

the first of ten
in the halo of a sleepless groundhog
unforgiving of flowers
no yellow dream
hands troubled
gazing upon each other
the filth the beauty

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for Jorge Boccanera

rain won't let you
get silence to sleep
and it's solved in a cloudy cough
a dry shiver
nothing to finish off
faces evaporate
and scab over the mirror
where everything hides from itself
rough accordion
the creek cuts you off
the loss of voice is death tongue
it can't shut its mouth
a sturdy foam
mobilizing the root dust
I toss all the liquid
to your overflowing thirst
quartz harmony
solitude with sound judgement
but if you listen closely
death is chirping

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before the snow's slightest slip-up
the enemy sprouts again
wolves vixens lynx
its rhizomes grafted
on objectivity magic word
its fronds waving
in the procedure
numeral spell
when forgetting snows
it's the enemy's spring
to get out of that orbit
its magnetized wood
crocodiles snakes sturgeons

instead the cardinal carrying a sunflower
in its night beak
the wake of a renegade moon
in its fearlight
the muskrat diving
amid the thirst
 asymmetrical full stop