

EL ROSARIO, SINALOA

BY BRANDEN BOYNTON

This is how I cut myself open
a spear of wind whipping
at howling cliffs

How I sink into the earth,
pulled below the mountains
to ancestral pick-axes ringing out

against glittering sugar skulls,
tunneling the dark out from stone.

This is how I cut myself open
on dusty iron and hardened clay,
deep within locked veins
spilling forth ichor and ore.



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