

TO BAJA CALIFORNIA

Tim Flanagan

On Revolution Avenue
In Tijuana, Mexico
there stands one striped burro
who drools on the shoes of her photographer,
dressed all in red and yellow.
With a stare so hollow she
seems not to see or feel
even the fly that shits on her eyeball,
she twitches an ear. That's all.

It's time I built a shack on my head
with beat-up billboards and orange crates,
so I need nails and a hammer
and Earth to stop rumbling
—Earth, stop rumbling—
so I can steady the nails.
The last thing I need is a thumb
the size and color of a plum.

So help me God
when I get the shack built
and blood is streaming from my temples
the poor can come and live in it for free
and I will dig my heels into Earth
and brace myself between two trees
and stand there, a human cross,
until I grow too old and fall.