

CAVERN

At Fox Coin Laundry  
Paolo conjures quarters  
out of the changer,

slides one in the slot  
to buy eight minutes of heat.  
No clothes in the dryer

he just watches  
the dryer spin empty  
spin fast, a whirling cavern

a hot dizzied void.  
He's wearing camouflage  
says his enemies are

watching him, hands  
gripping the dryer  
door handle,

his mind the cavern,  
crystals lining  
its dark recesses

KINGDOM

To hold a tostada is to hold  
a kingdom & she holds  
Wednesdays for us, family night

primero the beans on the  
flat shell like a raft  
& then the chicken

shredded care  
lettuce, cheese, salsita  
y entonces vamos a platicar

around the dining room table  
laughing at her jokes & chismes  
Grandma, hay mas salsa?

yes mijo over there  
by the beans, the stove,  
the kingdom's boundless space