

FARID MATUK

## MY DAUGHTER LA CHOLA MARTINA

posse come back proud to flashing eyes of señoritas they say little lady lords  
out west practitioners full of old commercial surf pop echo  
or land out west don't work for projection            seas awesome trees  
in the wind archive wants the voiceover            the sun ghost    Los Angeles a clean  
way to hug the young ocean salt air ghosts the cool

expanse of the hour ahead we'd try not to show our eyes until they passed  
bright colors these days of baby's coming yeah speech act better than a day  
searching eyes can interrupt at least she's in it that's the success  
trees shake over brothers or sister trees shadow pools for bird traffic the record doesn't say

Sheriff Barton's posse was a white as cute eye shadow as a model plane  
they seem to take to the quiet depth of so well dead cuz La Chola mishandled their guns  
readily shroud the quiet record makes a pond truth and beauty kinsmen  
go down nattering stir the pond moon            little one            our water