

Pablo Miguel Martínez

Donde cae el sol

*Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
This bed thy center is, these walls, thy sphere.*
—John Donne

What was the last question you asked?
—Benjamin Alire Sáenz

These walls unbind tonight from tomorrow
divorce *is* from *was*—a berm between him
and us Can you hear the rezos wheeling
with starling urgency this damned bargain
with the dawn and its stench of copper and
anger to stay away to be put on hold Hold
me corazón shield me from a fame I never
sought all I wanted is the nameless bed of
night folding we know by heart So many
pietàs in this fetid sphere You and I a tiny
maquette for some fevered vision of hell
or bliss Hold me abrázame arm me with
morningness of azahar merengue and besos
muchos besos build a new day of wall-less
hope Do you remember the sun-fire of
nuestra isla how it burned in us make it
forever flame in me but for now hold back
the coming hour and its indecencies

Amor will we ever
breathe again
that jíbaro air warmed
by a pilgrim sun
What will we be when we get there
a sigh llama rizo de humo
What will we be a ghost
a ladle iridescence mote of dust
ala de mariposa a dream

the sunset's haze What will we be
the burn in the mourner's throat
the ibis' beak What will we be
the void that sings creation
the song you've had in your head
all day long and longer
Amor what will we be
when we get there
amor

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