

At The End Of Species

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes

When the night showed itself, we were lost in it already. Blame shadows

Us in its shadows. We'd found it in its becoming, cast ourselves from the matter
Of its darkness and uncoiled determined, malevolently.

Prescience. What was only going to be is wishless. Why did it feel something else was ever possible?

We've Carried This Finiteness With Us Everywhere.

Icarus

This is the time of incident. It happened, we watched. Everything fell apart.

We shrugged or hollered.

When ocean culled us. When the first bears drowned.

When we gorged. When we broke it. When it grew foul. While Muhammed & Jesus

Ate each other for spectacle.

That's gone, they'll say. The only god is vengeance, he's ended us.

The moment is moving beneath us.

The reeds in the future sing these songs of us.

The calf was breech
And worse. A life
Impaled another.

Deliverance

Four hands pulled. There were the chains and ATV. Blood, given, here a death lake red too
Much to soak the dirt. Screeches cut the night. Mom
Was dead before they even shot her. And the calf
Had bitten its tongue off, so at last out
In the world she was ready to die before
They even shot her too. Nothing lived. Nothing does.

What dark things
We did. Murder, poison, rape. Infect
With ourselves. Lie. Pretend. Did you
Expect forgiveness for the pretending? In the age of this age, know this, greed
Lorded, oozed from these crevices, drown species
In sludge of wanted & horded. Darwin preached equilibrium,
We prayed to one for all & all for none.

Take your God from the trash, you will need his bones for kindling.

In The Face Of Everything We Know

When We Burn

It was from the smoke—the light
Diffused, ornamental, strange accompaniment to our days. The forests

Burned somewhere. Their crackle was unmistakable. There's so much music in the language
Of this dying. You cannot make unbeautiful even

The worst end. A conflagration eating us fleshless. Trees in black
Stands in carnal flames, colossal rages searing land into charcoaled rock dead and carbon alone.

All the smoke was what was alive. Pollution, carcinogen, evolution of human.

The last supercollider rots itself somewhere unhappened
Yet but sure to come. Shattered and uncoupled from the dead
Grid. All its miles had once gone colder than the universe. We sought what was
Inside of this. What might unravel from a moment. Where we could locate
Forgiveness in being. None were answered whole. It had hummed and crescendoed
To life, burst
Particles into transformation, their oblivion. A magnificent
Futility, how we came to it, what was left behind.

Our Unfound Noise

The Colder It Foiled Us

This great sinkhole of ourselves. The vast
Vacuum left. Retina
Patina of time.
At the bar, they named all the beers that once were. Neurons
Flickered. Joy fell into its chemical
Ends. It's more than emptiness. We have left
In abundance, fully inside until. What they were
Saying is, this place is placeless. All the detritus sorting
Itself into something that will be
Nowhere. When we couldn't
Be there, we stayed in the photographs of us.
It's the same as nothing, without
Intent or return. Infinite and pure. Ghastly.

In these blackened innards I see
My daughters walking the shores of rivers dead, carrying
An age with them I will never witness. Stench of dread and rotted
Malice, festering absences plundered. Migrations of
The lasts. All things are less
There. All debts were rendered
With due cruelty. All nightmares found
Home. They will argue which way
This failed, but why should we let them
When we know and can say it now: we were
Merciless. We drowned them. Bled venom
Into the doomed air. Fed and drank
The Lethe, let it carve
The earth into its canyon, remorseless. It was us, it was
Who we were—the builders and destroyers. The enders. The appetite
That starved all else, it was ours, and we
Reveled in it. The ravaging.

This Carcass We Fled

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On the island of night island, this part that was separate from the night, between it. We are the impossible
Geometry. The haywire pattern amok. Adaptable beyond redemption, unsustainable. This part arrives
Without explanation. In our absence, she at the crooked ocean found the next death near that far water. The dunes remember
Only to bury the evidence. Presence holds its space against the wind. What persists must be dissolved
Into its infinite divisions. We are too fragile for what we are. And this foreshadowed us, so it was like we'd been
There too in our absence, where it wouldn't let us from this water, its weight in the water. This part
We won't believe. We are only away from the night, came from it, go back without semblance. Our instance
A confinement of ideas. Escapeless. Unanswered. Our transcendence glorious, chilling. Knowing
You were here and there was an end. And no reason. None.

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(2009)

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