

## 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