

Xavier Rosselló

BLISTERS SEETHE

Blisters seeth
on the walls; the ground, shaped by plowshares,
caves in, furrows ooze,
the colander of my
hands, the evasion of curtains.

We ought to desire the long-tailed storm,
its braided trail and threads
darkening the panes.

Soaked, I sleep with a warm song in my chest.
Do not wake me when it rains for I might
know the anxiety of drowning.

I PICTURE THE RAIN

I picture the rain upon the hand,
the owl nest soaked with dust,
with slow silence, almost like an aubade.

“Do you know that a day begins, that water
flows southward, that bodies
dance like flowers swaying from a cord?”

“Do you know that the crystalline house you gave me
has broken upon an icy sigh
and that my
arms cannot tear off your hair anymore?”