CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives

Volume 6 Article 18

Necesidad y Sacrificio: San Ysidro, Su Frontera, y Su Gente

Anitza Monarrez

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Recommended Citation

Monarrez, Anitza () "Necesidad y Sacrificio: San Ysidro, Su Frontera, y Su Gente," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 6, Article 18.

Available at: https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol6/iss1/18



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Necesidad y Sacrificio: San Ysidro, Su Frontera, y Su Gente Anitza Monarrez

The San Ysidro Border is the busiest crossing in the country. Composed of rusting sheets of metal that divide thousands of miles of desert, mountain, and water, and armed with a deadly brigade, the U.S. & Mexico Border is one of the most evocative and morally complex structures in this country. But beyond being a monumental structure with a deep and enigmatic history, San Ysidro and its border is the place I call home. Truly a melting pot within the melting pot that is the United States.

Still, I cannot boast or brag because I can't separate the pride from the wearying knowledge and desensitization this place causes its residents. While this country has provided so much for families such as my own, we cannot dismiss the indisputable harm it has caused others. We should not accept or forget the atrocities and indifference of both countries towards immigrants and their families.

I approached this photo series hoping to convey the mundaneness of the border while still capturing its terrifying magnitude and unease. I was looking for a pattern I knew was there. A pattern damped in familiarity. The border is a reminder of human nature; of our adaptability, our resilience, our pride, and our anguish.

I would like to dedicate this series to everyone who has been lost to the deserts, the rivers, to sierras and mountains. To everyone who still waits for their loved ones to come home. And to those who never will. To all the people that have gone missing and to all the people murdered by border patrol. I dedicate this to the people who have no one who looks for or remembers them. To all the kids who never met their grandparents. To the adults who couldn't attend their family member's birthday parties or funerals. For all the kids whose identities are affected by the disconnect. To everyone who doesn't speak their native tongue and to the code switchers. To the multiple generations under one roof that can't communicate. I also dedicate this piece to the thousands of people caged by US authorities. To the hundreds who were hurt during the riots, and to the people who gave birth as they waited to cross.