

# Art In The Time Of Virus & Ignorance

All The Screens Shine With The Pre-  
Recorded Stories Told Of Somewhere More  
Real Than Here. Here Asks—Is That An Esophageal  
Flare? Did I Touch Too Many  
Tomatoes Yesterday At The Store? Were There  
Lingering Droplets In The Empty  
Bread Aisle? How Long Should We Stay  
Alone? None Of The Stories Are  
About This Yet—They Are Still Kind Lies Of Righteous Vengeance.  
Out Here The Indignities Of Suffering & Servitude  
Remain Unanswered. They Said He Was A Reality Star, But He Made  
Our Lives Pretend.

## **How To Die From Vanity**

Lie. Obfuscate. Cover Your Ass. Tell Us  
You're Great. He Was A Tiny Man Yanking  
On All The Huge Levers. The Machine Spattered  
Gunk & Drooled Bile; It Shuddered & Excreted  
Another Batch Of Dead. The Tiny Man Recedes In A Bitter  
Glass Trinket, Hollering All The Things That Say  
The Same Thing: I Am So Afraid. In Brooklyn, Her Young Husband  
Crumbled Beside Her Bed, In Their  
Driveway, The EMT Crumbled In His Truck, In The Rear View  
Mirror, His Face Is All Disassembled Tears, No Mask.

## **How To Die From Cowardice**

The Collected Pleas & Gasps Come Out  
As Numbers. Dominance & Terror  
Arrive By Quantities. Infected, Intubated,  
Indigent, Ignored, Dead, Masks, Weeks, Vendettas,  
Ventilators, Beds & Containers For  
The Corpse Piles. The Bludgeoned Truth  
Of America Unveils Its Grotesqueness, Torn  
Down Naked & Siphoned. The Monster  
Of Stupid & Lust Finally Let From Its Cage To Eat  
What Fed It. Hedge Fund, Shareholder, Merger, Leverage,  
Privitize, Outsource, Offshore, Downsize, Maximize  
Margins, Infiltrate & Pillage. The First Century Of The Future  
Shall Swallow Its Tongue.

## **How To Die From Greed**

These Nights We Wait—Nested In  
Our Catapults, Wondering How  
Far. And What Will It Look Like Where  
We Land? Which Of Us  
Will Be Lost Traversing  
The Arc? Is There A Category  
For The Nightmares That Might Find You  
In The Air? Your Heart Is In Your Throat And You  
Won't Know If You Can Breathe.

### **How To Die From Hope**

The Strangeness Came So Fast. Just  
Before, We Were Riding On A Field  
Trip To The Mission In Sonoma. We Were  
Buying Tickets For Wilco At Fox Theater. Now  
We Listen To The Tweedys Live In Isolation, He Plucks  
Strings In Chicago Across The Glass And You  
Want To Know It's A Salve. You Want To Compare This  
To Something, You Don't Want To Let It  
Get Too Dark. At The Mission, Our Guide Asked  
The Students—Standing Rows Clustered In The Chapel Where  
New Settlers Brought God & Disease To The Natives—“And Why  
Were They Dying?”

## **How To Die From Suddenness**

It's So David & Goliath, Trojan Horse, Pick  
Your Myth. Its Conquering Smallness  
& Absence Of Self Asserted  
On Leviathans That Know They  
Live, Until They Don't, And The Smallness  
Moves On In Its Multiplicitousness. For No  
Reason, This Speck From A Speck Will  
Stop You From Being. You Seek  
Transcendence And It Desires  
Nothing; The Hands Of A Bodiless  
Locksmith Solving The Code Of Your Existence. You Are  
New Here, But The Conscription  
Is Older Than Everything.

## **How To Die From Evolution**

There's Lots Of Chanting  
From The Idiots These Days. Vive La  
Dumbocracy! Give Me Liberty And  
Give Me Death! Let Us Eat Cake! Don't Tread  
On Meat! Dopey Ducklings Waddling, A Parade  
Of Floppy Feet Trailing The Tiny Man, Trying  
To Catch Tongue To Testicle, To Taste  
The Swank Sweat Of Their Little Lord. Foment  
Ignorance, Bathe In The Vacuity, Rinse  
With Hubris, Repeat. Meanwhile, It  
Lurks, Hungry  
For New Flesh. Our Hunter Knows  
Its Feast Awaits In The Street.

