

Ashamed.
Reflection about the US/Mexico Border
(http://www.leaderstoday.com/aboutus/center_arizona.php)
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There wasn't any trouble for me.

I was white
and I had a US passport.

I didn't have to wait 10 years. pay excessive money. find documents that say "I am human."
I would slide through the Mexican turn style easily and
maybe a long line back to the US, but once the immigration officer saw my face
I was white and I would
slide through.

I am in my house.

sitting in front my computer

with parts that were probably "assembled in Mexico" by workers who get paid five dollars a day.
and forty dollars a week to feed, clothe, and be the parents and siblings for a family.

or I can look down and see the Velcro on my shoe

"assembled in Mexico" in a Maquiladora

In front of many Maquiladoras there are train tracks that pick up the assembled materials.

The trains have tens and tens of cars that take minutes upon minutes from the front of the train to the end.

It takes so long for the train to pass through an area that ambulances, fire trucks, and police cars
are forced to wait to help someone on the other side

who is dying or whose house is burning.

money has the main priority.

Everyday when I get up from a peaceful night's sleep, thousands of migrants have already crossed.

Three thousand cross the desert in one day

In one day that I sleep, drink unlimited water, eat unlimited food, drive freely, listen to music, read, go on
the internet, play soccer.

In one day that I've done that---people from Chiapas, Oaxaca, Mexico City, Honduras, Guatemala get up
in the morning and follow a Coyote.

They give the Coyote thousands of dollars for a safe journey across a desert

where migrants are told it's a quick three hour walk, where they carry one jug of water and a snack.

Sometimes they are told the truth.

It's three long nights in a 120 degree Fahrenheit DESERT. They don't have enough strength to carry the
gallons upon gallons of water they need to not die of dehydration. They probably aren't wearing the right
shoes and shouldn't wear their wool sweater for the journey. Their legs and feet are going to be badly cut
up from the cacti that dig into their skin and pricks that never come out.

Or they learn the truth. from the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth times that they have crossed.

Only two out of every five humans that cross to the US, make it without being caught by US border
patrol.

US border patrol are paid upwards of \$50,000. More than teachers in Douglas, Arizona who make
\$22,000 a year. People who catch people make more than people who teacher our children about the
world though games, stories, through writing, reading, listening, and speaking.

But Mexicans make \$5 a day to make the Velcro for our shoes and the parts to our computers.

I can still easily pass back and forth from the US to Mexico. I can see through the cracks in the wall that divides Nogales, Mexico from Nogales, Arizona. A wall made of the landing strips from the Vietnam War.

The US government recycled.

recycled materials that were part of a war that killed millions and millions of innocent people and now the wall continues to kill.

as millions of people cross and thousands of people die.

So there is no trouble for me to cross with my white skin and my US passport and my continued investment in corporations that set up factories in Mexico.

But I know it's not right. I know that people shouldn't be forced to leave their families, friends, community, all that they know because they can't survive in the place that is supposed to be home.

I know it's not right that a wall separates humanity. made from pieces from a war.

So I paint murals, speak to migrants, play soccer games, learn about fair trade coffee and become passionate about changing the world

so that one day there won't be barriers in the world.

so that in my own community there isn't a section for the rich and a section for the poor; a section for the Arabs and a section for the Jews; a section for the educated and a section for those in the failing school systems.

so that there won't ever be a 2,000 mile long wall separating Mexico from the U.S.

so that it won't matter any more if I have a passport or if I'm white. Everyone will be able to cross and they won't be crossing to survive, to make a living. They will be crossing on a vacation or for dinner in Nogales, Arizona. Border patrol won't pick them up. and they will have dinner.

and no one will be ashamed.

They won't be ashamed because no more will they be forced to leave their family.

and I won't be ashamed of my country.