

GABRIEL RUBI

Sally's hair in a Bruja's Vision

We fear our daughter to be unloved and alone, so
My wife's family took her to a *bruja* in Guadalajara,
Who reads brail in veins linked to spirits
Thoughts of my young wife-to-be coated in Egg yoke.
Leaps over ring of flames, Sally puts her hands in the arm of a *bruja*,

Whose bloodline passed the spells from yesterday.
Whirling a vision of marriage and cradling beautiful
Children. The *bruja's* eyebrows twisted into caution.
Beware: The husband, his loath and poems for pensions.

My wife tightropes
Across a *bruja's* storm-like-eyes
Tumbling oceans.
Children dangling from Sally's long black curls on one side,
And me with fistfuls of follicles on the other.