

## THE IMMIGRANT'S PSYCHOANALYSIS OR NEW AGE CORRIDO

I'm a piece of wave that didn't reach the sea  
a piece of star without sunlight  
a tree that didn't split up into pencils  
a martyr who doesn't know how to cry

I'm darkness when light rises  
a poem when nobody can read  
a hobo dandelion ear of wheat  
insecticide dust in rooms plaster

I'm a butterfly's wing  
with no body to fly  
a toad without formalin  
uncooked intestines  
a rat in a hole (a shrimp after World War IV)

I'm the evil mole from Thumbelina  
the stepmother the wolf the crowd that didn't buy a  
match  
a dead body without a satellite  
an embryo about to come out  
held breath  
a chord  
of the last symphony of memory  
a chord  
that nobody stops to listen to