

Somewhere south where he had never traveled  
— pyramids still stinking of blood spilling  
through carved gutters from glyph and altarstone  
sacrifices *ad infinitum* to pay

the inexpungeable debt to imaginary  
forces high and low whose accounts are kept  
by men of priestly mien wielding power  
where in purple morning fantasies

they string deer's eyes to lie above  
perfumed breasts catching God's eye  
in diamonds of colored yarn on sticks —  
he might have found a textbook image

in the aftermath of a revolution  
gone awry as they've been known to do,  
the gunmen given properties and office  
things assigned scarcity model names

paper called gold for instance *oro* and coin  
*plata* no matter how debauched with copper  
zinc nickel and lead the silver is  
however little of value backs it up

though some there might still recall the noble  
metals gathering more dust than light  
behind the choirs of thick-walled cathedrals  
in the naves of colonial-style missions.