

Angie Ray

CHILE

crimson night curtains my sad dark cave
as I loudly smash away at black and white
wishing I could see where to place the word
unicorn.

flushing at me, pulling and blushing at me,
a 1999 crazy moon.

I am lucky.

infinity rides a pale horse western style
tassels, boots, rattlesnakes and all.
the siren emerges out of the oasis,
pregnant.
she drew the jack of hearts.
yella, he's come and gone.

she uses a mescal cactus to fill
her bottle.

prepared, the moon croons at her ...
she throws the dice,
snakes eyes,

twins.

20