

#10

rio bravo



oooooooo oooooo oooooooooo

coyotes – along the banks – of the rio conchos

here long before we got here, here long after we gone

miles – of desert trails – between the ranchos

howls in the darkened moonlight, howls in the dark before dawn

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sunset – stretches shadows – of the sierra madre
desert days are hellish, desert nights still bring the frost
a thousand miles – of dusty river – down to south padre
miles between the rivers, the perfect place to get lost

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oooo singing to the beaded lizards

oooo gila monsters and durango wizards

oooooooooooooooooooo rattlesnakes

the rio flows, the earth shakes

riding – along the banks – down to the rio bravo
hours in the blazing saddle, hours in the summer sun
past the trails – to Cuauhtemoc – and Chihuahua *Kuaujtémok*
fish swimming in the river, fish will swim till the river's done

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and it's dry – once again – down at the rio bravo
near the big bend where the river, doglegs north and changes course
near the rancho – de paloma – and el mulato
by the dry riverbed of the rio bravo way up north

the dry riverbed
of the rio bravo way up north