

# 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?”

Give me a small part of the distance,  
a coin covered with blood,  
scratch here where the hen cage  
is sold, we will find the juice and the horse,  
we will find the mirror where you will  
love my crimson back.  
A hole has led me to the light  
and in her womb I have found  
many, many masks . . .

“You will fly,  
maybe you will find me riding on  
a foaming wave, and a colorless  
flower will sprout from my lips.”