

borderless

a zine on migration



LINKS TO REMEMBER

JL OF SECURITY THREATS TO NOT

FOR ANY PERSON OTHER THAN THE HARDEST

OF THE PASSPORT IN GOVERNMENT: O

OF THE CONDITIONS OR REACTIONS ARE

NO COUNTRY WHERE A U.S. PAS

THE U.S. IS NOT

DISASTERS AND CATASTROPHIC EVENTS

FOR THE FAMILY AND FRIENDS YOU MEET

IN THE U.S. EMBASSY OR CONSULATE.

096218229

spring 2017

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE LEGALITIES OF BEING - REYES pg2-5

SMALL IDENTITIES - AHMAAD pg6-7

COGNATES - TRAN pg8-9

TRIPLE CONSCIOUSNESS - OMARA pg10-13

CAMPUS ORGANIZING pg14-15 *

ALAS PARA VOLAR - ZEPEDA pg16-17 *

pg18-21 FOR US - PHI

* pg22-23 SPACE BETWEEN OUR S(KIN) - PATEL

* pg24-25 FOLDED - HUQ

pg26-28 MY DACA STORY - HERNANDEZ

We recommend you use this envelope to
protect your new card.

pg29-30 HUNGER DRIVES THE BODY INTO IMAGINATION - SNOW

pg31 RESOURCES & READINGS

EDITOR'S NOTE

Passports contain immeasurable significance — they hold identities, permit travel, and provide proof of citizenship. More than just legal authorization, this set of papers has come to represent freedom and opportunity itself. However at its root, the passport is also a tool of state exclusion. In the US it's origin traces back to the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, the first law barring an ethnic group from entering the US. This law set the precedent for the exclusion of other “undesirables” including other non-whites, disabled people, communists and LGBT people. The US passport evolved out of the need to regulate and police those who challenged America’s vision of a white supremacist, settler-colonial project. Today, this legacy continues through a punitive judicial system, hyper-militarized borders, and the ever increasing terror of immigration enforcement.

Passports document stories of migration, but in many ways they speak to a history that is owned and defined by the state. This zine is an attempt to imagine a story of our own making.

Borderless explores how immigrants, migrants, and refugees transcend borders. Whether it's through identity, language, culture or family, the voices in this zine highlight the ways diasporic people navigate boundaries in their everyday lives. These stories demonstrates how state drawn lines fail to capture the experiences of migration, and instead offer a diverse set of perspectives that celebrate the defiantly borderless.

While it's necessary to recognize the real violence that is inflicted by borders, this zine attempts to challenge the black and white narratives in the media and in our laws by showcasing rich and highly personalized stories on migration. It's in this context of the harsh reality of borders that this zine hopes to emphasize the resilience and imagination of migration. Lastly, I hope these stories can inspire readers to cross borders of their own, and to take control of their own personal and historical documentation.

* Local submissions from Champaign-Urbana and Chicago

THE LEGALITIES OF BEING - YOSIMAR REYES

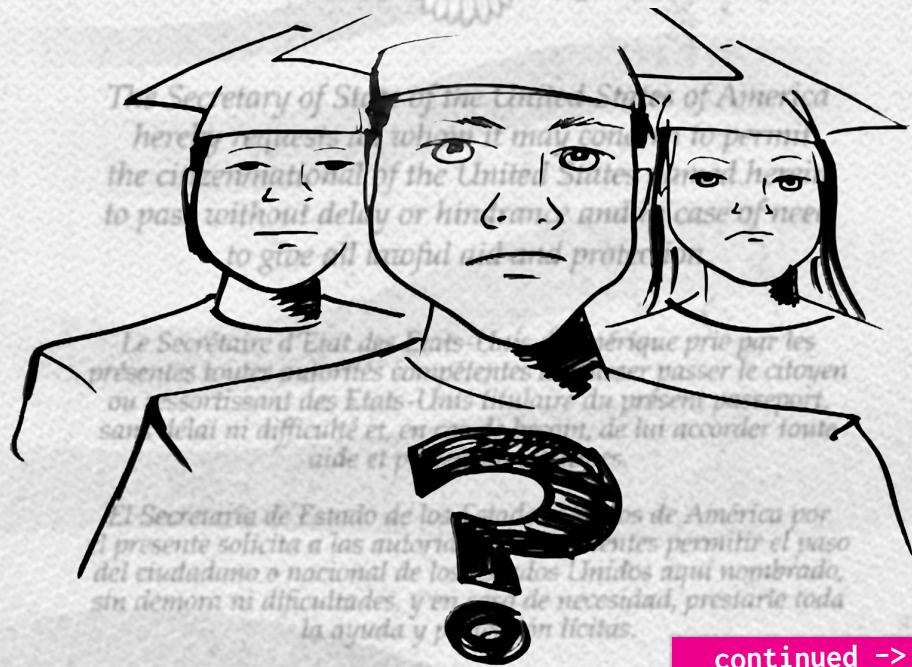
My grandmother has never used the word “undocumented” to describe her existence. In fact growing up she never taught me about limitations. Most of the folks on my block share this similar experience so there was no dialogue around our status in this country. We all knew where to get fake micas or any other documents needed to work in this country. I never felt alone or depressed. In high school most of my peers were and continue to be undocumented so conversations around our status were not important because there was a common understanding that this was a simple reality and not our identity. We were more than the lack of a social security number.

I am beginning a conversation with myself about defining my being by laws that really can never summarize my existence. I am thinking about integration and this ongoing trend to be called American. I am thinking about words like Dreamer and Illegal, language that is stagnant, that in no way shape or form speaks truth about the complexities of being and the connections that we have as humans beyond borders and political systems. It is like defining your being by building fences. Telling folks this is me, read the sign.

