

Illegal Border Crosser

“They call me an illegal border crosser,”
your poem begins. Yes,
 I think,
 me too.

So many borders that I cross
would be illegal if this word
had a proper meaning: land,
once stolen, then
stolen again and, in the end,
marked off by whosoever
 might demonstrate
 sufficient force.

Let these words serve
as your warning—you
who continue to post guards
at the checkpoints, thus
propping up some myth of security.
For we are coming: an army
of illegal border crossers
to cross each and every one of them
 off the face
 of this earth.

Because you are living
on borrowed time
as well as on stolen land
and we are coming.
 Let this poem serve
 as your warning.

And when our work is done
we will draw a new map
of the planet uncrossed
by a single border, allowing
each and every one
of our diverse humanity
to enjoy, finally,
a proper measure
 of peace
 and security.

Steve Bloom
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With thanks to Mike Graves for his original poem: *Illegal Border Crosser*