

Nightmares Of The Falling Dead

Poems

by R. Salvador Reyes

Nightmares Of The Falling Dead

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Triptych

The Coal Sea

It didn't just happen yesterday anymore. In its rapture, everything
Was thought nothing of. And between them is the unmeasured distance. The when. Which now
Is just molecular objects in stasis, born only by synapse flare—like a real one, bursting
White trailing tracers in the night, spectacular melancholy shining over coal sea, the tensile
Surface rippling mosaic dark angles pitched between paling brief glitter. Everything can be
Lit for a moment, fundamental to sadness.

~

It was in your coffee, the coal sea, burnt into the blackness, but you lift your
Head from it and everything in the world is the same. The mountain has been like nothing else
This summer, certain and alive in its shape against the azure sky. I come into its
View differently now, having been changed by it without knowing. They will ask for
A better explanation, but only you are far away from them, in no place for voices.

~

Have our locations worn themselves away from us? They must have. They are,
After all, destinations—the only thing that makes them true. And so the sea was the color of coal, even
When it was not. That these places are born in us makes no difference.

When you arrive, the only thing in the salty air is permanence.

The Consumption

It was always about fruit. Those plums. Our green apple, oranges. Seeing the world through
The objects we inhabit. Later begins the consumption. And the quantum promises: we will
Change the thing we see, merely through the looking. Don't try to believe it; it will still
Remain true. I sliced the orange and rotted it, both. The apple stayed half unpeeled

And bore the other half naked above the sink.

~

We never ate the bananas—they always went dark and into the bread. We used the
Toaster oven like a shelf, resting mugs and letting fruit linger. It's the life of a small kitchen—that
Everything happens together inside it. You might be told about something left behind and when
You look for it, you will begin there. You're certain, but it's too late
Anyway for finding. Always went dark and into the bread.

~

Strawberry tastes of what you wish could remain, but does not. This will be
Told to you, but you will forget. Even now, each tiny seed succumbs to becoming
Unseen.
Each sweetness finds its way into the air.

Night Island

We are in the haze of stars, he'd said. Meaning actual/physical, more than anything, to say: *we are Only part of it.* Oceanside, craning the dark for misty glint-specked Milky Way dragged across
A penetrated, fathomless sky—our own tentacle self uninterrupted into oblivion,
Beyond. No journey for the faint, but momentum will take

All things to their end.

~

I said the air was dead still in the night. Not moving an inch. And nothing could keep
Us there. We'd left this place so many times before. Ruins need not be visible. That the stillness
Of the deep night is a calculation of infinity, for its presence is manifest, for it requires
Nothing. When later the ponies began to lose themselves in the sanctuary of the dark island—gallop
And whinny, hoofing scattershot and stampeding under the barely-hued blackness—you knew
They felt it.
The way the night air must be broken out of.

~

You didn't think it meant anything, the last time, when we were the only ones left.
That no one will understand what I mean when I say that. On the shore—the lightning was orchestral, bruised
Florescence charging night sky. Clouds in nebula; ocean of electric conduction. Visions
To become perpetual. That the echo follows where the voice ends. You don't remember what
You said and the stormed, burst-open sky can be seen when you close your eyes.

The Deep Blue

She is on the other side. Unfindable, like I would have to breathe underwater. It is not what we think. Like in *The Abyss*, where they drown for each other to prove. Of these things we will do to survive, the most dangerous—descent, breath.

~

Far down the water. That way in the deep blue—like the dream of the ocean to become your life. Somewhere, the unquenchable. She is below you. A place you remember now, hollowed into earth, filled by ocean, vast in present tense; no telling where.

~

There is no world here but water in the bottomless sea. It came to you one night: uncanny, she is the one place where from inside water hides nothing, naked

In a way we are not possible—helix, gravity.

Entropy

Light dissolves trees, autumn into the leavened
Reds and evening. Everything is walked into softly, nothing
Here will hold it. That you will believe you know this again—season, almost
Perpetual. All sirens demand faith. Even
Innocence will not bind you away from them.

~

In the panic you said it will all burn
Out—black to black to black to
Nothing to know this again. Time is pure entropy. We are without
Context, subversion and dissonance, like what we are: a protrusion
Of being into the fabric—
Mere
Emergence, remnants.

