



S. Abraham Cachago

You Shouldn't

By Wendi Adelson J.D.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. At 17, it shouldn't be that only once a week, on Tuesdays—your day off from washing dishes in the Chinese restaurant—you have free time to play soccer. You should have been playing soccer every day, and going to school, which you loved, to take more math classes, which you also loved. You shouldn't have had to carry that heavy machete, and spend your days and nights and weekends working for your step-father, clearing the brush by his tienda, while he hit you instead of your mother and little sister, because that is the bargain you worked out. You shouldn't have lost your little brother, 6-months-old at the time—only one year younger than you—to your father's violence, before you even got the chance to really know him. You shouldn't have had to walk and take buses and trains to get from the north of Guatemala to the U.S. to escape a gang that wanted you to kill with them. You shouldn't have had to spend three months in a place for unaccompanied immigrant minors in Texas before they located your aunt and cousin in Tallahassee, but you did. You found me, and together, we have found a way to get you a green card, so that the next time you find a job, it will be from an employer who has to pay you a decent wage. And you could even go back to school, or travel, if you had the kind of money that would make either or both happen. I can't replace your past, thick with violence, not enough soccer, but I can give you better options for the future. I am your immigration attorney; you are a shining example of kindness, perseverance, fidelity and integrity in the face of overwhelming obstacles. Thank you.

Praise to Fear

By Eric Heppner

I once feared loneliness, so I kissed a girl.
For fear of being trapped, I left her.
I feared dying young, so I ran round the world.
Then I feared dying old, so I did it on a motorcycle.
I feared being forgotten, so I wrote a book.
I feared being remembered, so I kept it to myself.
I feared fearing things, so I found myself.
Then I feared fearing nothing, so I found God.

Heal