

We find it chilling that the Mexican
migrant population is comprised of
serial abuse or
how children think brown bottles lined above
the kitchen sink are there for headcracking
bonebreaking sliced fingertips, orange from
apricot juice are supposed to cover face
so eyelids are sticky and sweet.

Give us your arm they said
and like the artichoke
we pull away from
a center

Our low-income homes are set below the turquoise
water tower. She walks the dog
trail below the main road you watch her
kick pebbles she kicks pebbles we watch them
kick pebbles as they drag drag feet and dream of
wide wide wide tongues finding shaved coconut
inside melting paletas.

You told me this morning that you're going
to Haiti she thinks deploy
she runs a finger across a thin scar just under
your ribcage. Your arm a rest
for the back of her neck.

She tells you how they carted them here,
trucked them she corrects herself. *On the backs*
of flatbeds, freshly deloused.

She's forgotten why she moved to Pittsburgh
and when she's home she watches workers
careworn extends her

arm out the car window holding her palm
a platform for the flashing rows of produce.