Gangbanger

One cold night I will steal you from the city And take you to Aztlan.

There, I will shave the tuft of hair From the top of your head And yank the metal rings from your ear.

I will tear baggy clothes From your body And burn them in front of you.

Then I will ball my fists And shock the mirthless grin From your face.

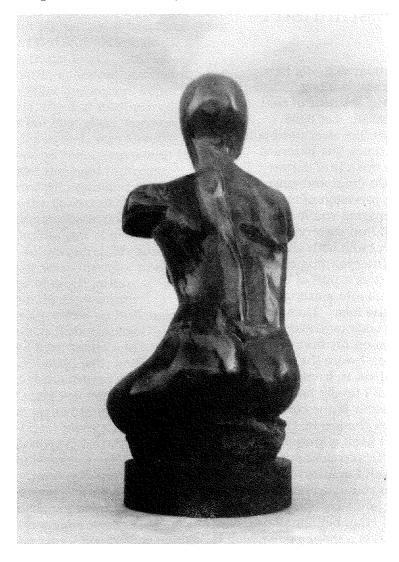
I will sink my teeth into your tattoos And pass flesh back to you In bloody full kisses.

And when you are naked and bleeding Shivering in the cold, I will bathe and bandage you.

Then we will look at the stars. The Olmec astronomers will rise in our bones And whisper what we once were.

I will give you clear water to drink And play for you the Toltec flute. And you will dance.

When you finish, I will cleave your chest with obsidian And pull out your Aztec heart. I will show it to you, beating And we will sing your death Freeing the warrior within you.



Charlotte, View #2 Hydrostone Sculpture By Laura Ann Chiodini