

OUTSIDE THE SMALL MEXICAN MARKET

A memory made itself out of stone
At the spinning of winter
Awakening in the sound of a bird
That would not fly
From the carcass it loved.

Outside the mercadito
Whispered alive I kept appearing
Until I became unreal
In the darkness of a bird
That would not fly
From the carcass of its devotion.

In the grace of the prehistoric
A line of monks
Held themselves along a white wall
In their tired ratios.

They had forgotten everything
In order to find a voice
For the carcass they worshipped
Out of stone in the spinning of winter.

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