

## The Saints of Juicy Fruit | Sean Ahern

We used to know  
the gray road owns  
the fearless monsoon sky  
heavy with unbroken lies.

We used to know the white metal van  
with fiberglass seats overheats  
as the boys in the back dodge bottles of urine  
while they played Nintendo.

We used to know the frozen dance of cacti  
that hope for rain, we shot them  
while chewing the fuck out of Juicy Fruit,  
our little lead seeds loved to sow the soil.

We used to know the smell of gasoline-soaked shorts  
and the name of every roadside jerky,  
we licked our fingers for the taste of money  
painted like the canyons by atomic testing.

We used to know the mirages of ancient cities  
seen through the roll-up windows,  
where you can ask for anything  
as long as you don't pray to Gods too hard.

We used to know the radio sage  
spitting phrases from his glass knife,  
we sing-along about sipping on black haze sugar,  
pocket change and faith.

We used to know the cowboy summer  
sweat as we lifted cinder blocks  
until the cans were empty and we were fisheyed,  
we traded it for dog tags, health plans, 401ks.

We know the open road  
promises to never end,  
we'll burn till the tank is empty  
and sworn shut like an old rusty heart.