

KRISTINA MARTINEZ

The Multiple Landscapes into Which One Figures

The rock hammer on the pillow is a gift.

Sugar yourself with cinnamon and grind the rosewood stakes
to dust.

The hive is a dried nosegay.
Do not desecrate

but chisel the footing
so the shrine comes apart
in clumps of rock until there is no outward sign
this house was ever visited upon.

No telltale
sword or red apple.

Our resident saint graces the curb,
brittle baby's breath
on chipped marble. Off her profile
the heat shaves corrugated noon
while insects pursue her
skirt's Greek key.

In the photogenic present it's easy
to tell the small wings from the leaves,
jasmine vine from butterfly stalk.

All along the coast
coralscapes of jalousie and terrazzo rise.

We decide you are shattered enough
to shatter a little further.