

Mexican Cartel Chapel

By Nolan Manteufel | 17MAY2023

We grew up together, yet
Our childhoods are almost entirely forgotten.

The stories can still be told, but
The tellers are silent or gone.

It is peculiar how stone, wood, and metal can be
Arranged and located in ways and places that
Convey so much meaning.

I know those innocent boys still exist,
Even if only in the memories of their mothers and sisters.

It is the destroyed lives of victims, and
Their stories in our minds,
That create the divide within us.

At the Mexican Cartel Chapel
We measure the distance from here to there.