

and the leaves flutter and murmur in the gathering light. A bigger gust moves the vast branches, commanding them to dance.

The same darkness and isolation that give the graveyard beauty also make it a place of great peril. There have been many harrowing atrocities in these dark spaces, between the tombstones, worst of all rape and murder. A young woman was found dead; she had been raped, then beaten with stones.

"Wake up." The warning is only a whisper, but Enrique hears it. The words are from the boy who was sleeping next to him.

It is just before dawn. Five pickup trucks filled with police coast up to the cemetery, their lights out. Cops are striding through the maze of pathways, fanning out among the graves, armed with rifles, shotguns, and pistols. Enrique hears migrants trying to run, stampeding among the graves, but he knows there is no point. Weeks ago he tried to flee from police in this very cemetery. He was caught and deported.

Trying not to breathe, he flattens himself on the mausoleum roof where he was sleeping. A policeman peers up over the edge of the crypt and straight at him.

There is no escape.

Enrique and the other migrants are marched off to the Tapachula jail.

"Name?" "Age?" "Where are you from?" the policemen bark, taking notes.

The migrants are led into an enclosed patio. They wait