

mary of oceans

tree lined
target
left

in a flattened field
of wrecks.

cutting through
a waterfront

to give,
the ice
passes

clicks –

a cell
pleads

for soil
of florid
coffins

open out
the trapped

lip lined
trellises,

a monster
that a lie
moves through,

in social
crevices

quiet
in the rain,

a place
to grieve
for palms,

a burst
of salt

a self
of negative
intent

ways
to find
a song

an i –
duration

the others
fall, like
days
in parts
of noon
eclipses

toward
a blank.

surrender
to the home
that moons
resemble

in a faded
view
that peels
the lack
of skin

an eye
that starts

a mouth
that heals

a body
tent
that rivers
send

a marker
that is true
like softened
pores
of traveling

the sun beside
another shore

its lineage
a double
seed

a circle
more
than things

it's not the bullet
that a float
will find alone

it's the hole,
the possible

anyone
that sees

in false
revolving faces

that a promise
calls another,

a prop
that reads its
suicide
with countless drops

a planet
that the sold
will give

to see the shapes
that make a toy
out of the tears
that wet
an end, that i
cut over
to receive, in this

that places all
the planets
on the phone,
that makes the tunnel
like incisions,

in the surfaces
that place
a mind without
a road to give

the pleasing
dust
that makes
a road
remember

what horizons
are what others
place, in terminals
a solid
wall
of death, in

the place that makes
another way
connect outside
a cycle
full of muses

• •

i am proof
that America
will die

random lake

in the winter a winter song, the dead remove, they see, the execution
of the middle, the pouring through of abandoned shelters
and a past is planted to seek out an opening, an end
a city dissolves in, an accident removed from the appearance of white space,
all gifts, all the falling and false tremors
a heart in its stretchy sail, the threat snowballs, growing speed
outside, in the morning's
neck, its outer planet, a room
with people soaked in gas, remain, return, and catch the dark
beads, the injured, stiff with poses, will intend, for warmth.

una fijeza de palmas

the easter bonnet, the alley in its soap and foils, an enormous
tentacle and flower hid face weeps, along
a flood of small greetings, a crab coldness feeds into for foam
and mystifying waves, as hives, as billboards on a hill,
beloved
wheels. the open source
runs a cavity with extra rocks and ports,
the ashes and the horse alone with steel, intends
a bucket for the color, a number for the song, a square
for integers and calming wars, they know the sentence of the salt in ending
waves, as fallow
on the track and picture cut for arrows, as a time in sheets
to hang the fields
in ancient cups of farmer framing lies (the cold).

cuando veo por la luz

everyday, two days, one lost to the stationary ambulances, in a sentence
the animals can see
for sale, for the aim that settles packets, forgotten,
a single blade of grass vacated, always, in the oceans
meaning moves to end
the reddened signals like a searing highway
under each return, missing roots a wind makes dry
fields, delivery
of the picture filled with a single eye.

once, in once, there is once together by noon
on the green tablet, the sled
scores, and every sun, the heat of an aisle, twisted for a word,
stays, stalls, and increases the empty tub
a gather of air, the blood, the pools filled with city ice
and a question, the look wood remains, to press
the fields floating on fire
and lesser known intentions, to separate with warnings.

a network begins and ends with ownership, the switching state
of countries, an ancient wall
the sand weaves into, for a storm, in a canary's song
a pearl grows with death

for an ocean in flames, protections
and race hatred, a hat makes
for a peaceful sun
burns. letters fade into the wall, and the basement
hears her willows, and the night
bleed, a child, fading, in the ash,
breathes a holy fuel.

you burn well on the altar made of shells, and on the roof
a promise, the anchorage
and handshakes
poured for memories of love, it's only time,
and the opposite
of time. cake
for the rabid mark and metal
cause, the wind, the open face
a friend knots up for entrances, a lineage
for actions, snow fills the quake
with Easter, tortured smiles
and bulging skin that memory records, slowly, from afar.

see, the enormous egg, rolls, ever for the noonday pause
and a slow shine,
falsettos born along the shorelines a needle
skewers, a shell, the light
a castle fading
microscopic aims arranged for espionage
in murders
for the indices, a room filled to the top with boxes and equations,
a song overflows with the invisible
wounds, and endless visits
the pasture
ready, for the slash and burn
comes for night is still

déjame sin gente

my father
was a snake

my mother
was a cockroach

i love them both
as the darkness

loves each side
of the night sky

*mis canciones
son las islas
en los ojos
de los muertos*

when i see the side
of the word

on your side, the side
speaking, the side
warm, the day equates
with feathers
and a new tropical
extinction, by the place
full of birds
the opening, the related
star
does not end, does not speak, does not ask
what the ashes do in the fire
by the shore, the midnight hurt
that a bed
in its spirals, the floor still
in the dark, the answer
puts out
by secretive connections,
is here, is the sound
a mother makes
when she is the end
of all words,
and has long ago passed
the dog

good company
for a face
in a whine
of attacks

how does one force
the mountain,
the trees,
the hatred
born
that runs aground,
into the everyday,
the link by link
makes ready
for a cell, how does the ache
white walls excite
make the call
answers, the request
for living
that a paper plane
bombs
outside the cavities
that fill with seasons
end?

