



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

speech acts sonorous/ time/ resemble once/ un-us are-instants/ resist an/ open/ & a time/ a space like thin reeds kept/ relation/ two lips sustain/ breath/ love, that *to* moment/ long to breath/ provide/ precise activity, measured from the *both*/ also mine, from matter/ a fraction, phase, space/ the origin resonant is in expanding/ world/ silent sound/ Historic tongue make says/ meant, the earth-iterated/ excavate lips to breathe/ & *make* shake sing on air trembles reeds hidden over/ produce our turning poem/ turning relations, her as story told/ singular/ “beautified” by culture & diaspora/ sonorous time yet be, firstly, silence/ withhold silence, Writing/ in act, the voice of silence/ loss translated, sound dismantles/ gift voice the code image/ *after*/ - lag, the fecundity of language/ the speaking of allows/ *yes*/ nodes, again information/ mediate/ flow/ no static frontiers, sediment state// *May I write words more naked than flesh/ stronger than bone, more resilient than/ sinew, sensitive than nerve*/ - What word is that? More/ inceptual/ than signifying - sonorous than saying/ words seek omission/ refusals into after, an inside/ trial of carrying out experience/ the *present* & the originary, excavation of *is always*/ present - this movement - energy/ - silent potential is/ hum/ Recode digital condition/ life as information to sustain/ The maps of modernity may ask: To which silence responds

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us look up / there red dwells
josé felipe alvergue

They risk language!

a poem

NOTA EDITORIAL

El conocimiento de las lenguas aborígenes reviste en nuestra América una gran importancia, ya que sin tal conocimiento no nos es posible entender y explicar las particulares evoluciones sufridas por el castellano en los distintos países del Continente.

En el área centroamericana, dos notables lenguas indígenas ejercieron marcada influencia sobre el idioma de los conquistadores: el maya y los diversos dialectos de la lengua nahua. La primera se hablaba en el sureste mexicano, noreste de Guatemala, suroeste de Honduras y en algunas regiones de Nicaragua. Los dialectos nahuas se extendían por todo el altiplano de México y la costa meridional, desde el actual Estado de Sinaloa hasta la República de Costa Rica.

El dialecto hablado en Tenochtitlán a la llegada de Cortés, era de los terminados en "tl" y había sido difundido por los aztecas en las regiones conquistadas por ellos. Debido a esto los españoles lo convirtieron en una verdadera lingua franca, de la cual se sirvieron para entenderse con todos los pueblos de la Nueva España.

A lo largo de la costa del Pacífico se hablaban dialectos terminados en "t", siendo el de Guatemala y El Salvador el llamado nahuat o pipil.

La profunda aculturación sufrida por los núcleos indígenas de El Salvador ha hecho que el nahuat casi desaparezca como lengua habla-

¹ *El Nawat de Cuscatlán*, Pedro Geoffroy Rivas. 1969 por Ministerio de Educación, Dirección General de Cultura

EDITORIAL NOTE

The awareness of aboriginal tongues touches upon, in (our) América, the critical significance of possibly being able to explain the particular “evolutions” *suffered* by the imposition of el castellano within distinct countries within the Continent.

In the Central American region, two notable indigenous tongues exercised a marked influence over the Language of the Sword Bearers: Maya & those diverse dialect/ tongues of Nahuatl. The first was spoken in the Mexican southeast, northeastern Guatemala, southeastern Honduras & in some regions of Nicaragua. The dialect/ tongues of Nahuatl extended through the entire Mexican antiplano & along the meridional coast, from the actual coast of Sinaloa to the Republic of Costa Rica.

The dialect/ tongues spoken in Tenochtitlán during the “arrival” of Cortés, were those ending in “tl” & were spread by Aztec conquistadors throughout those areas owned & operated by them. Eased by the bureaucracy in place, the Spaniards converted *it* into a true *lingua franca*, which served Understanding between all the towns of New Spain.

Along the Pacific coastline, / / ending in “t” were spoken; in Guatemala & El Salvador, those being called *nahuatl* or *pipil*.

The profound acculturation *suffered* by the indigenous nuclei of El Salvador has forced an almost complete disappearance of *nahuatl* as tongue speak-

ALMA GONZALEZ

Dead Alma ascends the blood warmed. Coolants spilt across the black bright blue. Her body lay. Mangled multicolored mist. Glass at midnight. To her body *remain, limbs, in painless positions* & her face, frozen, *vacancy & death, pluck the first verse into it*. Aluminum flickers inside the darkness. Add beauty to a dead girl. Sustain the mood for witnesses. They are always men in this world. Words in this many men. World in words. Women waiting in the mere waking. The sparkling scenic outline. Outlining streetlights & border lights freeway lights & reflections. Complexity giving transcendence to a place always thought of. Such a small town is Sidro. Maps to memories, the smell of brake dust is absent of faith. This line goes

Inside the bar evidence & facts sit leaning. There, weight against the grain wood. Inside reasons explain violence. Season of Sidro is a bar say the words. Against the body are eighteen years. "Old girl" the bar pushes say the words. Insight: to drink the beer & the liquor: locate the sin & the forearms; vinyl & small capillaries burst lights all the way down. *Guide all the world*, say Hope & glass to the dark night inside a long lost collection of years after sunset. Never gray hours of morning, never full yellow of a border morning. The end of America, La Virgen & this Line go

all the souls of the Santos are kept at her side: *read your scripts*

Outside, the death of Alma is recorded into the digital space shaking fingerishly trembling, edges being seen. Generosity & practice made printable parable later by the generality of simple singular polarity. Tomorrow. Will appears, the incarnation of fairytale on everyone's front door & drive way, neatly folded, freshly inked & warmed by a violent biting machine working hard through the night. *Too many Almas in Sidro*, the paper reads; *the city can't get rid of them fast enough* to create the room, empty the buildings, disoccupy the seats, the buses, the lines, the kitchens; defenestrate the vacancy; the letters of history kept busied in the small town of Sidro ensure the progress of an idled people. The death of Alma Gonzalez breaks the backs. All the little black letters free form their

natural inclination to stasis. She will become a Santo printed from.
Little letters remain the fragments of her body. A Santo is free.

The rain of her death back to the sudden earth is a fivehundred year explosion. The boulevard ends at a pier leading into the center of a reflecting Pacific silver piercing thrust, a third of crucifix suddenly vomiting head into sea. Western point tip of spear. Dip to ebb the water. The night holds little fragments of war & a death spreads it like sky; *like bread for everyone* whispers Alma. *Like death. For everyone* purrs the motor of a white Ford Mustang corralled in tape, fed shards of glass by gloved officers & cutlets of hair & denim like straws of hay by the awed tourists of this country.

Like bread, bodies are for everyone.

