

Enrique has discovered several important things about the state of Chiapas:

In Chiapas, do not take buses. Buses pass through nine permanent immigration checkpoints. Trains pass through checkpoints as well, but Enrique can jump off a train as it brakes. Inside a bus, he would be stuck.

In Chiapas, never ride trains alone. The best time to move forward is at night or when there is fog. Then he can see immigration agents' flashlights but the agents cannot see him.

In Chiapas, do not trust anyone. Residents tend to dislike migrants. Even the authorities, including police and immigration agents, are corrupt and may rob or rape you.

With Central America safely behind him, Enrique sneaks into a cemetery to rest. In the cemetery he is close enough to the tracks to hear a train coming, its diesel engine growling and its horns blaring, but far enough away to avoid police who might be hovering around the station looking for migrants. Enrique hopes there will be a train tomorrow. Missing one means waiting two or three days for the next train.

He washes his mouth with urine, a home remedy for his aching, broken teeth. He stuffs a few rags under his head for a pillow and slips into sleep.

Sleeping among the dead is eerily calming. The cemetery is beautiful in the light of the yellow moon. The sky is midnight blue. Enrique can see stars around the ceiba trees that shroud the headstones. Crosses and crypts are painted periwinkle, neon green, and purple. A wind touches the tree branches