

I dreamt I was a poet
un poeta
surviving in the hands of brujas
living in the back of a botanica in Reseda
with scorned lovers
lonely and bitter
candles
scrawled intention on their un-glassed bodies
rituals of black magic mass

sone que era un poeta
a poet

on the sidewalk and roof top stage
walking its narrowing ledges
ledges of poverty
I sought the myth of escape
behind jeweled eyes
to suffer romance
to be without you
in the empty city
the language
I was born to
the home
I was born without
mesmerized by my own dour kneeling prayer cliché

I suffer the poet
the disillusioned myth maker
mining garbage along the pavement
remembering
backlot mornings
of browning cabbage
and catholic boxed cheese

dumpster diving
set the table

that disgusts
that won't wash off
that builds
on the sweat grease of my skin
with no closet to hang this coat
of personal history
I ask...

Will america take care of me
take care of us
that care of the others who despair
that worry even through their swelling diabetic feet
and overgrown diseased balls of flesh
that push and push like, from Charlie's neck
like they were reaching out to speak his truth
through him, our truth

America, are you listening
you are the false, the myth propagator
you are the advertisement of fear
the billboard that lights my room
hoping me dead because of this poverty
hoping you dead under this bright boulevard
to reveal the stone hatred of your heart

Winter's coming
soon it will be under the shading trees
we sleep
under the overhanging awnings
we crouch

and deep recessed doorways of street side buildings
which remain unforgiving in its false hope
these that are like bedroom windows you cannot close

America, will you take care of us and provide us shelter
take us into your arms
not into a county bed

I cannot afford you
with my labor
and less with my death

I was born to you a taxable event
and die less human
merely debt to be reclaimed

Winters come
with a hot plate
junk for coal
for the limp struggling thin veins
that go
too cold
too quick
where solitude sets the table for none
and none eat
and sunken cheek

the place where the light went out

strangers more alike than
you and I
my sweet America
north land of borders and prisons
of collateral damage
that we've become

that from our graves
Soon,
you will
be made
...new again