

The mesquites on the banks of the river

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for Emmy Perez

the mesquites on the banks of the river

don't know if the soil

their roots are clenching belongs to mexico or to the united states the earth doesn't know how to read maps it doesn't fall away from itself

dark soil pushing away dark soil

suddenly rendered other

a day a year a century more the

earth doesn't recognize black lines drawn on paper

the sky

isn't split in two the wind doesn't shy away from metal bars or man-made walls

the mesquites on the banks of the river

sway soft and green sway

to the same wind on both sides of the river

the poet

said it wasn't enough to dream of a future world without borders the poet said to make it real we must move in the world as if there were no borders

two decades later we park the car by the river and listen to the green mesquites whispering on a wintry morning

all this time i thought the work

was erasing imaginary lines

all this time i thought the words

were important words like liberation and freedom and kinship and struggle

but the mesquites on the banks of the river

whispered to me

said

begin here like us move in the wind like us sink your roots deep deep like us hold this in your body like us your spirit must be free hold this knowing closer than you hold your name be the earth be the wind be the sky be the river that recognizes no division that concedes no ground that surrenders no sovereignty remember

said the mesquites on the banks of the river *