

Who Are My Sisters and Brothers?

I am an alien

by Wilfrid Suprena

I am an alien,
I took the road sixty thousand years ago,
looking for a blue and clement sky,
fresh air, bright sun, waving seas and
a land of friendship and solidarity.

I am an alien,
I left behind a devastating land absorbed
day after day, piece by piece by a
powerful and attractive force that my fellow
aliens could not stop.

I am an alien,
the planet Earth welcomes me;
the moon, the oceans, the mountains,
the rivers, the valleys, the trees, the birds,
the fishes, the animals in general are
pleased with me.

I am an alien,
I have no color, I am dark skin,
red skin. I have no citizenship,
no nationality, no ideology,
no religion.

I am an alien,
I am Jew, Arab, Muslim, Christian,
Buddhist, Catholic, Protestant,
Palestinian, Bosnian, Tutsi, Hutu,
Haitian, Cuban, Sudanese, Mexican.

I am an alien and you treat me
like a pariah.
You made me slave in Ancient Roma;
I built castles, palaces, roads,
Churches for you,
kings and popes, in the Middle Ages.

I am an alien and you rejected me,
you killed me and my fellow aliens
by thousands to conquer
the gold mines
in Peru, Brazil, Mexico, Hispaniola,
Columbia, Venezuela.

I am an alien and in my head,
my heart and my body,
I continue to bear the scars
of Vega Real, Austerlitz, Auschwitz,
Nagasaki, Hiroshima and Baghdad.

Today, I am still an alien and a
refugee, looking for a safe haven
in Central America, in Guantanamo,
Croatia, Germany, Sweden and Zaire.

Close the borders,
the aliens are coming;
Prepare the executive orders,
the aliens are coming;
Recruit new immigration police
officers,
the aliens are coming.

Starting Point

I am an alien, I need a passport, a
visa, a permit of entry, an alien card,
an adjustment of status, a lawyer
only to be with you, to live among you.
I am an alien.
I am a woman.
I am a man.