

From Home: Four Poems

Intro (Visions of Cormac)

Say, son!
Make sure I don't catch no more of that
mesquite-flavored mumbo jumbo
bologna.

Just cus' you
made it to Mexico
doesn't mean you know
mezcal.

You wouldn't know a mexicali
margarita if it bit you
in your sorry San Angelo
bum.

So just sit tight,
shut up,
and eat your cornbread.

We've a long way to ride.

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A Riverside Spat

If you should happen to find,
in the recesses,
a reason,

then you should let it be known.

If it should occur to you
to formulate
a phrasing

that might lend itself to sense,
then you should
vocalize it.

This way, the river's small waves that lap upon the shore
like thirsty kittens
would be friends to our tired feet,

and we could return to
holding.

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Far from Home

I am a patchwork quilt
with every keystroke,
every time I smash my coffee mug
against my forehead
to keep myself awake.

The mosquito net hangs in the
corner, unused.

My grandmother's broken
bone comes to me in a dream.
Avenge me,
it says.

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Stone Crosses

Stone crosses watch
over a bent man, crying,
who kneels, weeping,
beside one done dying.

His wristwatch ticks
like thunder.

Above, white clouds prance,
beneath the bright sun,
while Time haunts
the throats of loved ones.