

poetry by Flavia Cosma

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Argentine Summer 11

The moon grows round above a barren plain.
The howl of a wild beast lasts in the distance.
The heat clutches us greedily, like a claw.
A melancholy band gathers around the table,
Waiting for something to happen, anything.
Sleepwalkers dance on church spires,
Unfurling kerchiefs, with ancient rhythms,
And the soppy, worn off, music,
Trickles quietly on guitar chords.

The planet's core bakes slowly;
The singer's voice scatters through wind;
From his heart, exposed to view,
Sun burnt drops of blood
Descend into earth.

Tonight, for an instant,
The moon
Sits in the shade.
Another man gets stranded though summer's
sultry maze,
And in the blue stillness, hangs himself
from the house's beams.
His wife curses him, his children remain
sleeping,
While slowly rocking, in peaceful packs,
The hanged float over stony silences,
Leaving to the living both the hatred and the
mystery,
Leaving them to peer through the skies above,
With eyes heavy from tears,
and ringed.