

# Proliferation & The Sublime Osmosis Of Mortality

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes  
*(Summer 2016)*

You can know  
Too much. Strand  
Is gone from us.  
He tried to warn us.  
The world will not  
Keep itself  
Unrevealed. It will only be a small thing,  
And another, then it will all blanch  
At once—too much  
Presence just to die. Too much  
Wanted from this castaway  
Vessel. This assemblage  
Collecting data  
For the dump. Boiled  
In us. Cruel alchemy. Bones.  
Desire.

### III.

Foreshortened we are. Our  
Blindness for beyond  
The ridge. Peering, always, there is something to be eaten first.  
I will only talk  
To you this way. The urge to stay  
Here, unbroken from yourself. Somehow  
To brook this passage, to find  
The rules for that. Manifest  
Amongst.

### **III.III.**

### III.III.III

This day is loud. It is the same  
Day. It was all falling  
On top of you and around you. You  
Remember it that  
Way, exactly when  
Happening. There is a  
Beautiful image in this  
Line but you  
Cannot see it. I will not even pretend  
To tell you. There was  
A famous bridge, and small daughters,  
Looming, all on the water,  
A ferry below a sky that was almost  
Like night. Don't try to  
Find it there. On the inside  
Of the envelope is an infinite coil  
Of longing. The air fills the rest  
With everything you  
Think of as your breath.

You began, this is  
Strange: kerneling. You came here from  
Somewhere, you spoke. Now  
I've become confused. When  
Did everything happen? The bones can be  
Moving, all on their own, held  
By a bundle of flesh, enlivened. All that electricity  
Captivating motion and regression of  
Impulse into memory. Thoughts  
Keep a messy place between every  
Gear. And sometimes there are these  
Visions of what has already  
Happened. All fail to hold. The deck  
Has been torn down. We'd fill  
Their kiddie pool on its planks in the summer, play. Before  
The drought, I'd rig the hose  
Inside a watering can and  
String the can above  
**01.** The pool like a tiny rain shower.

When the gifts of those early mutant spawn first sparked into unraveling, it must've been  
Like static blooming, the voice, when it came into their heads, no weight on the words to hold them  
There, just jagged flotsam evaporating into some felt here silence that kept from leaking, some chamber  
Of a thing that they were. *That they were.* The thing that held the voice that no one heard  
But them. *What is this world?* It must've seemed like madness. It does.

**01.111.1**

A dainty maple seedling is growing  
Out of the dead, soiled detritus inside the ancient air  
Conditioner jutting from the front  
Of the house. The emerald, tiny-leafed sliver  
Lilts through the grate. Lifeless wires and black  
Tubing dangle from the wall, unattached,  
And the bolts that hold  
The unit against the surface  
Are ready to be unspun.

000.

It was July  
In New Mexico. It was August in  
Hiroshima. Boom. Boom. Extinction began a brand  
New dance. Annihilation became a calculation  
Of risk: what is worth us  
In mass removal? How many things should we burn  
First, if we have to go? How much  
Should we melt for prophets' cocks to be  
Engorged? Can we do it all?  
Can we burn and melt  
And starve and flood and butcher and infect? Can we  
Bring the species  
To its knees,  
Make us beg us? Is there a language  
For threatening the fabric of existence? Would we  
Know when it's being spoken?



Do you see it out there? It is still  
The third planet, bone dry now, swept  
Of everything but the rock and dust. There is not a mark  
Left from a thing that was  
Alive. Water, atmosphere, memory, all cast from here  
Long ago. How  
Did the story end? Did some  
Of the things flee? Was there one  
Last grand collapse  
Under the weight of catastrophe? Or did all  
The living things disappear  
So slow for so long that you cannot even  
Imagine how far the time  
Went? What did the humans leave  
Behind when they left?

**000.000.**

Just after finishing that last  
Poem, outside here in the concrete  
**ooo.ooo.III**  
Yard, it sounded like something  
Shattering behind me. The noise from over  
My shoulder, in my mind a glass bowl  
From the sky into shards  
On cement. But it was the wind  
Chimes, Felled from the hook on the string  
Of lights, their music clattering  
Into a heap. When we first moved  
In, we found the wind chimes still  
Dangling from the eaves,  
And a triceratops  
Mask hanging from a nail  
In the basement. And seven years later,  
After everything, when we finally tore the deck  
Down, we found  
A giant stolen highway  
Exit sign hidden  
Beneath: *Regatta Blvd*, an off-ramp  
To a harbor on the bay. Did they  
Keep a boat there? Did that place mean something  
To them? Was there some night  
When someone teetered above  
The roadway, wrench in hand, a sign  
Coming loose with a sudden, heavy, ominous  
Creak of metal? What were they  
Hoping? What makes an idea  
Whole?

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