

"THE RIVER STYX"

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And when the rain fell
On Tijuana's garbage dump
It started a flood
That washed away
Cardboard boxes
Make-shift caskets for
Dead babies
Wooden crosses
Painstakingly engraved
Mi nina
Maria de los angeles
Diciembre 21-25
Mi hijo Juan
Tres dias y seis horas

Stinking mud
Stuck to the marching crosses
Feces-scented water
That looked blue
Against the sky's reflection
Carried the make-shift caskets
As the hundreds of dead babies
Floated to the surface
Food for the fat gulls that
Picked at the
Flesh of dead babies
And the perfumed Bible groups
Thought the
Gulls were pretty