

## Alice Tepexcuintle / FIVE POEMS

slid from yr stirrups bold  
eyes over me comin drench  
rain thru the fireweed

dreamed i was yr horse  
drench hide n thirsting

slid from yr saddle gold  
eyes over me comin tepid  
moon drench thru the  
dead lemon trees

dreamed i was yr horse  
verge from the supple dirt

verge from yr saddle blood  
wind comin heavy obsidian  
nights drench over yr skin

n i lay hidden in the fireweed

slid from yr dancing roan  
eyes over me no saddle to slip  
thru the dead lemon trees

you had the roan heart  
n i had no one

n i lay breathing in the fireweed

slid from yr stirrups wild  
rain comin steady obsidian  
drench my resentment turning

knew you horizon blood  
hooves thru the shadow flint  
kickin pale roan i had no one

n i lay dreaming in the fireweed

saw you horizon drench  
roan wild n dancing gold  
moon eyed spurs my  
resentment burning

gold moon eyed spurs my  
resentment burning

kickin raw iron in  
the supple moon light

you drank the lemon moon  
n lay to sleep

dreamed i was island n  
you lay shadow blind drench  
tethered to my fire wild shores

slid from the fireweed i  
comin hunger drench shove  
thru the tepid rain slough  
wind aside

drench wild n reeling i  
stole the roan heart

i stole the diamond horse  
n loosed her spirit reins

slid from the fireweed dead  
pale n kickin gold moon comin  
heavy on my dread heart

cut from the fireweed i  
running shadow blind draggin  
yr gold eyes forever behind me

blood wind comin heavy thru  
the dead lemon trees

i took the diamond horse  
n you had no one

dreamed i was yr heart  
drench red n suffering

cut from the fireweed i  
never comin back never to  
sleep i will keep running

thru the drench rain  
n my bitter dreams

n yr gold eyes forever behind me

n yr gold eyes forever behind me

The orange trucks road thru yer heartland  
are you yer fingers thru the black waters  
the orange trucks road thru yer bush ground  
are you the sticks swish back into yer face  
the orange trucks road slow down are you  
the salmon swinging from the black waters  
the orange trucks road goes around are you  
throwing yerself into the undergrowth  
the orange trucks road breaks down are you  
the gas tank spilling the second hand stars

The salmon berries gather you  
yer barefoot tracks the sticks swish around  
the salmon caught by yer swift arm  
are you yer vision in their fish eyes  
The second hand stars look down on you  
yer barefoot tracks thru the black waters  
yer gas tank spillin the orange trucks road  
and throwing yerself into the undergrowth  
the salmon black the smoldering bush  
are you crushed down on the ashen ground

The ancient summer will be yer shack  
where you break down yer senses swish  
the ancient summer will be yer shack  
where you could live yer senses swish  
wild flowers attack the ancient summer  
where you the hunter the salmon gatherer  
the orange trucks road the gas tank spilling  
and throwing yerself into the undergrowth  
the ancient summer will be yer shack  
the gas tank spilling the wild flowers explode

Regret yer gas tank its too late  
where you lay choking the gasoline fumes  
the fish moan softly regret where you  
rush downstream yer barefoot tracks  
regret yer shameful ways its too late  
yer barefoot tracks deceive you  
lose yer way thru the orange trucks  
and throwing yerself into the undergrowth  
and returning yerself to where you  
might find absolution probably not

And the orange trucks road thru yer heartland  
are gone yer fingers touch the black desert  
and the orange trucks road and the ravaged ground  
are gone the sticks crush down in yer hand  
and the orange trucks road gets scared and you  
are alone the salmon stilled in the black waters  
and the orange trucks road and the garbage stars  
are nothin and yer scarred body alone  
and throwing yerself into the undergrowth  
are nothin and the gas tank dreams

ive seen you on all these highways

running now twenty years alone      the night unfolding roadmaps  
of all the times youve been here      and wherever you ride  
you ride further from home

i see you

looking thru the window of every roadside diner      at gas stations  
under picnic tables      lain supine in the shadows      moving endless  
thru all the summers of your life      on a black harley davidson  
as i danced my own summers barefoot      across hot tarry parking lots  
i see you at all those highway reststops      eating old sandwiches  
from your saddlebags      the congealed peanut butter      tasting so good  
just like it did      when i was a kid      somehow those sandwiches  
always tasted better      when they had been inside a plastic bag  
for a very long time      the bread      getting a kind of mushy texture  
and all those weird smells from the pulp mills      mixing with your lunch  
i knew them so well      as a kid      complaining in the backseat  
as i followed you thru my carsickness      my summer holidays  
getting weirder and weirder

