

El Toltec Saint Hitch Hiking Back to Mexico

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On a decadent December night

Mario whose head
shines like Buddha's on a
leaping night, deserted
L.A lguanas crawling over
broken bottles and beer cans
to cliff climb
the annual climax
up the celestial fire escape
and sleep sleep

Chihuahua couch

to D.F bed

And ask, where's my Mexican heart?
Where demonios is it?
Where's my red velita,
flickering over my art?