

dream for america

I dream of america
bursting like a bubble, bleeding
before my radiator cap
in the towns, in the small towns, in the small desert towns
with old faces, eyes up, dry salt lips licking
past broken brick bottle schools
scampering lizard boots, gas hole wooden rockers
free pickle jar cheeseburgers and sand

In the dream I sit eating huevos rancheros in a mexican
kitchen at 1:00 p.m.
with beer, flies buzzing past beans, mother cooking
egg yolks
daughter carry to me without watching
me chew slowly, watching her,
eyes glassy with thoughts of all the money I've left behind;
in forgotten crumby cushion cracks, car seat coins
on counters, in taverns, in dresser top, jars, ashtrays

I dream that with all my forgotten coins I could buy the
girl: clothes that ripple in saloon doors at dusk, a single
golden anklet for small bronze ankle, beach shack for me,
for her, to live together forever with finger stroking
bottles at end of long, sweaty day

Daughter returns, sets down new steaming beans
and I awake, stare, place fork tongs between teeth
tasting, feeling the hair she pulls from between her
teeth as a symbol of our devotion

She asks her mother to leave us, to go outside and play
like a child.

Once they leave me alone to compose:

I write:

My dream for you america is to be anywhere else.

