*“White Girl On Immigration”*

Our Ancestors came to this country

Planted a flag in soil that had already been card for and lived on by millions of others

And called it “Ours”

They

We

Poisoned, enslaved, and murdered an entire culture of people

Marched them across their own country

Put them in a bubble

Said don’t step out of these boundaries we drew for you

In your own country

Land of the free

Home of the brave

Land and home of the enslaved braves

Called savages because they actually took care of their homeland

Instead of ripping it up by the roots or burning it down or selling it to foreign nations

You don’t get to call a house yours just because you murdered the previous inhabitants

To all the people who call themselves American

Who blame the immigrant for very problem

Who use the tired complaint that they are taking our jobs

Who look at me and think “American” but look at my grandmother and think “free loader” “job stealer” “where all my taxes are going” “illegal”

As if seeking refuge in a country that calls itself the best is some form of crime

In 1917 my great great great grandmother came to this country with her six children fleeing the Mexican revolution

Fleeing the bloodshed and war of their country

Children in America are taught that war is something that happens in a land far far away

Across the sea

It’s true that battle has not been waged on American soil since our own Civil War

But visualize bombs dropping in your front yard

Your bedroom window shattering

Glass coating your skin

Children crying and dying in the streets of your own neighborhood

This is someone else’s reality

And your are upset because they wat to escape it?

Tell me something

Americans

My grandmother family came from Mexico

My grandfather from Scotland

My last name is German

Does that make my any less American now that you know that?

Tell me something

Americans

How many generations does it take for you to stop calling us illegal?

How many white people bred into the bloodline does it take for our skin to be vanilla enough for you to swallow like a milkshake?

America was built on the dead bodies of the braves

Was, and continues to be, built by the blood sweat and tears of immigrants

And this is how you repay them?

This is how you repay my grandmother for building a family

Getting an education

Paying Taxes

Driving the bus that took your children to school

Raising her own children that now work in your hospitals and sell you your cars

No, they didn't get there by your taxes

They got there because my grandmother brushed off every insult about her brownness

About her dark hair

About her dark eyes

It didn't matter that she was bon in this country

That revolution her great grandmother escaped followed her here

Turned her life into a battle field

She saw salvation in my grandfathers skin

Saw safety for her children

Saw an end to the backhanded comments

To people asking “where are you from?” And then asking again as if you didn't hear them the first time

I am still from here!

It doesn't matter that I was bon here

When you talk about the “children of immigrants”

The audacity of them getting to stay

You didn't realize you were talking about my grandmother

About me

About you

My cousins are blonde haired and blue eyed and all of us are shaped like twigs

That Latina ass that white men are so fond of

Must of saw our pale skin and laughed

Do you think that’s what my grandmother was hoping for

For these dark eyes of mine to be the only thing left from the revolution

Because yes

Our heritage was bleached from our skin

It doesn't stop us from feeling the hurt

Does it change your opinion of me knowing that?

Does it change your opinion of me knowing that the immigrant is actually a person?

Someone you know

Someone contributing to your society

Does it change your opinion knowing that the child of the immigrant goes to your school and wears your society like a second skin?

Does it change your opinion remembering the origin of your last name

Remembering that no matter how long ago it was

Your ancestors crossed an ocean so that you could be here

Does it make a difference knowing that some only crossed a border