

Looking East from Heckethorn Road



JESSE SENSIBAR

I get up at early dawn to watch the few fleeting moments of monsoon clouds when their undersides turn pink and then orange in the rising sun. I look up and they are already gray tinged with edges of cracked white clear-coat like the beat-up Fender Stratocaster in the hands of a man sitting alone on a bar stool in the middle of a boot-worn wooden dance floor in that single level Texas roadhouse just West of the Brownsville line.