left behind
as your rite of passage
we were left barren
with no map of return
I grew up not knowing how to love you
thinking we were too different
que me faltaba lengua para apreciar la belleza de tu tierra
que me faltaban callos en las manos para poder reunirme con las tuyas
today,
words linger in the darkness of the 3-hour difference between us
from California to Guerrero
they float around
like vanishing hope rising up from the smoke of an adobe stove
evaporating off their sun-kissed foreheads
we are left suspended there
made to feel invisible, *sin palabras*
so much emptiness
between our bodies
our feet dragging through the dirt from one side of the border to the other
our hands tied to a chain of *anhelo* in a faraway cage
But I've learned *quizás* the best *remedio* is to listen

Así, wrapped in her silence

Find warmth in it

and love her in her own tongue