cause i saw you

twenty years ago      when i climbed on your bike      outside the tomahawk  
and you came shoving out of that restaurant      your long hair flying  
like exhaust from your head      telling me kid      its just a vision

you had ever since you were young and driving like i did  
leaning out the car window and watching all the bikers go past  
so reckless their scarred leather bodies like yours now  
being a map of all the times you crashed cause bugs landed  
in your eyes cause you fell asleep at the handlebars and rode  
four miles before you figured it out you cant keep on  
riding like this cause the night lays you down and sparks fly  
off the pavement happened so many times now you hardly notice  
the difference upright or supine the highway so warm  
in summertime against your shoulder and you dont mind  
just to lie here the azure light so beautiful in your eyes  
and the moose wandering out to check on you they know its  
dangerous theyve seen the signs tried to tell you  
flashing signals from their antlers by the side of the road  
when you ride past all those animals squashed by other cars  
their deaths hitting your nostrils and the logging trucks  
you could slide under so quietly one night and it would all  
be over

yeah ive been you for twenty years now  
never touched you your slow leather spirit every time i  
turn around finding you again thru the window of the tomahawk  
on hot summer afternoons yer bike reflected in the glass  
superimposed over you in the booth eating cheeseburgers  
and drinking horrible coffee and outside the pavement  
getting supple with the heat maybe you start to hallucinate  
how your bike keeps leaning further sideways slipping  
thru the dust filled air surreally



as if youve been    dreaming    this restaurant    this motorcycle  
this whole journey    slipping away from you    losing focus  
until you hear    the crash    yeah    you run out    your gas tank  
flooding    and things are still    primitive    between us

and im still following you    on my own dark mission    thru further  
blue summers    my shadow getting longer    and dragging  
the gravel paths    of your consciousness    the cigarette butts  
you drop    the marks you leave on tree trunks    for some pattern  
to ride by    against the desolation    and i tell you  
one day i'll turn around    yeah    one day i'll double back on you  
and raise my fist in the air    victory    and youll fall asleep again  
and dream of better things    of the desert in your face  
and someone    to carry you    brittle with your pain  
and the whole    cosmicness    of everything

## brush with the law

it was an alley at night and we were  
drinking yeah liquor a bottle of cheap  
wine between us and a little intimate ya know  
when the cops pulled up screeching to a halt  
they put the searchlights on us and were ready  
to grab their guns any second if we got outta  
hand yeah drinking liquor in a public place  
is a crime and we were obviously dangerous  
girls would probably smash that bottle go out  
and kill some people after we were good and  
liquored up and those cops they had a job to do  
upholding the law and ridding the streets of  
criminals like us they pulled out a megaphone  
and started shouting OKAY YOU GIRLS PUT THE TOP  
ON THE BOTTLE NOW PUT THE BOTTLE BY THE DOOR  
DONT TOUCH ANYTHING AND WALK BACK SLOWLY  
KEEPING YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR well  
breaking the law is fun sometimes its  
dangerous sometimes you get the wild mystery  
inside of you hunting for the criminal thrill  
on a saturday night feels so teenage and  
disasterous yeah just the realization was  
beautiful all we had to do was RUN VERY FAST  
get the hell outta there leave those poor  
suckers stranded forever in their police cars  
burning their fingers in cigarette ash till the  
dashboard light of recognition finally hit them

it was all ridiculous the law was breaking them  
too spending their whole stupid lives inside  
police cars while the crooks like us were out  
having all the fun running wild in the streets  
towards inexplicable goodness and amazing  
parties which they would never get invited to

## real life drama

it was a hot summernight and the honeysuckle  
beautiful i must have been riding about one mile  
an hour and i was dreaming ya know of luaus  
and love and just leaning back on the gasoline  
night to suck in the sweetness of the machine  
the street was deserted i thought OH NO but i  
didnt see it there was one police car lurking  
behind some bushes and they saw me do it they saw  
the violation i rolled right thru that stop sign  
without even stopping yeah one mile an hour  
is too fast and they had the law on their side  
motorcyclists disobeying the rules of the road  
are powerful criminals and must be apprehended  
the siren was blaring and the flashing lights  
they pulled me over by the side of the road  
somebody got out this police lady thing  
her pants were too tight and she was in the mood  
for prosecution 75 bucks well fuck the law  
youre just jealous cause ive got a motorbike  
and you got to drive around all night in your  
police car being bitter to everyone

and i got the dust face i got the prowl  
i got the long hair i got the motorbeast  
and this whole ocean of highway in my eyes