

Phantom  
Inhabited  
Phantom

## Here In The Fold Of Our Time

Something so alive  
It was something  
So afraid. These are the latest  
Failures from the dispatch. Being  
Is all that will save us left. There is not enough  
For anything else. Free your ghost from its  
Mimic life. These are the latest failures from  
The dispatch. Something so alive it was your ghost  
Free from its mimicked life. We were saved  
Once from its darkness and won't  
Be after to wish back and ask again. Being is all  
That will save us left. Come  
Down. Lie on the earth for you. Get under  
The rain that will drown you. What could you care about more  
Than the onliness of this?  
What chosenness comes to the aloneness?  
These are the latest failures from the dispatch.  
All the eyes have them. A concurrence for the haven  
Of love, of the wrapped in to be enclosable, a known  
Space that won't betray its falseness. Each moment destroying  
Its former. All the eyes hurtle what we have. All the numbers  
We have will come through and be  
Short of it. Its all spent at last. All the eyes see it  
When looking but don't see it. Every  
Contradiction is equal to or greater than the truth.

These are the latest failures from the dispatch. This is the thing  
That came to you when everything else left. When you were only here and knew it only. When the air  
Sloughed off from the universe and left you  
There. When the things you were muddled themselves  
Away and left you there. When every number failed to be restrained, went on without  
You, held fast the fabric of the place that has no place for you. Hurling  
Away. The frame and the fabric  
Indomitable, weakless toward  
Its infinite destination. Being  
Is all that will save us left. These are the latest  
Failures from the dispatch. Something so alive  
It was something so afraid.  
Being is all that will save us left.  
Here in the fold of our time.

**Riddle Of The Glyphs  
In Our Temple  
Of This Universe**

Imagine it like the ocean rolling

Out in all directions from the Bang, the tsunami of everything unleashing, carving

Time's catacombs into its dimensions, the uncollapsing

Moment, each end begun, each now bound. Imagine you

In its wake. • YOU ARE HERE. Imagine

You as the ocean; your thoughts in

The wake. Filling

In the blank. What are you?

We found us here in the hour  
We joined. Unrepentantly small and wishing to be among, to gather the force of it into  
Our smallness, to take in the morning as it was. Imitation of the boundless and other  
Compensations reach between the fathoms of this crevice. These branches  
Shimmer, stretch, and schism  
Out to their ends, each descending  
Circumference a smaller incarceration  
Of the longing until the cell's infinitesimal voice goes numb at echo's end. A tree downslicing  
Filets of sweetbread, soil flowers in its blood, emerging from mind's gaped  
Flesh into a chasm of such blunt open terrifying air of entirety. Each plumule  
Invaded and devoured through fissures pried  
Wide by the outcroppings of wonder and seek, corrupted  
Scaling vine-tying the part that knew itself, unencumbered.

### **The Assembly Of Memory When It Returns & Disappears**

The morning floundered, a flickering station on the radio, an ember flaring for air.  
*Today you are alive.* He said this.  
Every blossom flashed into the concreting filaments of the moment.  
Something sprung from the mouth of it, frozen in its desire to arrive.

## The Diaspora

He had walked past  
The beacon of boot-worn dirt & matted needles, the break  
In the woods beside the road, dozens  
Of times & wondered: *where?* But it wasn't  
Until he finally asked the neighbor—near the ends  
Of their driveways, clambering down the steep blacktop  
With his garbage bins, balancing the weight of things  
Unknown & discarded against his skidding  
Gait—that he learned the trail through the small  
Cluster of forest wound all the way  
To town, was covered by an easement, but took much  
Longer than following the road, wasn't often traveled.  
And his first time on the trail he was  
Alone. The evening quivered. He anteloped  
Between the brush, slicing switchbacks through  
Shore, the bays that smuggle the seeping Young redwoods, old madrones & maples down to  
Sea between fertile memories  
The bubbling street below & its effervescing  
Of mountains—all of it drew him Lamps, which he had seen at first from a distance, up  
Like a molecule to the rest The hillside, through the Rorschach leaves.

Eons ago, when that oceanic  
Plate dove deep into the ribs  
Of America unborn, driving out  
Of earth the Nevadan Oregon—granite  
Impaled from the land & a place  
Became. That cast stone along the western  
Shore, the bays that smuggle the seeping  
Sea between fertile memories  
Of mountains—all of it drew him  
Like a molecule to the rest  
Of itself. Ocean valence tore  
Him from the prairie.  
So he took the trail whenever he could. Because it was  
Why he was here: mist between trees, the trace  
Of sea displacing into the lowest atmosphere & riding  
Over a ridge through the green. And he wanted to find himself  
There, in a forest with ocean nearby.

