Finish Him Freer
by Danielle R. Jimenez

I left my look-alike in Freer.
Finish him off like oil. Derricks

wind to the sky with a cross
and beam. Small girls

grow with a select few men
who only know their right

from their left. Boom-
towns are left to squat

in mud and guts. Boys party.
My look-alike offends me.

Maybe I’ll pluck him
out with the board in my eye.

A rattlesnake grilled and wrapped
in bread for five dollars.

Round-up of snakes leave
many husbands without homes.

Even the rattlesnake knows he must
move on. Freer, finish him off.
Bee Killer
by Danielle R. Jimenez

The smell of bee killer in the afternoon
on my father-in-law’s wind jacket. I cannot

fit my arms through the sleeves. I cut the seams
of his memories. Flagged and pockmarked

is the hem, elastic and forgiving
along the hips. If only his sleeves were

too, then he wouldn’t mind that I forgot
to lock the door before going to bed

or washed the truck and not the clothes
with detergent, or sent his son to the other

side because my head hurt that night. What can
I say? I am not responsible for his masculinity

that hangs with warmth between legs,
swinging like a queen bee in a hive of drones.
Spirited Festivities
by Danielle R. Jimenez

In downtown Laredo a pine tree stands. Alone. The bishop and mayor hold hands with other elected officials. Parade starts at the Plaza San Agustin. Low riders rise on the streets. Shrapnel pushes from a marching vet’s knee. The switch is flipped, lights are ripped, and everyone cheers as the homeless kicked to Bruni Plaza shiver. No Mexican hot chocolate for these men. For Christ’s birthday, the community lauds its reps for giving them a tree to light at night. The homeless pray for day.

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