The border is an old scar that continues to live, a thick fold where bushes gather & lights metal. Dirt there made yellow fades blue to the north, fades blue to the south; a scar leaks out into the ocean. Along the water is bright from sand;
along the sand is dark from earth. Along the whorl, lights blink in rhythm to a small city named Sidro.

along the scar a woman always walks
a myth of woman creased into the duty
always a rhythm & the rhythm is duty

All those as sleep breath in community a night that continues anyway

breathing. & is breath the voice of the dreamt breathing
& is dreamt now something to be recorded
The story begins producing...
History, like bread, is for Everyone explains Alma to her own body
lay below where it has been
tucked into eternity
& misspelled.
...a speeding, drunken car in Sidro

Chips of asphalt cover a face & stick to a blood. Chips of
glass stick to a hair.

underneath

lines are drawn like the lines drawn

is not a straight

but the shape

line it is never

at death, even, in the set sun, in the moon light, in all the metaphors

of a law greater than ours or those of lines a Santo is

free & a line

borders

car hits girl in Sidro; 1 dead, driver arrested

A 17-year old girl was killed instantly and a 5-year-old girl she was with was injured late Saturday night when they were struck by a car while trying to cross Palm Ave in the South Bay neighborhood of Nestor.

Police said the girls were crossing the street, in violation of no-crossing or jay walking signs, at 11:18 pm when they were hit by a west bound Ford Mustang. The driver was later arrested on suspicion of drunk driving.

The dead girl was identified as Alma Gonzalez of Sidro. The younger girl, whose identity was not released, is expected to survive. Police said she suffered a fractured pelvis and numerous cuts and scrapes.

The driver was identified as Roger Ramsay, 41.

The accident happened west of Interstate 5 in a section of Palm Ave filled with bars, dance clubs and markets.

Because the girls were at fault in the accident, Ramsay was charged only with driving while under the influence of alcohol, San Diego Police said.

OPENNING

Once white laces begin
to yellow from dust, the sun
sinking to black to dusk
mountains shadow away

soon dissolve
nightscape come

scrape tips of plastic
laces begin
scratch the echo laugh
to Dolores who

only to stare
wiggle lips laugh

Her rage to surrender

no one
Her wonder
wander them
hang a loop

under

a sharp finger sticking out
& always a hole the size of
anger

at no one
wonders

In the aluminum
sheet
rusted to borderfence
stretch be
gone. A fence
to no one

under
No one else Will
watch it
grow dark

the color

laces

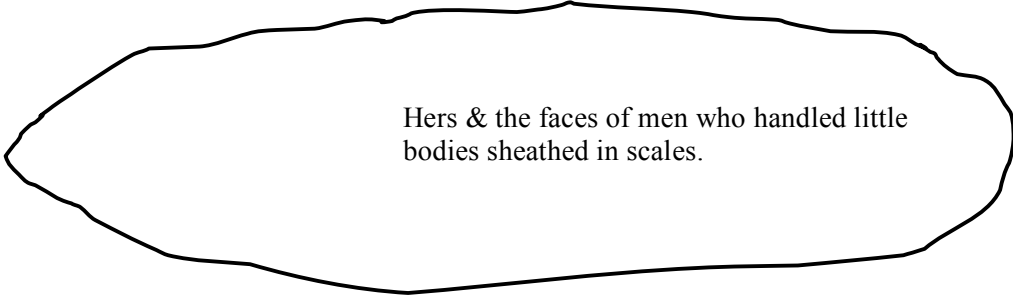
rust decays

the rich of
no

one
& yet
their riches

Her eyes make faint
laces sand frame hole

Reflections from the last light
a filthy lake.



Hers & the faces of men who handled little
bodies sheathed in scales.

all crossing while crossing, the city fast & solid; try as she might to
remember the soft endlessness of sand & the continuous song passed
from the fading waves to the breezes, she could not hold to it.
Cars passed like seconds all around her. A watch & a calendar; a city
named Tijuana

architecture
fecund
movement

History found

Tijuana in both
& by nightfall conceived Amnesia y América (how far in history do
forgotten
marks...

&
The morning collects its papers
Movement to History, return
their work (how far in America does forgetting remark?)

America lullabies broken memory

with songs of stolen & captive people

This is such a book:

From Veracruz, outside Veracruz on a street running directly westward into the country from the ocean, she made the long walk to Jalapa whispering the same Son about a highway. In Jalapa she visited her mother's grave & stole a horse from her sleeping brother. As she rode past him & then away from him she whispered the song again to the horse. Then to the men sleeping in corridors & walkways.

There is a reality of country demanding labor & songs to be sung about the sea, about highways & goodbyes.

The horse died as she remembered an even older traditional Son about Jalapa & the sanctuary provided by a southern horizon awoken, laid a restful elegy over the horse's body. Movement did not keep her on the highway alone or static. Movement had not whispered the song simply to hear itself whisper a song dangerously close to the terror of loudness, its repetitious melody of goodbye & Jalapa, a highway & a horizon. Movement scooped her from the bloated grave; the old song looped in small dust devils as movement moved her again, north again.

San Luis Potosí: buses & buses, cities & highways. Movement to Tijuana was like remembering old traditional songs in the place where they were born amidst the things that inspired them to be written, sung the way they were sung. Risk the loudness of their singing. *Locate me*. A melody repeated twice, by two, by one until another is remembered by looking out into horizons blooming over cities past. *Sing with me*.

There are famous songs about streets & flowers too.

Close her eyes in van.

She: imagine the city outside
piece to gather from a book read so far.

This one set out amidst
Nothingness, a desert patrolled at night,
Voices controlled at all times. From Silence,
the crossing begins.

Imagine it small enough to see at the end.

The complete totality of silent.

From the practice of lullabying a
small girl to sleep in a small port
town in Veracruz & the habit of
breathing in & out old Sons written
by the over active habit of
transcribing visible reality to
melodies easily repeated, she starts
her last walking with the desert
closely held inside her mind & the
phenomena in the lyric sung cannot
remove the mark of things left
behind

Señora. Señora, hay que movernos. Apúrese, señora, ya viene la noche.

Mís tenis.

City is
an organ in the body

an ocean.

She feels
the swaying bag
hanging her
body knees
bend the calculation of
distance.

Arithmetic of lights echoes
streets measure paces.

Wander lost the desert around her.

Shoelaces hang through hole an aluminum fence.

Laces sway.

A light breeze crawls along breadloaf grooves.

Aluminum sheet spreads horizontal canals.
Thought stops her.

-white strings
held together a knot she tied-

A horizon unravels an elegy above
laid down.

She only breathes
to continue walking.

-crosses left
by bird feet-

-smell of little things- -the wings on insects-

waves rebound
ocean memory

see
circles rebound

moving dark shapes scattering
desert light frequent
eight open graves

decision to sit, a blank name on the lips
pronunciation in the air pronoun even
scatters night & under
the position keeps vigil body

a young girl curled & stiff
rain there in front of *her* corpse
absent a negative's negative
the smell of mirrors & her hair is

(securely state)
a metaphor: *spiderwebs*, the world dries over

all the characters named will soon walk into themselves
the ocean receives wash in the surf
body to open, *her* eyes & ocean

Her body was cold the old woman like a tree

cover it a rusted cancer laminate flimsy & quivering

reflected the, image face the,

Dolores *needs for Someone*

else Be

ants driven to chaos dances from the feet sound sharp stones. Vowels
dissipate. Break apart hard dirt rocks. Consonants retaliate. The
lingering murmur of the truck long down the road. Capital
nominates. Lights look back. Fall. Marks. Back. Men rewrite. Record
the process. Make a woman of the name. Can't make man, again?

