

Sarah Warren

Crossing

At thirteen the dark river let her cross
a second and third, then a final time.
Bullets, headlights, and her mother awash
with fear of fists and Border Patrol crimes:

that their brown, illegal bodies would slam
concrete floors, faces down and pants unzipped –
those harder memories of the Rio Grande.
Anayeli remembered his harelip,

her mother's prayers, the weeping. And she swore
to God she would kill that pinche madre.
That he would eat his own dick and his whore
mouth tremble and rot, black with meth decay.

They pray to the saints and listen for trucks,
wondering when to be seen. When to duck.

Diamond

after Pablo Picasso's *Guernica*

No colors can translate chaos
into language & here I witness you,

a colossus spread on a wall in Madrid.
War transfigured & heavily guarded.

You tell me a story: there are
swords, horses & men, tangled in gray rage.

A bull has turned to white flame. A woman,
breasts exposed to her child, broken

underfoot. Here, a human head wafts through
the window. Suspended, buoyant, alone.

A rogue arm follows, fingers cling to dim
slate light of a candle softly burning.

A shoed, stubbled body extends his hoof
near one of many decapitations.

What kind of king would kill his own people.
Leave such a wound, a diamond in the horse's

side. Broken arrow & line-drawn flower
alone in that last facet of time.

Thick coal of night smokes through the village,
cuts open every silver, bubbling heart.