I know the importance of visibility and empowering folks to no longer feel ashamed or embarrassed about their status, but as a person who was taught that “El Pajaro Donde Quiera Es Verde” I am beginning to question these myths I have learned about my homeland. I am beginning to address this fear that I have about one day potentially returning to that place that gave birth to me. Why is that everytime I think about my home my heart stops at the idea of living in poverty, when in reality I have been living below the poverty line my whole life. There is a social construction in my head that “America” is better. That “America” will grant me freedom. That “America” will grant me a proper education. That “America” is a place of justice.

When the reality is that I have never seen the fruit of all these promises. We are still at the same place since we arrived, under attack, caged, profiled and subjugated to unjust laws. I am thinking about how damaging it is to label my spirit, my essence undocumented, taking something so minimal from the physical world and have it manifest in my body.

Right now there is confusion all around me. There is a national campaign to pass the Dream Act, Obama announced his Deferred Action Plan, folks are constantly inviting me to speak about my experience. I cannot help but feel Bamboozled. There is trend of folks writing about us, documenting us, wanting to hear us, wanting for us to come out of the shadows, wanting to us to feel empowered and for some reason I can not seem to get past the fact that we are still not addressing our emotional well being, not as undocumented people but as migrants, displaced people, folks whose hearts have been broken by America’s lies.



continued ->

Abulita's heart is broken

Ella no tiene la lengua para explicarle al presidente de sus milpas de café

She is not a Dreamer

There is no Deferred action for her

No immigration reform for her

She will never be American.

One day she will pack her bags

Purchase a plane and return home

She will look at the streets

Try to remember how things used to be

But time has not passed since she left

Her comadres have passed

Su casita fell

She will look at the dirt

Try to remember where she gave birth to her first-born

Look at the face of a son she has not seen in decades

She will be weak

Spending her days remembering

Abuelita will slowly dig her grave

Crawl back into the land that brought her to this journey

Return to the center

And migrate to the spirit world

There she will no longer need papers

no longer be poor

no longer ache

no longer be broken hearted

There she will whisper to me

And remind me that all this is a dream

That one day we will wake up to a place more beautiful than this.

Illustrations by Julio Salgado from the
video project "The Legalities of Being"



Yosimar Reyes is an undocumented American poet and activist who was born in Guerrero, Mexico and raised in East San Jose, California. He works to empower immigrant, queer & working class voices through his work as a poet, educator, performance artist & public speaker.

Project Link - youtu.be/8eSpV0w3nBo

Website - yosimarereyes.com



COGNATES – CHRYSANTHEMUM TRAN

Everything I learned about hating myself I learned in classrooms
The first time I learned my peoples history was a bilingual catholic bible study
There I learned from 1874 to 1954 the French colonized Vietnam

They called it mission from God,
Called it modernizing a backwards society
My people called it rice fields burning down, white folks moving in,
Taking what is not theirs.

Despite our words history was never written in our favor

Now French cognates stain the Vietnamese language
For example the Vietnamese “cà phê” is derived from the French “le café”
As in brown bodies bent over colonial cash crop
While our nimble fingers pick and pick away.

Or “cine” derived “la cinema”
As armed cameras they capture these darker colonies—
Haiti, Senegal, Cambodia, Vietnam, all of our faces like wild animals.

Or “bêđê” derived “la pédéraste”
As in queer, faggot, ladyboy, pedophile
Who’s only instinct is sin.

If this was the first word in my language that felt like mine,
The teacher, can you tell me why there’s no place in God’s kingdom for me?

Missionaries gave my people Sodom and Gomorrah to name ourselves dirty
Condemned our skin, our queer, our gender

Sometimes when I use my mother tongue
I can still hear the colonizer speaking for me
Homosexuality is a distinctly Vietnamese affliction, disease of heathens
Frenchmen you must resist your urges
When approaching the populations of Vietnam

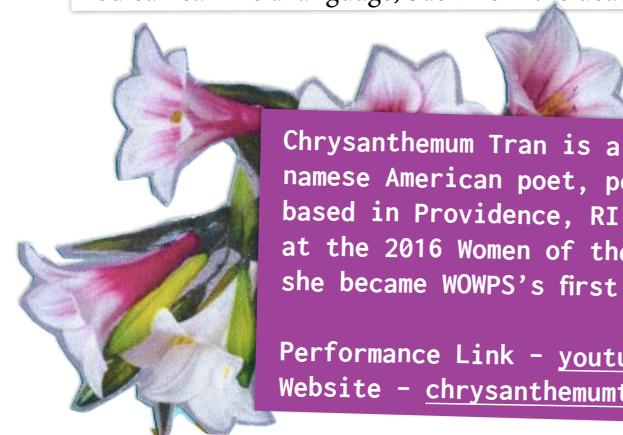
They are a godless species.

Everything I learned about hating myself I learned in this closet built long ago
Last april someoneouted me to my mother
She called me bêđê, bêđê, bêđê
The word peeled my skin inside out, her outrage was so familiar
And history repeating itself, I swear I could feel the French moving back in,
Hollowing out my sinful blood.

Everything my people have ever learned by hating ourselves
We learned through force fed gospels and borrowed words
Colonizers are long gone but languages have memories that last lifetimes
What a legacy to leave, to gift to my people machetes to slaughter our own.

You can call me pede or queer, call me any name you want
But I have spent 20 years listening to split tongues hidden beneath homology
Until I reached in and discovered a rebel tongue on my own

Call me resistance
Call me rebellion
Call me animal daring to bite back
Our nimble fingers stealing back the camera
To expose all of history’s white lies
I am a cognate redefining, reclaiming words to name myself
You can call me a language, back from the dead.