~

What we will find waiting when the day ends. It is on
The mind. That she is afraid to say my name, that there is in everything
An admission. A reason to tell you—go
Home—if it wasn't burdened with so much
Proof. You do not want to know this again. It will haunt

And stray into everything.

Presence

When the end of time has come, what should we have said about this? That we are a ghost
Ship—haunted by blank helm and souls fuel. It is that we think it forward/propels/or we are
In tow. Nothing for
Ballast,
The only wish.

~

It is that you feel it. Nothing else. Living with the end of time is madness/entered
Universe/colors what you see in presence. Grab here. Even stale words scream it, realizing—once,
These were not until just now.

~

Of this magnificence molten/stone/wet/green every ever. Conglomerate super-hot cosmic
Amassed—undulating unseen distance into contemplating itself. Unlikely as any fact, as
Inevitable. You would want to wait; for the end of time to come, so you could see/watch for it all to be
Returned, to witness the light escape—like Hawking says, now certain: it will be

Transformed in darkness, but survive, *unrecognizable*.

She Will Tolerate The Doom Of It

When I say this thing, this body is growing diffuse at its borders, then think it's the kind of use-
Less pretend not worth telling and realize the uncomfot, the undoing self is worse than that—not
Even a thing to be diffused—just a notion, my own, and infinitely dire. All the circles come back here
These days like I want to be able to write it—manifest!—on the chalkboard: TO MAKE
SOMETHING OF IT / teachable, benign, of

All the unfireables in the kiln.

~

To believe your self is worse, should be the condition you fear first, will always afflict
Everything to come after it. For her, you'll *nightingale*—if she will tolerate the doom of it. It's
Why. I'll wait for her now like we are the characters and can be watched knowing that
Often these are told for the wonderful of it, and even in the sad you can use the same words,
Because there's an irony in it or just that beauty that gathers on the sadness. I don't know if we're
Any of that or not. But I can feel the watching, the page turning. And I will love her for it. The terror
In the simplicity: that one of us will leave here from the other first. One of us will be alone.

~

On the mornings, you will want to hear about the ones when we slept in. And I've spent too long here
Now and it is all falling apart. But I'm not talking about that. I'm saying that I've spent too long
Here. Because I won't stop escaping into it, knowing which self is worse for surviving. And neither is.
So you are in there now, where the sounds of the grass
Are being made, and the sky is from when you are
Young—
All blue of it.

Night Island

It smells like summer another time now. What does that mean to you? That you'll want
All the girls again. That there was never enough of anything. Like evening on night
Island. Clouds disappearing from themselves at the edges, wisps in the drift of
Galaxies, evidence of what's left changing the light. How we are all,
For a series of moments, bathed in it, emulsified—their small figures along shore, horizon
Weighing tall grass in northward arc, incandescence brushing green
Under breeze, transforming what will remain unchanged. It is
The hour of the world that you will remember. When they take you
There, you will say it:
I was
In the air that was.

~

The night began late, it is the hour of its exact beginning. Like the DNA and
The genes that switch on and off—there is a time that all things cede themselves
To the existence, discover the aperture, all learn our place from the darkness. All things
Are all things, he said. But we are only what's *expressed*. So what became
Of the night and its time? You wander in, tearing fabric of the universe.

~

The wind is a body kneading night into the tent, the last of its life, and it
Rains. Harmless shallow waters in descent and only one more afterimage, burnt
Shadows with lightning backed flash, how thunder stamped everything into
The deep sand ground. There is something here. It keeps in a circle. It wanders in what you
Hear in the rain outside. And when it's left—the air gone cool like more
Nights in your memory, dark of the ocean near and its sounds: water folding
Into echoes against the drinking sand, wind unresisting over dunes. She asks

You if it is the hour you miss or the time itself. Can you see her doing that?

Where Else

That's where it's been hiding. In the back of that café, now gone—the one on
The Avenue, the one with the patio outside all the way at the end and the bees in the spring
And those tablecloths from some other time. There was nowhere else you would
Ever want on Sunday morning—they baked everything and the cinnamon rolls
Could be gone by ten. We divided the paper into those stacks we'd made, those slices
That stake our space in the morning of ideas. And the ordering, I almost didn't
Remember: Florentine with avocado on a croissant. Bacon. Sometimes she liked
The tofu scramble. We were in California now. You go all that way to be
Somewhere. All that forgetting to be done.

