

These are the numbers
of the sleepless, rising
in the power
of their true names:

In the name of crowbar
which is 1.
In the name of broken back
which is 2.

This is the penis
that lugs and sweats like a horse.
These are hands
in their crust of dead lights.

Let the sun and moon go,
the black roof,
the seams of the earth
gathering water.

This is the animal
that grew tired and slept.
These are words
left out in the rain.

Translation of an Unwritten Spanish Poem / Steven Goldsberry

Santa Clara

Hail Mary, this is not my body,
full of grace, but another drunken
fisherman on his way home,
trying to genuflect before the
cathedral doorway, before the other
drunken fishermen.

In the cathedral
there is a smell
of oranges
and the bad cigarettes
the old fruit vendors smoke.

This troubles my soul
for it is not
a religious smell.

My soul is the clear glass
of the flask, my body is
the wine. It has never been
the other way around.

Sitting in a brown pew
a slender woman weeps,
and her body is in her tears.
She catches her tears
carefully; she is crying
into her open hands.

The rectory is upstairs.
Its white wall crumbles like chalk.
The paintings are really windows
of clear, thin glass.

There are certain acts, once done,
that make you a prophet.
I have no way of knowing
what they are.

The Dream of Execution / Henry Carlile

At dawn they led a man out and tied him to a stake.
They were going to shoot him and leave him there.
There was nothing anyone could do about it.
The commanding officer stood smoking a cigarette
while the firing squad composed mostly of conscripts