

Their Love To The Saw- Dust That The Ants Had Emptied From The Hills

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes

Their Love To The Saw-
Dust That The Ants Had
Emptied From The Hills

I.

The Suffocation Of Atlantis By Means Of Drowning

II.

Proliferation & The Sublime Osmosis Of Mortality

III.

The Roaming Threshing Necessary Harvested Antipathy

The Suffocation
Of Atlantis
By Means
Of Drowning

Eye Of The Nightmare

In the thick
Of it, it was ugly. Every-
Where. The cattle call for the slaughtered rang every

Dawn. The new world
Order arrived as scheduled, crushing
Its rearrangement under the tooth-treaded
Bulldozers. The song became a droning

Sound, drowned sounds, the sounds of the silent
Wailing of drowning. It was like that
Today & everywhere.
But no one noticed yet.

Wake. Don't Wake. There's nowhere left

To wake to. Look, at this point, the ice

Isn't going to unmelt now. The methane

Won't unexplode from the earth. The tiles

That muddied & crusted & fell after

The floods are museum quality. We wreak a pristine

Destruction. We build just to watch

It rot. We hate

Our decay enough for everything

To be replicated in its disassembly. Our fury

At the fading engulfed

The Rise Of Antibiotic-Resistant Consumption

Us piece by piece. Wake.

Don't wake. You are still

Being eaten.

Of course **The Last Arc**
The children die. In droves. End over end
Tumbling down the abyss. We can't be more
Specific because they die in so many ways once
The scaffolding begins creaking its little whispering
Creaks of terror before the roar
Of all those careening assemblages abandoning
Their architecture in one halting
Crush of metals & planks & intentions of premise. You
Couldn't make one now where they wouldn't
Die. That's the whole point of the one
They were making. A catapult
Is a catapult.

The other one
Still pretends to hope. But this
One knows the hope
Died like a configuration
Of the future in some subcircuit
That buzzed just the right way for a moment then suddenly

Fell pale. You
Understand, you
Must, we were so
Close. This one can't
Lie. The truth
Was the whole point
Of him. But the feast of confabulations
Was almost too voluptuous for you

The Messenger

To shed. He talked
To them because he was afraid
To speak to you; he feared the terror
In your eyes. But the time
Is here to see it. Flesh cum cinder. All
Means of accidental disembowelment. Innocent

Limbs cashed for the pleasure
Of rage. Oceans of the fecal and the way
Things shudder when they starve.

Try to understand why
You do not matter. The circle
Never arrives. There's some
Place you imagined
In the woods, only you

Know. It's hard to reconcile
This with the world.
The world dies
And is fabricated
Every day. If you could go

Into the woods,
It wouldn't be there anymore. That
Is you. The world is falling
To pieces, return
To it & hold something.

When This Is The Life You Are Inside

Shame

They calculated

The fallacy. Small and hungry

And petty. They called themselves

All the words like investment

Banker & patriot. We can say it, what they were: the appetite

Of the besotted, the lingering

Malignancy on desires for raping. They hide

All the time anyway, like red

Doesn't bleed, so fuck if we'll pretend

Too. It was the worst

Of us that fooled

The species into managing the doom like widgets. Worship fell

From you like it was excreted

For further excretion. No one made the food into anything

That could be nourished. We just fed. The whole

Stupid damned lot of us.

What It Means To Lose Your Faith In Water

And in those places where the rain vanished to other
Places, the dying is indiscriminant. All things
Fail there. The water will murder us
Myriad, denying, inundating, absconding. And
Poison, our cells cannot combat the water's
Wrath. But *dehydration* is worst, translated
From its primordial root: to become separated
From all things that are alive. The droughts stopped being
Called droughts, although it was pronounced
The same, but translated into its imminent branch: those places where
The rain vanishes to other places, a fire
That was home, rocks that were
Creeks, a pestilence of absence, the fantastical
Notion that this was once
Something else glorious and earth
Was sublime. There were rivers
In California that made sounds you can never hear.

Although the deaths
Are statistically cumulative
The dying happens
On an individual
Basis always. The struggle
To live before
Succumbing is also
A salient factor, but harder
To quantify. Dead people
Can be counted. Counting
Passes the time. Ergo, dying
Measures time if we can
Account for likely frequency
Within specific populations.

We're trying
To get a handle on how bad
We should think of now
Compared to the future. The fact
That you are reading
This is a good sign for you, that
You haven't been
Taken out. But now
That there's proof
Of your existence,
You're a target too. And see
How easy it is—to make it all
About you? We were
Talking about the fate
Of humanity. We are
A sum & you
Are a frivolity. But the math
Never adds. Each of us
Can only suffer leaving
This life once.

Algorithms Require More Data When Calculating Extinction

The Last Human Thought

Although it doesn't fall within the scope of our capacity to travel
Beyond the sound of time, it is nonetheless useful to consider: there will be
A last human. Do not look away now: all things end. And before
An end, there is one of them, which is required for us to arrive
Backward at zero sum. Some. One. None. We found the math
Of the universe in our words and they told us everything
That must follow this path through the remainders.
What will it think? What will it know? Maybe it will believe
There is another one someplace else that it cannot
Imagine. Maybe it will have forgotten that other places
Have ever been roamed. Maybe it will declare itself
For you, not specifically, but the *idea* that there were
Others and there was a time when they flourished. Maybe after
It dies, it will at least rot & be eaten by something
That continues. Maybe it will drift in the cold
Air of space, frozen to bits & lolling about the universe in pieces until
Infinity collapses on itself for the last time. One of anything
Will happen. And ideas
Of us will be
A relic, a fountain
Imagined in the mind
Of no one. Remember,
Dear reader, our apocalypse
Still awaits us, seething,
Corrupted and merciless.

Proliferation &
The Sublime
Osmosis Of Mortality

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 blanche
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?

ooo.ooo.

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?

The Roaming
Threshing
Necessary
Harvested
Antipathy

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- **Après Vous, No One**
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.

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.

Their Love To The Saw- Dust That The Ants Had Emptied From The Hills

Spring 2018

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes

San Rafael, CA • 415-515-7220 • rsalvadorreyes@mac.com • www.rsalvador.com