

The Room Is So
Quiet Now That
You Can Hear
Everything
Ending

To murder us.

Shh. It's here. There are & Silent. And ready
No words to hide Beneath now. Naked

**Corrupted By All The Hungers To Varying
Degrees Of Absurdity & Malice & Fahrenheit**

Maybe it was when
Paradise got cindered
To sticks. Or the ice

Shelfs abandoning
Their continents. They say, based
On the past, when oceans
Acidify, that's when
You wish you'd done

Avalanche

It all differently.

Places are beginning to end. There will be a lot
Of this. Ocracoke
Is trying to put a clock on
The island's permanent
Immersion. Last
Summer, just north of
That near-memory on the sliver
Of pre-sunken Hatteras, we watched
Old home movies from the 70s & reminded my parents
How that half century of mornings had
Gone so unbearably fast. In the coming
Weeks, Ocracoke would be nearly
Buried to death by hurricane
& Sea, and my mother would nearly
Succumb to a shower
Of blood clots while I slept 10 nights in the ICU and watched
How things end in every
Fashion of the most matter-
Of-factly & all-hollowing ways. But each
Of our reprieves will not outlive
This century & its unrepentant
Truth. Now it happens. Is
Happening. All the burning & drowning
Is coming home.

Ocracoke

Here begin
The childhoods growing
Into less than. They're all full
Of tomorrows minus
This. Less
Bees, less fruit, less
Fish in the rising seas.
Less freedom from
The machine that ate
Everything in the service of the myth
Of profit. Minus hope.
I do not exaggerate. The future
Has no purpose
For hyperbole. **Born**

If We Could Cleave The Disease From a Beating Heart

Every box you put the anger in doesn't fit. It all
Falls out the holes & you have it again in your
Hands & your brain melts. There were so many
Ways for this not to happen & they all died en
Route. Bludgeoned by the greed in the ditch: come
Hither and let him smash your mind out your eyes. You want
To go back in time and strangle every Myron Ebell
With the taut flesh of their own bowel. But it would
Not be enough. Nothing was. And so we'll shove our
Offspring into the canals where the corpses pile. The future
Will feed on the bodies we give them to devour.

You Can Wear The Disguise For As Long As You Want But It's Not Your Face

False gods, false gods, false
Gods. Dear fucking lord, all
Their false
Gods.

Topple, topple, topple. Either
We didn't realize or completely

Forgot this was

Entirely & consequentially an act

Of construction. A tower
Extraordinaire cum fatale.

Things on things
On things on

Things on all

The most fragile intricacies

Of dependence on every

Part that stayed

Invisible until the part below

It caved and adjacence
Brought parallel &

Vertical catastrophe.

It all fell down.

We Were A Skyscraper

You can measure carbon in pounds.
You can think of it in death. Each ton

Will kill something else. Then it will

Really get going. Everything that's killed

Will starve something that eats it. Everything
That starves will die. Starfish will die here & humans

Will starve there. Fish will starve & drift

To the bottom of the dying sea. Stars

Will steady themselves with the stories

Of how many times this happened everywhere. None
Of the starving humans will find solace
In this when they drop

To the dirt. And the starfish on the coast
Are already mostly gone, or emaciated.

Of all the things these webs
Of soft tissue cannot bear.

The Weight Of Carbon

Rage

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