

real hunger uncrasable
we are within reach for his
quenching

I have worked
next to, given water
to the *diablo*
spat
in his food, picked
ripened tomatoes
seen salt
caked on
his clothing
from hard work

he whistles
un corrido
he carries a tune
as any *mariachi, el diablo*

he will call my sister *puta* tonight
he will call me ugly
and try to kill my innocent mother

he will pine sugar
and drink
to his hearts content
me and my brother will bury his bullets
again

The Line

Josi Mata

I'd take your
hard
knives
and rough hands

your name is not Yin Lee woman

sit on this here bench
and
look at you
through
warm breath
steaming on a cold day

I'd grind coffee beans

chop garlic, stand all day
not Yin Lee

These men, younger than you,
do not
deserve
your smile

You do not deserve your
nervous laugh,
your
hurry up
and serve

anxiety

I, for this
want to take

you
and kiss your heart

never have to work another
day in your life

You and your mama would know each other
she, like you, is still working
too hard

The Walk

Josi Mata

In my dream
She states, "I am Movement"
running her hands along mounded
breasts of land
borders recognized as nothing to her
full of unmeaning

but on this day
the path is to our
door steps
on thousands of trails that
no names walk
green *la migra*, like the river water
shallow in winter

color of the rough terrain vehicle
reminds me of the *clínica*
booster shots
green phlegm
the steel bars separate
the front and back seats
into a cage

Out the family crawls
freshly caught
after what could be a day or a
years trip
the sun weathered man
cowers in embarrassment in
front of the crowd
his child follows
squeezing the life from
his mother's hand