

Cocopah Dream on a Summer Night

By Nile Coy

Fuck the bingo parlor,
plastic doobers and dirty ink.
Old Indian ladies snap their gum
and stare at my cute wrangler ass.
They delicately balance tall towers
of ash at the end of their cigarettes,
waiting like vultures
for their numbers to drop.
The long table is cluttered
with soggy nachos
and melty sodas.
All I need is a sixteen,
and I will be O.K.,
but the man calls a nine,
and a fat trailer trash bitch
screams “BLACKOUT!!”,
so I go home without any beer money,
and scrape my cousin’s pipe again.