

# Christmas in Tarnilla

BY T.

*Children's cries*

Echo through the

*Dry desert air*

Flood lights illuminate

The soccer field

In front of us, a black tarp

The State has placed to

Cover up its crimes

Peering through the chain link fence

To see the interned play

Comrades behind us

Cheering and Shouting with colorful  
banners

High over the barbed wire

Voices command over the speakers

Telling the children

“Do not look over there”

Slowly ripping away their humanity

Instilling a lifetime of American branded  
trauma

We call out to them, ripping and slashing at  
the black tarps

Singing “No Estás Solo”

Threatened by guns and violence

The children cheer back to us

Knowing we are with them

We grab our switchblades

And rip the tarp away

