

Casting Ghosts

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes
(Summer 2014)

We began

At the end, at its arrival. And the last glass

That would break, already

Unpacked, waiting. Everything

So fragile

Already, in the air

That was so

Then

Soon gone.

Stout At Midnight

This is what

I isn't. Not now

Any more. Not left

But in what's gone. I was

Tired almost even of the
Crickets & frogs in the close-lit

Night until those sounds

Saved me, gave way

Somewhere for frothy

Disappearing. I've said this

Before, but there is no

Remembering

What you were.

It was *nineteen-seventy-something*, the later part with

The melted time—supposedly

Terrible, but really the best. For
Example, it was 1978. Can you feel

It? That supple

Future? Once doom
Abided. Once. Once. They'll say

That so much, but have no

Idea what they are

Saying.

Utopia

They all fell
Far and small. It has happened

That the stars have

Disappeared, just not

Yet. Some things will

Never not be: the death

Of all things, the fleeing

Of all other

Sun-like bodies from our own

Into the furthest & unseeable

Reaches

Of space. Where no one knew

The night had stars,

The lightlessness

Remains unseen.

Are we
Enough?

All The Truth Happens Someday

These strands knew
Me. These synapses have
Decided the father and
The son. They buzz now, loosing
Their catapult—their electric
Frame snap-crackling
Sped light into the void. Where
All absence defies
Presence & fails. Only

You hear this

And how it tells you

What

You are.

The Thing

The Way This Darkness Arrives On Us

Shadows cannot be piled. Light
May be thieved only
Once for transformation; we need
Just a single thing
Between us. And orbits, and a core
That spins. Translucence

Can vary—like intent or timidity, it's how these objects all found
Their way into

The path of the sun. That there was nothing
Between them once. Its furnace

Thundered, planets

Away, and warmed

Their flesh. This is where

The light went—how all
Evidence of presence is cast
Onto the earth.

The world came hard into
The 21st century. All that
Deep bass thumping its cock
In the dark & neon. All the skulls
Peeled & leaking
From the feast. It was time
For everything to be
Eaten. The bodies congealed
Into mounds. It was
A matter
Of consumption & detritus.
Some of the things clothed
Themselves & kept
Diaries, pretending. But our machine has
Begun. Even now it growls
Back, rearing & famished, awake. *It is not
What we meant. That is not what
We meant.* All apparatus
Are built for harvest. **When It Found Us**

The Destiny of Vertebrates

Some of them tried
To explain that it was all
Madness. But voices
Are only the smallest
Sounds; they are a bird
In the machine that eats them
Too, and the branches
Of their nests & the spotted
Eggs, pieces
Crushed & rendered
For the solvents
Of mastication—gristle

And syllable shorn

And devoured. *They're here
To feed. They're here to feed. They're here
To feed.* It was

The mandible. That was the first

Part for building.

When you look In it, you'll see it For a moment. Inside of inside A box like a hole With a window for eclipses. It doesn't stay. But it's beautiful.

Glimpse

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