

Edwin Wilson Rivera

Manny's Got His Gun

Dude done the urban stomp right on his nuts,
then he shoot him to rags. Here's one raspy nigga,

I says, more weepy-mama melodrama comin
at us again. Womens and men with their rat-bitin

donts, and every chicken-hearted one of em cryin they
chicken-little tears. 'He was a good man Lo!

You drug him up from the earth on your angel-wire,
and then You chide im!' Sum such nonsense. But there

aint no derring-do gonna get *His* attention. Don't matter
chiff from the chaff, all of it like chiffon to Him.

Memories of La Rumorosa

Night was trembling, soaring strange, gangling appendage
all tower & frame. Trickling stars were frosty beads, high
intrigue in storm-bitten seas. Oh how we wish
waking to fall abliss . . .

Yet nothing begets like a maker's wish, who maker-
less makes, and dreams of fish. Those days have passed,
there is only fall; smoke in the mountains, coyotes call.
Our days are dying, this life soon spun. So take this dream.
Go now. Run.

Tender Anus

Spread me here. On this chair.
the hardwood desk.
the parquet floor.

Now. Like jelly. Oozing. This
oblique light. Spider-iron bed.

Take me to a way station. A place
of jangled night. To a dark room
with neon sizzle.

The shine on brick. Smoky curtains and
cobalt mirrors. Hardcore porn.

We'll go to a bunker. Dank-packed
earth. Sweating stone. We'll shoot
nazi films, run wire through our teeth.

The shimmer of steel,
that first-death panic.

Our skin forever clammy
as we howl out to
the television night