

Frío City Road Blues

Frío City Road is a wound that never heals
a concrete scab on the rugged streets of a troubled history
through promising years broken
under summer's falling stars

watching Southern Pacific boxcars cut
the darkness of uncertain longings
with boom & squeal
of steel on steel
heading south to Mexico

stumbling on hot slivered rails
iron wheels rumbling down
the ragged days lost in dreams
wandering the rust & rocks

high on weed
wondering where the road
would lead
torn by two magnetic fields with
no particular place to go

I was an uprooted seed
tossed & trampled
left to dry on open ground

listening to the wolf night howl
my name drifting like a wail
over the long wild grass
bending in the candlewick light

like *brujos* in a ritual trance
sifting answers among
the cutting gravel of the train tracks

my life like chips of flintrock
sparks of hissing portents
a red lash of anger
streaking the air

the road opened up to me
like a lover
& I balanced myself
between earth & moon

before I walked out
into the black torment of time