

EL DIRECTOR

He walks with quick short steps, in his wake the scent of expensive cologne.
Golden skin stretched across a hard jaw. Ebony eyes with lazy lowered lids have a
bored superior gaze. They are fixed on his goals alone.

He is the man who makes the deal, pays the favor that must be returned.

He rapes his mother Mexico with the vengeance of the conquistadors,
thrusting, ripping the fertile womb of his nation, forcing her to suck him with his bribes,
favours and drugs then stealing her richness to send to a foreign land, leaving her
wounded and bleeding, ignorant and desperate, he climbs into his Mercedes
and spits the end of his Cuban cigar in her dust.

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