

los ojos de nieve

an endless line
of arrival,
crosses again
the shores of a lake—

a moon
that's hard
and shiny
with stretched skin.

a death revolves
as breathing gives
its round, and Ready
lit OFF, beside
a bloom

of blackened feet
and wings.

the casket
full of faces
and hands
that leak,
an oiled bird

saddled
with dominion,
sits
& serves a beam
that shatters,

flattened
and divided

along each
parched and brittle
Step

a sun for the saddle

the stitch
along a rounded
home, is curved.

the wind reels in,
magnetic fields
are rising

through the summer
filled with fur.

its evening swells
and softly turns
each loop
above the mouth
and memory
of wood,

in alleys
leading to the light
that others read—

a wooden door
makes calls
that oxen

and an elephant
outside the water
in each eye
Return

a land of coconuts
and tapirs
inches
through the hatred
that a promise
in the giant fence
of letters...

a knowledge
in a target
filled with ruins
and a swamp
in handshakes

alibis—
its privileges
like eggs,

a cell
with inclines
of a city
in its calibrated
season, like the friendly
face of daylight
in a burnt down city
under deserts

filled
with clowns.

this is a twilight
for a shoulder
that is gone

in storms
of owls returning
to the continent
from snow, the size
of other countries
being measured
like a dress
for walking
through the peace
that marks the sun
with circles,

with a radio
that fear reduces
to a pack of city
lives, with cuts
inside the woven hand
that children save
by oceans
full of incubated
selves, and cold,
they wave,

a test
that bodies bleed
to shiver
in the rice
that feeds its highway
to the other side
unknown to some
revolting mouth

it's one that comments
for the ice
and one that serves
to filter all the holes
in caves
that icons
fold, outside of spines
and bloated stores
of weapons

surfacing
its face
to undermine
a home
for ants that others
build, instead of air
outside the night
of dim replies

there is a skeleton
that knots each song
inside the word

that settles
fast devices,
in the shower
ridding
all the brothers
of the kite
that kills the sky,
without a string
to pull
lagoons
inside a gathering
of younger piers,

it's separate—

a will, a knife, a door,
and covered glass
as clear
as rain

with links
between the things
and selves
together
with a seeing
that dissolves