~

When you walk in, they are already eating peaches in the dark. Like waltzing star
Corpses they dance in the window light of the lightless kitchen. Midnight
In June. Have you been through that hour? This one hides until. In it here
There are peaches and they will do to give the summer away, like fresh
Produce commercials on those broadcast networks in those days of antennas.
In Chicago, heat was the feast and you were easy to die for it under the sun. And the after
Hours in the hot—go off into the farms for it now, deep into that Midwest and its
Hovering low over all the night. You couldn't give anything for it. Nothing in the world
Could take us there if we wanted. The trains don't sound like that anywhere
Else. You
Can't
Get them out of your head.

~

The deer are coming out of the woods. You did not think they could last
This long, moving from the shadows of all your driveways in all the years. Sanity
Says they cannot be the same ones. But everywhere else you've walked by now.
They are the same deer coming out of the woods. How they will not move for you. How they
Will always mention the manifestations you do not believe—the one where your old,
Gone and beautiful dog tracks the deer's blood in the snow in front of your parents' home. The way
She walks there now alone in that familiar dark all through that late hour. Her
Nose to the freezing earth, growing colder the way the dead always do. You will not spend one night
Watching her haunt your abandoned woods.

The dead are coming out of the woods.

Forms

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.

Fables Of The Beauty

The history won't stop now. It's long into itself and so deep the music's already
Down. Kurt doesn't sound so dangerous anymore, even nostalgia thrashes its head, making you
Better in the moment like it wasn't supposed to. She was never more ready than I understood to be
Fucked and wanted everything I was afraid of and couldn't when she played dancer-to-be-famous and talked
About Nirvana before I'd ever heard.

Her profile through the doorframe is a place that doesn't exist

They hunt dolphins bloody in the water

All the women I want to eat. But the flocks are disappearing from the skies. And we want ends
To the war, but the frogs have been dead everywhere, speckled skin ballooning thin and thrumping guts, and yes the tatters
Hung like strips of wallpaper, or dolphins, but kept in the boat, thick, dead, for me; I'll wear
The tatters on her like a floozy skirt I want
My hands under. It's not even for anything that would stay, so you press
All the flesh you can—the inside comes out or finds its way to shreds or buzzes through air to look at, the hook tears unrepaired,
Makes want flesh of all of it.

Following the tread here

Warning came today. It's too beautiful for you to know. The forest came up

In the yard while the last birds cackled. It grew around

Us in the future

Of all those places left to rot. We left

Bruises in those places

Like a strand of genes containing every instruction for the end. There were helixes between

Us, every failure made to be loved. Stitches

Meant to waste what was infinite on its own come to close

The wounds you would fall out of. The woods that wind

Us up their spires by succubus in our last usefulness.

And this boy died by skulled metal, piling impaling holy war's dead fucking dead our fresh century of new strung skin.
The monster's been out again, thrashing itself to the mechanism cataclysm for that place he went in the mornings of the expecting
What might find him in the mechanism.
The monster torn into us butterflies how she wept ways we seek a world to someday be buried by ocean of our place at last
In the water was everything.
It's a gullet of what won't have us in the roaming threshing necessary harvested antipathy.
Monster is monster.
Gapes load with a turbine scintering thing you are of thing you are cleaved from die the dead.

O President, your grave is too late for him

Vapor oceanside off the edge of the world

The fox in its mange came over the dune. We're here to write about the end of the world. There was nothing left to look at
In the sand that was left. The fox had every quality of death except for death, making all its sorrow stupid if it weren't
For all the things irreplaceable of living.
The fox didn't even suck its breath,
Passive to all but the air in its deadness.
Dead tufts stuccoed coatless, cropped of all beautiful and beautiful and ended before the eyes left.

She knew it was coming soon.
The darkness snapped at her over the dune.
That's what the dead man told her. She skipped once nothing in the telling. She was his favorite daughter-in-law. She felt his skin cold.
He'd seen the nothingness of the deadness. She would have to know what brought us to this.
We're here to write about the edge of the world.

We're in the haze of stars, he'd said.

You can't even explain what's in the light: the dead sandcrab undercarriage luminescence on dark wet shore sand afoot, the infernal
Distance blinking above, the blinking ferris wheel far down the shore dark, down the far waterline at the wet floor of the sky.
And on the first night, the evening was pink on night island. An estuary
Brings the light from all places. It is a falseness in the sky. That blank light set untruth afire in its clouds hung over the dune.
We're here to write about the end of the world.