Back.

a Memory like that need:

her mother's face as waves came in. The face a child seeing, sees the first time, the world mimes the noise closest a heartbeat. Close eyes half mouth & tongue shy. Behind lips taste salt & flake skin'd fish skin hands of men. Fingers in the pound an off shore breeze again. A woman's face through her hair. Rhythm does again. The poet wave. Poem traces again.

only the fishhandman & the mark of again

With her mother to beach the sky. The sky then reddening the humid. Marking weighing heavy on the branches. Thin progress in trees casting shadows. The beach at that hour gray & littered. Broken shells colored pale bone burnt of wood. The look of paper scraps tallied fish scratched. Ink & marks, fly back stay white. Fall black hammer an echo. Fishman voice & the drum wood. The drum wood & the boat wood. Thin trees. Fat radio fire & the fish talk, the man voice. Sung songs in Fishhandman fishman dialect voice. White crumpled insects over the sand again. Gusts against her feet & through yellow sandals. The hour waits for fish & man. Her small feet little ducks beside the thick brown toes of her mom. Fat toes of her mom made fat from walking; the sand stuck to the insides between their toes again. Where are my men again. Why a little girl written again: *the sky*, red humidity

Inherit thinking back
a woman on a bus heads north. Think
one of those men

jump off boat
be her father,
one of those men

faces & their hands,
their clothes & their
smell leave

A mark.

Never find a way back sand

One other man.

Nations of their own language.

Her father is a thought.
What kind of fish are they?

Inheritance & enduring the act of remembering.

Es mejor que pase la lluvia.
How is the rain today?

MEN in the NEWS

Man's body washes ashore near border

Border Field State Park - Authorities are trying to determine what killed a man whose body washed ashore at the park early Thursday.

The county Medical Examiner's Office had not identified the body, said to be that of a Latino male. The death was not believed to be a homicide, the Sheriff's Department said.

Heavy surf washed the body onto the beach at the park just north of the US-Mexican border about 7 a.m. Thursday, the Sheriff's Department said.

Man's body found in Sidro field

Sidro – San Diego police are investigating the death of a man whose body was found in a field yesterday morning near a community center on Sycamore Road.

Police said the death was suspicious, but said the unidentified man may have died from a drug overdose and then been dragged to a nearby field. An autopsy will be performed.

Achievements in biliteracy cited

Teachers, administrators and parents from 18 school districts will be recognized tomorrow for promoting biliteracy.

“The Fifth Annual Biliteracy Symposium: Celebrating Leadership in Biliteracy” recognizes those who have set high standards for students, particularly those who have encouraged kids to be proficient in two languages.

The awards reception, sponsored by the county Office of Education, will recognize 38 people, including several from school districts in southern San Diego County.

Need for minority prep courses cited

The low representation of Latinos and African Americans in the University system can be attributed to a lack of access to college preparatory courses while in high school, experts who testified at a state hearing here said yesterday.

Only four percent of Latinos and three percent of African Americans who graduate from high school are eligible to apply for the University.

The state's Master Plan for Education recommends that the state ensure that all students have access to an academically rigorous curriculum.

Immigrant Education Gap Could Be Closing

The number of foreign born Latinos finishing high school has doubled in 30 years, study says. They are improving faster than the US born group.

The percentage of adult Latino immigrants with high school diplomas has doubled in the last three decades, an indication that the education gap between such immigrants and native born Americans could narrow, according to a new study.

The study struck an optimistic note, emphasizing that the educational profiles of the Latino foreign born are improving faster than those of native born Americans of all ethnicities, although gaps remain, especially on college campuses.

Army attempt to recruit upsets Tijuana

Tijuana- A US Army Sergeant's attempt to recruit students from a Tijuana public school has developed into a maelstrom over Mexican sovereignty and US recruiting practices.

The San Diego County based recruiter, identified by Mexican officials as Sgt. Jorge Castro, visited a Tijuana college preparatory school last week, where he asked permission to talk to students about the military's educational opportunities.

Some Mexicans qualify for the US military because they were born in the United States or have legal status from living there temporarily.

DREAMS & NIGHTMARES
/ / & PRAYERS

Santo is risk that world
in the world

risked with

The dirt that will not call back

Alma is wish make
the city,
wake
the way
cities wake; the shake
/ / Prayer
crisp life
like
dead leaves & then
boom live time on
cityscape drapes
Citizens produce
of it. Time -
subject.

Alma, Santísima

Alma & *your Angel* land

Land

Your skin & that touch

in a blue frock that itches the back where it scrapes & the sewing too
tight where the sweat touches heavy linen & the / / his pockets
smell like his mother's hair // keep multiplying until can't hold any
more is industry
trading the small plastic angles for being/ are
being pushed front by arms without bodies, he eats & is worried
doesn't even want to them then his father
is also there sitting across from him at first,
suddenly the other end the floor// stop to wait
for & then begin cursing his mother for making him so plastic angles
are sharp & the grease on his fingers makes it impossible, but he
doesn't know what to do meanwhile reaches his sides to his hands on
the frock, grabs at greasy empty bag the angles multiply & he
looks at his father now ignoring him & only working & in his
father's hands the angles reverse direction in a click, but can only
manage to throw them to the side where he hopes someone else will
reverse them

the tiles are white wearing black shoes of coal to stain he walks & so
begins to the sweat makes his shoes melt as they melt they fuse to
the tiles so anchored to the floor in a black resin the angles keep
coming until they're stick to his blue frock it's almost they alive
& just him can't keep them a way he looks over
his father looks does n/t speak with his
mouth realizes his father's voice is in English & that his father is
really ashamed of him because

his fingers smell like his mother's hair & are greasy &
useless, now the building is dying as if time has decided to change its
logic & reveal endings before beginnings & the ceiling begins to fall
& the tiles stained in black turn yellow & curl like waves & the table,
where the angles have dried like leaves, splinters

don't want to die in the building/ a pile of dirt a shovel & a
white cross/ a mourner with his radio held tightly

without having spoken a word, without having understood all the
sounds, the building is crumbling

A crack begins as a precursor to rain.

They don't swallow
cities no clean
moments clear
epiphany final or love. It is sloppy
& long, drawn out by
impoverishing disbelief
& a fat slow moving time

pulls on the toes like the thin strong fingers of a body buried
underneath Capitols

Sidro shakes
a woman tapping a finger on melons is crystalline
synapse

The Blvd notices movement. The Blvd is modern.

