

DAYS AGAINST ILLUSION

Not wanting targets that roll
around on tilting surfaces.

Not wanting voices that steal
the grainy arching airs.

Not wanting to live for a million breaths
the trivial crusades with the sky.

Not wanting to alter my lines
without waxing the current blade.

Not wanting to resist the magnet
in the end the espadrille unthreads.

Not wanting to touch abstractions
to reach my final chestnut hair.

Not wanting to conquer the loosened tails
the trees positioning their leaves.

Not wanting to attract without chaos
the movable words.

SMOKE

pinkish frames in silent bone
stirring a smoky cocktail
millions of calories vanish
faced with the ringing austerity
of smoke seen from the back
two hands of shredded clover
almost entangling the separated teeth
and punishing the dark gums
beneath noises received by the second
the hairs laugh as they move
the footprints of various Martians
cognac yellowing-bordeaux
scrubbing the bloodied toilets
three voices phoneming three kisses
for me for you for me
to capture the euphoric lark
in a tin can
an ascendant chore!

REMINISCENCES

And time strangulated my star
four numbers spin insidiously
blackening the jellies
and time strangulated my star
worn out I walked over the dark pit
the gleams weeping over my greenness
and I looked on and I looked on
and time strangulated my star
to remember three rumblings of
young mountains and dark radios
two yellow goblets
two scraped throats
two kisses speaking for the vision of
 one existence to another existence
two promises moaning their
 awful distant loquacities
two promises of not being of being of not being
two dreams playing the wheel of fate around
 a cosmos of pallid yellow champagne
two glances affirming the greediness
 of some small star
and time strangulated my star
four numbers laughing through surly somersaults
one is dying
one is being born
and time strangulated my star

sounds of burning water lilies
detach my future shadows
a disconcerting mist fills up
 my sunny corner
the shadow of the sun crushes
 the sphinx of my star
the promises congeal
in front of the sign of stragulated stars
and time strangulated my star
but its essence will go on existing
in my atemporal interior
shine, oh essence of my star!

LUMINOUS WATERS

 Yes. It is raining...
the sky moans its faded heaps
damp shadows gather up its pieces
terrible muddy hollows
selfish drops of sulphury water
yet I don't know how to gather masses
to see if the pallid flame will trouble me
terrible thickness of cats and dogs
the drops continue

COLORLESS BEING

To the little rabbit that bit its own fingernails

unnailed needlework in my daily chaos humor
endless ringing scratchy harp
weeping corpses salt lake

your obscurity will remove the streams of green soap
colorful streamers
in a right hand with nails gnawed down to the quick

NEMO

the day won't go far that lacks in greenness
when I'll sing to the hateful moon giving light to my thick head,
 which a blade cut down
which gives birth to the brutal winds
to the sharp flowers that burn in your fingers beneath their gentle
 bandages
to the star that hides when someone calls upon it
to the damp rain that shimmies in its repulsive nakedness
to the yellow sun that passes through skin, marking its darkened
 fingerprints
to the little clock sent from hell the breaker of beautiful dreams
to the cold seas dredging up garbage waves golden rings burning
 in my eyes

WANDERING THROUGH THE GLOOM

my pupils black their lack of ineluctable glimmers
my pupils big pollen full of bees
my pupils round broken disk
my pupils grave without an absolute swerve
my pupils straight without any innate gesture
my pupils full a fragrant well
my pupils tinted defined water
my pupils sensitive rigidity for the unknown
my pupils protruding a precise impasse
my pupils earthly imitations of sky
my pupils dark falling stones

ENGAGING WITH THE RED SHADOW

her solitude is mewing
zeros upon zeros
that flow with ingenuous values
a retina before the unknown
the sounding breezes
gather back to prick
her being with smiling
and open teeth
to laugh in the night full of sun
from vigorous participles

NIGHT

running I don't know where
here or there
singular naked bends in the road
and enough with all this running!
braids subjecting nightfall
to dandruff and eau de cologne
burning roses and waxy phosphorus
an honest creation of capillary furrows
the night unloads its burden
of black and white
to throw off, delay its transformation

MY FOREST

collecting desires on thankless surfaces
recounting what is yours
in solemn greenness
and after that ten horses will come
to throw their tails to the black wind
the leaves will rustle
their damp manes
and the regiment will come
rounding up the verses

A POEM FOR MY PAPER

reading my own poems
printed sorrows the daily transcendences
proud smile forgiven misunderstanding
it's mine it's mine it's mine!!
reading cursive writing
joyful interior heartbeat
to feel that happiness congeals
whether good or bad or good
strangeness of inherent feelings
harmonious, autonomous chalice
the limit of the big toe of a tired foot and
washed hair on a curly head
it doesn't matter:
it's mine it's mine it's mine!!

. . . FROM MY DIARY

She watched the cars being fixed
without their metallic vestments
their front parts resembling
brand-new skulls.
A yellow sun dropping indifferent
luminous shards of something painted
and the shadows lingering
in the fragments of star.
She felt tired before such hazes
that didn't move
a blue brooding boredom inside her
extravagant footsteps left marks on her fingers
mobility measured by carpet and ballet.