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## Fresno Nights

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# *Fresno Nights*

*Esther Flores*

It was dark,  
I saw you but would usually ignore you.  
I knew how you felt,  
we had spoken before when had I told you we were just homies.  
Alcohol has a way of seeing others in new light,  
you said "You're into those radical activist types, right?"  
I kissed you but pretended I was somewhere else,  
people around us bumping oldies,  
looking more like the figures in lowrider magazines.  
People with hard faces,  
hard faces hardened by the streets,  
been through hell and back.  
Faces looking through the bars  
had once been placed in cages,  
treated like animals,  
angry eyes, empty eyes  
I had seen those faces on my primos.  
Kept thinking of the promises I made,  
to stay away from the streets.  
High as a kite,  
blank stare.

I fell back to reality,  
after it was over,  
I ignored your texts,  
it was easier to just become homies again  
I've never been one for commitment.