

Forms

by R. Salvador Reyes

Selected Memoriography

Dark sliding glass door, bright inside, balcony stories up, lights from the windows on a building across the way—yellow stars on their side in the small world. *Inside of without the thought of an end.* Forest Park, IL: Living room, Two years old.¹

Thin cotton pajama shorts, and short sleeves and snaps, late of the summer night on the couch kneeling backwards, face against the screen metallic taste in my nose, soft blackness out among the blind pines, crickets. *Boundless or stillness.* Woodstock, IL: Family room, Seven years old.

¹Publishers information or imprint may be false or imagined. The painting from the parents' bedroom (Woodstock, IL: Four years old) has also found you there.

A whole city in my mind. On fire
With the lights of the future—the embers
And red of when glass canyons will bring in all the orange light of the glimmering
World. I lived there for what time we live when everything will come to be
In our days, our days on the high ledges looking over it made me lose my breath to think
Of returning there, placeless.

Partial Index Of The History Of The Moon

animals, the first time, marking, stabbing, *interbody broadcast*

arrivals of memory, *craters*

earth is near, its oceans intimate, the tides rising past mountains trying to escape to us, *all the knowledge of tides & a mirror on the moon reflecting distance*

You were here for all of it, part of you, everything
That makes you was witness. What is it about you that doesn't
Remember? Was there not enough beautiful? Weren't the tides
At such size of impossible consequence? And the animals
Feckless? What is it—that you rely on such puny recalcitrations?

Confluence If Your Life Were Rivers

A Thing In This Place **X**

Y Yesterday

Y Possible

Deciduous Autumn **X**

Z

Happening; Vessel

Y - LIFE OF IMAGINATION OR MEMORY

X - LIFE OF METAPHOR

Z - LIFE OF BODY

A beautiful momentum has washed you
Into this. It arrived at you—waiting long
Enough in nothing to be caught where
This was going. If it weren't only still on
Its way, thrashing into that next part, where the story
Goes, where it loses you, where you are
The wake leaving forms in the suggestion of what has passed, the way all forms
Diminish, not meaning the same thing later, never giving
Full account of what it was
To be along the way.

There is no telling what
You are. We're not given
Enough. Chase it from the windows where you
Keep all the words. Out there
Is where it should wander, the truth
Will make you dumb.

Mindful Star-Crossed Here

The Insect Makes Itself A Leaf, over time
In those places in the world where it can hide.
This is a dispatch from
Another
Universe where
Nothing visible
Matters.

And here it is lovely, all angles of green
Basins and veined, crepuscular
Ridges that deny
Our sight for what
Is there. A foundling of the vision
Into our beginning
As nothing
As
Calculations
Of the randomness
And inevitable.

**Time In Those Places
In The World Where
It Can Hide**

It is a kind
Of blinding, these
Paper-edged fronds wide
Of wing and
Thorax, narrow-leafed
Limbs that descend
And taper into
Delicate,
Verdurous, deceitful
Twigs.

Do you see
What it's saying—how it
Wounds its believer?

We heard sirens, saw
The corpses. An ambulance, a pick-up
Loaded with a back-hoe.

On the other side

Of the island

*He joined me, the foreigner, in the fresh water. I had been
Gone for days already. Neither of us knew*

*Their words for it, but there
Was talking, right until the end. And someone wishing*

Called out our name

And heard nothing back.

~

*He was more beautiful than I could have ever been. Even the way they found him, like a dark greyed white scarf
Wrapped around that salted flesh exposed, inviting heaviness of water, all the
Ballast he ever wanted for all the dark places too dark to ever go.*

Island Dying

Night island brought it out in the day, the lunar, the water

Swallowing & sloughing

Off the dead—human sunken
In bay reeds like drown dolphin & dolphin
Spewn on shore

Sand like suffocated human.

In one place near the surface
They were exactly the same. Intransigent. He said,
There is the moon now, now
It's fully visible.

It is all this rage against the nothingness. The empty
Hopes of here, catastrophe chasing anything
Away from the vanish. Holiness is blasphemy, and marauding and ends
Up as limbs.

You can always take apart the parts and get nothing. Subtraction is exactly. Some of the limbs
Get carried, packed
On ice, driven, arrived, and thrown away. You can't give it back—there's some mistake
In understanding this, but Humpty Dumpty is horror, and we kept
Saying it, over and over.

Some of them are
Chopped off. The limbs. They must feel
Strange on their own, without
The weight of a body, needing
Someone to hold it, all the suffering left behind, excruciating somewhere else, but to it,

There is no way of knowing what it thinks of itself now.

They are, of course, cutting
Off heads. Old standard for the species. It's all done by proxy. Jesus tried
To point this out. He would've said *genetics*, but didn't have the word for it. It's the real message: the head is not
A limb. Nothing
Can be removed from itself.

Baghdad

Nothing Could Get Out From The Night

In the woods they were no one but the woods. They were
Sticks in the wrinkle of water. They were always
Young, because the woods are only in that place
Where they were. The gargantuan
Trees were always ancient, the stars
Permanent, and night held
Everything in place, a darkness
Meant for everyone, the substance between all things
That is everywhere.

They were in the woods with each other. They brought
Coffee and food and a place to sleep in the night. And they left behind
Almost nothing, cleared space in the dirt, made fires, walked, the days
Each had their shape. But where were they in all
Of this? Hunt for them—if the woods are frozen, look for movement. They are
All evidence of themselves. Invisible, except in their presence.

It's what we come around to, in the end, not being
Alone. They went into the woods together. It was nothing, all of it, none of it
Mattered. Not the gnashing creeks swelled with spring, not the meadows and snow, not
An inch of unwitnessed green. He held her. She bathed in the river. It was meaningless.
All of these places and the two things that were.

They were in the woods together. Because it was there that you would see them. Against the still, giant, skyward
Fir he wrapped his arms and she photographed him. The moon moved through sky
Above them along the edges of night. There was all this silence in their place on the earth. They spoke in it.

In August Of The 21st Century Already, This Late In The History Of Man

Being a sphere
Was not enough. Pluto
Has been sent into the debris. Are you
Out there? Those who never believed in it; those
In the world of one less apparition at night? Do you know
What it was we saw out there?

It is not enough to orbit
The sun. We wish to be more
Than arbitrary, although nothing
Is so everything is. It is not enough
To be a circle. The facts speak for
Themselves. Their conversation needs
No listener.

Pluto came to us as a far off vision, which is what we were
Looking for. A place on the edge of everything
We know. To believe all that out there
Kept going on.

In reality, nothing has changed. We can still see Pluto in the night even though it is not true. It remains
Adrift, now proof of nothing, so grand has the universe grown since we first met. Our edges

Go beyond. In its last days, Pluto was the comfort of home, the nearest far away thing we ever knew.

It is our destiny in the 21st century to be tortured by the scope
Of places we will never be. Pluto is merely the sound
Of another unreachable lost, the same abyss
You came from, an old emptiness
Revealed and impaled.

One addendum
from the 20th
century. You
should know what
it was like before
the end of time.
History was still
a calculation we
were adding up.
Someone always
talked about the
future. We
preferred it not
be infinite,
resources being
what they were.
Can you imagine
what it was like
when they told us:
the universe will
go on in its
emptiness for-
ever. You are used
to it there now,
I'm sure, but there
was a time when
we did not even
know that the
world had ended.

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