

SAN ANGELO CITY LIMITS

I drove the misery
only a panhandle is capable of,
a West Texan mystery towards a selfie
in front of the San Angelo City Limits sign

a sky at my feet a flatness
matched by the way I use “moon” as a facial description,
and a dirt road for 60 miles
to find my way back to my beloved

La hija de Genaro emerged from the Concho Valley,
in a super 8 film wearing white, a hellion

the queen of her cousins,
empty Coke bottles her crown.
Grandpa Chico sneaks them to her under the table
—everyone can see. His affection a rough rasp that billows
in the nape of her vellicate,
her baby Texan drawl rains
like a fictionalized account
worth dying for.

Little girl shrieks toothsome,
makes a mockery of Chico’s sediment tongue,
an accent that prefaces bells and sales of petrol,
the best in San Angelo
where all of their kin trace their line before others
crossed them brusquely.

I’m looking for Chico’s gas station, the only ghost in this town
full of chain restaurants that all look the same

My beloved’s hair falls down long and straight
like the narrative of quantum
the state dictates
and the scar along the trail amid her soft lips
beneath a mutinous chin,
an errant wandering.

The little girl in the film makes no sound.

And I wake up at 5am to meet the sunrise
just to say I did

SONOITA MASSACRE

I had no love but love
and no occupation but labor

primero de mayo 1859 seven Mexican workers Reventon Ranch whipped by their overseer.

I'm not turned on by normal power Catholic church and seven sacraments later
this is why I call you pasty, lover. Safe word repeat cinco de Mayo comes true.

Mercer shaved off their hair in a particularly brutal manner. The Anglos blazing infinite.
Dickies and Cortez.

What I drink doesn't
heal the cut on my belly

As these settler bros approached a mescal distillery how to preserve dignity down on my
knees my country piss on me

government, taxes, public debt. It was perfect, just

nature Mexican and Yaqui workers tried to escape a broken sullen fire
too busy to be dreaming here

what I snort cuts the cord between cortex a warning warm moaning assemblage
mob of seven armed men, four Mexicans, one Yaqui lay dead

Sonora Mining and Exploring Company

a promise heart on Mexican labor peonage to the mall and these bags are heavy
forget the bleed,

just us miscarriage in the building of state out of frontier
that followed Arizona's captain extractive industries captive with

the years to come
the years to yonder

but I'm lazy for money, imagination don't do orphanage games, bad meals at high prices

I'm a lumpenproleteriat here to set a precedent to hunger, a rage in your belly

and I'm yawning the best years away waiting

to find ourselves as lovers in a land
lording over us again

scraping flesh from our rind

MY TEETH BREAK THE ICE

and the wind scratching out of its skin
pillages
the remaining moisture from my hands
we are in the middle of it cracking

The ice melts The stone erodes
the obedience; it got us
clawing until
we bleed

Tonguing fire, molten Nicorette
birthing flowers in my pores
for memory to condition body
back from the part of the dead we sprung from

here we come on winged eyelids
and butterfly knives
Barbara Lynn East Texas southpaw Fender maple
playing angel has beckoned us, a pack between
three-quarters Mexican hot pink fight
just try it, Daddy

You want
to bring out
the cholo
in me

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