


# AT THE BEND



The cocks' apologues undress catastrophes  
and set aglow the time of their enunciation.

The trees ridging the hills are dark enough  
and carry a new horizon silvered by stirring worms

Before a rising sun. The ineffable blood clot, eclipse  
of scream and wound, nailed to stars forever...

Early birds dissolve quickly in winged embers,  
the victory of claw and bandit is sure over

A fleet of naked prayers ascending her sides,  
hugging close the fraternal steps of morning.

Soft savannahs of smooth stones and lush green cradle  
fatal benedictions of the coral and grumbling heat.

Our soft islands, more like a delicate chrysalis, are  
the keepers of secret violent melodies and ash.

Curled at the bend, a new air of adolescent breasts  
sing the tender dying of moths before naked fire.

Off centre are the green zones bordered by balisiers  
There, the ferocious teeth of silence wait.

They have invaded the flesh<sup>of</sup> our sea  
with lichen, with rare russets; the loins of night

cut open like the chest of a ~~book~~<sup>book.</sup>; Crush  
the vegetal rain that are the pearls of her orchid.

Dirt eagles are decked in helmets of mushrooms,  
their verbal jungles are armed with correct knives.

New voices are covered waist deep by elaborate dirt  
Termites are risen on the ripe fruit-glow of fresh bread.

The tendons of air with fibre, dry perls  
of alphabet and blood and sand

This is our benediction. Betrayal and a faith whose  
charity is a beggar infested by a torpor of rat grief.

Ah, our female islands of midnight and sun  
Ah, the blood of fireflies in the amorous uterus...