

Brown Rice and Tamari by Light of an Ill-Adjusted Aladdin Lamp

1

Walking through the acid wastes of Bisbee improper
picking up on all the semi-precious stones —
St. Elmo preserve us, these tailings are hot, the air's on fire —
drop your eyes in the Lavender Pit to fall and fall like spit
from that Turista Kid hanging on the hurricane fence
behind the Chamber of Commerce viewpoint

*Once there was a Queen who sold her soul
until all she had left was a big hole.
What did she do then? She sold the hole.*

2

Walking through the hemispherical fountains of mesquite,
glimmering spectrums of setting suns reveal themselves
to be exposed brains of sensitive creatures embedded
past their eyes in glowing red sand: all night
their ganglia transmit nervous messages of sultry
wind, moonlit sky, crystalline depths of clay.

*Men and women died here
some spreadeagled to the sun
some split from bottom to top*

3

One caught on the wrong side of the line
between Douglas and Paul Spur they stripped and tied
and branded then kicked his ass back across the border.
One picked up hiking out on the highway
they drove to a house of West Blvd., fed LSD,
raped, sliced his tongue, then left tied up in a wash.
One after certain preliminaries concerning honor
they dragged over the rough road to Gold Gulch
until he was beaten to a bloody lifeless pulp.

*Let's do something exciting tonight.
Let's waste something or ruin something
or make some acid rain or something.*