

AP statistics teaches me about intersectionality

When my family is the only one pulled away from the big blue sign marked IMMIGRATION we are expected to trust that it is random, or, failing that, politely pretend that we do. Calculating p-values with data I don't have, I come to the same conclusion again and again, and it is not the one they want us to reach. Model minority we're called, but we're still little too close *the other ones* for comfort - you know the ones I mean, the ones that hitchhike across the border and live in ghettos and get angry when they're told to stay down - not us, of course, never, but still under certain lights the shade's similar enough for the question to be raised. But I know the numbers on terrorism, I've seen the neat columns of black and white detailing the whos and wheres of twisted metal and screeching blue flames, I know something here is rotten to the core. But most days there isn't a lot to get angry at. Most of the time we stay sweet. We stay good. We keep our heads down and do the work. Most days it's just a little extra paperwork. But what I'm saying is this: ten hours and three oceans away from us, the thin red-and-white lines on the machines watching over my grandmother were going frantic, rising and falling, sketching out foreign and terrible shapes, the graph of a function $f(x)$ such that it takes in life and spits out death. The doctors were murmuring in apologetic tones, the phone was ringing insistently, the world was shattering apart—

and we were stuck in the queue.