

Rage, Rage

O, collect me not
From the hours. So many have gone into
Their retreat. Even this morning so much
Birdsong leapt from **Full**
The quiet night into
Oblivion. Even late this Are not yet
Afternoon when the sun stopped falling Older. All the day's fabric
Into the canyon, our children Will snare. But there
Remains. Everything
Shed must be
Worn.

The forests are inside
You. The coast at its lowest
Tides before the starfish died. The docile
Way the mist relented to you in the woods, the trailing
Sounds of needles
Creased beneath. Fluttered

Transit

Through and perpetual. The paleontology of it
Exceeds excavation. We lived
In those bones. I find the direction of time
Increasingly opposed
To itself. The notion
Is falling off a leaf. The redwood silence. I remember
Her so small in pink leaning
Out from the giant trunk. It's beyond
The map. Your eyes
Are almost there now.

Your only life
Is happening. Each
Imperfect expectation cast
Into its surfaces, the holy
Trail of existence. There is just one
Way through here, no matter what
You were told. Eras live
Inside other eras, a cacaphony of parentheses. When
We used to stop by the tiny park after
Dropping off her sister, eating lunch at the tiny
Plastic table inside a little pretend train
Station. We couldn't stay

Furrow

There. You might think time
Is the furrow, but the stroke is ahead
Of the paint. A bridge manifesting
Into fog, and if you knew
Before how its towers were
So grand. And if you play the right music, for a moment
You can stab it in the heart.

Shoal

This location is one
For holding. How do you
Live through it?
The wind has the leaves on

The trees moving
Like water. This street
Is missing from time. Westward
Light. All of us.

If you are always
Feeling the space
Around you, then
You'll understand when you're underneath. It covers
A certain place for a particular
Period of time. It is keeping
Away the other time headed
Toward this place.
In the middle, beneath
The apex when the other time still looks
Lumbering, the space around you
Feels perfectly infinite.

Dome

And that's when
You know, in a few more clicks the beast
Will start to level its gait. The arc
Will slope & the pace
Swiften. Grab the air—
You'll have to find
A different way
To breathe outside.

It was all
Long really, even though
It doesn't remember
That way. I know
From the calendars & requirements
Of days that whole swaths
Of the firmament had to be
Filled with every
Beautiful mundane gesture
Of fatherhood. There were
Minutes in the recess yard after
School that lingered undestined. There was

So much it didn't matter
What you spilled. What a glorious swim.

Swim

Rage

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