

## Capture

Dawn sinks in  
Looking out the window  
Cold draft  
Steam on glass  
Body warmth  
Wipe down to see through  
Capture image of you  
My eye fixates  
That stride  
That flow  
Walk, walk you go  
Footstep sound  
Wet grounds from night's rain  
Stop  
Capture me with your eyes  
I've taken you  
I am your prisoner as you are mine  
Let not forget  
This portrait in mind  
Memory imprint  
Look back upon  
Those nights, those days, afternoons and dawn  
I ache, do you?  
Surrender to my song  
Our time  
Our wake  
Two souls  
Now lost  
Once a single line  
One direction  
One gaze  
One touch  
One moment  
Captured in time  
Forever  
You are within these eyes of mine

## Chela-Chingo-Che

Chela  
Chinga  
Chelo  
Que  
Todavía tienes pelo por el pie  
And if that hair is still there  
Mama Concha says beware  
She bats the air  
She gives you that stare  
Heavy eyed  
“Vale más que hagas caso”, She says  
“Si no te mando para la...”  
So it goes  
With fear from head to toe  
It only was a knock at the door  
But before I knew  
It was the border patrol  
Con mucha razón  
Claro que si  
¿Bueno?  
¿Ah-lo?  
¿Quién es?  
¡Colgaron otra vez!  
¡Malvados!  
¿Malditos, que vamos hacer?  
When you first meet them, remember to say  
Buenas tardes ha sido un placer  
¡Now move over!  
Give me some room  
¿Que no sabes?  
No vacuum  
No broom  
“No barras en la noche”, she says  
“You’ll throw your luck away”  
So I stop and wait till the break of day  
I admire your patience  
You decided to stay  
Y luego despues  
As if it were a suspiro from above  
I knew they’d heard another shot  
¿Que fue eso?  
Pues it came from outside  
¡Cierra la puerta!  
Run and hide!  
Ay no grites, que nos van oír

Ya se fueron  
Decidieron huir  
¿Que se llevaron?  
No se  
La troca de Ávila and tío José  
This neighborhood  
This street and dime hood  
A place like no other space  
Just a small beat up house  
At the other end of day  
Allá  
En la orilla  
By the cactus, a washer, and a fence  
You know it  
By the light of the moon  
With your prayer and spoon  
Chela  
Chingo  
Chelo  
¿Que?  
You know it, so why don't you pray?  
Ay dame una casa y estéreo  
Aloud or in mind  
Don't sound like they hear you  
Hand me the ticket and pen  
I'm sure it's a seven, a four and a ten  
Tomorrow's the jackpot  
I'm pulling it in  
Con San Nicholas  
Jesus Cristo  
I'm sure that I'll win

Untitled

Sometimes in the elevator

At the station

In their cars

At the shops

Crowds and passerby's out in the world

People going somewhere

Doing something

Moving

Walking

Working

Sleeping

Talking

Driving

Eating

Watching

Smiling

Moments gone by

Passing one another

Strangers and vaguely every now and then

A familiar face

Not knowing your story

The threads of your existence

The imprints of your self-manufactured soul

We pass

It is passing

Passing through the halls

The lines to the check stand

The wait to the toiletries

On the Venice Beach sidewalk

The homeless man asking for change on western corner-five

Folding clothes at launder land

Morning red eye commute

Passing strangers in the champagne station wagon for a split second on highway one

Turning sideways for eye contact and passing

Once again, passing

Collect \$200 and pass GO

Roll the dice

Shut your mouth

Don't speak a word or murmur a sound

Leaking out the true juice you don't produce

T is for talk

Tablet

Tough

Taboo

Tale tailor

Tangent

Taste

Tektite

Teeter

Tepid

Thing

Third

Tricycle

Trust

Turn

Testosterone

Transformer

Transcending

Traditional

Traits

Tic-Tac-Toe

P passes before T

Nature mimics passing in movement

As the chewed works its way down the physiological tunnel of rhythm

Hand gesture

Leg stride

Don't brush to avoid shoulder-to-shoulder contact

In crowds figuring ratios of 1 to 3

Electromagnetic spectrum

Cosmic speed

Radio waves

Gamma rays

Traveling 299,792,458 meters per second

In the absence of matter

Passing in space

Light to eye as seen in the sky

A past

Morning to night

Dusk to dawn

Down and up

Front to back  
Circle of yes or no  
Us and them  
You and me  
Passing  
Noticing  
Screening  
Reading  
Investigating  
Sifting to examine carefully  
So we can operate  
Sever  
Select and eliminate  
Go back into your bedrooms, kitchens, cubicles, carports  
Garden veils  
Telephone tag  
Broken ties  
Flattened vibes and price line attendant fines

## Songs and Secrets

It was there  
In the skipping stones and rippled waters  
Whispering trees  
Swaying winds  
Lying still and listening for others  
We climbers  
Admirers of this silent kingdom  
We dreamers of golden paths leading to brighter morrows  
It was there I tell you!  
There, that solace woke  
Cloaking us with promise and valor  
Our swords, shields, words and dreams  
Floating fears of misery and terror  
Drifted away  
Shadows and songs  
Hymns  
Tales  
Waking fantasies of time travel and mystic power  
Bridges built  
Huts and hide-outs  
It is here that I prayed  
Here that I stayed  
Between dimensions  
Other worlds and realities  
Oceans of sky  
Flooding stars  
Treasure  
Rivers of nectar  
Imagination and play  
To the mountain we go!  
Our voices conjoined  
Our hunger  
Starving borrowers  
Of day  
Of night  
Of time  
Travel  
It was there I tell you!  
Doors opened  
My brow  
Blood and sweat  
The phantom reaches for me  
Paralyzes me  
Oh no!  
Run!  
Hide!

Wipe the blood from my eyes  
The palace is crumbling  
Tumbling to the ground  
All we built  
Our song  
Our prayer  
Falling  
Hurry!  
It stings and rings  
Roaring  
You little devil!  
What have you done?  
Who were you with?  
The interrogation begins  
What was meant?  
What was heard?  
All worry  
All fear  
The child disappears  
The sword and shield  
The stars and the oceans of sky  
Blue above  
The mountain no more  
The monster has stole  
Imagination and play  
Innocence of our day  
It was there  
There I tell you  
That I left my medallion behind  
Buried under the leaves of my fallen empire  
Our place  
Our kingdom  
Drifted away  
Left again for another day  
Wait for me  
Don't go  
I am here  
You are over there  
But I shall return  
I promise  
To you  
For me  
For all that was  
And can once again be



Viernes 13/ Friday 13

Viernes trece

Show me ese

Come to the bridge and play with Midge

You don't know where the door opens to

But you know that I'm in the show for you

Give me a ticket, so that I'm up front

Next to Nia Lee-ah, Blanca Chancla and Cheepees Cunt

The cheves are in the cooler

A handkerchief and a noose

Can it be any crueller?

No!

It's a joke, get up and light my smoke

I'll be taking a bathroom break

Ready to shake

An omen they say is dark, stale and grim

But nah, to me it's this note on a whim

A rabbit's foot for my good fortune

Love potion

In motion

The notion

An implication

My fire nation

In my bed

On my pillow

Stage and a black widow

You look good on my skin

Won't you let me come in?

You say yes

I say go

Never a No-No-No

This the best part

Best part of the trip

Lips to the hip

Tighten and squeeze

Mold and hold

Together in between

Siete-cinco-trece-ese

This is what they chant when I'm coming in through the back

Open the door because I'm storming in like never before

