

Ten Paz, Corazon

filtered rose gaze traded for cut up shards
of a fractured view of galaxy
nothing if not full of vacillating cravings

and you pull out your hair
wishing on the broken strands
for diamond clarity

the pink of brain left with a chronic missing
the whole organ battered by the rattling spare
currency from a past life

and you become metallic
finding copper souls rusted down
into roadside diners

the small and stary prism
where you dry off your sadder years
in chromatic light

the unstable frames will kick you out
after you've given your heart a
full home cooked meal

the mercurial nature of your appetite
making your body prickle with stagnation
and before you know it you burst into movement

road dusted with tired bits of bone
linked to helpful witches who tell you
the secrets of the universe

they teach you how to conjure up calm
to ease the twitch of need
a secret you'll use when you're ready

Pulled Muscles

/the ache starts in my legs/ a stretching ligament/ pulling away from my corpse/ heavy
with a muscle memory that does nothing but keep me dizzy/

/words come out slurred with unbuttoned grief/ i almost want to apologize for the
sounds/ perhaps no movement in this body is mine/ maybe no words from this mouth
belong to me/ is it my fault anyway/

/a dream like distance/ that no one can wake me up from/ the cracks in torso still too
wide with pain/ to sew shut with the leftover thread/ from an old hand me down dress/ a
divorced line tangled in blood clots and gore/ in /side/ body/ legs/

The Reckoning

The world has ended many times before
Threats of dark and rosary beads
Where conversations don't have to end in god and sermons

Unrest lingering in a reckoning of "our fathers" and
Rainbow kisses stolen between hymns
Salvation in the mouth that leads the novena in between thighs

A brief gulping of air before
Landing among hands that only held prayers
Whispers of divinity in between all the decay

To account for sins and your unclean body
A confession of a conditional love written
In your copy of the bible

Just another haunted home
Tears salting the driveway trailing to grave angels
A tether to holy ghosts forever calling after me

Apocalypses without absolution
Searching for resolution in warm places
When will the world stop ending

It gets dark at the end of the world

Paloma Negra

it played often

you know the rise and fall, the unfurling heart and
kitchen scene where your mother sang off key and
taught you to make enchiladas
the red sauce covering tortilla, lingering on hands
before nestling into mouth

it fills the timbre of your voice and
if anyone were to pay close attention
they could hear the ache of a body disoriented
the melancholy melody weaving in and out of your life
one of three landmarks you can still name

and even as years leave tea rings on fingers
each circle a new border and chain link fence
that your spanglish can not cross without stumbling
words torn open, their remains melting into tastebuds
that know the salt of grief intimately

there are still sweet tethers to a home where
your abuela taught you to dance in the space between
stove and table, her hands guiding and voice beckoning
where the words *Paloma Negra*
can tumble off your grief stricken tongue
and sit with you while you try to remember
your way home