Border Patrol Agent

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Eduardo C. Corral October 28, 2016

Summer is a puta. I park

beneath branches, crank up the AC in the Jeep.

I hate the rearview mirror.

It makes me look like my father. Chaste

& singed. Last week,

beneath a sky Wal-Mart blue,

in a clearing full of bottles, sneakers,

TP rolls,

I found a body. Legs

gnawed to the knees, barbed wire tight

around

the throat.

I remembered graffiti

on a boulder: God

is always hungry.

Sometimes, with binoculars,

I watch wild horses

hurry through the heat. Once

a yearling stopped mid-gallop,

then collapsed

into a bed of coals the rain could not extinguish.

The radio

is always crackling:

six wets sighted on infrared,

need a spic speaker stat...

I only speak Spanish with my father.

He often mistakes blue parakeets

perched

on the stove for gas flames.

Last July, far from Tucson,

I found a rape tree:

torn panties draped on branches.

The tree a warning,

a way for smugglers

to claim terrain.

Lightning climbs a hillside like a stilt walker.

Rain

strikes the windshield.

I think of my wife

asleep on her side. Breasts

pressed together

as if one were dreaming the other.

Her womb

empty.

My dick useless.

There are things I just can't tell her.

Sometimes only body parts remain.

They're buried

in baby caskets.