

Rigoberto González

TRANSCERENCE

A warm bubble grows inside me; your body buoys
off my back. I twist my neck. I see right through your tongue:
its brown vessels constrict into the lines on dry mud.

Breathe into the dusty fissure of my ear and coax
me from the ground. My hands have dug into the soil
but will fracture at the wrists because they didn't do

what hands should have done when a man becomes a
scavenger and attacks. They have ceased to be hands.
What breed of flower comes to life from semen and

blood? I will hear it break the earth in my sleep.
In the meantime I forgive you. That tender question: *Why
do you cry?* I'm convinced comes from your mouth, though

you do not speak. Those words will haunt me
as I dream I till a plot of flesh, yanking veins
like weeds. When I extract a heart, turnip-stiff, shame

will overwhelm me. Only an ingrate would deny this find
its beauty. *Why do you cry?* I will ask. *You want it back,
all that I took with me to leave you barren and empty?*