

The Roaming  
Threshing  
Necessary  
Harvested  
Antipathy

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes  
*(Spring 2018)*

Woe the castles &  
Their zealots in  
Repose. Civilization sounds  
Like kindling. Self-immolatory  
Is redundance—a lattice  
Of matchsticks. Sequestration  
Begets extraction engenders  
Transformation because circles can only be, at their very least, recalcitrant & never  
Terminal. Terminal  
Is only what can be achieved temporarily adjacent to its segments. The stuff  
Keeps going around, and one time it made you, until it has other things to do.

The whole matter  
Is scaleable, you see? I mean,  
Fuck, seriously, have you seen  
This lately? Fuck. Really, the next part  
Is going  
To hurt.

### **Trajectory Velocity Thresholds**

Chomp, **Famine & Machine** Until gashed  
Chomp! Chomp, chomp! The sound in Remnants and dust. The jaw  
Here. Grinding Locked long past  
One accidental tooth into another Hemispheric integrity. Annihilations require no  
Dystruction, just repurposing  
Of intent.

Corporate Inversion: to relieve oneself  
Of obligation by relocation  
Of identity. In this case, oneself  
May inhabit selfhood and possess  
Attendance even when  
Oneself is inherently not being  
Alive—yielding powerless

The otherwise existentially  
Undermining conclusion that in absence  
Of presence there is no capacity to relocate  
Identity and thus  
No possible benefit (such as  
Obligation relief) could be  
Derived, despite **By Which You Were Made Into Nothing**  
Any intent to employ  
Inversion for these purposes—explicit  
Or not.

### **A Tribute To The Revolution**

The defecation of America begins  
Beneath a sneering  
Moron of pure gloat malice self-  
Fallacied & fellatioed. A pantsless  
Roar dooms  
And shivers the wake where  
The shitted corpse rots. The mourners

And celebrants stuff cash like semen pouring  
Into each orifice, jamming  
Wads & gouging holes of gaping  
Dead flesh. When they burn  
The body, no accelerant  
Will be necessary.

It was impossible to hear us among  
The strange future. The indecipherable from  
Noise. Every grand sound untethered  
From the true. Every truth un-  
Measured from the fool. The ocean  
Is stopping. The Americans  
Are coming. They made

Their love to the sawdust that the ants had emptied  
From the hills. It is only a matter of time & the history  
Of fatigue. The ideas had the taste of aged plastique  
Fantastique. The taste had the age  
Of the end. The end had the truth  
Of nothing. The ocean  
Is stopping. But you have been  
Already long  
Gone. Finit, oui, finit.

**Après Vous, No One**

Antephane, antephane! Gaselse  
Rompette cij foximy?

*Charlale. Setlepont charlale.*  
**The Discovery**

We're haunts  
Now in the story. The calcified  
Dreadless in retrospect, permanent in the history

## **The Found**

Of blindness  
To inevitability, a category  
Of dunces. Try not to think  
Of a beheading. Try not to be  
So satisfied with all  
Of the blood. It's okay.  
Yours is  
In there too.



The bones were Of the weight of the water. The echo  
Corpses are piles. They're underneath The triumph of time. The water  
All the rubble and mixed in. The cement And time a gullet  
Has a different texture and doesn't That will not have us.  
**Rampant Inundation** Smash as easily under They'll make  
The hammers. The pulverizing an echo The sand from this.

## June

But let's go back  
To that part first. There  
Were these months. Quarters  
Into thirds each  
One time around. Each  
One made a name  
For itself, each name held  
Us in it. The adjacent

Parts of living made it feel  
Like an entirety. The wind  
Felt so warm, even  
In the dark.

**The Roaming Threshing Necessary Harvested Antipathy**

*(Spring 2018)*

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes

San Rafael, CA • 415-515-7220 • [rsalvadorreyes@mac.com](mailto:rsalvadorreyes@mac.com) • [www.rsalvador.com](http://www.rsalvador.com)