

PERSISTENCE OF VISION
by Abel Folgar

Caracas flashes in the window's frame.
I'm pretty sure Plácido's driving this
yellow bucket too close to the precipice

that flanks all dreams and every mountain
road surrounding the valley – the sea
of red tile blurred into a pulsating

organism – its movements broken by
the seashell sound of the subconscious,
the occasional tree branch flicking the

rearview, and a growing huddle in the back
seat. One of the older kids holds
a cow's eye in a wrinkled bundle of

aluminum foil. Nobody wants to touch
and Plácido knows something's up
cause he keeps looking in his visor-mirror,

the bus jerking slightly with his visual shifts.
Absent are the oohs and ahhs of tittie pics
or the cigarette smoke we were too dumb

to believe we could actually hide;
he doesn't know much, but he knows
that silent kids probably means trouble.