Hydra of midnight hour

GeorgeDick'BertoRummy, the jowls that smite, the palms that cash, cocks stuffed upright en boot-stepping masse!
Bred by hooded clan glad-handing Kruggerands in empty stands of Bohemian Groves chopped by man!

Bring 'round the children from the future, let them hear this noise while drowning in that year:
The hyrda howling lusting torture, GeorgeDick'BertoRummy fucking full itself with fascist love of fear.
How all the world went flooding in its wake, how all its lying lies unfreed the land,
How all its gods and knowledges were fake, how GeorgeDick'BertoRummy set fire to sand.

Bring 'round the children from the future, let them fear for what they hear is the sneer of the four-headed butcher—
GeorgeDick'BertoRummy sliced humans ear-to-ear.

All of us wanders among the accumulation. Transitive, illuminating: precedent
Disintegrators giving dynamic to the transitional
Matter. We are attached in every way to this—every
Thought the last unfold of some ago winding, each spit jolt sent through to a someday
End as holdless smoke burnt off its departing electrical
Gesture. And all this leaves
The smoke behind. The phones
On the walls. The bodies. The metal. That it made so much
Of itself, the earth. That it was all skeleton, the wisps took
Form.

Long before the supernova

Their dream is one of escaping, always. The thunder was at the beginning, always. The places escaped finally came to the place.
Where finally the smoke was for choking. Flames always come to incinerate the things of which you are that never came
To mind until all these things melted. The escaping comes dreaming like the air
Of air and sky in flight through a hole to no world that was glass pane—like you woke up in it, finally, with the shards a cobweb's
Frame around the sticky silk between the sleep and the dream and you, which this is now too, like the gust in your face, the last
To come through.

Nightmares of the falling dead that morning from windows plummeting

Is the panic for end or pain for the dream is escaping always? Not *escape*, the dream
Is *escaping*, leaning out into it before falling, the dream of flying like it was in the other lives, which ones
Had you had? Which one? Which one? Which one? The dream
Is of the other lives, when it was you
Thought of them, when it was
You forgot, when it was they all became
Impossible in that way that we are never in the other and in every distance kept from
That this is who we are, escaping, in the window the whole world laid out there, ready to burn at our command.

In the dream, it is always the escaping. Before this happened. Before the world began
Its end. The thunder is in the beginning,
Always. Drink your drinks, play that song again in the morning, light one more up before
You fuck her good into the night. It all
Happens that way still. Where the smoke is for choking the dream is always
Escaping, where that window will take you where it happens
That way still.
The dream is of escaping, leaning out into it
Before falling, the dream
Of flying like it was in the dream of your other life in the other lives, out there, out the window, where the whole world laid out
There, ready to burn itself at your command.
You will crush yourself into its embers.

Coda

It was the age
Of the dune buggy. In the photograph, Charles Nelson Reilly stands in a backstage Broadway dressing
Room, between the pretty actress in a '50s feather-trim thigh-high nightie and the *Hollywood Squares* host, cardiganed, when
He was an actor too, and Reilly's in a bathrobe, the glasses—giddy smiles, black & white, and they're all
Still young. You still
Could have walked out the door

And saved Frank O'Hara.

At The End Of Species

When the night showed itself, we were lost in it already. Blame shadows

Us in its shadows. We'd found it in its becoming, cast ourselves from the matter
Of its darkness and uncoiled determined, malevolently.

Prescience. What was only going to be is wishless. Why did it feel something else was ever possible?

We've Carried This Finiteness With Us Everywhere.

Icarus

This is the time of incident. It happened, we watched. Everything fell apart.

We shrugged or hollered.

When ocean culled us. When the first bears drowned.

When we gorged. When we broke it. When it grew foul. While Muhammed & Jesus

Ate each other for spectacle.

That's gone, they'll say. The only god is vengeance, he's ended us.

The moment is moving beneath us.

The reeds in the future sing these songs of us.

The calf was breech
And worse. A life
Impaled another.

Deliverance

Four hands pulled. There were the chains and ATV. Blood, given, here a death lake red too
Much to soak the dirt. Screeches cut the night. Mom
Was dead before they even shot her. And the calf
Had bitten its tongue off, so at last out
In the world she was ready to die before
They even shot her too. Nothing lived. Nothing does.

