

Nevidna mesta: Atlas migracij

Obstajajo zemljevidi, na katerih je vse narisano – ceste, meje, občine, poštne številke. A obstaja še en zemljevid, tisti, ki ga nosimo v telesu. To je zemljevid poti, ki jih vsak dan znova vrišejo delavke, begunke, iskalci boljšega, otroci z naglasom. Ta zemljevid ni urejen po GPS koordinatah, temveč po zgodbah, ki se nenehno selijo. *Nevidna mesta: Atlas migracij* je zbirka fragmentov, ki prelamlja jo s klasičnimi analizami migracij. Namesto statistik ponujajo prizore. Namesto pravnih členov – metafore. Namesto kronologije – razpoke v času in jeziku, skozi katere vdira resničnost. Je literarni preobrat v razumevanju migracij: ne kot problema, ampak kot svetovnega toka, ki spreminja vse – tudi nas. Vsako mesto je poglavje. Vsako poglavje je tapiserija – vtisnjena v času in prostoru. Glasovi, kot feljtoni, ki jih uradna zgodovina presliši, tukaj govorijo v vinjetah o telesu in tišini.

1. Mesto Čakanje

To mesto ni narisano na nobenem zemljevidu. Nahaja se v pisarnah upravnih enot, v hodnikih azilnega doma, med vrsticami e-pošte, ki nikoli ne dobi odgovora. Tu dnevi ne minevajo – raztezajo se. V *Čakanju* ljudje postajajo papir. Zlomijo se na majhne drobce, kot črke na obrazcu. Prehajajo ena v drugo, kot številke na delovnem dovoljenju. Vendar se pod vsem tem, v žilah tega mesta, kot podtalnica pretaka in kroži jezik: bosanski, farsi, telugu. Življenje se znajde v mimoidoči mimiki, v kavi in čaju z mnogo sladkorja, v daljnem otroškem joku za plastično ograjico, ki ne ve, da bo nekoč postala velika ograja, in bodo za njo neki ljudje vedno nekaj čakali.

Čakanje je mesto brez središča. Vse poti vodijo drugam.

2. Mesto Nočnina

Nočnina je mesto, ki se prebudi, ko ostali spiyo. Delavci iz *Nočnine* so nevidni graditelji dneva. Tam so čistilke, ki vsako jutro pustijo sijaj na steklenih fasadah banke. Tam so vozniki, ki peljejo nočne tovornjake skozi tišino. *Nočnina* ima svoj čas – premaknjen, izmuzljiv, zavit v meglo in spanec. *Nočnino* včasih kličejo tudi *Treća smena* in takrat naj bi imela višje plačilo. *Nočnina* je po večini plačilo za posteljo, za podlogo za sanjajočo glavo.

V *Nočnini* si vedno začasen. Tvoje življenje se zgodi, medtem ko te *na nedoločeno* ni med živimi.

3. Mesto Odhod

Odhod je mesto, ki obstaja v spominu in načrtu. V njem se vsak dan zgradi nekaj, kar bo jutri zapuščeno. Ljudje v *Odhodu* imajo v žepih letalske karte, ki jih ne bodo uporabili. Govorijo o tem, da bodo »ostali le še leto dni«, že deseto leto zapored. V *Odhodu* so kovčki vedno napol spakirani. In notri so fotografije otrok, ki rastejo nekje drugje.

V *Odhodu* si zmeraj na poti, tudi ko mirno sediš.

4. Mesto Brez imigracijskega urada

To mesto ne obstaja v zakonih. Tu nihče nima statusa, včasih tudi obraza ne. Ima ime, ki ga nihče ne zna izgovoriti. Ima delo, a brez pogodbe, brez zdravniških pregledov, brez varnosti. V tem mestu vsi nemo padajo, a če padeš, te dvignejo. Tu delujejo sistemi, ki niso zapisani: skupnosti, ki si delijo hrano, telefone, novosti. Skrite mreže dostojanstva, vsaka z obrazom, imenom in statusom prijatelja.

V tem mestu je oblast nemočna.

5. Mesto Jezik

V mestu *Jezik* ni prevajalcev. Vsi govorijo narobe – a vsi se med sabo razumejo. Tu »hvala« postane ročna kretnja, »prosim« je pogled. Slovenščina, albanščina, bengalščina, ruščina – vse so ulice istega mesta. Otroci tu postanejo vodniki staršem. In molk je včasih najhitrejši sporazum. Mesto *Jezik* je staro mesto.

Diha s težavo, a z močno voljo.