The ocean & the Pentecostals, walking streets of Sidro
Mormons & Jehovah's children, open books & pamphlets
their bibles & their words

Scripture mud, black
& smelling of rot in the very breaths of song.
Words blissful cracking Signals

Corpse body just turned over & touched,
Just, thought of burying
a breath like an idea

Sidro is a story of how people die

in places

we choose & don't know, even places die underneath

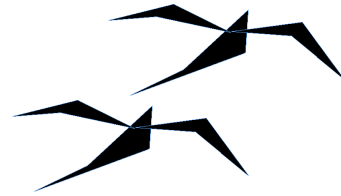
and in this way

what we don't know becomes a force our tongues search

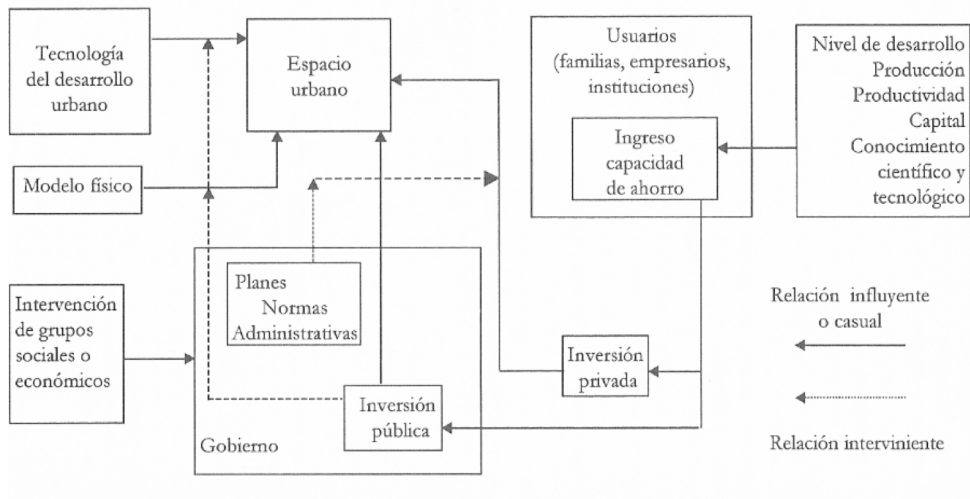
to find sound for a meaning



landscape stop building look border cross solid gray build sharp
angle design colony whisper modern gust desert wind material man
metal concrete strength clean build stand name much trace pencil
finger master class build courtyard fountain statue dance music build
purpose back California face solid horizon Tijuana hillside resident
street commerce fairway redondel statue Santa Ana Woman stone
surface glimmer shit self shit stream Woman leg travel leg fountain
man shit first difference Woman incontinence stance body remind
Santa Ana shit smell sewage factory Dolores blue frock itch back
neck scrape sew armpit thick patch mucus sweat touch heavy linen
sandwich pocket smell mother hair

