

PAUSE

with a pause
your day also arrives:
it seems the shreds of evidence
are closed in their own time,
but behind the forest, behind the body,
petrified in an anaesthetized voice,
trails in a train of the singed:
no longer will it be said
or written in blood on the forehead,
on the knuckles of the poet, you say: a perfect lie
is the longing of the lost tribe,
but perfect is your beast

PERIPHERAL VISION

before the eye gets lost
the luster of rain settles
on surfaces, people,
pale pearls of suburbs,
cross silently into tomorrow
through civitas mundi,
carrying their shells,
unhurt by the obscenity
of walls, graffiti on dusty windows,
even the one whose matte breasts
give respite to the glance, she too
is temporary, though before
you know that a shadow
of sense appears at the edge of night
only to slip away, leaving on your lips
the bitterness of reality