

"I am a vine
creeping down the moon".

Gloria Anzaldúa

DAY 1. THE NEW MOON

My incomplete

sense of incompleteness

I wonder

to what great hole I belong to

I look up at the

Black moon

in absent madness

reach up touch

the strange famine of stars

I pull the white cord of the milky way it does

not budge a raging river

full of night songs

and birdcorpses

travels down

to an alien ocean

I cannot see in this new moon

I can only feel the bridge

the gap

between two bodies

You were there here

naked on the dark hard rock

waiting to push

your body into mine

as the ancient

20th century inscriptions

gleamed in the mossy night

senseless hieroglyphs

cold under our scarred bodies

on the wrong side of the river

The fireflies

screamed out their light in waves in wails

to ignite the naked letters –the anonymous love of animals-

shouting out names to immortalize their fear

of losing what they never had.

but we

had

night

the sense of immortality stemming steaming from our bodies

A white warm torch in the burning night

we were the summer simmering in its heat

hummingbirds

beating battling in the ocean of the sky

tossing and turning in the

star-infested riverbeds

the steam of the water drifting

into a black sea,

The full, black moon gaping its aimless glance drinking gobbling up the light

waiting for an eclipse

to blip to raze to

clamp up its frozen mouth

Why should I why should I why say us if it is I only

Say “we” if you do not answer you do not talk in the white silence of the rock

I go inside you like a blind fish into a muted stream

albino fish in caves find their way into the maze

some say they do not feel

subsumed in a dark (r)age

I grope inside your body struggling to find an echo in the walls

a way into the center

the door is oaken strong and locked

I rub my body against the bottom my breasts are catfish

whiskers

tentacles digging around for keys

there is no hole

no way in or out

where is where? are am lost in a body with no pores

no ears no mouth a broken umbilical cord

I cannot breathe connect to the outward source of

air

an astronaut in an alien atmosphere

looking for a black star in a black sky

river