

## IN SPAIN

A decree went out in Spain:  
"Match every heart with a voice."  
The angels carved an instrument,  
forming language around the guitar  
while the dueña stretched pliant fingers  
over coffin wood—giving a hymn to the silent ones.  
The trees—remembering Eden—stood still.

Then music leaped from the floor,  
releasing the anguish within the well  
that strained to echo clouds  
uncontained by any walls.  
Songs filled in the silence between colors.  
In guttural bursts, the windmills turned shadowed pages,  
opening the night anew.  
A breeze dried the ink;  
rivers flowed with ancient melodies.  
And the dust from beneath the dancer's feet  
galloped home.

## CHILDHOOD COMPANION

She began the morning with limp hair  
transforming gradually from gamine to girl.  
Now she stands before the mirror  
asking me what I think.  
Her body fragrant and pulsing  
her eyes dilated with glitter  
her manners soft beyond the boyish sister  
I dare remember.  
Assuring me she will be safe  
she tugs at her bodice  
cleverly hides a strap  
straightens a stocking  
and leaves at the honking  
of a curbside horn.  
I remain behind...totally disheveled.

## ON THE WAY TO THE OBSERVATORY

Leaping before car lights  
shadows scurry up walls.  
The road twists through an undergrowth  
of weeds.  
Each time I think of her a bud sprouts.  
I can't stop the pattern—a constellation of stars  
turns as I drive.  
When I finally arrive,  
she's an arbor of blossoms.

## LOVE LETTERS TO EARTH

The deepest are written in green ink.  
Messy or not  
it can't be blotted out.  
Blood, bones, and vanity soon splattered and spent.  
You'd be surprised:  
Win a war. Land on Mars.  
Further heartaches wait.  
I'm still searching for the perfume  
that sweetens love a second time.

## FINALLY

Just wait.  
Someday all the details of my life  
will be in order.  
Every item will be in place.  
I'll be on time with no loose ends.  
My room will be small,  
but tidy as a bank.  
Clean walls will enclose me.  
At last, I'll be your perfect man.  
What's mine will be yours.  
Just show the papers of my possessions  
and claim whatever piece you covet.  
It won't be long.  
Oh. But my picture. That's right!  
No matter how much you trim away,  
it'll never fit your narrow frame.  
So discard it. And save false tears.  
And you can stake out whatever else you want.  
You'll soon have it all—  
all but the peace that resides beyond your will.