What dark things
We did. Murder, poison, rape. Infect
With ourselves. Lie. Pretend. Did you
Expect forgiveness for the pretending? In the age of this age, know this, greed
Lorded, oozed from these crevices, drown species
In sludge of wanted & horded. Darwin preached equilibrium,
We prayed to one for all & all for none.

Take your God from the trash, you will need his bones for kindling.

In The Face Of Everything We Know

When We Burn

It was from the smoke—the light
Diffused, ornamental, strange accompaniment to our days. The forests

Burned somewhere. Their crackle was unmistakable. There's so much music in the language
Of this dying. You cannot make unbeautiful even

The worst end. A conflagration eating us fleshless. Trees in black
Stands in carnal flames, colossal rages searing land into charcoaled rock dead and carbon alone.

All the smoke was what was alive. Pollution, carcinogen, evolution of human.

The last supercollider rots itself somewhere unhappened
Yet but sure to come. Shattered and uncoupled from the dead
Grid. All its miles had once gone colder than the universe. We sought what was
Inside of this. What might unravel from a moment. Where we could locate
Forgiveness in being. None were answered whole. It had hummed and crescendoed
To life, burst
Particles into transformation, their oblivion. A magnificent
Futility, how we came to it, what was left behind.

Our Unfound Noise

The Colder It Foiled Us

This great sinkhole of ourselves. The vast
Vacuum left. Retina
Patina of time.
At the bar, they named all the beers that once were. Neurons
Flickered. Joy fell into its chemical
Ends. It's more than emptiness. We have left
In abundance, fully inside until. What they were
Saying is, this place is placeless. All the detritus sorting
Itself into something that will be
Nowhere. When we couldn't
Be there, we stayed in the photographs of us.
It's the same as nothing, without
Intent or return. Infinite and pure. Ghastly.

In these blackened innards I see
My daughters walking the shores of rivers dead, carrying
An age with them I will never witness. Stench of dread and rotted
Malice, festering absences plundered. Migrations of
The lasts. All things are less
There. All debts were rendered
With due cruelty. All nightmares found
Home. They will argue which way
This failed, but why should we let them
When we know and can say it now: we were
Merciless. We drowned them. Bled venom
Into the doomed air. Fed and drank
The Lethe, let it carve
The earth into its canyon, remorseless. It was us, it was
Who we were—the builders and destroyers. The enders. The appetite
That starved all else, it was ours, and we
Reveled in it. The ravaging.

This Carcass We Fled

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On the island of night island, this part that was separate from the night, between it. We are the impossible
Geometry. The haywire pattern amok. Adaptable beyond redemption, unsustainable. This part arrives
Without explanation. In our absence, she at the crooked ocean found the next death near that far water. The dunes remember
Only to bury the evidence. Presence holds its space against the wind. What persists must be dissolved
Into its infinite divisions. We are too fragile for what we are. And this foreshadowed us, so it was like we'd been
There too in our absence, where it wouldn't let us from this water, its weight in the water. This part
We won't believe. We are only away from the night, came from it, go back without semblance. Our instance
A confinement of ideas. Escapeless. Unanswered. Our transcendence glorious, chilling. Knowing
You were here and there was an end. And no reason. None.

Phantom
Inhabited
Phantom

Here In The Fold Of Our Time

Something so alive
It was something
So afraid. These are the latest
Failures from the dispatch. Being
Is all that will save us left. There is not enough
For anything else. Free your ghost from its
Mimic life. These are the latest failures from
The dispatch. Something so alive it was your ghost
Free from its mimicked life. We were saved
Once from its darkness and won't
Be after to wish back and ask again. Being is all
That will save us left. Come
Down. Lie on the earth for you. Get under
The rain that will drown you. What could you care about more
Than the onliness of this?
What chosenness comes to the aloneness?
These are the latest failures from the dispatch.
All the eyes have them. A concurrence for the haven
Of love, of the wrapped in to be enclosable, a known
Space that won't betray its falseness. Each moment destroying
Its former. All the eyes hurtle what we have. All the numbers
We have will come through and be
Short of it. Its all spent at last. All the eyes see it
When looking but don't see it. Every
Contradiction is equal to or greater than the truth.