She came out of the water  
That way, mermaidian, a new beautiful  
Creature for the air. Livening grace fused & awash in  
The cold foam surf. He lusted. And it was after  
That in his sport wagon behind a dune feathered  
With the tall grass. Across the back seat, her legs  
When his collection Dangling out an open door, damp  
Of life was still small & Bodies pressed. And the hunger fed  
Blankful, an echoing Another mind to the universe, their little girl.  
Box awaiting its phalanx  
Of crayons: his mother poured  
Pancake batter onto the hissing  
Griddle & fried bacon in  
The snapping pan, played  
Joni Mitchell songs that sewed  
The kitchen's piquant air. It all braided  
In him: the voice, the light, the noise, the taste  
Of breathing the unfindable morning.  
And somewhere in the middle  
Of his life, the verdant patch  
With her & the little girl: a bright-splash  
Saturday morning emerged & they heard  
Joni on the radio & he thought he knew  
What was to come when the little voice  
Demanded blueberries & he tucked her  
Into a fuzzy coat with bear ears, gathered all  
Four years of her in his arms, galloped  
Off & chased away for fruit.

They walked together, the man & the little girl, going  
After blueberries for pancakes along the trail through  
The woods beside the ocean one Saturday morning. He  
Wrapped her tiny hand in his, a seed safe in the flesh  
Of its fruit. And the sunlight dropped in clusters between  
The trees. The noise of different birds chattered  
In branches. Wind bustled. Then the plate of earth beneath  
Leaned into another. Ground clattered. Trees  
Shook & wept leaves—limbs & trunks  
Topped through air, scattered themselves on the churning  
Floor of the planet while she crouched  
Beneath him, clutching a denim leg, herself the tiny  
Frozen creature on the hillside when  
The land rattled its hinge. He pretended  
He could protect her. And when the shudder abandoned, they  
Inhaled the sight: a forest forelorn & asunder, freshly  
Snapped stumps, stillness of stunned air, every  
Twig & downed bough a monument  
Of the new world cast in broken light, forensics  
Of the dismantled, everything fallen like dancers after  
The dance, like detritus of refugees after  
The minds fled, a singing unsung to its notes.

She carried it nearly  
A century, the sight, a moment  
That came back when  
Certain cells fired—one  
Morning in the closet of a lover  
When a door slammed &  
The shelves shook. And one morning, near  
The end, when the bed beneath  
Her rattled with the footfalls  
Of those few she loved who were left.

Tonight we will not consider  
The universe. We'll escape

On our way in. To this weightless  
Vessel, its immediacy

Undulating, always unabandoned  
By us. The current under

Our heads that takes us  
To ourselves. The joy is. We will

Live there tonight. For less than time  
Matters inside this frail hull, porous

Almost to nothing, but calamitous,  
Intransigent, a membrane to hold  
All things between

You & the sea.

**You & The Sea**

## **We Are Confined By All We Love**

Her body was in  
The suitcase in the bay water near an avenue. The suitcase  
With her body inside floated. A boy  
Saw the shape of it around  
Her, there, drifting  
Into the rocks. Two days in the water following  
Her lifetime. On the day of the evening  
That her body was shoved into  
The container, she bought two Wild Hearts  
Two-dollar scratchers and a SuperLotto with her  
Virginia Slims. The clerk smirked when she said *Luck*  
*Won't find ya if ya don't go lookin'*. Sometimes in the evenings  
Her daughter called. But she tried not to hope  
For it, to let the discovery be found  
Pleasure each time.

Lightning flowers

In branches carried by the storm. But in the photograph, you

Can see none of them

Are thinking about it—not the grandson or his wife, the great-granddaughters, the immigrant son, the daughter-in-law. They

Didn't know. That those doom-hither ocean-born

Clouds, sooted and fierce, Poseidoning in behind them over the Pacific

Toward the shore where they stood—ambered

In time—those clouds fell against sky the same as

Those that chased and overcame

Him one bleak evening in the dead

Center of that gaping deep sixty years before. He & his First Mate helming the vast

Cargo vessel that shunted between frothing antlers of the sea ahead into

The split-apart night and the carnage of violent atmospheres. They

Would never know. And he was long gone.

## **Lightning Flowers In Branches Carried By The Storm**



The rain is lit  
This way because it was  
Witnessed. A muffled illuminated  
Sheen. A mind  
In the noise. A transient  
Witness. Every unpurchased droplet  
Soaked in and gone. Fed  
And washed away. We make the river  
Of remainders. We make our memory  
Of a river. Silence,  
The witness & rain,  
The torrent. Every  
Day buries its time.

**Living In The Lost**

**And So The Story Sets Sail Here  
In This Confluence Of All The Time That Will Have Been Her Life**

The yarn that will make her is  
Beginning now. Maybe this happened  
Last week, maybe in months: the first frame of surviving  
Filmstrip, catalogued, retrievable, seared. Now  
Is the raveling. The conundrum  
Of thought & flesh. She teeters  
Herself, tiny  
On the precipice, gleaming. Now  
Her ghosts will be born into  
Mind. Light will take all forms. All the places  
Will be told. Melancholy will seep  
Every memory through it. The light  
Will change  
Again. And all of the words  
Will put themselves together—end to end to end to end, a cacophony  
Of pantomimes & magic, solace, regret, a sentence  
Clambering holy & fraught onto this strand of world in the vanishing universe. And it will be  
Like this or in some other unexplainable, that the light will  
Cast, the hours  
Will persevere, and it will all have  
Its voice, unleashing  
Through the threshold of this life.

**Nightmares Of The Falling Dead**

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