

Migrant

Paco M.

Migrant – that’s who I am, because that’s how he names me
a society that was commissioned
to create borders, so as not to mix
as if he was afraid, without knowing why.

Yes, the one who has left home
to find a way to reach
his dreams regardless of the distance
that he has to travel to achieve them.

I am standing, without feeling
any fatigue, even when my body
screams inside me to let it take
a breath that I do not get.

I am a migrant because I keep the illusion
and the longing to return home to my people
with their voices telling me,

“Don’t worry anymore; in your heart, you are at home.”

AFTER YOU READ:

1. What is your first response to this poem? What does it make you feel and think?
2. Who is the “he” that the poet refers to in the first verse? Why does the author think “he” made borders?
3. Say in your own words what is happening in the second and third verse, and the last two verses.
4. Can you relate to any part of this poem? Explain.
5. Read the stories by immigrant workers in this issue. How has the pandemic affected immigrant workers?



Paco M. carries a small black notebook, ready to capture words and ideas for his poems. Trained as an accountant, he worked in a bank for 13 years before arriving in the United States. Paco manages a Vermont dairy farm, where he is earning money to pay his daughter’s tuition in Mexico. He is an English Language Learning student at Vermont Adult Learning in White River Junction, VT. Paco has been writing poetry for about 20 years, first in Spanish and now in English. He never took a poetry class.