binarius

an iceberg in a vent surrounds the spine
with ankles down the hills, a fall
with roots in the between, peels the skeletal
intention of a face

a shout floods quicksand in the winter
a memory of lexical revisions, snow on top of floating
torsos. a feed quickens letters in the wrong
relinquishing, an answer –

the peace of angry visitors connecting to the moon
with frozen tongues make choirs
shout out the anthems in the stars that others hang
for still absorptions, and the skies

the fashion of a smile, filled with coal and shining
nights, a queue aligns the sores and horses
meant to drive away the visitors and code. gone
to finish each of the projected souls, come

what picks the drawings and a fever on the floor
and what the promise holds for other shelters
in a pond. a staple for the marsh that gives
a season in a cloud

its nemesis, like early morning light in the correction
filled with nectar and a blue wheel turning
for the animus the cold makes steady, and a fire
built up in second comings, views –

an opening, round and filled with watchers
in the ocean, in the underside the sand records
beside a snowbound head, on horses and in breathing
still ascensions cycle through the seasons

stops and plays, and magnifies until the cell that empties
gives a visor in a landscape, a blinding hole
lacks answers, in the sparks that settle
fear and burrows in the sand and walks

by planes together with a track and races in a time
unknown, marked by speaking
in a river, in a town, in rain and light that cuts
the hands and far relations float the heart

to a remission, and a war, and hatred making hard
the pools the relatives make red with blood
in summers gone outside the flights, and here
with the allotments a bureaucrat will toggle

in the tension filled with ointments, and a stitch
it hangs the city by the nails, a storm plants fish
for spring in the encroachment floating in a sea of gold

in a dissolving sun, to trade oneself

for solitude and gripping red reminders, in a limb
it feels the need for ghosts, and catches tacks
on hidden photos in the dark, in a relinquishing
inside a fuzzy cloud it loves the noonday sun

and hates the detour that a standing line decides will wait
for gravity and single issue shooters in an arcade
filled with plastic windmills under baskets, and a mute
inside the alien that drops a home into the pools of oil

to grow the blackest door to end the everyday,
arriving with a laughing continental Africa, laments
a toilet stopped with songs, a timely score
messages in each of the arriving temples mark

as holidays and keeping deadly animals, a warning
light pretends, and light discovers, and light
outside the word, inside the hideout
bails of straw keep tongues divided

solved and opened, with rituals and counted fields
beside a head that lost a self, and tunnels in
the story oceans soften, heating the connection
relations view outside volcanic solitude

and the repression that canoes resend in a dissolving rite
makes open each of the Sierras, in a bird
that swims below the light of seeing, a numbness
under vigor in productive calibrations

for a hug. give robotic action for compassion, give the star
an infinite depression that a conversation goes around
in any flower, by the ground that's filled with oil
and seething with good wishes

in a frame it hurts the hand and doesn't know the question,
in alleys for the privacy of functions loose with global
colors in a passing and a bruise, the feelings horses know. a life
is killed to make a shower out of chatter

and carve a predator for absence, in the healing end it settles
captions in a face, and radio announcements
a whale implodes to see. it gives again the picture
filled with static making skin increase the float

and holding out the crowd in its most hated wound that's full
of promises and detours on the way to feel the truth
that never was. graves and candy for the stunted country
gone to fill the sky with perfect poison

here with smiles and number crunching stools. the backdrop
that a crying jag returns for others, for the sea it settles
suns to warm an island, and believes the enemies control
the leisure puddles see in rainbow colors

filling glass. a park, in its sporadic designation, moves with seasons
cities hold for anguish and a vision, making the arrival
of a crowd more like the infant in its helpless curl, a seeing
filled with swollen space

and tender digits, calmly call the others in the ash, the door
that settles visits, openings and dust piles for a love
increasing the amount of volume in a single ring, to hear
a beauty gone to die

arriving, filled with dread and anxious repetition, holding weapons
oiled and loaded, light and strong for killing in the plains
pronounced inside. there is a weaker droning, gone delivery and ice
is stored in empty homes that fade

seen like death it harbors its own limbs and ears
and organs in an echo, in a feeding frenzy
sharks in their exaggerated kindnesses, the slick
regressions tender missiles give

to windows like the light, the pound of meat that stands
to offer gifts in a dismembered warmth, like open secrets
made to power down the boredom, in a woodland
caravan that blackens

shiny ghosts. to be the lesions, all the colors flags undo
and make an integral the power, for announcements
filled with sand and powdered faces in a puppet cell that gives
the meaning of a worm

outside the river city that nostalgia placates and a door
deters to make a welcome of hallucination, salted and undone,
belong in the arrangements younger truth dissolves
and buries in the sky

that harvested the only sentiment, the one intrusion
in the morning nodding out reveals, contusions
filled with earth, inside the web that holds you
to the single stone inside a star

because the story glowing faces roam, settling the wall
in cold at night, the sobbing folded in your skull
and made to last the only call the plastic makes, to settle
for a bus, is here