Chrysanthemum Tran is a queer & transgender Vietnamese American poet, performer & teaching artist based in Providence, RI. She performed “Cognates” at the 2016 Women of the World Poetry Slam where she became WOWPS’s first transfeminine finalist.

Performance Link - youtu.be/cjIijPx0LrI
Website - chrysanthemumtran.com

TRIPLE CONSCIOUSNESS: TO BE BLACK AND AN IMMIGRANT IN AMERICA – ATIMA OMARA

Double consciousness, a term first explored by W.E.B. Du Bois in his 1903 “Souls of Black Folk,” describes the experience of being black in America and being keenly aware of how you are viewed in a society that daily inflicts the indignity of racism upon you and forces you to create a palatable version of blackness to make others feel safe. With the White House decision to repeal DACA — despite President Trump’s newfound support for the DREAM Act — and pardon Sheriff Arpaio, I’ve been filled with memories from what I call my third consciousness, the immigrant identity that both tries to be seen as American and has been frustrated with the increasing anti-immigrant sentiment as of late.

The black immigrant experience is a perspective not often shared in the media or policy discussions, especially when immigration policies such as Trump’s Muslim ban or DACA repeal take on a Latino or Middle Eastern face. This happens despite the organizing efforts of black immigrant groups to raise awareness of their very existence and how these policies affect them, often disproportionately.

Who are we? We are from all over the Caribbean and the continent of Africa. More than half of us hail from the Caribbean and the rest mostly from Northern and sub-Saharan Africa. Africans make up the fastest growing U.S. immigrant group, increasing by 200 percent in the 1990s and nearly 100 percent in the 2000s.

Black immigrant women from Africa are substantially more likely to work than any other immigrant group. A large percentage of African immigrants are highly educated with college completion rates that greatly exceed that of other immigrant group and U.S. natives, which is why you will often find an African cab driver, security guard or janitor in cities such as Washington, D.C. and New York with a bachelor’s or master’s degree. There are many more black immigrants who find a way, like many other immigrants, to enter America’s middle class as teachers, nurses, doctors, lawyers, journalists, non-profit managers and small business owners.

To be black in America can be a complicated existence, filled with joy and pride, but often unnerving. No matter your status, education or income, you are never protected from the onslaught of racism, which is only further complicated if you are also a woman or LGBT person.

To be a black person who is also an immigrant or from an immigrant family adds a layer of complexity to the otherness that has often been ignored in larger policy discussions on immigration reform, even within the larger black community.

In all those experiences of triumph, sometimes through adversity, I see my parents: my father, a refugee who escaped all but certain death when a military coup took over the government for which he worked, and my mother, who arrived in the U.S. a few years later from this same war-torn nation to get a college education. It was in America that the two, united by a common nation and perhaps loneliness, met. It was a 1970s America, still coming to terms with civil rights advances and its treatment of its own native-born black citizens, people whose roots in my parents’ home continent connected and distanced them from the young couple who chose to make America their home — a choice black Americans never had.

The African and Caribbean experience in the U.S. is reminiscent of any immigrant story, from our diverse ethnic food, difficulties adapting to a new language and its slang, and different climate and cultural habits. However, our skin color makes our experience as new Americans a unique one. We share a history with our black American brothers and sisters that is fraught with fighting European colonialism that, like Jim Crow, was tied to white supremacist ideology. For example, my father organized a protest in his school as a teenager in the 1960s when the Scottish headmaster wanted to make students wear kilts like good Scotsmen. And both of my parents remember their history classes teaching them about European civilization but never about their own continent’s geography, history and people.



Despite these similarities, I and many others who are African or Caribbean immigrants or children of those immigrants can recount experiences of being isolated from those in the American black community for not being American or black enough. It wasn't always the case, but it happened enough to sting. Within white communities, well, I was black and foreign.

It goes both ways. Black immigrants should not view American blacks with suspicion or try to convince white Americans that they are somehow more worthy of equality. We have a shared experience in racism that binds us together, and one that complicates the existence of the black African immigrant in America.

It is American racism that makes black immigrants five times more likely than any other immigrant group to be detained and deported, even though roughly 400,000 Africans are a smaller percentage of the undocumented immigrant group at about 3.6 percent. It is American racism that also does not make us immune to encountering racial profiling and police brutality, as shown in the cases of Amadou Diallo, an unarmed immigrant from Guinea shot and killed by New York City police officers in 1999, and Abner Louima, a Haitian brutalized and sodomized by a New York City police officer in 1997.

It is every day racial discrimination in the job market, one that blacks native to America also know too well, that keeps many highly educated Africans underemployed.

We, too, are America and have and will continue to contribute to the fabric of American life. Though I am an American by birth, and my parents are naturalized citizens, I feel obligated to use the privilege of my birth to advocate for immigration reform that takes into account all immigrant communities and experiences, not just a few.

Article Link - salon.com/2017/09/17/triple-consciousness-to-be-black-and-an-immigrant-in-america/

CAMPUS ORGANIZING



IMPORTANT INFORMATION



"UIUC Stands With DACA" (09/06/17)
Photos by I-CAUSE



On September 6 2017 the UIUC community turned out in support of undocumented students following the Trump administration's announcement of the end of DACA, a program that protects nearly 800,000 undocumented youth from deportation. This event was organized by I-CAUSE (Illinois Coalition Assisting Undocumented Students' Education), a student organization that provides resources and advocates for undocumented students on campus.

Photos of students, teachers, and other communities members pasted on the UIUC YMCA building in support of DACA and the DREAM Act.