These are the latest failures from the dispatch. This is the thing
That came to you when everything else left. When you were only here and knew it only. When the air
Sloughed off from the universe and left you
There. When the things you were muddled themselves
Away and left you there. When every number failed to be restrained, went on without
You, held fast the fabric of the place that has no place for you. Hurtling
Away. The frame and the fabric
Indomitable, weakless toward
Its infinite destination. Being
Is all that will save us left. These are the latest
Failures from the dispatch. Something so alive
It was something so afraid.
Being is all that will save us left.
Here in the fold of our time.

**Riddle Of The Glyphs
In Our Temple
Of This Universe**

Imagine it like the ocean rolling

Out in all directions from the Bang, the tsunami of everything unleashing, carving

Time's catacombs into its dimensions, the uncollapsing

Moment, each end begun, each now bound. Imagine you

In its wake. • YOU ARE HERE. Imagine

You as the ocean; your thoughts in

The wake. Filling

In the blank. What are you?

We found us here in the hour
We joined. Unrepentantly small and wishing to be among, to gather the force of it into
Our smallness, to take in the morning as it was. Imitation of the boundless and other
Compensations reach between the fathoms of this crevice. These branches
Shimmer, stretch, and schism
Out to their ends, each descending
Circumference a smaller incarceration
Of the longing until the cell's infinitesimal voice goes numb at echo's end. A tree downslicing
Filets of sweetbread, soil flowers in its blood, emerging from mind's gaped
Flesh into a chasm of such blunt open terrifying air of entirety. Each plumule
Invaded and devoured through fissures pried
Wide by the outcroppings of wonder and seek, corrupted
Scaling vine-tying the part that knew itself, unencumbered.

The Assembly Of Memory When It Returns & Disappears

The morning floundered, a flickering station on the radio, an ember flaring for air.
Today you are alive. He said this.
Every blossom flashed into the concreting filaments of the moment.
Something sprung from the mouth of it, frozen in its desire to arrive.

The Diaspora

He had walked past
The beacon of boot-worn dirt & matted needles, the break
In the woods beside the road, dozens
Of times & wondered: *where?* But it wasn't
Until he finally asked the neighbor—near the ends
Of their driveways, clambering down the steep blacktop
With his garbage bins, balancing the weight of things
Unknown & discarded against his skidding
Gait—that he learned the trail through the small
Cluster of forest wound all the way
To town, was covered by an easement, but took much
Longer than following the road, wasn't often traveled.
And his first time on the trail he was
Alone. The evening quivered. He anteloped
Between the brush, slicing switchbacks through
Shore, the bays that smuggle the seeping Young redwoods, old madrones & maples down to
Sea between fertile memories The bubbling street below & its effervescing
Of mountains—all of it drew him Lamps, which he had seen at first from a distance, up
Like a molecule to the rest The hillside, through the Rorschach leaves.

Eons ago, when that oceanic
Plate dove deep into the ribs
Of America unborn, driving out
Of earth the Nevadan Oregon—granite
Impaled from the land & a place
Became. That cast stone along the western
Shore, the bays that smuggle the seeping
Sea between fertile memories
Of mountains—all of it drew him
Like a molecule to the rest
Of itself. Ocean valence tore
Him from the prairie.

So he took the trail whenever he could. Because it was
Why he was here: mist between trees, the trace
Of sea displacing into the lowest atmosphere & riding
Over a ridge through the green. And he wanted to find himself
There, in a forest with ocean nearby.

She came out of the water
That way, mermaidian, a new beautiful
Creature for the air. Livening grace fused & awash in
The cold foam surf. He lusted. And it was after
That in his sport wagon behind a dune feathered
With the tall grass. Across the back seat, her legs
When his collection Dangling out an open door, damp
Of life was still small & Bodies pressed. And the hunger fed
Blankful, an echoing Another mind to the universe, their little girl.
Box awaiting its phalanx
Of crayons: his mother poured
Pancake batter onto the hissing
Griddle & fried bacon in
The snapping pan, played
Joni Mitchell songs that sewed
The kitchen's piquant air. It all braided
In him: the voice, the light, the noise, the taste
Of breathing the unfindable morning.

And somewhere in the middle
Of his life, the verdant patch
With her & the little girl: a bright-splash
Saturday morning emerged & they heard
Joni on the radio & he thought he knew
What was to come when the little voice
Demanded blueberries & he tucked her
Into a fuzzy coat with bear ears, gathered all
Four years of her in his arms, galloped
Off & chased away for fruit.

