

Her last of autumn

her last of autumn withered
and toppled
into a palm that longed to palm a spring
against the void of white brilliance
once so distant and crystalline
in arch

allowed to dull with exacting precision
she remained as an icon
closeted and unbroken, helplessly unscathed
sealed beneath a layer of crepe de chine lighter than she

finally a vision stained in ardor
bestowed of a hue
penuriously unrecognized in a dusky iris
still unformed at its end is conceived

a soul parted with praise
and languor
to savor the life once merry
with a fullness not squandered
and the promise of a spring not disturbed
in arch.

el encierro

the sun bleeds rough and fallow,
spooning fecundity through a sieve,
spit-shining faces upturned, mouths gaping
deploying trumpet blasts over mottled tongues.
they stand toes clenched, dug into red earth
deathjudgementheavenhell
i el encierro !
Deathjudgementheavenhell

Apostate

correr so hard, correr so fast
tear free of these ribs;
by fire bring this temple down ...
wailnomorewailnomore!
brick dIs – iNtegrates breath,
conscious time will kneel – asphyxiated, trite.
Lazarus, dance my memorial, puro,
present my concourse to revelation –
and Apo stance de Grace.