

# Mississauga

a poem by Christopher William Purdom

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Canadian borderbot  
cannot see my face issues

me a crossed out paper slip  
the strip mall waitress asking

for earlier Thanksgiving  
maybe this is what we mean

by culture preservation  
West Texas is one day dry

El Paso mostly dirt like  
Sunland Park's casino where

we slept last night van driver  
playing El Tri imagined

Aztec turbines cannot see  
the fenced-in faces but New

Mexico sells Sunday drinks  
to needy sinners you can

step across for salvation  
in the same breath Ciudad

Juarez sneaks past that tall white  
Mount Cristo Rey crucifix

please go see the wall's end we  
never did through unwashed truck

tin shacks knowing we were watched  
by ICE-TV the only

gringos in the airport road  
margarita bar despite

graffitied invitation  
Canadian borderbot

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