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My Daughter La Chola Martina

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posse come back proud to flashing eyes of señoritas they say little lady lords
out west practitioners full of old commercial surf pop echo
or land out west don’t work for projection seas awesome trees
in the wind archive wants the voiceover the sun ghost Los Angeles a clean
way to hug the young ocean salt air ghosts the cool
expanses of the hour ahead we’d try not to show our eyes until they passed
bright colors these days of baby’s coming yeah speech act better than a day
searching eyes can interrupt at least she’s in it that’s the success
trees shake over brothers or sister trees shadow pools for bird traffic the record doesn’t say

Sheriff Barton’s posse was a white as cute eye shadow as a model plane
they seem to take to the quiet depth of so well dead cuz La Chola mishandled their guns
readily shroud the quiet record makes a pond truth and beauty kinsmen
go down nattering stir the pond moon little one our water