

## Blood of the Wolf

What are you trying to find my obstinate one,  
The dog or the pills?  
What are you looking for in the purple BP maps?

Who stabbed whom  
& in which town does the headless cyclist circulate?  
If the Cyclops was alive  
Would he care for a pair of sunglasses?  
Yet—perish the thought—if the dead lepers  
Arise  
Will they take their clothing,  
Sex appeal, and so on, seriously?

Who poisoned whom?  
Whoever knows make him talk.  
How, What for, and Who . . . ?  
Was the cause a lake's name?  
Or the chewing gum *Caballero*?

What are you trying to find my obstinate one  
In the bookshelves, on beds,  
In the secret voices of Saturn,  
Gazing into the abstruse glances of others?

The blood of the wolf will fall on you  
& the wind corrode your face  
Like a rodent.  
Don't you see how you only flail the air?  
The blood of the wolf, I say, will fall on you.

*Translated by the author with Burt Blume*