

Fables Of The Beauty

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes

The history won't stop now. It's long into itself and so deep the music's already
Down. Kurt doesn't sound so dangerous anymore, even nostalgia thrashes its head, making you
Better in the moment like it wasn't supposed to. She was never more ready than I understood to be
Fucked and wanted everything I was afraid of and couldn't when she played dancer-to-be-famous and talked
About Nirvana before I'd ever heard.

Her profile through the doorframe is a place that doesn't exist

They hunt dolphins bloody in the water

All the women I want to eat. But the flocks are disappearing from the skies. And we want ends
To the war, but the frogs have been dead everywhere, speckled skin ballooning thin and thrumping guts, and yes the tatters
Hung like strips of wallpaper, or dolphins, but kept in the boat, thick, dead, for me; I'll wear
The tatters on her like a floozy skirt I want
My hands under. It's not even for anything that would stay, so you press
All the flesh you can—the inside comes out or finds its way to shreds or buzzes through air to look at, the hook tears unrepaired,
Makes want flesh of all of it.

Following the tread here

Warning came today. It's too beautiful for you to know. The forest came up
In the yard while the last birds cackled. It grew around

Us in the future

Of all those places left to rot. We left

Bruises in those places

Like a strand of genes containing every instruction for the end. There were helixes between

Us, every failure made to be loved. Stitches

Meant to waste what was infinite on its own come to close

The wounds you would fall out of. The woods that wind

Us up their spires by succubus in our last usefulness.

And this boy died by skulled metal, piling impaling holy war's dead fucking dead our fresh century of new strung skin.
The monster's been out again, thrashing itself to the mechanism cataclysm for that place he went in the mornings of the expecting
What might find him in the mechanism.
The monster torn into us butterflies how she wept ways we seek a world to someday be buried by ocean of our place at last
In the water was everything.
It's a gullet of what won't have us in the roaming threshing necessary harvested antipathy.
Monster is monster.
Gapes load with a turbine scintering thing you are of thing you are cleaved from die the dead.

O President, your grave is too late for him

Vapor oceanside off the edge of the world

The fox in its mange came over the dune. We're here to write about the end of the world. There was nothing left to look at
In the sand that was left. The fox had every quality of death except for death, making all its sorrow stupid if it weren't
For all the things irreplaceable of living.
The fox didn't even suck its breath,
Passive to all but the air in its deadness.
Dead tufts stuccoed coatless, cropped of all beautiful and beautiful and ended before the eyes left.

She knew it was coming soon.
The darkness snapped at her over the dune.
That's what the dead man told her. She skipped once nothing in the telling. She was his favorite daughter-in-law. She felt his skin cold.
He'd seen the nothingness of the deadness. She would have to know what brought us to this.
We're here to write about the edge of the world.

We're in the haze of stars, he'd said.

You can't even explain what's in the light: the dead sandcrab undercarriage luminescence on dark wet shore sand afoot, the infernal
Distance blinking above, the blinking ferris wheel far down the shore dark, down the far waterline at the wet floor of the sky.
And on the first night, the evening was pink on night island. An estuary
Brings the light from all places. It is a falseness in the sky. That blank light set untruth afire in its clouds hung over the dune.
We're here to write about the end of the world.

Hydra of midnight hour

GeorgeDick'BertoRummy, the jowls that smite, the palms that cash, cocks stuffed upright en boot-stepping masse!
Fused by hooded clan glad-handing Kruggerands in empty stands of bohemian groves chopped by man!

Bring 'round the children from the future, let them hear this noise while drowning in that year:
The hyrda howling lusting torture, GeorgeDick'BertoRummy fucking full itself with fascist love of fear.
How all the world went flooding in its wake, how all its lying lies unfreed the land,
How all its gods and knowledges were fake, how GeorgeDick'BertoRummy set fire to sand.

Bring 'round the children from the future, let them fear for what they hear is the sneer of the four-headed butcher—
GeorgeDick'BertoRummy sliced humans ear-to-ear.

All of us wanders among the accumulation. Precedent disintegrators giving dynamic to the
Transitory matter. We are attached in every way to this—every
Thought the last unfold of some ago winding, each spit jolt sent through to a someday
End as holdless smoke burnt off its departing electrical
Gesture. And all this leaves
The smoke behind. The phones
On the walls. The bodies. The metal. That it made so much
Of itself, the earth. That it was all skeleton, the wisps took
Form.

Long before the supernova

Their dream is one of escaping, always. The thunder was at the beginning, always. The places escaped finally came to the place.
Where finally the smoke was for choking. Flames always come to incinerate the things of which you are that never came
To mind until all these things melted. The escaping comes dreaming like the air
Of air and sky in flight through a hole to no world that was glass pane—like you woke up in it, finally, with the shards a cobweb's
Frame around the sticky silk between the sleep and the dream and you, which this is now too, like the gust in your face, the last
To come through.

Nightmares of the falling dead that morning from windows plummeting

Is the panic for end or pain for the dream is escaping always? Not *escape*, the dream
Is *escaping*, leaning out into it before falling, the dream of flying like it was in the other lives, which ones
Had you had? Which one? Which one? Which one? The dream
Is of the other lives, when it was you
Thought of them, when it was
You forgot, when it was they all became
Impossible in that way that we are never in the other and in every distance kept from
That this is who we are, escaping, in the window the whole world laid out there, ready to burn at our command.

In the dream, it is always the escaping. Before this happened. Before the world began
Its end. The thunder is in the beginning,
Always. Drink your drinks, play that song again in the morning, light one more up before
You fuck her good into the night. It all
Happens that way still. Where the smoke is for choking the dream is always
Escaping, where that window will take you where it happens
That way still.
The dream is of escaping, leaning out into it
Before falling, the dream
Of flying like it was in the dream of your other life in the other lives, out there, out the window, where the whole world laid out
There, ready to burn itself at your command.
You will crush yourself into its embers.

Coda

It was the age
Of the dune buggy. In the photograph, Charles Nelson Reilly stands in a backstage Broadway dressing
Room, between the pretty actress in a '50s feather-trim thigh-high nightie and the *Hollywood Squares* host, cardiganed,
When he was an actor too, and Reilly's in a bathrobe, the glasses—giddy smiles, black & white, and they're all
Still young. You still
Could have walked out the door and saved Frank O'Hara.

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