

Blue Marble Exile

When Trump said he would deport all the “worst criminal illegal aliens” to Guantánamo Bay,

I wave it off as another bad case of dementia. I continue browsing the potato selection at the grocery store, picking out russets for the week. In the check out line, the cashier rings me up and stares at me like I’m growing two heads. He says I look funny. I say thank you, I am quite the good humored one. He says no, like *funny* funny.

He then calls the police. They come and inspect me and pat me down. It’s no normal case, they say. They lock me up before I could, well, accidentally blow up something,

create an underground cartel, threaten national security, etc. I ask for a *баривчлах тушаал*¹ but I forget how to speak their language. Within 24 hours the scientists come. They lay

me on an operation table and cut me open in two swift motions. The entrance to my body: a crucifix. They stick some silver blades in me and take jabs at my biopsied heart. They take

my dna and rape my unborn daughter. When they patch me up, they stitch a few verses of their religion in me like I wouldn’t notice. My body resists

any antibiotics and the wound flares up like an angry god. They shake their heads with pity. Alien, they say. I’m scheduled to be launched into extraterrestrial orbit with the others.

They stick me in a space suit and pat me on the head and say, good luck. In the air, I look for my home before it becomes too small. My mother looks for me before I become

too small. Higher up, my suit starts melting. The last parts of me burn up in the atmosphere. When I reach outer space, there is no body, only yearning. I look down to see the blue marble, still in the same position as it was when discovered in 1972.

I could have been on the Apollo 17 if was born in the right time, in the right place, with the right skin color, with the right gender, with the right god on my side.

They say, this is not the camps. They say, this is a temporary transit to remove people from where they do not belong. To an island prison resting on the bones of detainees who are tortured and denied their right to fair trial. To a stolen land bearing the history of

U.S. imperialism. To a system of human rights abuses in the name of counterterrorism and white nationalism. They say, the blue marble is beautiful. They are right.

From far enough, where you can’t see it, anything can be.

1. Arrest warrant