

## Immigrant

In Colombia,  
nobody protects you. Playgrounds  
are places to find  
a stranger's blood on new  
skirts—a place where

ghosts taunt you over cliffs, where  
cardboard shacks turn body  
into a balloon swollen with drugs;  
antidoted by rosaries.

At sixteen, a general  
will ask about your boyfriends  
and what they've forced you to smuggle;  
but you will not be a bullet  
on his résumé:

You will profit only one man  
biblically, and he is uninfected,  
bleached by generations of eugenics.

You do not know this yet  
in bloody sandbox incubators. You  
know only what it is to  
be a girl, Colombia.