

Editorial

and men make borders

without the grace of nature at their disposal

whose only borders are

lapis rivers and / lace shorelines

that do more to deck the earth

than to divide it

or nature makes borders of color:

brilliant yellow sharply divided

from violent pink on the same petal / of a four-o'clock-flower

or the vicious purple around / the floppy petals of a white petunia

color-border:

where colors scream / silently /

but do not gnaw at each other

and men make borders

where cultures are meant to fuse

but refuse to stay put

instead they bleed into each other

cutting deeper and deeper into the endurance

like barbed wire / wound around tree bark

steel insisting into tree flesh / slowly / imperceptibly

scab forming /slowly / suturing the gash

until no one knows which is steel, which flesh, which scab:

a new texture / a new formation / no longer of the old essence

new medium / new middle / new identity

this special issue / then / a homage to chicana/o culture
to remember all borders / close by and far away
clumsily drawn by men / against which many riot on both sides of the border
leaving torn shirts / and shredded souls
on barbed border wire
leaving a part of one's self
 on either side / and the mocking line /
 "you are no longer you on the other side"
 new identity / new self /
 the border is the nomansland
 where one is dispelled by what is in one's back /
 unwanted by what lies ahead
 shaped by no description / fluid / uncertain: destabilized / see Rafael
Ramirez, next page /
and the magpies and the finches
fly back and forth
honoring no borders
 mocking baton-holding
 border patrol officers
 flap wing / soar high / what border?
 man-made borders / can't be seen / with a bird's eye.

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