The Border

They come across by light of cell phone,
by wavering lights in Virgin shrines,
by blood trail, by the gleam of the coyote's incisor,
by the eye in the dollar's pyramid.
They come across by dream light,
by firefly, by the phosphorous mariposa
headband of the screen goddess,
by the north star of the Mercedes hood ornament,
by the rustle of money like snakes
moving under leaves, by bank light,
by love light, by the lizard's slow eyelid.
They follow Hansel and Gretel's dope trail,
leave one witch's oven for another,
take on the pelt of our fear.
We see them by slant in our gardens,
we un-imagine their burnt black hands
on our strawberries, our oranges,
we push-pull them: yes to the labor,
no to the kiss. We want them to bathe
and they want to ease themselves
down into the sweet cleansing waters
to be shriven of our sins. In the saint's
chamber we enter by the front door,
they by the rear. We light a candle
in our ignorance, Oh guttering flame.
We feel in the dark for the saint
and touch their broken hands reaching back.