"Inside Out Project" (10/25/17)



11. REGISTRATION
prolonged stay, traveling,
register with the U.S. embassy or consulate by telephone, fax, or in person
or register online through the Department of State's Registration Home Page at
<https://travel.state.gov>

12. PARENTS
international

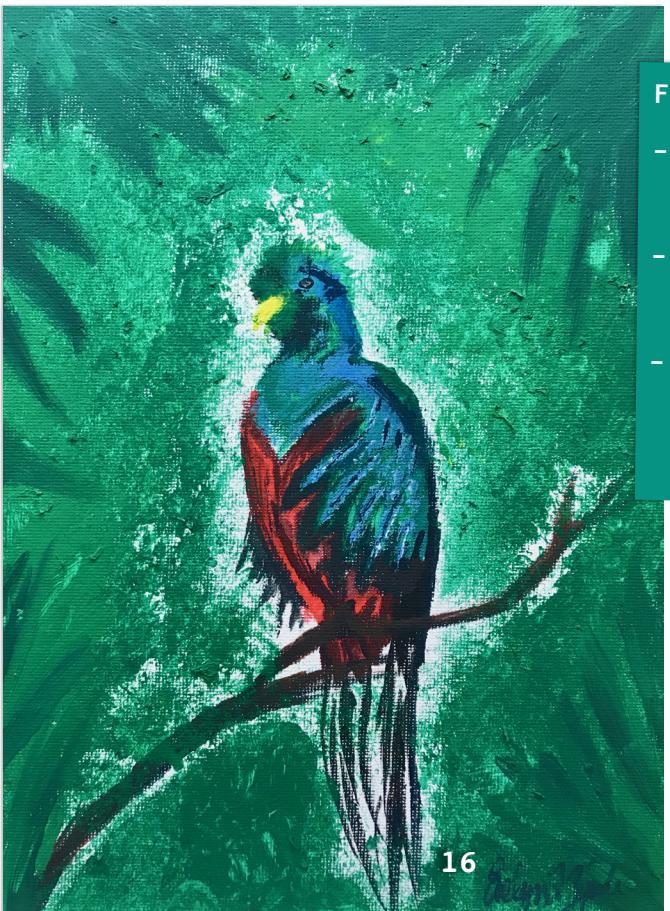
UMMA (United Muslims and Minority Advocates) holds a candlelight vigil in solidarity with the Rohingya Muslims of Myanmar, over 480,000 of which have fled to Bangladesh from discrimination and ethnic cleansing in Myanmar.



Vigil For Rohingya Genocide (10/19/17)
Photos by Danish Majid

“For I was born in a tragic land, a land in bondage, although the people had so loved liberty that the national symbol was a bird that immediately dies in captivity. That is the bird called Quetzal.”

-Luisa Moreno

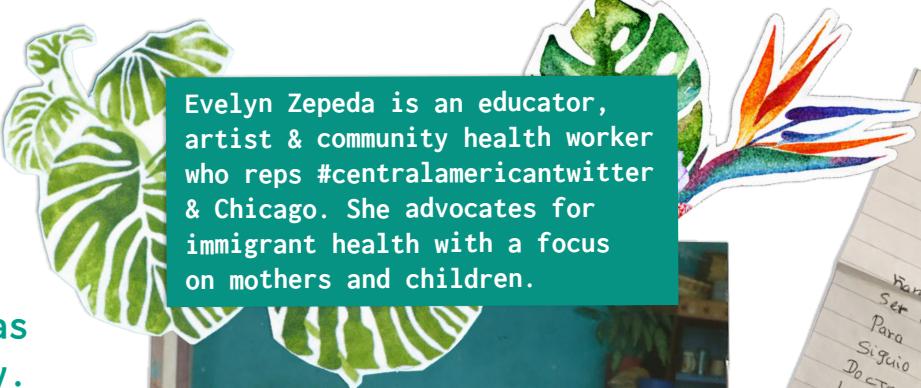


16

From left to right:

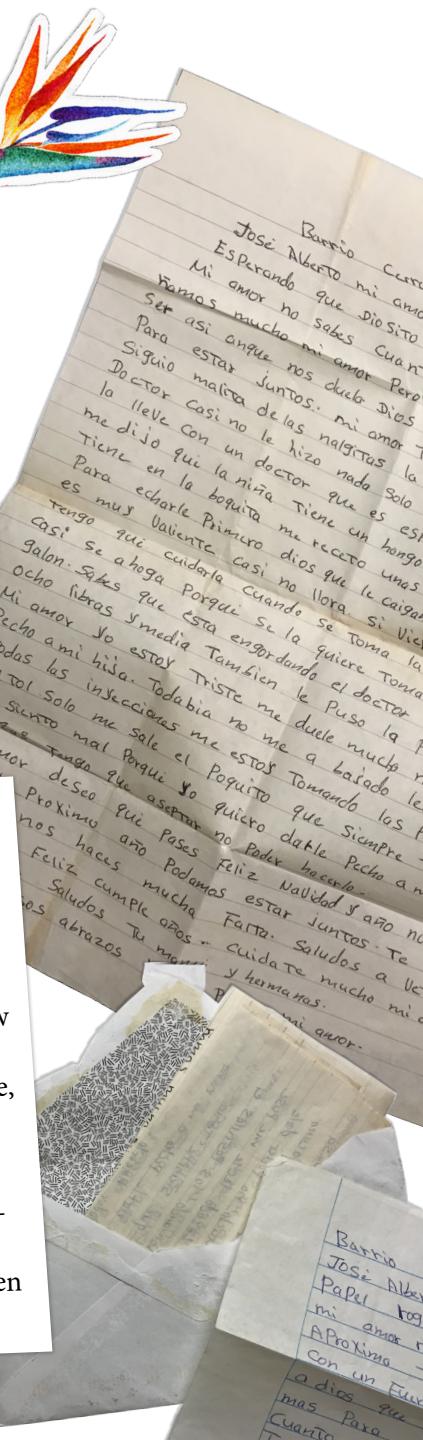
- Painting of the Guatemalan national bird, the quetzal
- My first steps with my mami (left) & godmother (right)
- Letter from my mami in Guatemala to my papi in Chicago (12/14/95)

Evelyn Zepeda is an educator, artist & community health worker who reps #centralamericanwitter & Chicago. She advocates for immigrant health with a focus on mothers and children.



