

## Roberto Burciaga

Hey Bob, do you remember the time Richard and I picked you up from the bar?

You were so drunk. I won't ever forget that.

Or what about the time you had me play my harmonica for you while you were drinking whiskey?

I won't ever forget those long nights either.

You were my best friend bob. Didn't you know?

You taught me about love and war,

and I listened to you, I knew you knew exactly what you were talking about.

You experienced both.

Bob, do you remember when I was a boy?

You took me to a Jazz Festival, I was so young and you made me so old.

I still think about you everyday.

Hey Bob, did you get my letter?

I've been gone only a week, I hope you can write me soon.

Bob? It's ok, you haven't written me yet it's fine I still love you.

I hope you know.

Hey Bob, I'm back where are you? Bob?

We can go to the library again and look at your favorite books and records.

I'll take you, we don't have to take the bus anymore,

I know you love the library and I'm coming around too.

Hey x, do you remember my funeral?

No Bob, I wasn't there.

## Unicorns are Real

Over 6,000 miles away from you,  
and I was on the barracks roof looking at the night sky.  
We talked on the phone with the little reception we had.  
It was beautiful, the moon pale and the shooting stars.

There was very little city lights where I was,  
so I can see every tear in the sky.

We spoke about life and death  
and how aliens and dinosaurs were still out there.

It was amazing talking nonsense,  
in a time where nobody had time for nonsense.  
Everything was too serious but I had you to take the weight off.

You were the only person strong enough to keep me,  
from losing my mind.  
Everything you said I believed,  
you had no reason to lie to me.

You waited patiently,  
and if you told me something insane,  
I would have no problem backing you up with anything.

Yes unicorns are real.  
My wife told me so.

## **I Don't Care**

You did what you could for your boys.  
Heroin and Whiskey is a hell of a combination.  
Nobody blames you and we all love you.

You moved too fast  
and wanted to die young.  
Holes in your wall, holes in your veins, holes in your heart.

You were a punk rocker  
you liked to be pissed off and on drugs.  
Believe me i know the combination too.  
It didn't take me like it took you. Won't you come back?

I miss you and the times we spent getting drunk  
and walking home on the streets.  
Not taking shit from anyone.

Please stop you're killing me and you're killing yourself,  
is this what you want? We don't have to be political.  
No government! Fuck it! You'd say.

But you lost yourself along the way.  
People kept moving and you'd stay the same.

## In Remembrance of a Sober Mind

She sat there half naked playing the piano.  
she dances while sitting for a second and continues to play.

the piano sits a little to the right of the center of the window,  
i think she likes that its not perfect,  
even though she was losing her mind because our television was not centered.

And outside you can see a hill and mountains  
the sun and its beauty.  
She is beautiful her hair is short it just caresses her shoulders and the top of her  
breasts  
her back is straight

just like her music teacher made her sit and she is still discipline enough to do it.  
She is strong and smart and talented  
her skin is smooth and she is a very clumsy being.

She is always nibbling on pistachios that she doesnt like to share  
but wont ever admit that.  
She walks smoothly o me while she explains her hatred for the drums  
ecause how is that an instrument you know  
she says to me.

I dont say much because i cannot find the words to say out loud  
she is perfect but i dont want to tell her  
to put the pressure on her but damn

she is my heroin  
she is my wife and se will be by me  
when i die