

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