

Martin Offers his Neck to an Assassin

After the skin was stretched & folded,
complete with preface & partly rhyming appendices,
Severus added to the blueprint's opposite his passionate,
hagiography of deeds, of acts & apparitions, of temples
overthrown. An attempt to end the Life of St. Martin over-
ran the parchment & occupied the site where once stood
the House for Knights who travel in the Emperor's Company.

Of course, no holy throat could splutter blood, could reveal
the redness of the self inside, innocuous as a poppy calyx.
In the courtyard, camels chew over that last lovely name,
the princely guard, his troupe of twenty, his invisible
hashshashins summoned. Inside a lodge full of haze,
Hæssæn-e Sæbbah lounges in pajamas & plum-colored
concubines draw curtains like cerements on the Sabbath.

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poetry by *diego bález*

hyperbole

The pitched too far, the plumbed
too deep, the arms outstretched,
the over thought, the way an axe engages
a conifer just before the snowfall.

The questions pose, the look
away, the evening orange
cooling to a thunderstorm,
the lightly falling
water splashing silver
as the moon drops.

That moment when, the gesture
ends, the tide incoming, shoring-up
each unbound thread, the now
of each, the quick inhale,
a breeze that rustles
maple leaves and sounds
like the ocean.

The very last, the never
yet, the sweetest thing,
the greatest joy, that still,
before the calm, life stalls
& listens for something more.

the skin

The skin

of a peach
is no longer

flesh colored, Indian
Red will one day be

crayon called Chestnut,
Prussia lost her

blue to midnight,
but this is 1972

and Chartreuse
has not yet been

christened Atomic
Tangerine &

the promise
of a primrose

is still canary-colored.