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## Voice

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# VOICE

by Lauro Vazquez

dishboy don't feel so lonely when you look  
up into the night and find yourself  
falling in love with justice.  
no. don't ask any questions. don't  
look at the ripe moon. when you stop crying  
vato, the moon will still be there. the rifle  
will still be there. beckoning your hands.  
the skinny dog will still be barking,  
assaulting the streets with the hoarse howls  
of his songs. as if he understood your rage.  
no. dishboy. che will not wait for you,  
he will not be lighting stars for you in the forest.  
you're alone ese. just you. and the night  
and songs you wrote to a girl you loved:  
"i give you my crippled fingers rotting  
with soap." "i give you what's left of this liver."  
"i'll keep my socks, even though  
you can have my feet." "i give you this tower  
of beer cans. and a cluster of sparkplugs  
still warm with the remnants of fire."  
no. dishboy no one will remember your voice.  
don't you see? its just you and a rifle.  
and the bandoliers of rebellion  
crisscrossing your chest. waiting  
to explode like the black iris  
of revolution on zapata's chest.