

## Heroes in Michoacan

Glowing warm embered red  
charcoal nestled in stone fireplace  
a low steady flame  
neither dancing nor dying  
reclined bright upon residues  
of pine, contented, smiling brightly

Faint glow casts trace light  
through open rails  
a Castillian bedchamber  
three steps above.

He, below, before the fire's glow  
which resurrects dreams past  
floating visions that enrich  
the flames embrace  
consuming  
time and place.

Ancient heroic ideals  
erupt in the constant glow.  
The flame, not subject  
to allusion, remains  
constant.

While he imagines alive  
Hidalgo, Morelos, Zapata  
Che Guevera  
Malcolm, Martin, Medgar Evers  
--historic heroes

Those dead to earth so young  
to have given so much  
life to life.  
What else might have been then  
for better for worse,  
but for death did they part us

Married to belief  
and necessity,  
like other undignified  
millions,  
seizing upon flames  
that too tried  
the souls of man.

Yet, que mas juicios,  
what trials, enfrenta las almas  
del los que no murieron  
de proposito,  
What sucubin trials  
the still aging faced  
a tale only Homer could tell.

And what gods dare?  
Who then speaks for these heroes?

Ni se venden, ni se rinden  
refusing like these embers  
to succumb to  
the indifference of universal laws,  
or to the illusion of the supernova's flare  
before the darkness can be realized.

The withering of age  
sometimes cruel with pain, disallusion  
and dissolution.

but...to be continued