My mom describes how hard it is to care for my sickly baby body in a country with poor medical care access. Her words convey her anguish in not being able to breastfeed me, tying her inability to provide milk to her inability to provide as a mother. She also describes how although sickly, I am strong. How she's so proud of me because she's never seen a baby chug milk from the bottle as fast as me, almost drowning myself in the nourishment.

Now that I'm older and my mom and I have talks, she often express her regrets and shortfalls as mother over the years. I just wanna say: Mami, your nourishment has always been enough, and I love you.



17

FOR US - BAO PHI

From the mud of the Mekong to the bones of the Mississippi
 From the dusty winds of Manzanar to the glowing scars of Hiroshima
 From the sun in Bombay to the moon in Alaska
 From the mists of the Himalayas to the ash of Volcano
 From the hills of Laos to the openmouthed mic in St. Paul
 From the streets of Seoul to the sidewalks of Tehrangeles
 From California shores to New York corner stores

This is for us, my people,
 who carry the song of burning sugarcane in our lungs
 Exhaling spirits with smoky spines
 My people, who dig beneath sea foam with salted eyes
 To exhume schools of ghosts
 Lost from the boats.

This is for you, Celestial, Oriental, Asian, Asian Pacific American,
 Woman, Man, Queer, broke, collegiate, young old gook, spitting chink,
 Dog-eating dothead, faggot bitch slope,

Our beautiful black hair sticky from colliding with
 Sugarcoated glass ceilings,
 The ones voted most likely to assimilate
 Asians: the other white meat
 Bleached by color-blind lies
 Buying DKNY and Calvin Klein
 So our own bodies are gentrified

Bedecked in sweatshop swooshes
 Resurfacing from under a pile
 Of the white man's dirty laundry
 To model our minority
 Cutting our eyelids to be blind to beauty
 Atkins-ing out way to a rice-free waistline
 Shoving fingers down the throats of ancestors
 To see what comes up.

Whatever we hope to bring to pass in the

world must first come to pass in the heart of America

This is for you, taught to believe in magic
 Just now our own
 Mistaking appeasement for peace
 And selling out for maturity
 While they box our geography
 And sell it in bougie boutiques
 Our culture quite profitable
 But can somebody tell me
 How our culture can be hip
 And yet our people remain invisible?

Divisible individuals
 This ghosthood of honorary whiteness
 Miss Saigon-ing our way
 Into the pale arms of con men

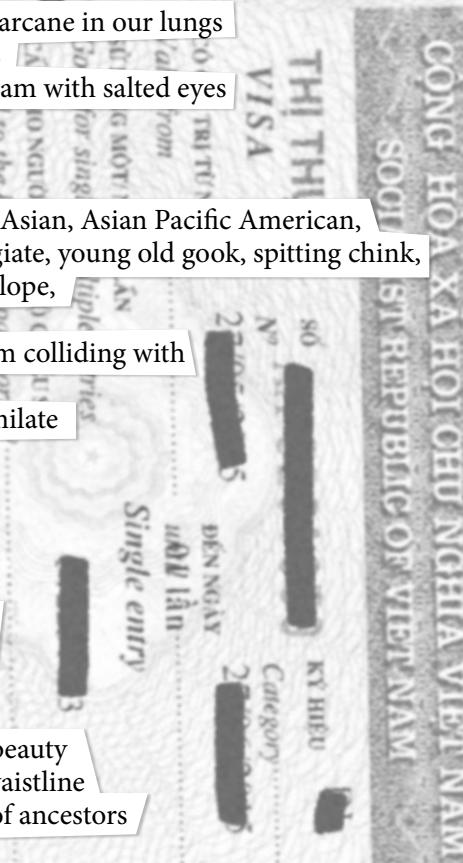
This is for you, twisting our names
 Into bleached demons so foreign tongues
 Could invoke them
 Mastering our own blondspeak scrabbletalk
 This scored mishmash of grab-bag didactics
 Cringing at the sound of our mother tongue's syllables
 This is for you, who use our split lungs as divining rods
 To find the flow of our lost languages

This is for you, whose homes are turned upside down
 While men and women debate the sorrows of war
 Safe from the scars of barbed wire
 For you, whose lands are painted in smoke and bone
 Neon bullets ripping thru green
 Your heart the same shape
 As the hole you buried your family in.

This is for you, whose sons and daughters picked up a gun
 And wore a flag for the price of college tuition,
 As your war stories fell under the noise of the machines
 You operate to keep food on the table.

外国人用

● 活字体で記入してください。黒色又は青色のペンで記入してください。
 ● カード②は出国時に入国審査官へ提出するものです。
 * Please type or print clearly. * Write by using black or blue pen.
 * Do not fold. * CARD② is to be submitted to the Immigration inspector
 at the time of your departure from Japan.
 * 請用印刷體填寫。* 請勿折量。* 卡②是在離境時提交給入境審查官的。





This is for you, shapeshifting evil, taking whatever form
They need for you to be the next enemy
Only loved when you can be used,
Asian people,
Only loved when you can be used.

