

Calexico, Sanchez

Going on their lands for sale to stake my claim
burn my name in the soil
out past the borders beyond the hill
through seasons of nothing
safe for the self-destructive world
memories get altered
no point of reference to hold
and it feels like someone is watching
asi tear into the skin of innocence
and decadence for awhile
so we settled in and half the veins where blood runs pure
troubled the cure for a short while
out in the dust they suffocate the sprawl and greed
bent on breed and stare
and children stare
stare through shiny little boxes
over landscape that is quickly foiled