

The Roaming
Threshing
Necessary
Harvested
Antipathy

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes
(Spring 2018)

Woe the castles &
Their zealots in
Repose. Civilization sounds
Like kindling. Self-immolatory
Is redundance—a lattice
Of matchsticks. Sequestration
Begets extraction engenders
Transformation because circles can only be, at their very least, recalcitrant & never
Terminal. Terminal
Is only what can be achieved temporarily adjacent to its segments. The stuff
Keeps going around, and one time it made you, until it has other things to do.

The whole matter
Is scaleable, you see? I mean,
Fuck, seriously, have you seen
This lately? Fuck. Really, the next part
Is going
To hurt.

Trajectory Velocity Thresholds

Chomp, **Famine & Machine** Until gashed
Chomp! Chomp, chomp! The sound in Remnants and dust. The jaw
Here. Grinding Locked long past
One accidental tooth into another Hemispheric integrity. Annihilations require no
Dystruction, just repurposing
Of intent.

Corporate Inversion: to relieve oneself
Of obligation by relocation
Of identity. In this case, oneself
May inhabit selfhood and possess
Attendance even when
Oneself is inherently not being
Alive—yielding powerless

The otherwise existentially
Undermining conclusion that in absence
Of presence there is no capacity to relocate
Identity and thus
No possible benefit (such as
Obligation relief) could be
Derived, despite **By Which You Were Made Into Nothing**
Any intent to employ
Inversion for these purposes—explicit
Or not.

A Tribute To The Revolution

The defecation of America begins
Beneath a sneering
Moron of pure gloat malice self-
Fallacied & fellatioed. A pantsless
Roar dooms
And shivers the wake where
The shitted corpse rots. The mourners

And celebrants stuff cash like semen pouring
Into each orifice, jamming
Wads & gouging holes of gaping
Dead flesh. When they burn
The body, no accelerant
Will be necessary.

It was impossible to hear us among
The strange future. The indecipherable from
Noise. Every grand sound untethered
From the true. Every truth un-
Measured by the fool. The ocean
Is stopping. The Americans
Are coming. They made

Après Vous, No One

Their love to the sawdust that the ants had emptied
From the hills. It is only a matter of time & the history
Of fatigue. The ideas had the taste of aged plastique
Fantastique. The taste had the age
Of the end. The end had the truth
Of nothing. The ocean
Is stopping. But you have been
Already long
Gone. Finit, oui, finit.

Antephane, antephane! Gaselse
Rompette cij foximy?

Charlale. Setlepont charlale.
The Discovery

We're haunts
Now in the story. The calcified
Dreadless in retrospect, permanent in the history

The Found

Of blindness
To inevitability, a category
Of dunces. Try not to think
Of a beheading. Try not to be
So satisfied with all
Of the blood. It's okay.
Yours is
In there too.

The bones were Of the weight of the water. The echo
Corpses are piles. They're underneath The triumph of time. The water
All the rubble and mixed in. The cement And time a gullet
Has a different texture and doesn't That will not have us.
Rampant Inundation Smash as easily under They'll make
The hammers. The pulverizing an echo The sand from this.

June

But let's go back
To that part first. There
Were these months. Quarters
Into thirds each
One time around. Each
One made a name
For itself, each name held
Us in it. The adjacent

Parts of living made it feel
Like an entirety. The wind
Felt so warm, even
In the dark.

The Roaming Threshing Necessary Harvested Antipathy
(*Spring 2018*)

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes

San Rafael, CA • 415-515-7220 • rsalvadorreyes@mac.com • www.rsalvador.com