

Everywhere I sleep, I see Dust Bowl, 6 of 15

from Dorothea Lange's photograph "Migrants' tents are a common sight along the right of way of the Southern Pacific. Near Fresno, California." (February 1939)



Lawson Inada returns in my sleep. Says *They want you to think there is nothing on the other side of the tracks for you.* He retells me what he shared with me in Merced, but this time his arms are 8ft long, He points from west Fresno to the eastside. *You my friend are from what we called in high school, the land of prosperity. Where we went to cruise and dream.* Both times I hear him, he never says home. He never says home. I say home, knowing there was once a place and, now, there is not. Nothing exists on the other side of the tracks. I confuse today near the Fresno Rescue Mission with 1939. This is not the dream. Someone says it is getting warmer. And that is global warming. Someone says it is a mild summer. And that is global warming. Someone says the other side of the tracks is the past. Another, the future. I am learning. I am learning. I am learning. I am learning to understand the nature of this displacement.