



966188

ADMIT ONE

MIKE AND DALE'S

YOUnger poETS
FALL 1997

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ROGERS SUPPLY DENVER CO

Gringo

Here in *The Land of Marching Josés*
the beaches have nothing to say.
I've been sitting on a burro for
thirty-eight straight days

wishing I had somewhere
to go. Like home, I guess.
Tequila esta La Estoria.
this is gonna be one hell

of a shiner. A wall sconce
missing a candle casts a stingy
light on the spinning bed
where the inbred mongrel

dogs sleep smelling like crooked
cabbage and tap-water. Two
nights ago it was the same
flacucho wrapped up in an

egg-colored sheet bitching
about the smell of the dogs.
Boy, could he play guitar:
Mariachi-sytle. And the

voice of a Latino Louie
Armstrong. Strange from
such a young man. In a spin;
Lovin' the spin I'm in.

Two more bottles of *Dos*
Toros tequila and one
more *chinga tu madre*,
another border town.