

3-6-2019

## Manifesto For Immigration

Mary T. Duerksen

Stetson University, [mduerksen@stetson.edu](mailto:mduerksen@stetson.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.kennesaw.edu/thecrambo>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Duerksen, Mary T. (2019) "Manifesto For Immigration," *The Crambo*: Vol. 2 , Article 4.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.kennesaw.edu/thecrambo/vol2/iss1/4>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Kennesaw State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Crambo by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Kennesaw State University. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@kennesaw.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@kennesaw.edu).

# MANIFESTO FOR IMMIGRATION

---

## MARY T. DUERKSEN

---

It's time for a revolution no I mean a revolt who says this malevolence gets the upper hand?

It's out there look in the mirror Amerika you got what you paid for what you got but you are better than this better than what you got

Where lies the dream once grasped in hands roughened from toil and stiffened by suffering?

Those hands whose reach clawed and fought to come to the freedom place ah yes the land of the unfree free

Liberty only free to some these stinking cowards and sniveling whiners "the forgotten"

Forgotten are the tired, poor huddled the ones who live in the edges and side alleys of places too terrible to describe

Whose desperation drives them to undersized craft and treacherous waters over borderlands in the night

Who gave up their souls to the howling coyotes just waiting to devour their last hope

Ground it into the sand as they choked on their own spit

Look about you and be mortified by what you see

The bewitchment of the place you seek the unfree free better garbage heaps

Your dream shatters, evidence of your calumny pours from the mouth of so many

Your lies that spin and spin and spin out beyond the stars weaving a tale of deceit

None of us escapes the burden borne by those we stand on stood on will stand on

We own it-lies power privilege

Washing up on the shore with splinters of fractured craft and salt-soaked dreams.