


# Lejos de todo



Bullet went through the 'o' in 'stop!' so neatly / Took  
a second for blood to ruin everything / Bullet makes  
its own bullseye around always / Cop1 melting with  
grief & Cop2 blows cold air to help him keep his  
shape / Manuel was often reminded his name had  
'Man' in it... / In another country *Abuela* has  
dropped a bucketful of chilies: 'Manuel!' / *Raza de  
bronce*, 'Man' Manuel, almost whole / Jesus para-  
medic at work on the living clay / Ruby, garnet,  
crimson / See the barrio drink up 'Man' Manuel.