6. Mesto Koža

Koža v tem mestu ni zaščita – je osebna izkaznica. Koža v tem mestu določa, ali te ustavijo, ali te kaj vprašajo, ali ti zaupajo. Mesto *Koža* je vedno budno mesto. Vsaka črta, vsaka oteklina, vsaka asimetrija je ulica, po kateri te mesto prebira. Nihče ne hodi neopažen – mesto *Koža* vedno bere. V zrcalu se odraža ne le podo-
ba, temveč tudi vprašanje: Ali si dovoljen?

V mestu *Koža* so vsi tujci. Razlika je, kdo to sme biti brez posledic.

7. Mesto Dom

To je najbolj izmuzljivo mesto. Ni ga na zemljevidu. Ne moreš ga iskati – najde tebe. V njem ni stola, ki bi stal zate. A v trenutku, ko že verjameš, da si večni gost – ključ obrne ključavnico, a mu ne bi bilo treba – vrata so že odprta. Polglasno brnenje radia je že razumljivo in stol mirno čaka za mizo.

Takrat veš, da si se vrnil domov.

8. Mesto Birokracija

To mesto nima obrazov, le okenca. Na vsakem okencu sedi zdolgočasen čas. V mestu *Birokracija* govorijo v številkah dokumentov, datumskih žigih in frazah brez pomena: »manjka priloga B«, »trenutno niste upravičeni«, »zadeva je v obravnavi«. Popotnik tukaj ni oseba, temveč zanka v sistemu. Vrstni red ni odvisen od časa prihoda, ampak od nevidnega algoritma, ki razvršča ljudi po verjetnosti, da bodo obupali.

In vendar v tem mestu rastejo veščine: potrpežljivost, humor, podkupovanje z zavitkom rogljičkov.

Tudi *Birokracija* se utruji in takrat skozi okno posije nekaj človeškega.

9. Mesto Ljubezen

Ljubezen ni romantika – je vztrajnost. Mesto *Ljubezen* je tam, kjer delavec pošlje polovico plače ženi, ki je ni videl tri leta. Kjer medicinska sestra iz Nigerije ne guje starca, ki ji vsak dan reče »Vi pa niste od tukaj«, a potem zamomlja »hvala«.

Ljubezen v tem mestu ima vedno dve državi in eno srce. In odprte meje, ki jih nobena carina ne zna zapečatiti.

10. Mesto Prazniki

V mestu *Prazniki* so vsi datumi napačni in koledarji lažejo. Božič pride poleti. Bajram se praznuje na nočni izmeni. Ljudje praznujejo povsem tiho ali z gromkim videoklicem, s skritim zavitkom sladkarij, z molitvijo v kleti. V tem mestu se prazniki zlivajo – domači in tuji, stari in novi. Na mizah so potice in baklave, ruska solata, *indžera* in *fattoush*.

V tem mestu ni pravih datumov. So le ljudje, ki se odločijo, da bo danes praznik.

11. Mesto Odpor

Mesto *Odpor* nima herojev – ima samo ljudi, ki so se nehali pretvarjati, da ne vidijo, kaj se dogaja.

Nevidna mesta določajo prihodnost mest, ki se imajo za vidna. Ta spis je klic k pozornosti in k ustvarjanju novih jezikov, kjer migracija ni več tujec ali tujka, ampak domača beseda.

Grazie, Calvino.

Sasha.

Invisible Cities: Atlas of Migration

There are maps in the world, on which everything is drawn – roads, borders, municipalities, postal codes. But there is another map, the one we carry in our bodies. It is a map of the paths that are redrawn every day by workers, refugees, seekers of a better life, children with accents. This map is not organized by GPS coordinates, but by stories that are constantly moving. “Invisible Cities: Atlas of Migration” is a collection of fragments that break with classic analyses of migration. Instead of statistics, they offer scenes. Instead of legal acts – metaphors. Instead of chronology – cracks in time and language through which reality intrudes. It is a literary turn in the understanding of migration: not as a problem, but as a global flow that changes everything – including us. Each city is a chapter. Each chapter is a tapestry – imprinted in time and space. Voices, like *feuilletons*, that the grand narrative ignores, here speak in vignettes etched in skin and quiet.

1. The City of Waiting

This city is not drawn on any map. It is located in the offices of administrative units, in the corridors of an asylum home, between the lines of emails that never get answered. Here, days do not pass – they stretch. In *Waiting*, people become paper. They break into small fragments, like letters on a form. They blend one into another, like numbers on a work permit. But beneath all this, tongues pulse a deep arterial murmur: Bosnian, Farsi, Telugu. Life finds itself in passing mimicry, in coffee and tea with lots of sugar, in a child’s eye behind a fence, unaware that one day it will become a wall, and behind it dark blue uniforms will all count for something.