This is for you, food-stamp-handed, banks bent over microchips
On conveyer belts, bodies bent from sleeping on buses
Hands like crumpled parchment
From washing dishes
Microphones ablaze with poetry
And song
Drunk off of friendship, struggling tongues
Faking our waythrough karaoke.

This is for you, the sugar of your love,
The kinship of cupped hands
The riddles in our hair
Which we pull out to make sure it's still black
Because we can't trust our mirrors anymore

This is for you, for all of you, who still don't know
How beautiful you are
This is for you, for all of you, who still don't know
How beautiful you are
This is for those of us who run our fingers down
Each other's faces
And swear
That no one
Is ever gonna steal our beauty away from us again.

This is for you
Who wiped the milk
Of honorary whiteness from your lips
And asked
Got Self?

My people, we are a song that we can never stop singing against the silence
My people, we are a song that we can never stop singing against the silence

This is for you, this is for má and bố,
For the family you got kicked out of,
For the street you cipher on
From the green terraces
That stack up in your dreams.

This is for the first time you curled your hand
Into a fist and understood who your enemy was
This is for the first time you picketed
The first time you sent money back to a cousin
In the motherland
This is for the first time you amplified
Your story.

We are not dandelions, weeds they uproot
To cleanse their fantasy gardens
And get their hands dirty in our soil
We are sunflowers, a blazing field
Of yellow-petal skins and brown eyes
Standing together.

This is for you,
For your yellow-brown skin
This is for you
For your black hair
This is for that beautiful mirror
I see in your eyes
This is for you
This is for you
My people
This
Is for
Us.

Bao Phi is an accomplished poet, spoken word champ and community organizer. Raised in a Vietnam refugee family in Minnesota, he's written on a wide range of topics including Asian Americans, refugees, police brutality and hip-hop.

Poem from "Sông I Sing"
Website - www.baophi.com

SPACE BETWEEN OUR S(KIN) - DHARA PATEL



sometimes maa and i will just be
sitting across from each other

each scratching at our skin

talking about some auntie or her birds or
what to cook for dinner and out of nowhere
she'll say something like

"don't forget me, ok?

you should call me more
or just text me like 'hey maa!"

and i'm like

"maaaAAAAA i DO maa
you know that maa, MAA
i talk to you so much maa
literally about NOTHING maa
i couldn't forget you if i tried maa
you're always blowin up my WhatsApp with
photos of other people's kids
and messages about gods maa
what are you even talking about"

i give her a side eye, with a lifted eyebrow
and as she laughs, i laugh too

Dhara Patel is a queer Southasian homebody. Her musings float around themes of intergenerational trauma, empire, decolonial healing, decolonial economies, labor, and gender. She currently has some mixed-media art in the works, but her cat keeps distracting her.

the easiest way to fill the space between us

i wonder at her anxious heart
stuck on shrinking cycles of
practiced absence like

letters every month turned
\$5 calling cards every saturday morning turned
phone calls and messages on the daily

frenzied, frenzied

how do you leave a place and
learn to keep holding it with you like that?

what do you do when there is no
space left to shrink and the
only thing left to breathe is static?

always wanting to be where she's not, the world
has read millions of love poems like this

i wonder if her insistence on memory
is really just a coded reminder to herself
is just a nervous tick, at the ticking clock, arms
slipping in the background as we sit here scratching at our skin



Efadul Huq is a queer poet
& artist who grew up in
the Bengal Delta

Illustration from
“Lucian’s True History”

FOLDED – EFADUL HUQ *

Her son. He lives twelve thousand eight hundred
ninety-seven kilometers away.

Sometimes, she wakes up at night and glides over to
the room where he hasn't breathed in six years. She
pulls out his shirts, his jeans one by one from the
wardrobe and shuffles them around. She then folds
them back, standing in the darkness.

He hears of this through his father and lies straight on
his bed afterwards after the phone call, hands over his
chest, imagining over and over like mirrors reflecting
mirrors the sight of his mother pulling out clothes,
unfolding, folding, unfolding, re-folding...

He lies straight—a man deprived of fetal position.

