

HÍVADO

gun to my chest heavy with the weight of
what hasn't happened yet I fell

asleep with a noose around my neck
ground glass in my palms- -and a razor

in my sex- -under my tongue
I'm sorry- -there is no happiness

there is no pleasure- -nothing is left
and I can't wait- to tell you about it

to the window taps the graygreen
grass of the cerro- in glass

warped- panes wet with mist its
paint chippt and muntins effloresced

beneath it a small table in the georgian
made of mahogany imperfectly finisht

but by hand on top of which sits
four plum stones- -a plate of dry lavender

