

raped woman paces, her arms tightly crossed in front of her, a blank stare on her face. At another shelter, a woman spends hours each day in the shower, trying to cleanse herself of the attack.

Some girls journeying north cut off their hair, bind their breasts, and try to pass for boys. Others scrawl on their chests *Tengo SIDA*, "I have AIDS," to scare men off. Men are also targets of rape and sexual assault. Rape is one way Mexicans demean and humiliate Central Americans, who are sometimes seen as inferior because they come from less developed countries, says Olivia Ruiz, a cultural anthropologist at El Colegio de la Frontera Norte in Tijuana.

### THE IRON HORSE

Migrants hang on to the sides of cars, trying to find a spot to perch. Enrique guesses there are more than two hundred on board, a small army of them who charged out of the cemetery with nothing but their cunning. They wage what a priest at a migrant shelter calls *la guerra sin nombre*, the war with no name. Chiapas, he says, is "a cemetery with no crosses, where people die without even getting a prayer." A human rights report said that migrants trying to make it through Chiapas face "an authentic race against time and death."

Enrique considers carefully. Which car will he ride on? This time he will be more cautious about being seen.

He could lie flat on the roof of a boxcar and hide. But boxcars have little on top to hold on to. Inside the boxcar might