

# Calexico, Point Vicente

She swings on the front porch  
and sweeps her days into an empty sky  
of a dream drowned in the rain  
out where the land is as flat as the sea  
there's a train pulling out west  
and a box of money stashed under the bed

up through the pines  
and down into the city of light  
where the world spins on a string  
the weave of lovers weave meet their fate  
down by the sea falls in love with the sailor who keeps the light house

storm comes in, smashes the shore  
the sailor's duty comes calling  
begging and pleading as she falls to the floor  
she's left waiting

she waits at the front  
her husband come wrapped around her  
where she fell the stoop in the night

(...) all alone for months at a time