

Barreling down Guadalupe
in an eighties VW bus.
102 degrees in the afternoon.
Pumping out audiosilk
on the cassette-player.
The asphalt is dancing
& melting into the sky.
My baby is sweating & smiling,
wrenching the steering-wheel
w/her wiry hands, while
she stains the road at
forty-miles-an-hour.
My eyes are open
for curbside-treasures,
but all I can find is
consumer-trash.
Gutters fill w/car-wash water,
& the sky slowly turns
smog-grey & dirty-blue.
Every Saturday,
the nickel-&-dime hounds
empty out their garages
& sit around in
cut-offs & sundresses,
bartering over pennies
as the heat becomes weary.
They will retire into their televisions,
answer their telephones,
& call it a day.
But first, they look to sell me
the head of a babydoll,
& their dead grandmother's
medicine-cabinet.