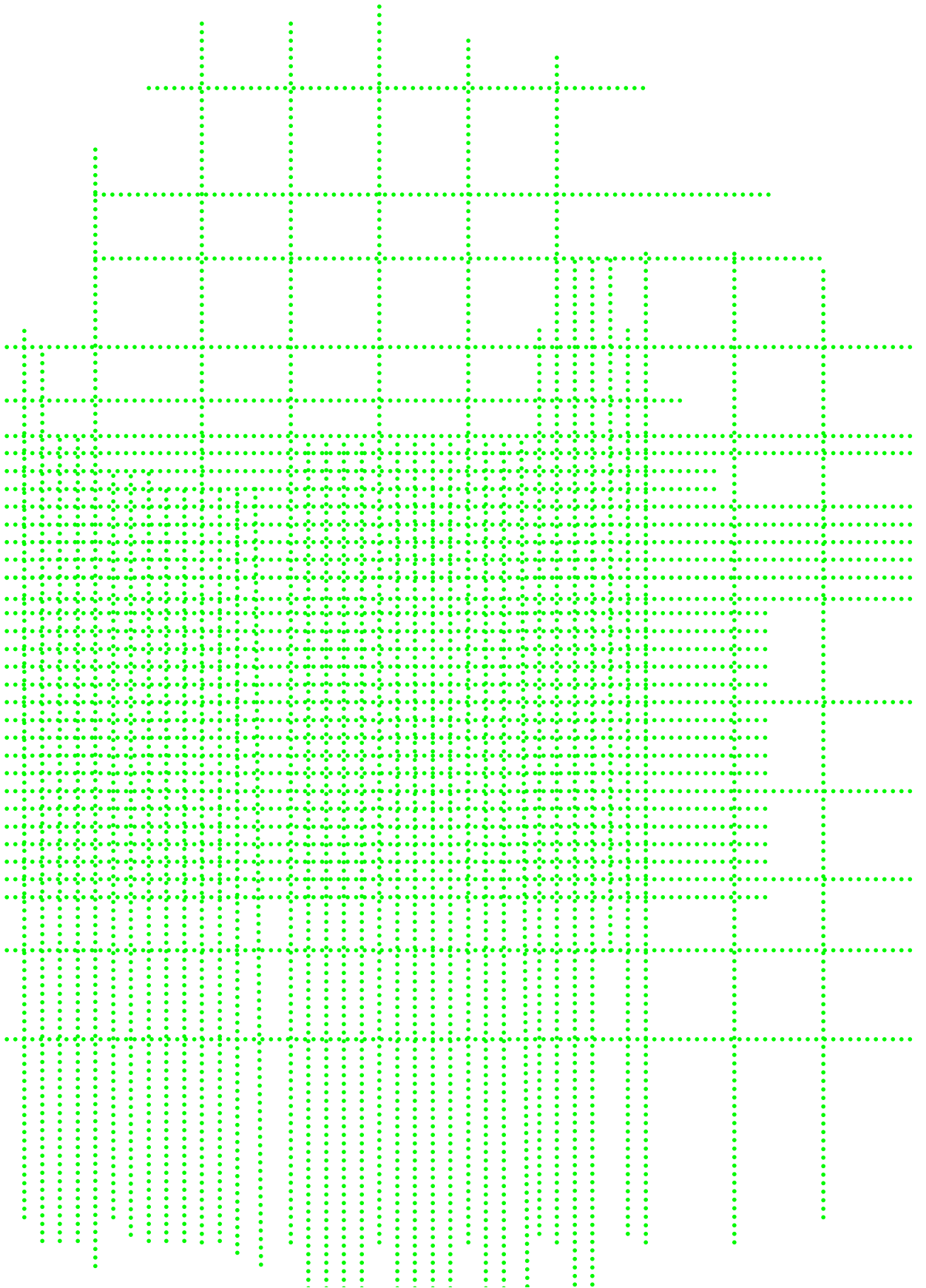


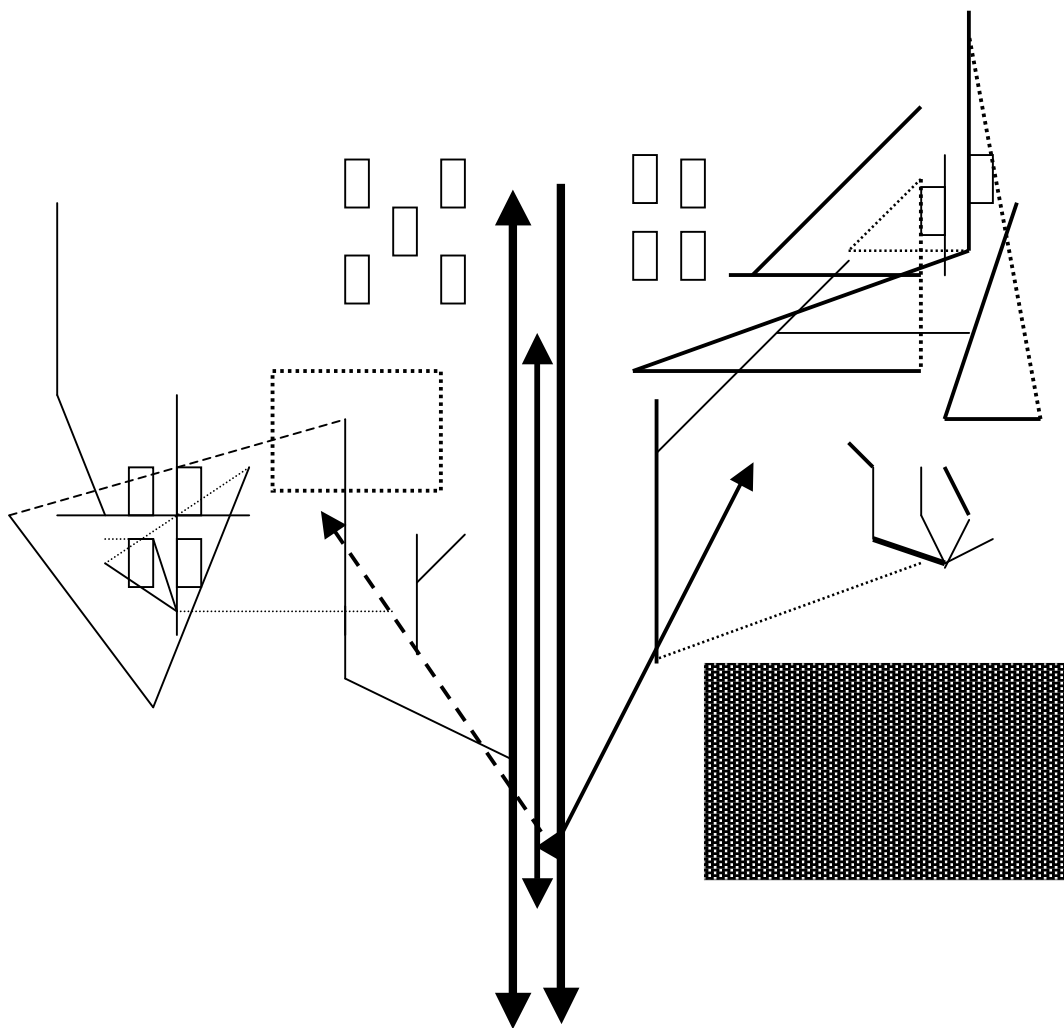
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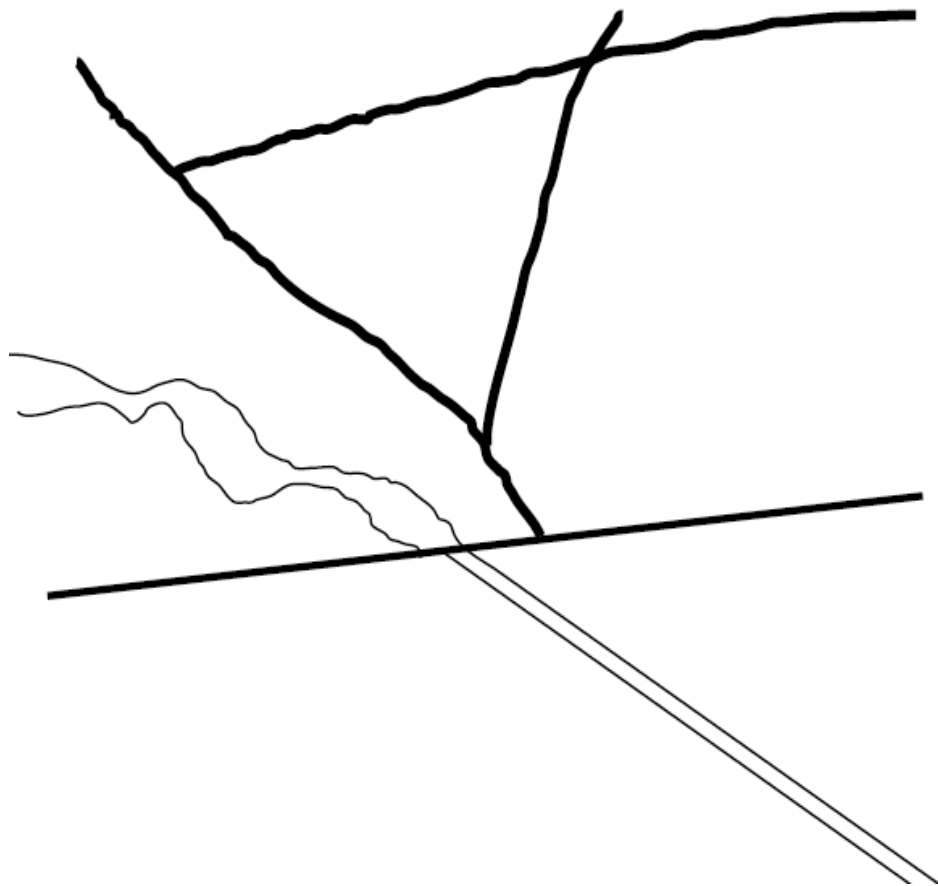
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² Eduardo Alarcón Cantú, *Estructura Urbana en Ciudades Fronterizas*. El Colegio de la Frontera Norte 2000









1.5 Verbos auxiliares

a) No existen los verbos ‘ser’ y ‘estar’, los cuales se sobreentiende en las construcciones gramaticales. Si se dice, por ejemplo, *istaxucit*, se quiere significar ‘flor blanca’. Si se dice *ne xucit istak*, se está diciendo ‘la flor (es) blanca’.

b) Generalmente se usa el verbo ‘vivir’ *nemi*, para indicar ‘estar’:

ken ti-nemi?: ‘cómo vives, cómo estás?’

se siwatihlan iwan se ikictihlan nem tik ne culal, ‘una gallina y un gallo viven (están) en el corral’.

Otros verbos que desempeñan funciones auxiliares son *welia*, ‘poder’; *neki*, ‘querer’, *yawi*, ‘ir’ y *wizi*, ‘venir’.³

³ *El Nawat de Cuscatlán*, Pedro Geoffroy Rivas. 1969 por Ministerio de Educación, Dirección General de Cultura.

1.5 Auxiliary Verbs.

a) The verbs “ser” & “estar” do not exist, which are overemphasized in grammatical constructions. For example, if one says *istaxucit'*, one means to say “flor blanca.” If one says *ne xucit' istak*, one is saying “la flor (is) blanca.”

b) Generally, the verb “live” *nemi*, is used to indicate “being”:
ken ti-nemi?: “how do you live, how is your being?”

se siwatihlan iwan se ukictihlan nem tik ne culal: “a hen and a rooster live (are being) in the coop.”

