

**Love, documented**  
**By Brittany Carmona**

I celebrate the thousands of steps you took  
To get to me  
Across the world you knew, past the dead the desert claimed,  
Into a place where every object had a different name  
*Semilla* is seed, *Árbol* is tree

In no time at all you had learned enough to read a book  
To blend in as best you could  
But it didn't stop the new names directed your way  
The angry voices and flying fists were not stayed,  
*Go back home, wetback, no good*

Every moment forming you into the man  
*Quién amaré,*  
All the pain, the cracks in your heart, the pride they tried to take  
Into something rare and beautiful, these things our love would make  
*Volviéndose, volviéndose*

Your name written in my diary, smiling photos in your hand  
A white dress, a tear in your eye  
Pages and pages of lawyer paper just to prove you should exist  
Here with me, to add your name to a list.  
Ever fearful of a sudden Goodbye.

Illegal? Undocumented?  
How?  
Crossed an imaginary line  
With aching feet and a tired heart when you were nine  
They cry, "Crucify him now!"

Your whole life, a missing paper lamented  
But undocumented you are not  
Because here upon this page, I write you into being  
I force the world into unwanted sight, to seeing  
That pen and ink are common, don't mean a lot

But this thing we call *amor* is prodigious  
And makes paper fall flat  
For it cannot capture nor fully express  
The mystery of the brokenness, its presence has power to redress.  
Go tell the bureaucrats!

This issue is clearly spiritual, not litigious

For in life or in death, *¡El amor ganará!*  
For perfect love drives out fear and this I declare,  
Loudly in ink, so that all eyes may stare.

*Para que la gente sepa*

Here is your documentation.

Welcome to a Higher Nation.