

Transmission:

Process by which energy travels through the atmosphere without interaction.

by which, to the Jewish boys listening to Wu Tang
in the woodshed,
hope arrives in a car.

It comes to them in soft George Lopez dreams
and at the quiet peak of dusk,
cutting through the purple yearning and the dust
with its high beams.

by which dove skull is crushed under kinetic force
transmitted by hawk beak
in the same waning dusk; thing
with feathers
with mouth of feathers.

by which mom steams broccoli and wipes the linoleum,
while in the backyard, the kids
dream softbellied dreams –
walking dreams –
dreams that make it to the creek and lay down in the sun.
Too often do hoping and dreaming roll
up into one, as if dreaming could take you
from your own skin.
The sun rolls like yolk off their soft,

yellow faces: too soft to last
even the night.

by which energy is directed from the engine to the wheels,
as the dream kicks into gear.

It arrives just in time, as is its nature:
purring and smoking.

Let it be then in the purple strangeness
that dreaming is the lowrider, and until morning
watch their taillights in the dust.