

## Above the Hills

Here near the lopes of dogs who leap shadows through the blink  
of time we face the garden of broken windows.

We work like prisoners.  
We work like the jobless.  
We work to cultivate hope.

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Our cups of green tea simmering. Birds hold trees  
in crooked shade. The morning rolls from cast plaster  
to bronze made from plaster casts.

The water in the sky has receded into what has become of us  
and our legacies. Splits of sweet potatoes remember  
this day will be bitter and terrific.

Here, we welcome eternity.

**Guernica**

--Homage to Pablo Medina

God longs to be played like a Spanish guitar.

Gypsies sing *cante jondo* by the fire-haloed river.

I wear a *mantilla* as penance for my worries.

The angels of the north and the angels of the south

offer soothing psalms for my shrouded shoulders.

Poor children drink paprika juice and blink. I play

crisp red castanets on the far edge of town. Unspoiled

waves slap in rhythm at the edge of my grave. Ole:

the trance, the flirt, the unrelenting line of fire ants.

Lorca knows. He claps his impaled palms all night.

*Come on, baby, light my fire.* No, I'd rather *salida*.

A slender, tender rain lingers over Pamplona.

The bulls run and the city sighs.

Saudade

--homage to Erika Sánchez

In the halogen of seedlings I beseech  
the myths of perennials I didn't  
know if it was windy or someone  
was lighting fires I held dead bulbs  
of words that grew everything you left  
between the year of the crow and the year  
of the bear I heard the clap of one  
hand I watched it storm through  
dark windows am I looking to be pelted  
or am I hoping to be spared your body  
smelled like stalagmites and I kept  
your picture in a bottle of ouzo &  
caramel-salted hound's teeth you should have  
soothed my eyelids till they fluttered  
licked the curve of my instep for instants  
waxed agave keeps forever & a dawn  
fails to settle I saw myself ripping  
a tortoise's leg I needed to flush out  
my ears of low notes on a steel string  
the piercing they brought forgave me  
forever for wanting wolfhounds to leap  
at my misfortune on silver leashes

## Getting to You

virgin friends play roulette with no mention of cooking  
a piano in a trance, say one, say forever, poor friends, firm friends,  
intent on fermenting agitation among the innocent, blue rivers  
of long-ago kisses applaud, as musty buskers flaunt stringed  
buzzes with naked gaffes, cloven laughs, maligned, avenged,  
fickle, frittered, under spackled bellies of star-geysers, adrift, stage-lit,  
cherubic fountain plumes, never suspicious oleanders, despite impatient  
accusations in chivalrous voices quashed resuscitations, and echoes  
of death, serrated with syncopation, embedded in azure alphabet murals  
of unfurled serif curls, unforced errors and parliamentary griefs, exuding  
unparalleled corpuscles, risen riptides, water-winged Pegasus, horse angel,  
night angel, say leap, say fortunate, say, no, you are welcome, yes, say inchoate,  
inventive, say *abbraccios*, salutations, undisclosed locations, yes, *pianissimo*.

## Possibilities

Hiking up El Nogal

as newly hatched insects  
buzz, disoriented,  
electrifying.

The door to love's been left open

the dome light's drained the battery  
so I am not going anywhere, not  
without you, not now,  
as Northern Auroras  
light us up.

Not now, as tectonic plates shift

pulsing continents  
into subduction  
zones.

Not now, as ancient maps

turn *terra incognita*  
into newly molten lands.

You swim beneath a waterfall

I come with horses  
riding bare-breasted, bareback  
along a beach of pounding surf, pounding  
hooves, pounding everything.

We stretch each other like canvas

I want you that way, I want to scale your limbs,  
sleep tree-top, move out into the whole night sky,  
Rousseau's lioness stretched out  
beneath us.