

The Body Is the Victory and the Defeat of Dreams

The body is the Victory of dreams
when shameless as water
it rises from slumber
marks and scars still asleep
these many signs
its dark olive groves
enamored
cool in the palm.

The body is the Defeat of dreams
as it lies long and empty
(if you shout inside you hear the echo)
with its anemic hair
lovelorn of time
groaning, wounded
hating its motion
its primitive black
fades steadily
waking it's yoked to the briefcase
hanging from it suffering
for hours in the dust.

The body is the Victory of dreams
when it puts one foot in front of the other
and gains the solid space.
A place.
A heavy thud.
Death.
When the body gains its place
through death
in the public square
like a wolf with a burning muzzle
it howls "I want"
"I can't stand it"

“I threaten—I overthrow”
“My baby’s hungry.”

The body gives birth to its justice
and defends it.
The body makes the flower
spits out the pip-death
tumbles down, flies
motionless whirls around the cesspool
(motion of the world)
in dream the body is triumphant
or is found naked in the streets
enduring;
it loses its teeth
it trembles erotically
its earth bursts like a watermelon
and it’s finished.

If I at Least Believed in God

If I at least believed in God
your hands would have
infinite interpretations
when they move
and lift me up to heaven
a heaven like Rilke’s
with sad angels
blowing loneliness
down to earth
implied wings
timid in their speech
for they do not exist.

If I at least believed in God
my absurd insistence on self-torture
on stepping out of the white circle
of small happiness
would have been explained to me
I would have a stone in me