

## Arroyo de San Pedro

She spills  
through construction  
and good intentions,  
fills pockets of poets  
with her waters.

She sluices  
over prescribed channels,  
past crumbling buildings,  
bubbles beneath lucid streams.

She drenches  
pages and streets,  
flooding words  
through eyes,  
over hearts.

She drives  
under rain-slicked bridges,  
a living arroyo,  
this arroyo de San Pedro.

## Borders and Muses

Feet planted, toes curl in dirt  
between and around, a wide white line  
plows the earth, divides one foot  
from the other.

Grass undulates, hot breezes caress  
among the blades, a sensual dance  
by the edge of a glade, drawn whispers  
breathe along one side of the border.

Rotted scrub brush, a patchwork next to  
outcroppings, ocotillo blossoms blackened  
next to crumbling cactus pads, screaming gusts  
blast through the other side of the border.

Arms extended in crucifixion, one hand grasps a gun  
pointed at Liberty's temple, Her eyes  
squeezed shut, waits for the weapons  
bark to splinter bone and grey matter.

The other hand proffers  
a branch from the olive grove planted  
with Esperanza's brown hands, its leaves fat  
with last spring's rain and tomorrow's sunshine.

Transfixed between the border,  
Clio passes from the right ear to the left  
and back, the words flood  
these images, a kaleidoscope enlightened  
  
and drowned at the same time.

## Martel Deserts

A broken Martel station  
by the tracks  
grips the desert sand,  
dark tattoos on its face  
smile at the camera,  
black birds flood a white cross  
as a woman throws bread  
next to empty wine bottles too many

miles from Paris,  
too many lies  
from the suited businessman  
on a New York street corner  
while above them,  
in the high rise,  
another woman sits  
in an apartment she can't afford,  
but the fruit drips on the carpet  
as she exposes herself  
to the tree of life.

The floods warp the houses,  
the sky in Dali-esque colors  
as they carry her lifeless  
through the desert of roses,  
hills in the distance  
made of sleeping faces  
as she rests  
her legs across the  
lion grass,  
the air made of birds.