

The Suffocation  
Of Atlantis  
By Means  
Of Drowning

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes  
(Autumn 2015)

## **Eye Of The Nightmare**

In the thick  
Of it, it was ugly. Every-  
Where. The cattle call for the slaughtered rang every

Dawn. The new world  
Order arrived as scheduled, crushing  
Its rearrangement under the tooth-treaded  
Bulldozers. The song became a droning

Sound, drowned sounds, the sounds of the silent  
Wailing of drowning. It was like that  
Today & everywhere.  
But no one noticed yet.

Wake. Don't Wake. There's nowhere left

To wake to. Look, at this point, the ice

Isn't going to unmelt now. The methane

Won't unexplode from the earth. The tiles

That muddied & crusted & fell after

The floods are museum quality. We wreak a pristine

Destruction. We build just to watch

It rot. We hate

Our decay enough for everything

To be replicated in its disassembly. Our fury

At the fading engulfed

## **The Rise Of Antibiotic-Resistant Consumption**

Us piece by piece. Wake.

Don't wake. You are still

Being eaten.

Of course **The Last Arc**  
The children die. In droves. End over end  
Tumbling down the abyss. We can't be more  
Specific because they die in so many ways once  
The scaffolding begins creaking its little whispering  
Creaks of terror before the roar  
Of all those careening assemblages abandoning  
Their architecture in one halting  
Crush of metals & planks & intentions of premise. You  
Couldn't make one now where they wouldn't  
Die. That's the whole point of the one  
They were making. A catapult  
Is a catapult.

The other one  
Still pretends to hope. But this  
One knows the hope  
Died like a configuration  
Of the future in some subcircuit  
That buzzed just the right way for a moment then suddenly

Fell pale. You  
Understand, you  
Must, we were so  
Close. This one can't  
Lie. The truth  
Was the whole point  
Of him. But the feast of confabulations  
Was almost too voluptuous for you

### **The Messenger**

To shed. He talked  
To them because he was afraid  
To speak to you; he feared the terror  
In your eyes. But the time  
Is here to see it. Flesh cum cinder. All  
Means of accidental disembowelment. Innocent

Limbs cashed for the pleasure  
Of rage. Oceans of the fecal and the way  
Things shudder when they starve.

Try to understand why  
You do not matter. The circle  
Never arrives. There's some  
Place you imagined  
In the woods, only you

Know. It's hard to reconcile  
This with the world.  
The world dies  
And is fabricated  
Every day. If you could go

Into the woods,  
It wouldn't be there anymore. That  
Is you. The world is falling  
To pieces, return  
To it & hold something.

### **When This Is The Life You Are Inside**

## Shame

They calculated

The fallacy. Small and hungry

And petty. They called themselves

All the words like investment

Banker & patriot. We can say it, what they were: the appetite

Of the besotted, the lingering

Malignancy on desires for raping. They hide

All the time anyway, like red

Doesn't bleed, so fuck if we'll pretend

Too. It was the worst

Of us that fooled

The species into managing the doom like widgets. Worship fell

From you like it was excreted

For further excretion. No one made the food into anything

That could be nourished. We just fed. The whole

Stupid damned lot of us.

## What It Means To Lose Your Faith In Water

And in those places where the rain vanished to other  
Places, the dying is indiscriminant. All things  
Fail there. The water will murder us  
Myriad, denying, inundating, absconding. And  
Poison, our cells cannot combat the water's  
Wrath. But *dehydration* is worst, translated  
From its primordial root: to become separated  
From all things that are alive. The droughts stopped being  
Called droughts, although it was pronounced  
The same, but translated into its imminent branch: those places where  
The rain vanishes to other places, a fire  
That was home, rocks that were  
Creeks, a pestilence of absence, the fantastical  
Notion that this was once  
Something else glorious and earth  
Was sublime. There were rivers  
In California that made sounds you can never hear.



Although the deaths  
Are statistically cumulative  
The dying happens  
On an individual  
Basis always. The struggle  
To live before  
Succumbing is also  
A salient factor, but harder  
To quantify. Dead people  
Can be counted. Counting  
Passes the time. Ergo, dying  
Measures time if we can  
Account for likely frequency  
Within specific populations.

We're trying  
To get a handle on how bad  
We should think of now  
Compared to the future. The fact  
That you are reading  
This is a good sign for you, that  
You haven't been  
Taken out. But now  
That there's proof  
Of your existence,  
You're a target too. And see  
How easy it is—to make it all  
About you? We were  
Talking about the fate  
Of humanity. We are  
A sum & you  
Are a frivolity. But the math  
Never adds. Each of us  
Can only suffer leaving  
This life once.

### **Algorithms Require More Data When Calculating Extinction**

## The Last Human Thought

Although it doesn't fall within the scope of our capacity to travel  
Beyond the sound of time, it is nonetheless useful to consider: there will be  
A last human. Do not look away now: all things end. And before  
An end, there is one of them, which is required for us to arrive  
Backward at zero sum. Some. One. None. We found the math  
Of the universe in our words and they told us everything  
That must follow this path through the remainders.  
What will it think? What will it know? Maybe it will believe  
There is another one someplace else that it cannot  
Imagine. Maybe it will have forgotten that other places  
Have ever been roamed. Maybe it will declare itself  
For you, not specifically, but the *idea* that there were  
Others and there was a time when they flourished. Maybe after  
It dies, it will at least rot & be eaten by something  
That continues. Maybe it will drift in the cold  
Air of space, frozen to bits & lolling about the universe in pieces until  
Infinity collapses on itself for the last time. One of anything  
Will happen. And ideas  
Of us will be  
A relic, a fountain  
Imagined in the mind  
Of no one. Remember,  
Dear reader, our apocalypse  
Still awaits us, seething,  
Corrupted and merciless.

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