## **How To Die From A Clown Show**



You Want To Stop  
Talking About The Tiny  
Man, But Every Day Another  
Flabbergast Of Unfettered  
Foolishness. The Destiny of Metastasized  
Disaster Left To Spill From The Little Hands  
Of The Grand Imbecile, The Archetype  
Chump. Of All The  
Ways That Consequence Could Fester  
Into A Wound Immeasurable, This  
Is The Mother of Dark  
Fates & Tragic Causal Intersections. The Bad Page  
In The *Choose Your Own Adventure*—Your Quantum  
Childhood Nightmare Found  
Real Here In Our Incessant  
Now. What-If-Cum-What-Is. This  
Is The Wrong  
Timeline. Why Must It  
Feel So Easy To Imagine The Other  
Place Of The Undoomed?

## **How To Die From A Temporal Anomaly**

That Scene In *Jaws* Where  
All The People Hungry  
For Summer Clamber  
To The Beaches Because  
The Mayor Pretended With  
All His Heart That  
There Were No More Sharks. But The Truth  
Is: The People  
Didn't Really Give  
A Shit Either Way. It's In  
The Script. That's Just  
A Movie, You  
Say. True  
Enough. In Reality  
Tonight: Happenstanced Across  
More Tweedy In Front Of His Gidget Polka  
Dot Curtains Playing Gorgeous  
Melancholy With Remote  
Wilco On Colbert. Fate Or Fairy  
Tale? It's Getting  
Harder To Tell.

## **How To Die From Ignoring Roy Scheider**

Not Very Long Ago  
I Found The Random  
Spates Of Open-Air  
Tom-Tom Beats From Our  
Hippie Drummer Lockdown Neighbor  
On The Other Ridge  
Consoling, Communal Feels Across  
The Canyon. Last Week, Still Cloistered,  
I Hollered Back Cowardly  
Agitated & Anonymous From My Hidden Yard:  
*You're Deciding For All*  
*Of Us!* These Nights Riots  
Fill Streets. Gung-ho Shield-  
Wielder Thuggery Against  
The Angry Weary. Everything  
Is Kindling  
Now—Knees On Necks, Unmasked  
Throngs, Storefronts & Cop Cars, Cannisters,  
The Tiny Man's Wicked  
Words. Songs  
Of Fury Unleashed  
In A Time Of Dirges.

**How To Die From Unmooring America**

It's Falling  
Apart Now. Whatever Spider's  
Threads Were Keeping  
Together An Idea  
Of The Future, That Trap  
Of Communal  
Ambition—It's Going Ghost On Its Way  
To Gone. You Can't Even  
Believe Anymore  
That It Ever Held. How Did We  
Keep The Madness  
Strung? It's Clear The Lunacy  
Was Woven Deeply  
In America's Blood. They Feathered  
With Ink *All Men Are Created*  
*Equal*, Then Went Home And Fed Their Slaves  
After Filling The Pig Troughs. We Slaughtered All The Buffalo  
For More Freedom, Piled Their Carcasses  
Into Mountains Of Ancient  
Fur & Flesh. Drug Our Boots Across  
A Glorious Continent  
In Balance, Murdered  
Its Shepherds, And Tipped  
Over The Table To Suck Every Hidden  
Dick In The Dirt. Then Ford Or Oppenheimer Whispered: *This*  
*Is How We'll End The World*. Sure, Our Boys Burned  
Some Japs & Beat Down The Nazis, But Their Sons Still Crowned  
A Sympathizer 3 Score & 11 Years After. And When  
The Future's Virus Finally  
Came To Roam  
Our White-Washed  
Lands Just Before All The Ice  
Melted, We Said "Cloth?!"  
On My Face?! I'd Rather  
We Died!" And So We Did.

The Tiny Man Is Poison  
Now. A Venomous Ignorance Shot Straight  
Into The Vein. Flatulence As Suffocant. The Dimmer  
Of Hope, A Shadow  
Bullying The Light. Darker  
Is All He Knows, And He  
Knows Almost Nothing.  
It's July, The Dead  
Pile Again.

**How To Die From Choking On The Stupidity Of The President**

## **Remembering How To Die**

It Is Time  
For The Fires Again, They Come  
Every Year Now. Today  
The Light Was Tinted & My Daughters  
Pointed To The Billows  
Of Smoke On The Far Horizon, Piling  
Air Like New Mountains  
Curdled In Heat. A Plague Still Skitters  
Below, Undulating Until Some  
Tangent Of The Future  
Brings It To Pale. But These  
Flames Will Only  
Ascend. We're Driving Through  
A Firestorm On Our Way  
To The Apocalypse, You Can Smell The Tires Melt.  
This Is Art In The Time Of Virus & Ignorance.  
This Is Us Imbibing What's To Be.

# Rage

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