

On the Corner of Eastbrook

The edges of a city are where
You remember her love.

There you find half-realized
Design and pulverized still
Dirt

Compacted to a right angle flat
Threads of truck circling
snake trails of
anger.

The edges of El Paso are where
You find an empty conduit.

You look at graffiti on concrete
Scribbled in rush, orange red
And pointing to a mound of upturned
Earth.

There in pile are tires and
Beer cans, 2x4s, condoms.

You know it to be dangerous
But you go and sit on that
Semi-large hill mirrored on
Each side of your puny heart.

The edges of El Paso are where
You find yourself alone.

You see a pill-shaped post
warning of fire-mad cable.
You wonder whom it is speaking
To.

The workers who come and go
Knowing already its intent?

The neighbors who never cared
And would never dig for electric
Wire?

The future children who would know

That red means warning by then?

Or just you? There sitting imagining
Her curly black hair, thick against
Your burning chest.

Yes. On this edge of a city, you sit
On a mound against stakes perpendicular
To a road leading nowhere,

Knowing her arms to be on his back,
Her smiles to be his glad-fury
Strength allowing him one more
Day.

You miss those eyes that took in everything,
Her eyes that spoke wise commands
Engraved still now.

Eyes that edged space between
Fully formed dreams
And the impending crack
Of stone-gray road expanding a
City.

The edges of a city are like
Young love.

An empty conduit atop
Violence. Fashioning itself
From dirt many homes.

Where children play
And couples sit.

Forgetting the wild
underneath.

Go Forth

Montana is a road beside enmity,
Jacked dirt and diamond sand,
Pearled and multiform dry,
Heads and heads of tumbleweed.

It zigs and scissors edge
Hugging nude stops where sex
Treats vagabond lust and careens
Dreadful lonesomes. Those

Men hungry in the seams,
Their eyes and mouths colored
Agony. And zags a vast desert
Plain based artillery. Where

Our might is measured metal
Casings and electric screeching,
Man hexed machinery. Those
Missiles and paint. Missiles and

Dirt. Montana is a road beside
Enmity.

Love is a Lonely Dirt Road in West Texas

Her tires pulverizing dust spores/ I remember mother drove me/ outside
our slag howling town/ to be among a perch of desert/a byway near those
many cars/ which could not be seen/ save a faint trembling interstate/
Inside—without (air-conditioned) cool/ she sobbed/while the sun bowed/
purple and dark red/ none outside heard her labyrinths of untranslatable/
elements and agony/ Or how he was

no good/ A bastard/ A cheat/ Y maricon/ Y puto/ Y pinchi joto/ how love
the same only a greater slut/ spreading people a whimpering quake and
pyretic truths/ how it preyed on untouched skin/ a curse our want/ our
pleasure/ and how it ain't bold or valiant/ like in those songs sung by
heavy-throated men wailing for chance or rot/ I see again

Her tears/ how they fell dried/ atop black upholstery/ cracked vein like
ground underfoot/ and how she would wipe and wipe against immensity
and puny atom/ the experience of experienced noise sound and ruin—each
tear anew/ each teared lament~

I remember being in awe of everything everywhere/ the imploding
insurgencies of beauty/ a hissing press of piston and din alongside spanish
dagger/ and feeble agava/ the sierra/ mountains excessive/ outspoken
against those blood-wise clouds/ the dark and failing light: I saw the world
outright/ and purchased its weight—

Suddenly she frowned to me/ although I was me and mijo/she didn't see
her son/ but the man I could become/ and carried with that salt dried
plea/ *never hurt a woman*/ I stared/ *never lie to a woman*/ a fist a hand/ *never
hit a woman*/ I faced the dying sun and those mountains weathered

and worn/

Disquieting mother/ and the rush speeding: trucks cars lives/ starving their
own interstate/ their own purity and world/ knowing this I promised
myself to never

love/

We sat in silence for a hour/

what carried like so many nights/

Mother took lead and pointed/ an approaching cop/ against window he
stood/ lowered glass/ simple: *Mam this ain't a safe place for you and your boy/
we're expecting a drug_bust/they are armed/* mother understood and he leaned/
His tender eyes stilling charge / *you take care of your mama now/* and
grinned

afraid we sped away/ dirt grounded past and grinded/ bone pressured
thought/thinking then as now/ out of all places/to disengage a hurt/ my
mother and I were almost killed/while she cried on that lonely road in
West Texas/

about memory and love

These city lights will explode

one day.
Their energy will gray
and unburden.
Their fading glittering a rhythm
an iridescent declamation
intoning in and out, in and out,
will like a Homeric voyage nowhere
reveal no origins
tempting future creatures that we
were mere statues
in love with cigarettes.

Legend rests in these electric
monsters which light
for drink and togetherness
for fluid rumblings and lonesome mirth
for piston-fueled thrust and engineered
romanticism,

and soon we will see the beauty
a rust fast accelerating
of letting you burn that cigarette
toward an end.

"Last Evenings on Earth"

I.

I saw an oil garrison
Three silos of black
And a truck mumbling

Because of desert
rained streets

Behind a wired fence—
There were of course
Barbs at the top.

That rumble carrying
Pallets and old toys
Horned with rust nails.

II.

My nerves are shot
Like wiry snakes eating
Tail and head.

Like drunken foul sex
Oblivion is knowing how sweat
And hair and inner fluid

I would've never made
It in World War II
and most possibly die

Converge to sag in your mouth
Converge to sag in her memory
Converge toward a single gasp

Though not by metal embrace
Or Greek laden fire
Proud and legend

I feel it now inside. It mingles
there with other stuff. Giggling
Gag giggling mad.

But by muck dawdling
In cold considering
The warm and lush bed.

IV.
I walked to be alone
loving to be against
Asphalt and dirt

III.

Oblivion is kind
Of like that sweet
Drink you shovel

To be against silence
Heavy down
On the sad-eyed sand

Whole. Part agave
And rose and water
It floats inside your

To be against metallic
Stench willowing
through my nerves

Stomach ingesting
Everything else.
Sometimes I wonder

To be against myself
surrendering by plains
Of roaring hidden life

If I know its taste

To be against god
And his mighty hum

Rustling on and on

To be against love
And that raddling
winter thaw

To be against good
And its infinitely
Compressed art

To be against bad
And its wood like
Rot whimpering

To be against an end

Just there naked

In the distance

Being here alone
And embarked on vista
feeling the cool wind

And knowing I am beautifully
about and within
All that I am against.