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Why Do Borders Exist?

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TYPE
POETRY

I can't travel.

Why can't I travel?

My parents are undocumented.

Why are they undocumented?

They were born in Mexico.

Why does that stop them?

It stops them because we live in world where papers matter.

Why do papers matter?

I'm actually not sure why it matters.

I'm upset because if I want to go somewhere my parents can't come.

It makes me mad.

It makes me sad.

It makes me wonder.

It makes me wonder why borders exist.