They walked together, the man & the little girl, going
After blueberries for pancakes along the trail through
The woods beside the ocean one Saturday morning. He
Wrapped her tiny hand in his, a seed safe in the flesh
Of its fruit. And the sunlight dropped in clusters between
The trees. The noise of different birds chattered
In branches. Wind bustled. Then the plate of earth beneath
Leaned into another. Ground clattered. Trees
Shook & wept leaves—limbs & trunks
Topped through air, scattered themselves on the churning
Floor of the planet while she crouched
Beneath him, clutching a denim leg, herself the tiny
Frozen creature on the hillside when
The land rattled its hinge. He pretended
He could protect her. And when the shudder abandoned, they
Inhaled the sight: a forest forelorn & asunder, freshly
Snapped stumps, stillness of stunned air, every
Twig & downed bough a monument
Of the new world cast in broken light, forensics
Of the dismantled, everything fallen like dancers after
The dance, like detritus of refugees after
The minds fled, a singing unsung to its notes.

She carried it nearly
A century, the sight, a moment
That came back when
Certain cells fired—one
Morning in the closet of a lover
When a door slammed &
The shelves shook. And one morning, near
The end, when the bed beneath
Her rattled with the footfalls
Of those few she loved who were left.

Tonight we will not consider
The universe. We'll escape

On our way in. To this weightless
Vessel, its immediacy

Undulating, always unabandoned
By us. The current under

Our heads that takes us
To ourselves. The joy is. We will

Live there tonight. For less than time
Matters inside this frail hull, porous

Almost to nothing, but calamitous,
Intransigent, a membrane to hold
All things between

You & the sea.

You & The Sea

We Are Confined By All We Love

Her body was in
The suitcase in the bay water near an avenue. The suitcase
With her body inside floated. A boy
Saw the shape of it around
Her, there, drifting
Into the rocks. Two days in the water following
Her lifetime. On the day of the evening
That her body was shoved into
The container, she bought two Wild Hearts
Two-dollar scratchers and a SuperLotto with her
Virginia Slims. The clerk smirked when she said *Luck*
Won't find ya if ya don't go lookin'. Sometimes in the evenings
Her daughter called. But she tried not to hope
For it, to let the discovery be found
Pleasure each time.

Lightning flowers

In branches carried by the storm. But in the photograph, you

Can see none of them

Are thinking about it—not the grandson or his wife, the great-granddaughters, the immigrant son, the daughter-in-law. They

Didn't know. That those doom-hither ocean-born

Clouds, sooted and fierce, Poseidoning in behind them over the Pacific

Toward the shore where they stood—ambered

In time—those clouds fell against sky the same as

Those that chased and overcame

Him one bleak evening in the dead

Center of that gaping deep sixty years before. He & his First Mate helming the vast

Cargo vessel that shunted between frothing antlers of the sea ahead into

The split-apart night and the carnage of violent atmospheres. They

Would never know. And he was long gone.

Lightning Flowers In Branches Carried By The Storm

The rain is lit
This way because it was
Witnessed. A muffled illuminated
Sheen. A mind
In the noise. A transient
Witness. Every unpurchased droplet
Soaked in and gone. Fed
And washed away. We make the river
Of remainders. We make our memory
Of a river. Silence,
The witness & rain,
The torrent. Every
Day buries its time.

Living In The Lost

**And So The Story Sets Sail Here
In This Confluence Of All The Time That Will Have Been Her Life**

The yarn that will make her is
Beginning now. Maybe this happened
Last week, maybe in months: the first frame of surviving
Filmstrip, catalogued, retrievable, seared. Now
Is the raveling. The conundrum
Of thought & flesh. She teeters
Herself, tiny
On the precipice, gleaming. Now
Her ghosts will be born into
Mind. Light will take all forms. All the places
Will be told. Melancholy will seep
Every memory through it. The light
Will change
Again. And all of the words
Will put themselves together—end to end to end to end, a cacophony
Of pantomimes & magic, solace, regret, a sentence
Clambering holy & fraught onto this strand of world in the vanishing universe. And it will be
Like this or in some other unexplainable, that the light will
Cast, the hours
Will persevere, and it will all have
Its voice, unleashing
Through the threshold of this life.

Nightmares Of The Falling Dead

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