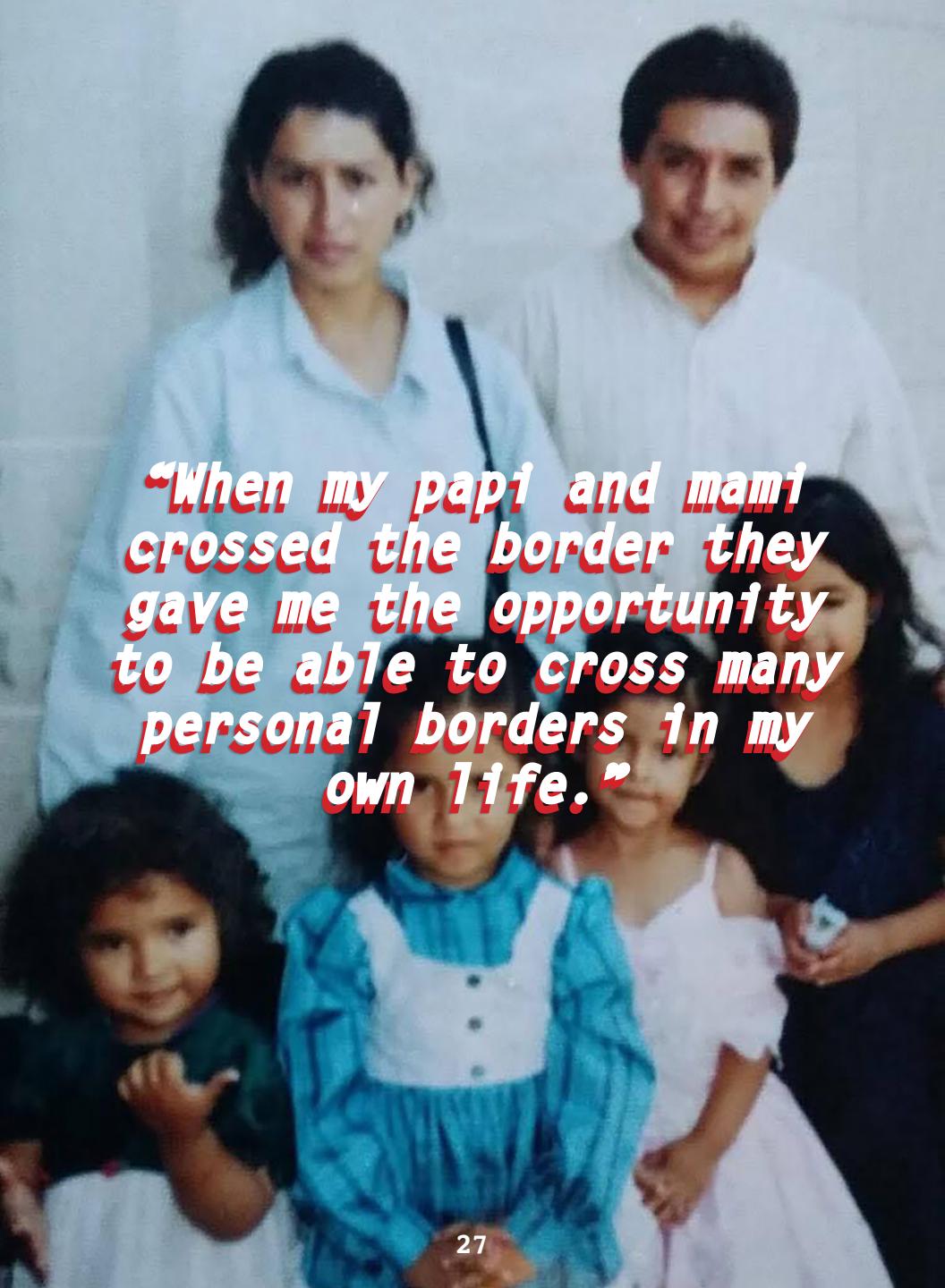
MY DACA STORY - LAURA HERNANDEZ

My mami tells me a story of something I would do in particular when I was younger that she still recalls. She says that every time she would scold me for doing something naughty I would tug at her and ask her over and over “pero, todavia me quiere, verdad?” – “but you still love me, right?” I needed to be reminded in that moment that despite making her upset, that she still loved me.

I came to the U.S. at the age of 3 with my mami and 3 sisters. The oldest 5 the youngest 9 months. My papi came first and begged my mami to stay. He needed to get a better job to provide for us but my mami did not listen. She wanted her family to be together. I didn’t understand that I was undocumented until I was in high school when I saw all of my friends getting their driver’s permits and questioning why I wasn’t able to do that. I finally understood it when I was accepted to attend a pilgrimage to Italy and my parents had to explain I could not go because if I went I could not return to the U.S Being told that you meet all the requirements, that you are smart enough, that you worked for something but are undeserving because you don’t have a simple piece of paper. That has to do something to your human psyche. My heart was shattered. It has been like that most of my life- a sad reality that you learn to accept.

It wasn’t until 2012 that I finally saw a silver lining. I was eligible to apply for DACA (Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals) a program implemented by the Obama administration. It was perfect timing because I was just graduating high school and it gave me the hope to go to college although it wasn’t going to be easy. I am now the first in my family to attend college and the decision of the rescission of the DACA program could not have been worse timing. DACA allowed me the ability to work and to be able to pay off my schooling by having multiple jobs at a time. Many do not know that DACA recipients are ineligible to apply for government aid and student loans. So many, like myself, have had to pay out of pocket or depend on scholarships.

continued ->



“When my papi and mami crossed the border they gave me the opportunity to be able to cross many personal borders in my own life.”

Now I am a senior in college and have no idea if I'll be able to finish off my last year given the recent changes to this program. There are no words to describe what I felt that day- the morning of the announcement. The morning everything I had been holding onto was snatched from me. No pre-warning could have prepared me enough for this news. I couldn't even cry. I thought to myself the future I was so sure of – the one I planned and worked so hard, for now, seemed to be slipping from me. I had no control. Or that was how it felt at that moment when the President of the United States decided to rescind the DACA program.

I tell my anecdote of the time when I was younger how I would ask my mom if she still loved me because now I'm older and no longer the little girl who questions my parents' love. Because what parent that doesn't love their child would sacrifice their lives to be able to provide them with a more promising future? What parent that doesn't love their child would sacrifice 20 years of not being able to see their loved ones and to be able to be there for their own parents when they departed this earth? When my papi and mami crossed the border they gave me the opportunity to be able to cross many personal borders in my own life.

