

Reading Paz at the Cemetery

There is the long glare under a tree, among headstones
Where umbrage yokes the offering of translation,
And has left me with evenings of elders' anonymity.
Essentially, I'm saying that since two of my coworkers died

There's been a waiting to wane quiet from layers of concrete.
I mean, to unmask hair's whereabouts, route mourning to
Rupture risen catafalco. the presence up from a rush
Of conveyor belts, or backward swoon of cobwebs.

Now when I hear road squeals delivered to their own end
I am immense with the want to touch inside of hot tar—
Asphalt lithe pools leading to news without faces.
And under breeze, ants leaf letters that see the unfurl through

My homeliness. where I think you were right to find light
In Johnnie Taylor beaming in the background.
Wedding laugh to weather, refining plumes—
Dancing with in a way that abides soul to celebration.

Although I stay in bed most days, stray dreams; where their mood
Rain asks for wisps of lamp's spread bare—*la presencia sin*
Nombre me rodea feels like some familial teeming. work to feeling
Perforated ceilings that keep the move of announcements ajar.

Where there are stony mouths of fresh cutting in lawns,
And the broom bristles with host. there are other leaves
In hum of need—feral with acacia, acorn, pacay.
That percussive inward hide quandaries abate.