

Anexos

Texto poético

“La frontera” (Gloria Anzaldúa)

Wind tugging at my sleeve
feet sinking into the sand
I stand at the edge where earth touches ocean
where the two overlap
a gentle coming together 5
at other times and places a violent clash.

Across the border in Mexico
stark silhouette of houses gutted by waves,
cliffs crumbling into the sea,
silver waves marbled with spume 10
gashing a hole under the border fence.

Miro el mar atacar
la cerca en Border Field Park
con sus buchones de agua
an Easter Sunday resurrection 15
of the brown blood in my veins.

Oigo el llorido del mar, el respire del aire,
my heart surges to the beat of the sea.
in the gray haze of the sun
the gulls' shrill cry of hunger, 20
the tangy smell of the sea seeping into me.

I walk through the hole in the fence
to the other side.
Under my fingers I feel the gritty wire
rusted by 139 years 25
of the salty breath of the sea.

Beneath the iron sky
 Mexican children kick their soccer ball across,
 run after it, entering the U.S.

I press my hand to the steel curtain—30
 chainlink fence crowded with rolled barbed wire—
 rippling from the sea where Tijuana touches San Diego
 unrolling over mountains
 and plains
 and deserts, 35
 this “Tortilla curtain” turning into el río Grande
 flowing down to the flatlands
 of the Magic Valley of South Texas
 its mouth emptying into the Gulf.

1,950 mile-long open wound 40
 dividing a pueblo, a culture
 running down the length of my body,
 staking fence rods in my flesh,
 splits me splits me
 me raja me raja 45

This is my home
 this thin edge of
 barbwire.

But the skin of the earth is seamless.
 The sea cannot be fenced, 50
 el mar does not stop at the borders.
 To show the white man what she thought of his
 arrogance,
 Yemayá blew that wire fence down.

This land was Mexican once, 55
 was Indian always
 and is.
 And will be again.

Yo soy un puente tendido
del mundo gabacho al del mojado, 60
lo pasado me estira pa"trás
y lo presente pa"delante,
Que la Virgen de Guadalupe me cuide
Ay ay ay, soy mexicana de este lado.

Textos fotográficos

IMAGEN 1

TIJUANA, MÉXICO - 26 DE JULIO 2014: LOS BAÑISTAS DISFRUTAN DE UN DÍA EN LA PLAYA A LO LARGO DE LA VALLA FRONTERIZA EN TIJUANA, MÉXICO EN UN DÍA DE VERANO



Fuente: Derecho de autor: shakzu. Tomada de 123rf sólo para uso editorial. Disponible en https://es.123rf.com/photo_31925346_tijuana-méxico-26-de-julio-2014-los-bañistas-disfrutan-de-un-d%C3%ADa-en-la-playa-a-lo-largo-de-la-valla-fronte.html

IMAGEN 2

VALLA QUE SEPARA ESTADOS UNIDOS DE MÉXICO EN LA CIUDAD DE TIJUANA



Fuente: Autor: David Maung / Bloomberg. Tomada de Llamazares, J. (2017). "El muro. El que divide el mundo en dos es más mental que real, y no es preciso visualizarlo para saber que existe desde hace siglos". El País, 3 de febrero. Disponible en https://elpais.com/elpais/2017/02/03/opinion/1486127534_033753.html