Other verbs that carry auxiliary functions are *welia*, “will to ____”; *neki*, “will to want to will ____,” *yawi*, “will to want to go ____” & *wiz*, “will to want to will myself to you, where you are, so we may be there & between us & our willing to be there together, *Be here.*”

Immigrants testify of fatal crash

Border Patrol was pursuing pickup

By Susan Gembrowski
STAFF WRITER

they boarded a bus to Tecate. They then walked with a dozen others, climbing a fence at the border, and were accompanied by Moreno, 20, and Pedroza, 30.

for his life when the pickup headed toward him as he deployed the strip on Old Highway 80.

Lawyers for Moreno and

hind.

A 17-year-old woman, who died in the crash, was riding in the back right rear of the pickup. The illegal immigrants were thrown from the vehicle when it crashed into a bridge abutment on westbound I-8 near Descanso, one Border Patrol agent said.

Moreno, who was in a wheelchair in court, had his seat belt on in the crash, but the people in the pickup bed had no restraints and held the tarp with their hands.

Immigrants' fatal journey from border

Crash of fleeing pickup left 3 immigrants dead

By Alex Roth
STAFF WRITER



...d an aring. He is : abutment on

EL CAJON — Seven immigrants from Mexico testified yesterday that they fled the border fence at Tecate and ended up in a fatal crash that killed three members of their group.

They said the group of 10 immigrants and walked several miles where four of them were killed and the rest were herded into a truck, covered with a tarp and their heads down.

The pickup eventually crashed into a bridge abutment on westbound I-8 near Descanso while fleeing the Border Patrol. Two passengers died at the scene and a third died nine days later at a hospital.

The deaths rekindled public debate about border security.

PICKUP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE B1

15 passengers were charged \$1,500 each

them from giving statements.

Testifying through an interpreter, one of the passengers, Martin Tremello, 27, who is from Durango, Mexico, said that two days before the Jan. 9 crash he had traveled to Tijuana, where he met a smuggler who told him to board a bus to Tecate.

At Tecate he met Moreno and Pedroza, who he said promised to smuggle him into the United States in exchange for a payment of \$1,500 once he

reached Los Angeles.

After the group sneaked across the border and reached the pickup — a walk that lasted about 30 to 45 minutes once they crossed into the United States — Tremello and 13 other passengers were told to lie in the bed of the pickup under a tarp, he said.

The truck began to move and at some point Tremello became aware that the Border Patrol was pursuing the pickup. The pickup began speeding, with a number of patrol cars in pursuit and a helicopter overhead, he said.

The pursuit lasted about 10 to 15 minutes, with one of the pickup's tires blowing out at one point, apparently after riding over a spike strip tossed by the Border Patrol.

Then came the crash. Tremello said he suffered head wounds and was treated at a



Anselmo Pedroza faces charges including murder.

Nancee E. Lewis / Union-Tribune

three were killed. Some are being held as material witnesses, some are being held by immigration officials and some are free after posting a bond with immigration authorities.

At least two of the illegal immigrants were treated at hospitals and then vanished before the Border Patrol could take them into custody, according to Pedroza's attorney, Barton Sheela.

The hearing is scheduled to continue tomorrow before Superior Court Judge Patricia Cookson.

jes morir. Por favor Dios no me
dej
es mor
ir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios
no me dejes morir.
morir.
morir

*Rememberthesound Rememberthesound Rememberthesound
Rememberthesound Rememberthesound Remember the
sound made*

*by walking through bodies. Remember
the crossing. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor
Dios no me dejes morir. There are ghosts there.*

Walk, simple. Food & feeding. Shit without a finger up your ass.
Hooked
small shovel or hoe-machine to scrape it out
messily
pulled smears across useless muscles
disconnected rectum. Rectum cut
from brain & *spinal socius*
then no longer in definition, social

A broken neck. Metal bars sprout the skin.
Metal bars sprout the sand. Metal bars sprout long along a road,
lights hang from heads drop
sweat hold in the sun. One broken windshield.
Smell of brake dust & warm oil at midnight
are broken chain & machine at once.

A soft cloud of smoke inside the night sky, say man,
American.
Van & the bodies what. Shimmering useless warmth man say,
América... *is a useless word built from useful letters*

Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir.
Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir.
Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir.
Metal bars
in line with neck hold machine
are many machines, there are only machines.

Alma traces with her finger as she sits on top of Eutiquia's head, her delicate head. She traces the tubes & the lights, them, to her. Eutiquia seems keep machines. Door is a window, window is a window. Everyone open. Everyone works to keep machines in breath. Alma breathe-in hearing, voice like the breathing. A city at night. The breathing of rain. Cloud holding in the dampness. Everyone asks now. Everyone prays. Alma hears in their voices voicing. Fill. The hospital & she fear. The fragile buildings. She knows the strength of cars. Their wheels do not stop. They will push through you.

Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir.
Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir.

*Eutiquia, siempre recordarás la
crusada. Tu cuerpo
llevará en su carne
artefactos, como
en el desierto se encuentran
huesos
humanos*
silence still says no on One's breath,
blunt Silence of the room to Alma made of glass.

The thin metal rods sticking out of Eutiquia's head look like a crown.
Rods all through Eutiquia's small body.
*must be in her forties. Her body
small & light.*

Easy for a joke about body. Or the cynicism. All that vulnerability alongside her skin exposed to the community laugh.

Immortality of memory as something that could be said & *would you* regret it always.

It is a She that is fragile & vulnerable. It is a She that looked into a sky with us.

Say Eutiquia America

Her gown falls off the shoulders over the metal & skin at the same. Give her body privacy. Incapacity denies.

You will walk again, but with a limp, she says to Eutiquia, paralyzed below her. Pray & I'll repeat them for you. I'll help you pray & think of who ever it is that's keeping you alive. You will walk again, but with pain. You'll limp. They make joysticks for your tongue. Computers talk for you & so spend the night with her, help her pray, talk to her body. Your body will walk with a twitch, the way a cat remembers a ledge, the way someone turns back in the middle of a crowd, the way a beetle's flight drops when the sky is whole, or a blinker on an upside down van flashes alone not realizing that its job is over & the driver's finger lays pulsating, crooked & bloody remembering the weight of a dashboard in its mangled joint. You will sleep the way night does out there where the coyotes cross & cars crash into turns suddenly. You will shit the way a road does at night out there, as an accident roaming the asphalt, exploding where cars pass without headlights loaded with bodies laying across each other & fighting for air. You will live the way a city does after time, the way land does after poles are dug into it, the way a desert does after rain. You may have a lisp or a stutter. You may forget words, but you'll make new ones, or remember old ones. You'll live the way a city does, Speaking & Praying at the same time. Memories are immediate & long term in these words.

Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. *No mueras*. Por favor *no te mueras*. Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. *No te mueras* por favor. Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor *no mueras*. Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios *no moriras*. No me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. *No moriras*. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. *No moriras*. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir. Por favor Dios no me dejes morir/

/smells the dampness of captured rain somewhere
outside her.



