

Hares

by Yesenia Vigil
(English Version)

You run and run until you think you are safe. It is difficult to live in a place where you have to hide every time you see danger. When you see the color green you might think of peace and tranquility. However, green really means danger and you, a hare, fear the color green. People pass by and see you in the corner with the others. They look you up and down. They judge you without knowing the reality you live and why you are standing there. They do not understand. They look at you, frightened. Like you are a cockroach or even less. They look at you with hatred. Like you have hurt them. But you need to be there; it is something that you have to do. Green is the color that makes you shiver and run.

Once I was standing at my usual corner when I saw the color green. My heart jumped and froze like ice. My mind went blank. I didn't know what to do. Then my brain told my feet to run. I ran like a soul possessed by an evil spirit. But it was too late. A hand grabbed me. I felt like my heart was snatched and robbed from my body. What would become of my wife and family?

They held me in Tijuana. They had taken me away from the country of dreams where everything and everyone is equal. My wife looked for me for hours. Finally she went back home. I called and she answered.

“Sweets, it's me,” I said.

“Where are you?” she said. “I've been so worried.”

“The color green took me away. I'm on the other side.”

She began to cry. She did not know what to do. I told her that I was coming back. I asked her to wait for me. The only thing that I wanted was to get back home and see my family. But as a day laborer, I will always be watching my back and walking the streets in fear.