Oración del Sueño Americano (Prayer of the American Dream)

... for here there is no place that does not see you. You must change your life. Rainer Maria Rilke, Archaic Torso of Apollo

This is the new math: halt the multiplication division by subtraction: refuge denied discarded artifacts: discarded lives

click

Padre nuestro

Deemed migrant contraband to be confiscated by Customs and Border Protection to be bagged then dumpstered out: *click* que estás en el cielo

blankets, toilet paper, tins of tuna
black plastic canteens, dressed or bare
endless tubes of toothpaste
click santificado sea tu nombre

Yet one janitor saw something to be done food to be donated to the local pantry pictures to take stories to tell art to make *click* venga tu reino

Toilet paper collage sunflower mosaic from deodorant & lighters & cigarettes Witness to loss: wallets & keys & personal IDs *click* hágase tu voluntad

Condoms collage: Life Style, Trojans, Skyn
SIMI Condón and more in bright display
that speaks of passion & hope
click

en la tierra como en el cielo

Rosaries—in plastic or stone or wood green & white & yellow & gem tones one in red & black, colors of the bullring *click* danos hoy nuestro pan de cada día Oraciónes del sueño Americano
para tocar, para orar, para pasar
con seguridad (?!?)
click perdona nuestras ofensas

Multiplication and subtraction dividing still and still they come to escape the crush of poverty or claim asylum from violence *click* y líbranos del mal

amén.**

§ Coda

America, just beyond the campfire light under soiled & darkened transit bridges before your microwaves & tempurpedics and way beyond the light cast by your cell phones beyond all your social media beyond what's streaming 24/7 beyond the borders of your paranoia sitting with the children in your cages — look! was it there or was it just Fear trembling at the edges of your vision? Coyote speaks and you must listen: Coyote speaks and you must hear: You know you're dying every day You must give yourself away

"Tom Kiefer was a Customs and Border Protection janitor for almost four years before he took a good look inside the trash. Every day at work—at the C.B.P. processing center in Ajo, Arizona, less than fifty miles from the border with Mexico—he would throw away bags full of items confiscated from undocumented migrants apprehended in the desert…" — until he looked inside. "Without telling anyone, Kiefer began collecting the items, stashing them in sorted piles in the garages of friends. 'I didn't know what I was going to do,' he told me recently. 'But I knew there was something to be done."

He took pictures. He made art. This work is my response. https://www.newyorker.com/culture/photo-booth/a-janitors-collection-of-things-confiscated-from-migrants-in-the-desert

** The Lord's Prayer