

BI REY NATO

One

The eyes of Salammbô have fallen.
Amid all the absurdity
the conquistador kisses my hand

E of empire
cleaves open my heart.
Shrieks of war
war
war, war.

Two

Café con leche.

I'm wearing my jeans with the tattered hems
and leather patches

From the corner

I watch the plaza de armas.

The water soaks the skulls
far from San Francisco.

Catacomb, torpedo.

I pray, squatting. Praying hurts.

Thrust open my Lima sky
Shatter my cold member
that doesn't understand,
that isn't gloriously fondled.

Three

Seeding drum.

Flower.

Saber.

Your angle to wound with light.

Bathing the limp from the side.

Where should I touch you, Lima, to make you scream? What
ecstasy

do you keep in that thorn of old neighborhoods?

Who fondled you there?

Who made that sweetness spring forth?

Perfume me with death.

Spray me with cramps

I want to shriek.

I want to.

And let a bull plow through me.

Four

On the quadrangular avenue
I make a perfect ogive.
I lay myself before you,
palpable vegetable in my left hand.
A pale morning erection.
Mizzle, pupils.

Food.
More food.
Menú.

I yearn to dilate between hems,
recline infirm looking at magnolias.
Magnolias of Beijing.
Magnolias of cinnamon.

They fall and I'm mollified.
I burst,
between women enslaved by tight pants
ladies with raised pinkies.
And I,
naked, wish
for a sari to fall over my eyes
to be kissed over tulle.
Forever.
A forever kiss of love
for that cruel maker.
For the prince.
For he who twists my hand in pain so in his beauty I
succumb.

SEVEN HOPELESS POEMS

Reincarnation

The tree, on its feet
ejects ghosts.
The tree corpse.

I have arrived once again in salt form.

Chewed up fossils,
weight of dead loves
(God looks askew at me through the blinds.
God would live again if he felt my faith.)

The Cow's Shadow

There's a space between the salt
and my feet.

Cavalcade of signs
reduced to a mouthful of coca:
Colla, Quechua, Aymara, etc.
All that I am not.

I am a white rider with a cloud in my eye.
Poncho full of holes.
My hand boiling.

Do you think I'll find a word above the
pampa, to the puna, the train to the clouds?

The cow.
The flesh, its shadow, say the wagging tongues.

Strange Feelings About a Tango

Don't dance with me,
I might jinx you.
Bring ill omens.

You'll write for that rally of two,
protest my distance.
You'll toss me from your house,
cut my scars between your teeth.

The car climbs the slope:
bajofondo scarcely audible.

I spill onto the dance floor
like a slice of unused flesh.