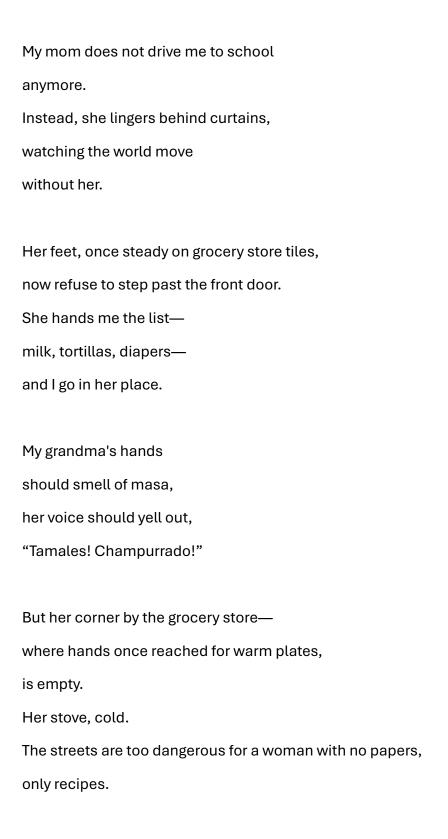
If They Take Her



Inside, I move through the aisles,

list in hand

Milk, tortillas, diapers.

I go in her place.

At night, my mom whispers

of a paper she must sign.

Papers that would name me guardian,

words that prepare for a future

where she is missing.

My sister is eight. My mom wonders

if her legs are strong enough to walk alone.

If I am strong enough

to become her mother.

I wonder how a country can call her a

criminal

when she has built so much of it with

her hands.

I wonder,

if they take her, who will I become?

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