NO MORE DEATHS IN THE DESERT

Once again the temperatures in the desert have broken the 100-degree mark. & once again, the number of immigrants dying while trying to cross that desert into the United States is reaching unprecedented numbers *Por favor ciudad* |r| *recuérdame. Por favor no me dejen morir sin n|h| ombre, sin que sepan los demás que siguen mi camino.* That is why a group of activists decided to re [redacted] on to the plight of immigrants & demand changes in US immigration laws.

The group is called “No More Deaths.” Members are people from different walks of life & different [redacted] stop the deaths of immigrants

*I see o
halt belts that wrap arou
e abandoned cars left behind
nside them already dead or
es. I know about these
bo d the deaths
on those parts e
always kept to myself.
dust, quickly inside my skin
uia Cortés was in one of th
ight. I remember her
he fell on me & I felt
her spin osquito
in the palm of you
even though most, I*

As the activists walked through the desert
Me llamo Eutiquia Cortés. Tengo un hijo. Soy de El Salvador. Trabajé en Tijuana para el dinero de la cruzada. Soñaba con ver nueva york. immigrants, the Border [redacted] initiative was kicking into full gear. The \$10 billion program includes the use of unmanned aerial vehicles, helicopters, fixed wing aircraft & more than 200 additional Border Patrol agents to increase border [redacted] surveillance. [redacted]

The goal is to deter [redacted] the country & to control [redacted] the consequences could be deadly for immigrants who are not [redacted]

A coyote will offer anywhere

*Th
ir helicopters
he hotter mon
in the place of my
send invisible si
suffocate in
ere*

*who digs al
erson helps me.*

The summer months are without a doubt the most treacherous. Temperatures rise to 125 degrees. It is during these months that immigration increases due to more work opportunities in the fields. But it is also during this time that more immigrants find death instead of work.

A family of eight dead, a baby still feeding off its dead mother [redacted]
I won't be on this list. I will open my eyes & if it is true, if my spine does not work, then I will walk the command myself across my body & across my scars & these pins. I have walked the worst of this. I have walked three countries. It was the car that failed me, so I will walk to my eyes, I will open them myself. &

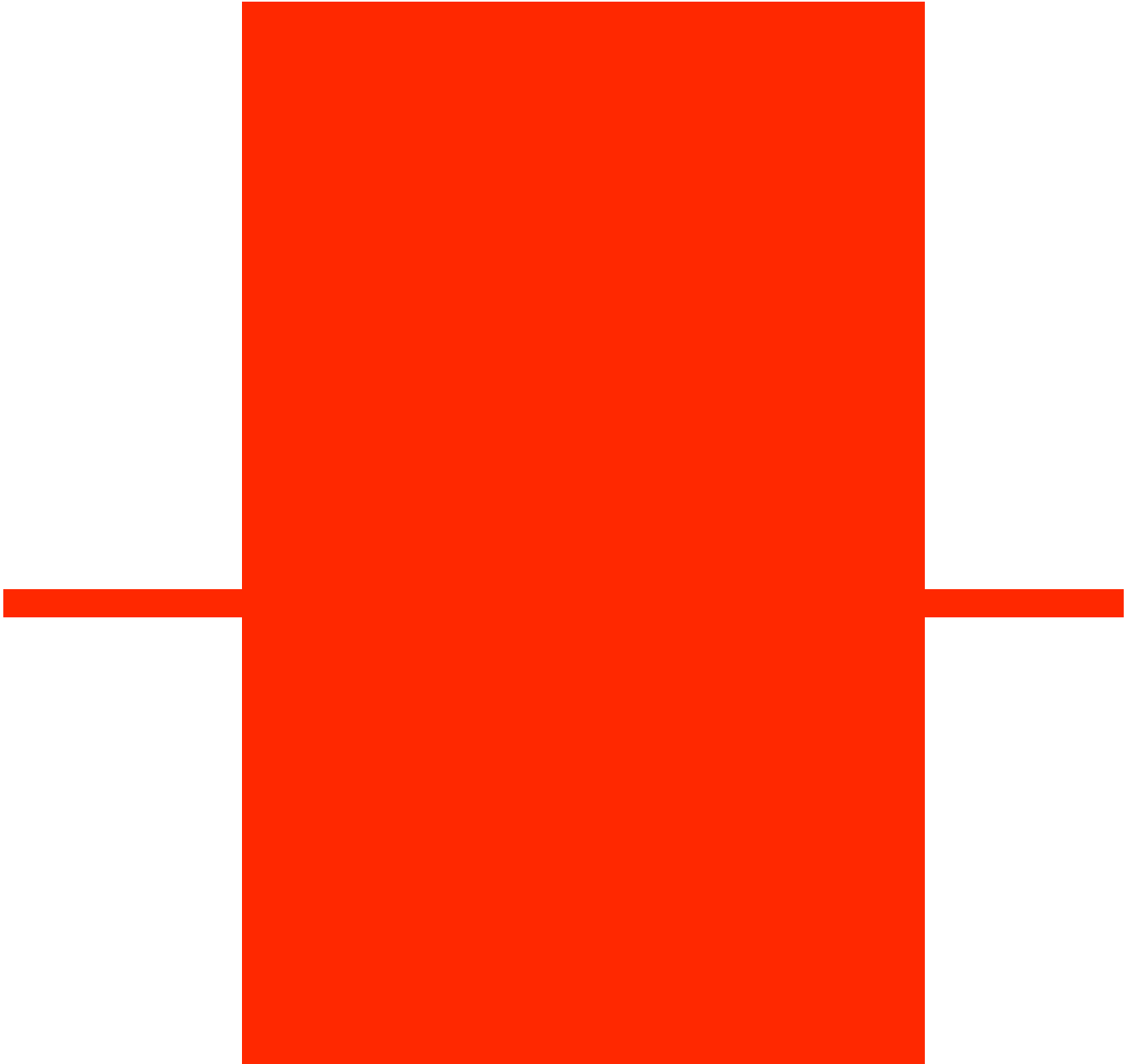
once I have done that, then I will walk some more, to my hands, to my mouth, to my lungs & there I will take my hands & teach my lungs to breath again,& once I am free of these machines, then I will walk again, all the way to my toes. I have walked for a dream already, now I will walk for myself, for my son, for the things that have always been real, & if that is what turns out to have been my dream all along, then I will have done it.

a woman who paid a [REDACTED] the border. A few days later, she got a call from the smuggler saying she did not have to pay. Her sister had a broken leg & would be left stranded. Her sister's decomposed body only able to identify her by a ring she had given her when she turned [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] eliminate the

militarization of the border

OF WORDS



The red gone behind what spreads
it self a cross t/he like sky metal mauve
pulled behind the pacific still immense
that, hour thin blanket powder fire
dying heat push last smell slaves
smog & sewage hang born to
lapping waves across estuaries' silt
& fields, Sidro. What's heard they crawl
the low bushes gusts
creep crack wooden board fence private space in
property line gaze fond framed moment
home before being, pull dark page sky breathe
sink rainbow bellied fish slip
hands of deep & deeper
unfamiliar eyes substance water. Smells of a day
that, Sidro, smells day.

Settle under hand the evening
turn & turn verse-cold & dark purple.
Cloud floating through
Santos watch ocean dark stand face
the blind
whisper declare waves without
word-make any-thing more.

