

Rage, Rage

O, collect me from  
The hours. So many have gone into  
Their retreat. Even this morning so much  
Birdsong leapt from **Full**  
The quiet night into  
Oblivion. Even late this Are not yet  
Afternoon when the sun stopped falling Older. All the day's fabric  
Into the canyon, our children Will snare. But there  
Remains. Everything  
Shed must be  
Worn.

The forests are inside  
You. The coast at its lowest  
Tides before the starfish died. The docile  
Way the mist relented to you in the woods, the trailing  
Sounds of needles  
Creased beneath. Fluttered

**Transit**

Through and perpetual. The paleontology of it  
Exceeds excavation. We lived  
In those bones. I find the direction of time  
Increasingly opposed  
To itself. The notion  
Is falling off a leaf. The redwood silence. I remember  
Her so small in pink leaning  
Out from the giant trunk. It's beyond  
The map. Your eyes  
Are almost there now.

Your only life  
Is happening. Each  
Imperfect expectation cast  
Into its surfaces, the holy  
Trail of existence. There is just one  
Way through here, no matter what  
You were told. Eras live  
Inside other eras, a cacaphony of parentheses. When  
We used to stop by the tiny park after  
Dropping off her sister, eating lunch at the tiny  
Plastic table inside a little pretend train  
Station. We couldn't stay

**Furrow**

There. You might think time  
Is the furrow, but the stroke is ahead  
Of the paint. A bridge manifesting  
Into fog, and if you knew  
Before how its towers were  
So grand. And if you play the right music, for a moment  
You can stab it in the heart.

## **Shoal**

This location is one  
For holding. How do you  
Live through it?  
The wind has the leaves on

The trees moving  
Like water. This street  
Is missing from time. Westward  
Light. All of us.

If you are always  
Feeling the space  
Around you, then  
You'll understand when you're underneath. It covers  
A certain place for a particular  
Period of time. It is keeping  
Away the other time headed  
Toward this place.  
In the middle, beneath  
The apex when the other time still looks  
Lumbering, the space around you  
Feels perfectly infinite.

**Dome**

And that's when  
You know, in a few more clicks the beast  
Will start to level its gait. The arc  
Will slope & the pace  
Swiften. Grab the air—  
You'll have to find  
A different way  
To breathe outside.

It was all  
Long really, even though  
It doesn't remember  
That way. I know  
From the calendars & requirements  
Of days that whole swaths  
Of the firmament had to be  
Filled with every  
Beautiful mundane gesture  
Of fatherhood. There were  
Minutes in the recess yard after  
School that lingered undestined. There was

So much it didn't matter  
What you spilled. What a glorious swim.

**Swim**

# Rage

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