

there are still no trees there

only a freeway driving through  
their ancient village.

11 AUGUST 1989

shopping baskets  
from the supermarket  
litter the neighborhood

28 AUGUST 1989

ah! boiled coffee  
to start off the day

WHEN THE WOLF IS BITING AT THE LACE CURTAINS

— for Tom Albach

he's been biting now, Tom,  
been biting for quite some time  
but it's hard to starve in America these days  
plenty of food, grudgingly handed out yes, but ...  
one has to be perty stupid to die of hunger in the  
U.S. of A. anymore  
i eat mostly beans, pinto beans, Tom, potatoes,  
pull up a few mustard greens and steam them, dig up the  
verde lagas and butter-steam them in a short pan, cut  
down the fresh leaves of the nopale cactus and  
with lemon keep them in a pan for awhile too

the wolf ain't a wolf, even tho he's there, he's a  
coyote, Tom,  
the trickster of the Western Desert, the comical joker  
who'll steal you blind and laugh while you die —  
I know you've sat around  
with dope-smoking Injuns, so know you know about Coyote

this food, Tom, not only does Coyote not like it,  
it keeps the buzzards and the man with the sythe away —  
that man with the sythe wears a Coyote mask and bends down  
in our sleep for our last words ...  
spit in his face Tom,  
tho Coyote will laugh, the Scythe Man standing at his side,  
both laughing,

spit.

— Mark Weber

Salt Lake City UT