

# Strings, Boxes, and Plastic Wrap

By Victoria “Stokastika” March 2010

~Documenting a trip from San Diego, California, to the Bahia de Los Angeles, Mexico.~

They were all connected.

I saw their strings.

Their television was  
the front porch.

Their cell phones were  
their neighbors.

Their computers  
were in their minds.

They were connected  
because they had to be.

They shared the little extra  
of the few resources they had,  
be it was so little,  
it didn't even matter.

They were all shipped together  
in rattling, third-hand  
school buses. Their skin  
slowly cooked dark olive,  
picking, picking, *picking* away  
at the strawberry fields,  
for there was nothing else  
to do—there was nothing else  
more meaningful to do.

Their boats reeked with  
vulture's cologne, as they  
beamed lights beyond sunset  
to team-hunt the passing  
squid of an inland sea,  
for there was nothing else  
to do—there was nothing else  
more meaningful to do.

Eventually they returned  
to their open-wounded  
homes—most always someone  
else's abandoned project—  
for the restings of  
a family meal. The hollow piles of  
bricks and wood exposed  
inner-worn surfaces to  
coatings of desert-wind  
dust.

Their souls connected  
with their struggles.  
I saw their strings.  
They would only hope  
for the better.

And somehow *my* soul,  
upon crossing the border north,  
just slipped into a metal box,  
then plastic-wrapped  
into the abandoned  
wealth of a “first” world.  
I could only hope  
for the worst.

The continuum of dust  
in the skies above  
begin to swirl in  
plumes of wonder—  
on which side of  
the tall, barb-wired fence,  
who is more  
deprived?