With Obsidian Tongue
By Jesus G. Moya

My grandfather
  carved from a mountain
took a breathe
opened his eyes
took a step.

His image-
  my image
  your image
But with obsidian tongue.

A child of the sun,
  the Virgin Mary,
  feathered serpents
  and a sacrifice
But with obsidian tongue

inhaling life, exhaling dreams
speaking bridges that extend
to the other side

where those that crossed before
sleep.

Simple
Truth

My grandfather
  With obsidian tongue.

Simple
Truth

My grandfather
  With obsidian tongue.

Could've been a legend in my day
Perhaps a mysterious magician
disappearing year after year

Cock-eyed and crooked-eared
barely able to hear the screaming

A standing still passer-by
hollers out “What’s the time?”

Got no watch
Just a faint reminder
captured by a fading tan line

Two-thirty in the a.m.
could be overheard

The time that splits the skull
if one is unable to make
last call

Absolutely no worries or cares
For I have one last
bottle to share

Sulfuric acid-rain rushed down
on my promising future
and left me faceless in the past
while stupid and naked in the present.