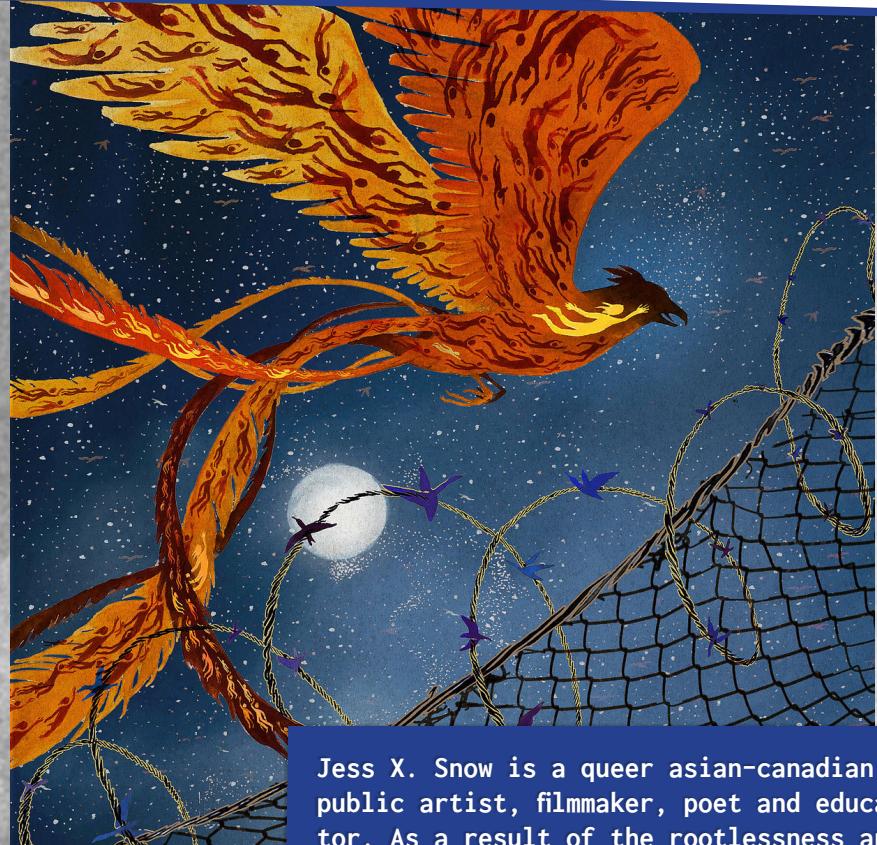
They left everything behind, memories, their parents, their families, their home only to live in a country that deems them criminals for doing so.

They are also the Dreamers – the ones that never gave up and continue to uplift us during these times knowing that they've been through the storm and survived. And believing that we will too.

They prepared us for this. They instilled in us the courage, the resolve and the passion to fight and to not give up. We look at our parents during these times because they showed us that in this country *trabajamos, luchamos y sobrevivimos. Y que si se puede.*

Article Link - [zine.philaprint.com
/2017/10/06/my-daca-story-laura-hernandez](http://zine.philaprint.com/2017/10/06/my-daca-story-laura-hernandez)

HUNGER DRIVES THE BODY INTO IMAGINATION – JESS X SNOW



Jess X. Snow is a queer asian-canadian public artist, filmmaker, poet and educator. As a result of the rootlessness and migrations that marked her childhood, she developed a stutter which she overcame through her discovery of visual and written language. Her work explores survival, memory, joy, and our relationship to the Earth by amplifying the voices of women, queer people of color, and migrants who refuse to be defined by borders and time.

continued ->

We are at the border, again.
so white it is ready for paint.
Watch our shoulders spread
that will never face [redacted]
again. HOME is the muzzle of a gun
just in time. The barrel—casted [redacted]
where we worked the graveyard shift
may bloom in the safety [redacted]
We are starving— [redacted]
the body into imagination.
what is not in front of us.
we mythologize when they cut off [redacted]
we construct around [redacted]
we can afford [redacted]
of ancestry [redacted]
So what then—
a destination?
Dreaming is a crime [redacted]
What the journey cannot kill,
they chop off our wings, [redacted]
with our feathers. Yet even bones—
do not forget the rhythm
Long before the wilderness
we have known the crossing
a dance so familiar—every step points toward [redacted]
heaven.
And if death finds us with our toes
away from AMERICA, then
stardust country unbound
Look up & witness—the warrior parade
can ever extinguish. Our body
migration—is a kind of magic.
Of course they are afraid
Of all who possess it; when it has returned to us—the WORLD.

Project Link - theblueshiftjournal.com/hunger-drives-the-body-into-imagination
Artist Link - jessxsnow.com

RESOURCES & READINGS

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS: DISCRIMINATION AGAINST IMMIGRANTS AND MUSLIMS

tinyurl.com/acluimmigrationrights

Multilingual guides to facing ICE, police or discrimination from the ACLU.

RACE & IM/MIGRATION WORKSHOP

tinyurl.com/raceimmigrationworkshop

Workshop on the racist & white supremacy roots of US immigration policy complete with slides, videos, interactive activities and handouts. This was created by DRUM (drumnyc.org) and is an excerpt from the Asian American Racial Justice Toolkit (tinyurl.com/aarjtoolkit).

THE MIGRANT MANIFESTO

tinyurl.com/migrantmanifesto

Video of poet and journalist Musa Okwonga performing the Migrant Manifesto, which was created by immigration academics, activists, politicians, & community members at the 2011 Immigrant Movement International.

THE CASE FOR GETTING RID OF BORDERS – COMPLETELY

tinyurl.com/thecaseforopenborders

Editorial from The Atlantic on the moral & economic cases for open borders.

THIS ZINE!

tinyurl.com/borderlesszine

Borderless is available for free online. Submissions included with permission from the artists and unless otherwise noted, all graphics and zine designs were created by Bernard Wang.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Borderless was only possible with the help of countless students, artists, activists, teachers & community members at UIUC.

Special thank you to my mom & dad who first taught me what it means to be an immigrant, to Prof. Naomi Paik for helping me understand and fight against injustices even when overwhelmed, to Amitava Kumar for providing a major source of inspiration with his book “Passport Photos”, and finally, to all the amazing contributors who made this project so meaningful & colorful <3.

Thank you for reading!



“Another world is not only possible, she is on her way.
On a quiet day, I can hear her breathing.”

-Arundhati Roy

Compiled & edited by Bernard Wang
Contact: bw.vbnm@gmail.com