

Borders of the Divine

Five Poems

Letter for Anomic Stars

Solemn old rays from my only sun,
wash my body of flash-diluted identity.
If I can pry these claws from my heart's handgun,
grant my new soul death by serenity.

- Where do I start?

Each morning, unfamiliar light.
Why do I drink soda filled with drowning ants?
Or, shake & shred my voice to fight?
I fight like a flower pressed in a book on plants.

- Born lost, I have
the liberating loneliness
of belonging to no one in particular.
In my dreams, I ask Dad just how lost he's been.

My terror, my Eurydice becomes a frail beast
holding my lamented gaze from his hospital bed.
His eyes are red & blue rosary beads as his priest
brings forth the lamb, the cup that has bled.

- He tastes his tears with a
kiss on my neck.
To say goodbye,
the closest thing we'll ever get
to forgiveness.

- Lost one, from love you came & to love you shall return.

So, I walk down endless road over endless lakes,
a faded moon falling off still & beautiful black.
Absent sun, can I feel, taste again when I wake?
I pray for the gall to see through eyes of a lilac.

- To see femurs become rifles &
strawberries become art.
To see the spirits build us
a bed on our shoulders-
a boy I loved, holding me like I'm a strawberry &
he's a lilac.

Why do we grow out of the greatest loves
of our lives like fire outgrowing a tree?
Why are our branches holding doves
as we nourish each other in gasoline?

- Each fire becomes a star
& each mourning, unfamiliar light.
- Dad, where do I start?

re:

I am scouring, searching the blown-over roots at these mossy banks for the core.
interrogating each beer bottle, cigarette butt, and fiddler crab for directions to the core.

And, some time has been wasted when I thought I was sore, but just needed more.
More of a look to the wavy blue which flows away from the mud-earth green of the core.

The unfettered gore of wind pushes my practiced purpose to hiding spots away from the shore.
And, I am singing to the alligators which birthed me and relentlessly draw me- unconditional of
consent- to the core.

So, I follow the most blood-thirsty blades of grass which hack at closed doors.
As snakes watch with unbridled terror and wonder why I seek the core?

Energized by exhaustion, my guilty conscience tells a patient egret, "I'm not sure."
She nods to me, saying, "inhale the mud beneath your souls," before flying off once more.

I know not where she flies.
So, I listen through cicadas for the core.

Harvest

Costa Rica was a green and ungodly angel
whenever I looked into her humane sky.
The first meal I ate had plantains and beans.
And, the last thing I remember was color.
I had never seen any deeper en toda mi vida.
That was when I began to fall.

On a cliff over San Juan, I thought I could fall
right into the arms of some animal, or angel
able to translate the word, 'vida'
so that I could feel it like clouds feel the burning pink sky.
Still, nothing could drink color
from my fire tongue like the nectar of the brown mountain beans.

Bleeding sweat, the children ran through soaked scent of coffee beans,
trying not to forget their names and fall.
En una iglesia amada por los colores, one kid looked for color
in the indifferently mourning angel.
But, one boy's baby blue eyes were deeper than the sky.
They wandered mountain trails in search of their ultima vida.

Then, I prayed to the people and they replied, ¡Pura vida!
In another church, that kid fed a stray dog refried beans
under a weepy gray sky.
That kid didn't know that you can cry when you fall.
Also, I dreamed that the cloud forest became my guardian angel
so I painted her my favorite color.

The kid smiled the first time he saw a snake and stopped to admire his ruby color.
So many hours spent trying to let the turquoise waves wash away the vida,
while sizzling little white sands asked to me the name of my angel.
I didn't know her name, but I knew I wanted to consume every bit of the coffee beans
from the lush montañas verdes which had never known a raging red fall.
Instead, I tried harder to listen to the lessons of a patient sky.

The only constant was the sky
But never its rich, interim color,
letting me fall
again and again for the vida
desconsonida, unknown like the coffee beans
don't know steam from the coffee cup of an angel.

Parking Garage Garden

Shame fed into me through fogged-up windows with every thrust.
You tore into my new body with ravenous lust
But goddamn that smile was just
Just
Scary. So sweet it was all so scary.

Just how we liked it. When a parking garage-
Of all things-
Was anything.

We were so anything I almost didn't hear
The cop's tap tap at the rear
Window before he realized what he was seeing.

Fear.
I couldn't feel the nose on my face
And laughed nervously to race
Impatiently to throw clothes on.

But your smile was just-
Damn.
Tall, curly, must,
And must have been Polo.
Even lined up on the wall with rushed
Clothes half-on
And the long arm of the law
reaching into my deepest shame.
Asking what was my name?
Where was my ID?

In a parking garage in the middle of the night,
We were put on trial for fucking.

But, your smile.
Holy shit, you did something.

You giggled.
You made me a snake
as you leaned to my ear tip
and hissed through the softest lips.

“He’s more afraid of us than we are of him.”

A courage so deep red
I must have been crazy when I said
After the humiliated officer fled
“We should finish in the park.”
There may be something to be said for not needing a bed.

We were a mess that night
but, I could give a shit.
No pattern to our power
And no need to forget
Who we were.

And, when we drove all night looking for a
Single gas station that didn’t close at ten
in this labyrinth town to which
we were both foreign,
I didn’t mind being lost.

You made me a snake
able to stare down my shame.
With you, I had no name.
We were myth.

After we found that gas station,
You bought me a drink.
You come here often?

II Hiking Essentials

- 1) Plenty of water
- 2) Reliable, supportive hiking shoes
- 3) Grace
- 4) First-aid kit
- 5) Rain gear
- 6) Flashlight
- 7) I thought climbing a mountain would make me God.
But at the top, I was gone.
I tried toughing heaven, but
with every unyielding, venerable boulder
I climbed, crying, I knew this life more as a pilgrimage
to more rock.
I reached the pinnacle to be compassionately eroded by
angry, indifferent winds.
In majesty, I
became
death.
- 8) Again, the wind gave me tears.
- 9) Breathless sunlight accompanied my storied gaze

into the eyes of Earth, pulsing rivers, soft hills, and
birds that glistened the way only dreams glisten.
I can't remember what I said but
they were too beyond to hear me, anyway.

10) When my legs found me, they knew I was destroyed.
Because Hemingway said I could be destroyed but not
defeated,
I climbed down from the mountain.
Starlight filled my veins when I could feel
I was free movement over stone and sweat bead.
That I was the open air I breathed.
That I would never again compromise my useful sting.
That I could be death and not die until I do
since death is only a broken shell after all.

11) At the bottom of the mountain,
I died.
I cried.

I could still remember the harsh wind becoming a wild way of
love
and the steady hum of ancient silence in the mountain
and I could feel that I was somewhere in between these things.
That I was part of it, holding earthquakes and sunsets
together in my bones.
That I was dying and in love.