

Home Invasion

Wendy Gist

We are awake in bed
mesquite seeps in
powders pillows
after 3 a.m. scent of cinnamon
cocooned in white satin folds
breasts heavy as green papayas
on the kitchen counter
my hair swims
swollen octopus legs
beloved's shoulder tattoo
blurs scorpion
intense on defense

dust devil (i guess) whipped
this stranger to the door
drawn to it
miniature moon
on high pole like a white
blow torch burning all night
came to it
down dusty road
the stranger rode
that hershey-kissed horse
a man in blue denim and
cowboy hat and long spurs
each day slow
to stare as if to scare
and here in the dark a.m.
beasty-man unclothed
caked in sand
cries "help"
outside our front door

i am thirsty

tongue painted
by sunset's prickly pear
margarita

armed beloved by my side
dreamt this place sweet
country for he and me
but there's a man's naked feet
beside gigantic centipedes
on our porch and
knocks won't stop
as man-beast brawls
unknown visitors
who come
in a thunder truck
then thump thump
and down comes door

beloved's shots blaze
so it goes
and out the gashed hole
shreds of duct tape
in the dirt
touch Mexican hat
flowers falling
and here lies man-beast
on his back
on tiled floor
like one titanic
hairy sea mussel
stuck
to the ocean floor
drained

and all he yearns

and all he needs
and all he requires
is
a drink of water

he is unkind

i want to refuse but can't

ambulance skids in first
and here comes border
patrol broncos bucking
chihuahuan dust
so goes our desert
margaritaville