

“An Address to Mr. Trump”

I am told
by the businessman who
likes constructing towers
with the backs and hands
of immigrants
I am
the Hispanic disease
in America.
The best way
American families
can defend themselves
from me
and my growing population,
is if they hurry and
make us, the Mexicans,
build a giant wall
on the U.S.’s
southern border.
If they do that, they can
breathe easy knowing the Spanish-speaking
taco loving
aliens
will not seize their office jobs,
or rape their children
in their sleep.
In order to restore the greatness of America,
a time before the Latino invasion, the presidential
Republican nominee
Mr. Donald Trump
advises Americans to
vote for him
so he can transform their wretched vision into a
living *infierno*.

But Mr. Trump
I am not from Mexico,
the homeland my parents left

with sacrifice,
only for my father to
work under a sweltering sun picking grapes on American soil, perhaps the same grapes

you might have put to your lips
at a given time,
and my educated mother
to be unable to practice her career because of the American degree she is lacking.

I was born in the United States,
an ironic name
given we are more divided than ever as we choose to ignore

facts and feelings
such as
Maria is from Ecuador
and she and I are not cousins because of the color of our skin, Carlos does not speak Spanish,
and my uncles

Eden, Guadalupe, and Hipolito are not rapists.

Mr. Trump,
you speak with the intent
of building walls with words
but if this is a word game
we are playing
the voices of thousands
who stand strong
linked hand in hand
pick apart your useless barriers with words like
“individuality”
“unity”
“community”
And together we are the one wall you will be
unable to surpass.

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