

## BRACEROS

At night I watch braceros  
moving up moonlit canyons

their skins beaten gold by the deserts of Sonora  
adrift in my headlights the faces of saints.

they poke from a gulley like rabbits  
their pupils washed in marijuana

their talk and their soft laughter  
shrill like birds

their faces streaked with light  
in the campfires.

a branch snaps under their weight  
and fountains upward.

my rifle in my bed, my fear.  
I imagine them hopping beyond my window

mad songs quivering  
the pepper tree crackling

the hot white heart of the rabbit  
and the melting guts of the cactus

the tin can jingling on the end of a string  
and no one there to answer

a sudden slight of birds, dreams, mariachis  
darkening the wires with music.