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San Antonio De Las Minas

Zachary Vander Ley

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San Antonio De Las Minas

Zachary Vander Ley

The houses are nicer down the road
where the cartel sleep.
The tarantulas creep
and mourning doves weep
up and around the still, dirt roads
where the tumble weeds crumble like chaff.
The roots of the crops are only two inches deep
where the ground's filled with burned sand.
Two orphanages within two blocks,
pigeon nests with broken eggs,
and stray dogs—all rib and bone.
But the Scorpions are massive,
scuttling through the vineyards,
braving the world from their rocks.
The vineyards grow to hide the Scorpions
and beckon more to come and inhabit
San Antonio De Las Minas.
While raking dead grass and weeds,
the locals explain the Scorpions in a saying:
“their stingers may be poisonous,
but the bigger they grow
the less dangerous they become.”
So, the wine must flow
say the men in the LA Dodger Hats,
driving the motorcycles
around the town
that used to only be
still, dirt roads.