

# What it's like to be an Immigrant

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First of all there are lines.

You can't live this life if your legs aren't used to holding your body up 1,000 times longer than it's built to.

There are the lines at the airport, never-ending and painfully exhausting.

You have to get used to waiting, for us, everything always takes twice as long, its twice as harder, than for someone on the outside.

Its staying in bed for longer than you should.

It's not trusting anyone with a government affiliation.

Its papers of saliva and tears, its tasting blood in your breakfast.

Its having uncomfortable conversations, never being able to say too much or too little: always on high alert.

Its leaving your family behind even though you never wanted to in the first place.

Its growing up with anxiety for oxygen, chlorine for blood.

Its being stared and gawked at until you've melted like ice cream on the floor.

Its staring at pictures of your country and then burning them, you have to assimilate to your surroundings: Welcome to a country that doesn't want you.

Its being on the news constantly, we're attention hogs.

Its being used for political gain.

It's confusing people with your "status".

Its having to reassure everyone including yourself at all times.

It's never feeling safe, always hiding in the closet.

Its waking up to cracked eggs on your window and graffiti with your ticket home printed permanently on the suffocating walls.

Its being asked where you're from and never knowing how or why you should respond.

There are maps you stare and sketch out planning out your escape while mothers pluck and pick out flower petals from the fields of your home country you dreamed about last night.

It's the feeling of unwantedness.

It's the fire of rebellion,

The love for one another,

The heartbreak of never being put—formality, its what they call this.

It's the constant prayer in your mind rolling like a cassette tape with the broken up voice of a young girl, just wanting to go home.