

Swallowed by the Line in the Dirt

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Please note that this work contains content related to border crossing, which may be a sensitive topic to some readers.

The desert hums with heat,
and the sky pulls its thread tight.
The earth, cracked like a brittle jaw,
bares its teeth.

A body,
heavy with dreams and dread,
trudges through dust,
through sweat,
through a silence that knows no language
but thirst.

The sun doesn't ask your name,
it just burns,
and the wind whispers
in a tongue
foreign to the ears that ache.

The fence,
a scar across the land,
does not care for reasons,
for families,
for hearts that beat like desperate drums
underneath the same sun.

A coyote's voice is a hollow promise,
guiding you,
but also leaving you
in a world where the stars
are just markers of things lost,
things never found.

And the river,
it is a mouth of hope,
but only half-open,
half-swallowed by darkness
before the other side.

There are no maps here,
just the shapes of footsteps
lost in the night,
and the sound of boots
stepping over stones
that scream out
to the stars
that watch.

Inspired by the novel Solito by Javier Zamora