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El Radio

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El Radio

I wake to his voice.

In a dream I was told
El Radio is God here
And I believe it.

Where jungle eats at foothills
and birds drop to flames at sunset,
El Radio rules a willing world.
In empty squares at midnight,
he backs young men
yearning for the knife fight.
He fills the village houses,
visiting his people,
promising them a life
they will never know.

He lightens women
and they dance for him
beside the river.

Men take him up volcanoes,
burn resin, search for
the hidden message of their days
lost in his voice,

in his improvident voice.