Waiting is a city without a center. All roads lead somewhere else.

2. The City at a Nightly Rate

The City at a Nightly Rate wakes up when everyone else is sleeping. Its inhabitants are the invisible builders of the day. They are the cleaners who gloss the facade before bankers fill their suits and the stage is claimed for finance. They are the drivers who pull trucks from the small hours to the dead of night. *The City at a Nightly Rate* has its own time – the nadir of the night – perpetually elusive, shrouded in deep sleep. *The City at a Nightly Rate* is sometimes called the *Night Shift*, said to come with higher pay. *The Nightly Rate* is a fee for a bed, for a pad for a dreaming head.

In the *Night Shift*, you are always temporary. Your life happens while you are absent from the living for as long as it takes.

3. The City of Departure

The *City of Departure* is a city that exists in memories and plans. Every day something is built in it that will be abandoned tomorrow. The people of *Departure* have plane tickets in their pockets that they will not use. “One more year left”, they say, for the tenth year in a row. In *Departure*, the suitcases are always half-packed. Inside are photographs of children who grew up somewhere else.

In *Departure*, you are always on the move, even while sitting still.

4. The City Without an Immigration Office

This city does not exist in the law books. Here, no one has a status, sometimes not even a face on record. Inhabitants are names that no one can quite pronounce. The names have jobs, but no paper to prove it, they have ailments but no doctor’s notes; lives, but no safety nets. In this city, everyone falls and is lifted with an invisible handshake. Clandestine systems operate that are not regulated: food moves from hand to hand, names move from mouth to mouth, carrying a little news. These threads of dignity each hold a face, a name, and the status of a friend.

In this city, authorities have no power.

5. The City of Tongues

There are no translators in the *City of Tongues*. Everyone speaks incorrectly – words are never lost. They hear one another in error – “thank you” becomes folded into a gesture, “please” hangs in a glance of the eye, a tilt of the head. Slovenian, Albanian, Bengali, Russian – they are all streets of the same city. Here, children become guides to their parents. And silence is sometimes the quickest way to reach an agreement. The *City of Tongues* is an old city.

It breathes with difficulty, but its will is still strong.

6. The City of Skin

In this city, skin is not protection – it is an identity card. It decides whether you are halted, weighed, whether you are trusted or not. The eyes of the city never blink. Your every wrinkle, every bump, every slant and skew guides its gaze. No one passes unseen – the *City of Skin* always reads you. Its hollow face catalogs back from the mirror – scoring the question: Are you allowed in?

In the *City of Skin*, everyone is a stranger. The difference is who may be it without consequences.

7. The City of Home

This is the most elusive city. It does not appear on any map. You cannot search for it – it finds you. There is no chair behind its tables just for you. And yet, only sometimes, neither fleetingly nor permanently, the moment arrives. When you already believe yourself an eternal guest – what has been locked is revealed as unlocked. A door deemed closed parts open – behind the chair sits a familiar name, humming trifles at the table.

Then you know: you have returned home.

8. Bureaucracy City

This city has no faces, just windows. Idle time pends, chin on hand, perched at each window. In *Bureaucracy City*, they speak in *formulaic*: record numbers, date stamps, and template phrases: “annex B is missing”, “you are not eligible”, “shortest amount of time”. The traveler here is not a person, but a loop in the system. The order of things does not depend on the time of arrival. It rests on an algorithm ranking entrants by the likelihood of giving up. In this city, skills grow like grass: patience, humor, bribing with a bag of croissants.

Bureaucracy also gets tired, and then something human shines through the window.

9. City of Love

In the *City of Love* love is not romance – it is persistence: when the welder sends half his salary to a wife he hasn’t seen in three years. Where a nurse from Accra tends an old man who greets her every day with, “You’re not from here,” but then mutters a “thank you.”

Love in this city spans two countries, one heart, and open borders no customs can seal.

10. City of Holidays

In the *City of Holidays*, all the dates are wrong and the calendars lie. Christmas comes in summer. Eid falls on the night shift. Windows glow, messages ping across continents, for some empty hands fold in empty pockets, for some a loud video call is enough. With a quiet ritual behind the truck or a prayer in the basement kitchen. In this city, holidays merge – familiar and foreign, vintage and modern. Russian salad, injera, dates and fattouch.

There are no “occasions” in this city. Only people who decide that today will be a holiday.

11. The City of Resistance

The *City of Resistance* has no heroes, only those who have stopped pretending not to see.

Invisible cities shape the visible. They beckon toward new routes and new languages, where migration is no longer a foreigner, but a kindred wor(l)d.

Grazie, Calvino.

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