

The Decay of an Enchanted Island

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The derelicts crouch over
swaying in motion of buoys.
Dressed with pestering rat tails
That hang from their faux hawk scalps.
Bastard sons living a life
Of promiscuity. Druggie drug obsessions
And smack downs on
Corporate sluts.

Drowning off the whistling music of the coquis
Masked by tribal beats and redundant
Murmuring sounds of cheap decked out cars
Resonate in everyday night skies.

The derelicts are everywhere.
They wear pin-striped pants and corn-rows in do-rags faded from too
much wear.
But to speak of these poor men without representation is vile.
Yet representation marks
A mere look in a mirror.

Men are not living.
They lead lives with dead ends.

The derelicts have taken over.
There is no sign of respect
Amongst men. A shooting
Of a friend marked with
Blasts of rifles,
Battering bodies with holes
Of red darts.
A boy becomes a man.
A man becomes a morgue.
The men are wasted and left the poor to rot.

The derelicts are united.
They have taken over the home front.
Beware not to offend them,
A look in the mirror may
Have you becoming one of them.