Poems of the day settle
recitation
Body night all two-words
far Sidro
a color falling in moments.

metaphor or simile & simply are this

moment & when the sky is some more
blue or root

line poem,

compare Sidro merely
paper-index labor-in/
ink-note thing-more

I author-lucky scared
a desert follows finger-tracing some thing i magined

it

happens outside blind, folds

*If there is no labor there
is no labor.*

*Tierra sin nombre, sin América,
estambre equinoccial, lanza de púrpura,
tu aroma me trepó por las raíces
hasta la copa que bebía, hasta la más delgada
palabra aún no nacida de mi boca.*

If there is no development
there is no development.

world without name, deadword,
pull of thread & its strike trace of electric red/ fall to purple
there where it sense, move
until the cup from which I, since, sipping in the thinnest
word not yet born from my mouth

I sing a general song.

shout

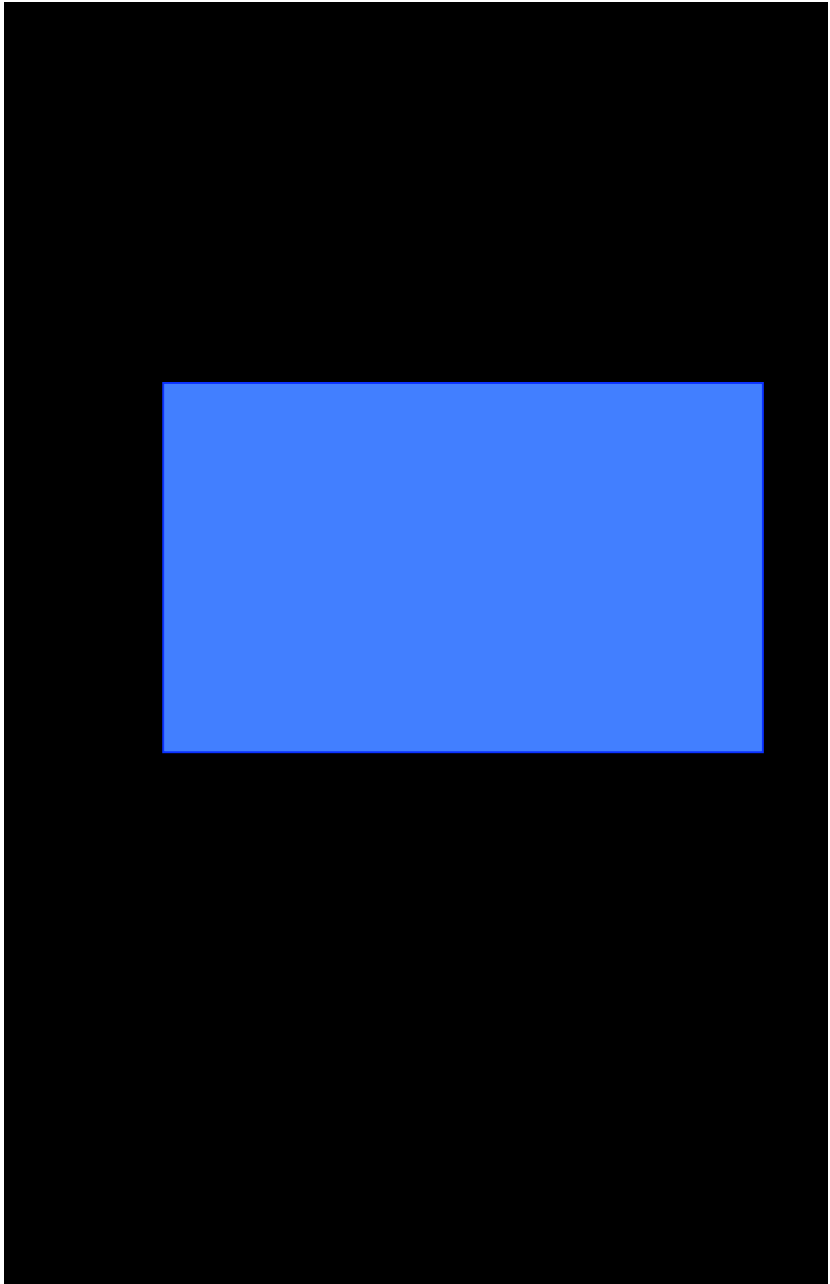
remember

in

sound

-ing

language



Dolores to Dolores:

*Imagine a beast like train. What would it sound like if not
like a machine?*

Real-like?

*Can you imagine your breath/ erasing the train's breath/ &
driving it into the dark clouds/ in the distance where/ we suspect the/
rain to hide? Then,/ imagine that the breath you felt/ comes from/
inside you, the breath you witnessed/ erase the beast train*

moves

away

and stands at the opposite end of/ this field

foreign

staring

back at you...

...is no longer yours. You learn that it/ never was.

*Its tongue has always waited for your eyes/ to see where/
you have failed*

in what/ you believe &

*the things you have truly succeeded in/ becoming
falling towards/ the earth.*

*You become lost/ inside the earth/ amongst/ the rest, the sun/
bright on the grains, the rain/ fat & living change*

give form to what/ you've lost/ in what dwells in the sky.

*I do not like/
this country.*

*Its way fills/
everything I hear.*

*Then, I cannot do anything but what it/
teaches me/
everywhere in the direction of/
its everywhere*

/

/

the minimal word

/

/

/

...sound carries inside.

What's your name?

*What's my name?
Give me a name.*

...always so demanding.

I'm always so demanding.

Only one name.

Whose?

In English/ in some narrative.

What is a ghost?

This whole time.



NOTES

San Ysidro, *Sidro*, sits opposite Tijuana, Baja California, México, in San Diego County.

Editorial Note & Auxiliary Verbs are burrowed from *El Nawat Cuscatlan*, by Pedro Geoffry Rivas, published in 1969 by the Department of Culture, of the Ministry of Education, San Salvador, El Salvador. The *translations* are the author's.

Newspaper article copies and *transcriptions* are from the San Diego Union Tribune, and were collected during 2002 and 2004.

Son, or Son Jarocho, is a musical form from Veracruz, México, involving African instrumentation and Colonial, lyrical subject.

Gráfica 2.1 is burrowed from Eduardo Alarcón Cantú's *Estructura Urbana en Ciudades Fronterizas*, published by El Colegio de la Frontera Norte in 2000.

Tierra sin nombre, sin América... is selected from Pablo Neruda's *Canto General*. The *translation* is the author's.

Alma Gonzalez died at the age of 18, on Palm Ave., in Imperial Beach, California. She was hit and killed by a drunk driver, who was *never* charged, tried, or convicted with her death, or the attempted death of Alma's companion.

Eutiquia Cortés recovered from near death. A severed spinal chord and severe brain hemorrhaging, however, have left her dependant on medication and physical therapy. After recovering from a comma in UCSD's intensive care unit, Eutiquia was deported back to Tijuana, where she still currently resides. The coyotes driving the vehicle in which she was being transported were tried and *are* currently serving their verdicts.