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Bareass Barracudas

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Bareass Barracudas

Esperanza DeHoyos

Hot night air and cold beer.
Sitting on ice chests and catching up as
Loose lipped fathers begin to tell,
Tales of bicycle ransoms on
dorm room roofs.

Two stepping pairs spinning
but never touching.
Two Aggies, 30 years too late.

Long live H Hall.
With no A/C and very little windows,
Filled with dank clouds of egg soup
And Mary Jane that could knock out Relverie.
Possible-but-not names of godfathers fly by overhead.
Cheech, Davis, Marty, Diego.

A couple feet away Army men march,
One with no wild nights (that we know of).
Living on the same dirt,
Haunting the same halls.
"Aah, long love H Hall," we all knocked back a drink.

Dancing down the Hall of Fame,
Twirling to the whine of a steel guitar and the
Croon of the King of Country.
Dual lines in motion,



Untitled 2

Rachelle Rabay

Two stepping pairs
spinning but never touching.
Two Aggies, 30 years too late.
Could they have met?

A wild accountant, a military tech guru.
At Hall of Fame or the fabled H Hall,
Maybe at one of the parties my father
And the Bareass Barracudas yelled,
"10 dollars or we drop'em"?

Only God or whoever is up there will know.