

افغانستان آزاد – آزاد افغانستان

AA-AA

چو کشور نباشد تن من مباد بدین بوم و بر زنده یک تن مباد
همه سر به سر تن به کشتن دهیم از آن به که کشور به دشمن دهیم

www.afgazad.com

afgazad@gmail.com

European Languages

زبانهای اروپایی

Victor De Currea-Lugo
23.09.2021

Migrants in Necoclí, Colombia: the journey to achieve the "American dream"

When I left, one of them told me: "my photo in the press does not serve me, I want them to hear my voice." And he asked me, "Do you have a heart like us?"



On their way to the United States, trying to enter Central America, thousands of [migrants](#) crowd into a small town in northwestern Colombia called Necoclí, near the border with Panama.



They come from Brazil, Venezuela, Cuba, Congo, Senegal and New Guinea. Some even speak of Asian migrants, left there at the hand of destination by the mafias that traffic in people. Most are Haitians who have circled Brazil. They wait there for weeks until they get a position on a boat to cross the Gulf of Urabá. [Necoclí](#) has 35,000 inhabitants in the urban area and, these days, 15,000 migrants.



La espera es larga, pero de los migrantes con los que hablé ninguno se plantea el retorno. Ya han invertido mucho para llegar hasta aquí, pero igualmente los pocos recursos no les dan para devolverse. Lo que más se oye es creole, francés y algo de portugués.



Si bien es cierto Necoclí, por ser ciudad turística, no era ajena de los extranjeros, ahora los ve en masa. Hay muchas carpas en las playas. Un letrero que reza “prohibido acampar en la playa” está convertido en un tendedero de ropa. No hay baños para ellos. Uno de ellos me dice que el baño “es el mar”. Las lanchas atracadas se convierten en más tendederos de ropa y en la poca playa libre se instalan improvisadas cocinas.



It is usual to see dollars, but now there are in much more quantity. In the midst of the pandemic crisis, the arrival of migrants with resources is a source of income. Some locals come over to offer rooms. The prices I could hear were outrageous to pay for a mat on the floor.

That town is a market for local inhabitants who rent rooms and sell them products of all kinds: from rubber boots, to tents, through an oil that, according to its seller, drives the

snakes away a meter away. There are also sales of machetes, large water bottles, raincoats, lamps, document holders, pots, mats, clothes and food. Another migrant warns me that if they run out of money then they will start living on the street. I doubt very much that those migrants would be just as welcome if they didn't bring dollars.



In the only transport company, people are piled up. They tell me they only sell on Thursdays. Some have spent the night next to the fence and, of course, go into a rage when someone gets in line. To avoid this, they come together until they are stuck as if Covid did not exist. Of course, their priorities are other to think about the virus.

Those who know they don't have a chance in line wait in crowds. The police seek to ensure a certain order. Sometimes cross cries are heard in different languages. The cheerful faces are so strange that as soon as there is one you can see it among the sea of frustration.

Keeping quotas in line, sneaking people in and putting the passport in front is part of the business. They tell me that a few days ago some pregnant women were prioritized to buy the ticket, but then many more arrived, with which that criterion lost its validity.



In the same area is the port from where the boats set sail. Those that are uploaded seem to rejuvenate a little. Some travel with children. One of the workers on the boat tells me that the youngest they have transported was only 4 months old. And the most painful story was that of the passage of a disabled child, about 7 years old, in the arms of his relatives.



After the control of documents, they put on the float vest that is like the concretion of the certainty of traveling. They carry as little as they can and as much as they want, that balance is their suitcase. When I left, one of them told me: "my photo in the press does not serve me, I want them to hear my voice." And he asked me, "Do you have a heart like us?"



Once they have crossed the Gulf of Urabá, they will face a bigger challenge: surviving at least 50 kilometers of jungle from the Darien Plug. And only then, the obstacles to cross until reaching Mexico from where they hope to jump to the American dream.



Darien jungle where migrants pass clandestinely from Colombia to Panama. Photography:
Felipe Reyes/ SEMANA.

[Víctor de Currea-Lugo](#) , September 13, 2021

| Migration First session: concepts and perceptions

This series of videos seeks to delve into the issue of migration, an issue of global concern. In Colombia it is increasingly relevant considering that there is migration from Venezuela, [passage of migrants](#) (especially from Haiti) to the United States and the recent announcement of the arrival of 4,000 refugees (temporarily) from [Afghanistan](#).

In this session we work on the revision of the basic concepts and dynamics of the migratory phenomenon, including the perceptions that feed the attitude of the receiving communities. Finally, the need for a better [migration policy](#).

Víctor de Currea-Lugo , 14 September 2021

Edited by María Piedad Ossaba

La Pluma.net 20.09.2021