Lunar Landing (1975)

The Sonoran Desert looks so much like the moon,
face full of rocks and dreams.

El estadounidense says—*There is no life there*. The lizards and scorpions
laugh—*Just admit it. You don't know what it is to love the sun*.

Sonoran, from the word sonar, to ring, particularly when struck.
This is not new. A hit dog will holler.

On the moon, migrant hands hold migrant bones, makeshift craters
hiding crosses made of feathers, of fantasmas,

waiting for a rain that won't come. Tell me, what is the difference between
an alien and an astronaut? We too come in peace for all mankind.

The officer says—*This isn't your desert, you cannot cross it*.
But we remember when she was born.

Snake woman. Black grass flower. Calf snatcher, eye twister,
She could eat a man's heart while he was still alive.