

Alice Tepexcuintle / THREE POEMS

up river on a hot summernite

UP

river on a hot
summernite. up-
river. on a HOT
summernite. up river on a hot hot,
summernite. UP-UP-UP-
river. HOT. summernite, up-
river. UP

river on a hot,

summernite.

nothin like a dead wet
fish. UP-
river on a hot
summernite.
nothin like
comin up-
river on a hot
summernite.

STRAPPED TO YOUR BACK,

up river on a hot

fish. nothin like a
dead wet

summernite.

STRAPPED TO YOUR BACK,

nothin like a hot
summernite. nothin like
a good cold
fish. comin up-
river.

STRAPPED TO YOUR BACK,

nothin like a
dead wet
fish.

STRAPPED TO YOUR BACK

on a hot
summernite.
nothin like
SMOKINA
cigarette.

nothin like a
god-dam
truck. UP-
river on a hot

summernite. nothin like
comin up-
river on a hot
summernite with a
god-dam truck-
load fulla dead wet
fish.

STRAPPED TO YOUR BACK,

nothin like bein
STRAPPED TO YOUR BACK
on a hot summernite.

up river with a
dead wet
fish. nothin like
a good cold
GUNTOYOURHEAD

on a hot
summernite.
nothin like bein dead.

nothin like
BEIN dead. nothin like a

dead wet,
fish

STRAPPED TO YOUR BACK

on a HOT

summernite.

TWENTY-NINE RULES ABOUT HORSES.

- ONE never look a gift horse in the mouth.
TWO never see a man about a gift horse.
THREE never give a man a horse look.
FOUR never look at a man with a horse.
FIVE never horse around with a horse-like man.
SIX never let a horse look around.
SEVEN never look down the mouth of a horse.
EIGHT never give a gift to a horse.
NINE never give a horse a mouth look.
TEN never mouth off at a horse.
ELEVEN never lead a horse to the mouth of the water.
TWELVE never make a horse drink thru its mouth.
THIRTEEN never make a horse a drink.
FOURTEEN never go drinking with a horse.
FIFTEEN never get a horse drunk.
SIXTEEN never let a horse drive you to drink.
SEVENTEEN never drive drunk on a horse.
EIGHTEEN never drive drunk in a one horse town.
NINETEEN never drive a horse thru a red light.
TWENTY never drive drunk on a one-way horse thru a
 red light in a one-horse town in the
 middle of the night.
TWENTY-ONE never drive drunk to the mouth of the
 water of a one-horse town.
TWENTY-TWO never get buck naked with a horse.
TWENTY-THREE never get buck naked and lead a drunk
 horse to the mouth of the water and then
 offer him a drink.

TWENTY-FOUR never lay forty bucks on a one-legged horse.

TWENTY-FIVE never crash drunk in a one-mattress pad
with a down-n-out horse forty miles from nowhere.

TWENTY-SIX never crash drunk and dream of a
shotgun shack at the mouth of the water with
not enough room to swing a horse.

TWENTY-SEVEN never get drunk and start horsing around
with a sawed-off shotgun in a shotgun shack.

TWENTY-EIGHT never get drunk and take a pot-shot at
your favourite horse running forty bucks at
double or nothing.

TWENTY-NINE never try to run a forty-horse-power-horse
on ninety-proof with the roof down full speed down
a forty degree incline with a burnout potential of
ninety percent.

NEVER HORSE AROUND WITH A HORSE.

down the black dirt highways
of your most travelled nights

thats where they hang out
thousands of moose
waiting in the twilight
of their electric lives

their stardust gazes
dragging them deeper
their antlers perked up

for the distant crunch of gravel
for the soft whirl of wheels

18 wheelers
the logging trucks
that ride by night
across the ponderosa heartland

the ultimate purpose
of that dark mission

unknown
even to those men

who peer
from behind bug splattered windshields
across hundreds of miles

sometimes stopping for food
in roadside cafes
and as the sky grew paler
turning down their radios
to pray

in the distance
these soft furred creatures
hear the first faint click
of midnight engines

awakening their blood

stirring something
deep in the fireweed
soul of their species

then they just
cant help themselves
some mysterious
and ancient impulse

takes complete control

they turn like sleepwalkers
toward the double lamplight
inextricably sucked
into that lemon vortex

their dream wide gazes
locked into the headlights
of the logging trucks

coming faster
and faster on them

how many nights
have they been standing
in the stalwart shadow
of the ponderosa dreaming

this moment
all their lives

theyve survived the swing
of hemispheres
and the crackdown horizon

now theres nothing left
but the logging trucks
a dream or a movie
theyve seen so many times

they know exactly whats gonna happen —
the rush of air —
the metal crush —

the ripple —
the shiver —
the fade —

if you see a moose on the highway
whatever you do
dont try to swerve outta the way

cause the animal
will swerve with you

and youll both die

better to just give up
keep your eyes on the road
and hit the moose square on

kill it instantly
an act of compassion and faith

or leave it caught
in the slow shift

thru that blurred and reeling world
between life and dying
tipping sideways
colliding and collapsing

while the logging trucks split
to some other monster truck stop

hard edged and glittering
against the deadwood night