

FLOATING CATHEDRAL

*Diana Lizette Rodríguez*

*To the 53 Migrant's Bodies that Were Found Dead Inside a Trailer in San Antonio  
& my Cousin Iván*

Recoge el lugar del sueño anoche orejas claridad  
la piel wall brick remains tracking footprints  
dress business face another hesitation interior mind                      body as merchandise

cuerpo quédate aquí tierra suave mojada el sonido de septiembre chaqueta cubre  
pecho futuro de allí  
creyendo en rincones

confession confetti his name Iván he is 28 and he's been missing for 15 days 16 now as  
I read this they have called to tell us he collapsed somewhere in the desert coming to  
the U.S and when they tried to return for his body he was gone

dissolved strawberry hues the things that drip sun length haunting strange stranded  
delivery of desert pending verification exterior moment of abandonment

body burning further towards the U.S. algo que puedo entender por escuchar  
las historias de cada verano de cada muerte, they could not find where they need  
to go? Will they find Iván? function truth subject course the study of dust bones  
the plants next to the body that also need water llegar de regreso al lugar en donde  
naciste más lejos que ayer ojos dedos sus cuerpos se estaban quemando de  
adentro porque no pudo porque no pude porque no pudiste porque no pudimos  
porque no pude porque no pude porque no pudimos porque no pudimos porque no  
nos dejan poder pudrir pudriendo the authorities en Acuña have told us yesterday  
that there is not enough information detalles for them to do anything

la canción que siempre suena en mi cabeza

Most victims are found without identification. Who will tell their families? Can someone please tell them? efforts illustration fingerprints of 40 men and 13 females levántate stand up wake up 27 people from Mexico, 14 from Honduras, seven from Guatemala and two from El Salvador relying statis status structure submerged.

Do you know how to breathe inside a container? eucalyptus shrinking from future flipped expectations foreground insomnia lemons i hear another man yell while i eat my soup cuántos de nosotros hemos cruzado la frontera en el estómago de mi tía frágil pending verification someone abandons a truck filled with 67 migrants to die in the heat inside this country that is not America but the United States of America. Starting. Yells. Whispers. Who is grieving? Who would be the first to go? Crossing mind. Lo que traigo de mis antepasados de estos paisajes

para qué recoger la pluma si no existe la palabra libre freedom vomit red blue space

This is not me grieving. This is me stating. Transfer destination. All the cracking silence. Sweating from two layers. White light fabric is supposed to help on hot days like these.