

Los Peloncillos

Hands
shaped the dog
pulled out
leaves, roots
set him in the sun
to bake.
the final pat.
went away

he sat
listening to them circle
the forest roar.
the sun make marks on rock
and at night the stars
 rising in a smoke.
at his feet the arroyo
 flooded past, then dried.

hour after hour
the cheeks of the mountains
 pitted,
 revolved
through the colors of the rainbow:
 faced north.
 no more screams,
a smell of bone.
until leaning, he lay down
 softly on the bank,
 jaw cracked;
 from his mouth
 a tiny river flowed ...

Mouth

Something's happening
 in my mouth.
like fenceposts or stumps
 the teeth move with the seasons.

at times when alone I drop
 my jaw, and the wind
 blows a goat-like
 Dorian music through them

at odd hours a grit
 falls onto my tongue
 tasting of coal dust

afternoons a taint
of green coins
and smouldering villages
blowing across marshes ...

at night with my head thrown back
flashes,
bare feet running over scaffolds,
vague calls
lights moving,
and high in the galleries
a steady chipping, chipping ...

Friday

Tonight it is raining
there will be no danger of thieves;
the stuffed trash can is safe

from dogs that roam the streets
sniffing out alleys and every crack,
feed on my garbage

and the illusion of thieves
skipping over trellises
plastic over tin roofs,

only on paraffin wings
angels will drift upright
weighted through the streets

immune to lightning, shedding water
as they do evil, old pork chop bones
corn husks sticking in their teeth

and that black monk sneering
from the heavens, his arms
around the trees thunder

cords flicking, chasing lone
girls home from the town dance,
licks their heels just as they push through the door ...

Bananas

Languishing among pine
the banana girl
carries a moustache
beneath each nipple.

there is no film can hold her
no sun-slicked furniture;
like the wind she