

## **My Mexican Dual-Exhaust, 1961 by Mike Faran**

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I used to play in the dumpsters  
in back of my uncle's muffler shop.  
I actually played *inside* the  
mufflers -  
I breathed like a dragon through  
the gaping dark-orange holes &  
exhaled clouds of "fire"

My uncle loved to advertise so much  
that he had me walking around the  
block with a giant muffler over my  
head, a sign draped over my neck:  
*"Carlito's Exhaust & Custom  
Chrome"*

After work he made us tacos on a  
workshop grill & he let me drink beer  
mixed with Snappy Joe. He smoked  
marijuana

He drove me home on Monday mornings  
early, before my parents were awake & I  
played with a roped-up pit bull -  
or maybe he played with me

The first time I tried to hang myself  
was 1963,  
before Zolof &  
before the Beatles' "White  
Album". But this is a story for  
another time

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