

# Their Love To The Saw- Dust That The Ants Had Emptied From The Hills

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes

Their Love To The Saw-  
Dust That The Ants Had  
Emptied From The Hills

I.

The Suffocation Of Atlantis By Means Of Drowning

II.

Proliferation & The Sublime Osmosis Of Mortality

III.

The Roaming Threshing Necessary Harvested Antipathy

The Suffocation  
Of Atlantis  
By Means  
Of Drowning

## **Eye Of The Nightmare**

In the thick  
Of it, it was ugly. Every-  
Where. The cattle call for the slaughtered rang every

Dawn. The new world  
Order arrived as scheduled, crushing  
Its rearrangement under the tooth-treaded  
Bulldozers. The song became a droning

Sound, drowned sounds, the sounds of the silent  
Wailing of drowning. It was like that  
Today & everywhere.  
But no one noticed yet.

Wake. Don't Wake. There's nowhere left

To wake to. Look, at this point, the ice

Isn't going to unmelt now. The methane

Won't unexplode from the earth. The tiles

That muddied & crusted & fell after

The floods are museum quality. We wreak a pristine

Destruction. We build just to watch

It rot. We hate

Our decay enough for everything

To be replicated in its disassembly. Our fury

At the fading engulfed

## **The Rise Of Antibiotic-Resistant Consumption**

Us piece by piece. Wake.

Don't wake. You are still

Being eaten.

Of course **The Last Arc**  
The children die. In droves. End over end  
Tumbling down the abyss. We can't be more  
Specific because they die in so many ways once  
The scaffolding begins creaking its little whispering  
Creaks of terror before the roar  
Of all those careening assemblages abandoning  
Their architecture in one halting  
Crush of metals & planks & intentions of premise. You  
Couldn't make one now where they wouldn't  
Die. That's the whole point of the one  
They were making. A catapult  
Is a catapult.

The other one  
Still pretends to hope. But this  
One knows the hope  
Died like a configuration  
Of the future in some subcircuit  
That buzzed just the right way for a moment then suddenly

Fell pale. You  
Understand, you  
Must, we were so  
Close. This one can't  
Lie. The truth  
Was the whole point  
Of him. But the feast of confabulations  
Was almost too voluptuous for you

### **The Messenger**

To shed. He talked  
To them because he was afraid  
To speak to you; he feared the terror  
In your eyes. But the time  
Is here to see it. Flesh cum cinder. All  
Means of accidental disembowelment. Innocent

Limbs cashed for the pleasure  
Of rage. Oceans of the fecal and the way  
Things shudder when they starve.

Try to understand why  
You do not matter. The circle  
Never arrives. There's some  
Place you imagined  
In the woods, only you

Know. It's hard to reconcile  
This with the world.  
The world dies  
And is fabricated  
Every day. If you could go

Into the woods,  
It wouldn't be there anymore. That  
Is you. The world is falling  
To pieces, return  
To it & hold something.

### **When This Is The Life You Are Inside**



## Shame

They calculated

The fallacy. Small and hungry

And petty. They called themselves

All the words like investment

Banker & patriot. We can say it, what they were: the appetite

Of the besotted, the lingering

Malignancy on desires for raping. They hide

All the time anyway, like red

Doesn't bleed, so fuck if we'll pretend

Too. It was the worst

Of us that fooled

The species into managing the doom like widgets. Worship fell

From you like it was excreted

For further excretion. No one made the food into anything

That could be nourished. We just fed. The whole

Stupid damned lot of us.

## What It Means To Lose Your Faith In Water

And in those places where the rain vanished to other  
Places, the dying is indiscriminant. All things  
Fail there. The water will murder us  
Myriad, denying, inundating, absconding. And  
Poison, our cells cannot combat the water's  
Wrath. But *dehydration* is worst, translated  
From its primordial root: to become separated  
From all things that are alive. The droughts stopped being  
Called droughts, although it was pronounced  
The same, but translated into its imminent branch: those places where  
The rain vanishes to other places, a fire  
That was home, rocks that were  
Creeks, a pestilence of absence, the fantastical  
Notion that this was once  
Something else glorious and earth  
Was sublime. There were rivers  
In California that made sounds you can never hear.

Although the deaths  
Are statistically cumulative  
The dying happens  
On an individual  
Basis always. The struggle  
To live before  
Succumbing is also  
A salient factor, but harder  
To quantify. Dead people  
Can be counted. Counting  
Passes the time. Ergo, dying  
Measures time if we can  
Account for likely frequency  
Within specific populations.

We're trying  
To get a handle on how bad  
We should think of now  
Compared to the future. The fact  
That you are reading  
This is a good sign for you, that  
You haven't been  
Taken out. But now  
That there's proof  
Of your existence,  
You're a target too. And see  
How easy it is—to make it all  
About you? We were  
Talking about the fate  
Of humanity. We are  
A sum & you  
Are a frivolity. But the math  
Never adds. Each of us  
Can only suffer leaving  
This life once.

### **Algorithms Require More Data When Calculating Extinction**

## The Last Human Thought

Although it doesn't fall within the scope of our capacity to travel  
Beyond the sound of time, it is nonetheless useful to consider: there will be  
A last human. Do not look away now: all things end. And before  
An end, there is one of them, which is required for us to arrive  
Backward at zero sum. Some. One. None. We found the math  
Of the universe in our words and they told us everything  
That must follow this path through the remainders.  
What will it think? What will it know? Maybe it will believe  
There is another one someplace else that it cannot  
Imagine. Maybe it will have forgotten that other places  
Have ever been roamed. Maybe it will declare itself  
For you, not specifically, but the *idea* that there were  
Others and there was a time when they flourished. Maybe after  
It dies, it will at least rot & be eaten by something  
That continues. Maybe it will drift in the cold  
Air of space, frozen to bits & lolling about the universe in pieces until  
Infinity collapses on itself for the last time. One of anything  
Will happen. And ideas  
Of us will be  
A relic, a fountain  
Imagined in the mind  
Of no one. Remember,  
Dear reader, our apocalypse  
Still awaits us, seething,  
Corrupted and merciless.

Proliferation &  
The Sublime  
Osmosis Of Mortality

You can know  
Too much. Strand  
Is gone from us.  
He tried to warn us.  
The world will not  
Keep itself  
Unrevealed. It will only be a small thing,  
And another, then it will all blanche  
At once—too much  
Presence just to die. Too much  
Wanted from this castaway  
Vessel. This assemblage  
Collecting data  
For the dump. Boiled  
In us. Cruel alchemy. Bones.  
Desire.

### III.

Foreshortened we are. Our  
Blindness for beyond  
The ridge. Peering, always, there is something to be eaten first.  
I will only talk  
To you this way. The urge to stay  
Here, unbroken from yourself. Somehow  
To brook this passage, to find  
The rules for that. Manifest  
Amongst.

### **III.III.**

### III.III.III

This day is loud. It is the same  
Day. It was all falling  
On top of you and around you. You  
Remember it that  
Way, exactly when  
Happening. There is a  
Beautiful image in this  
Line but you  
Cannot see it. I will not even pretend  
To tell you. There was  
A famous bridge, and small daughters,  
Looming, all on the water,  
A ferry below a sky that was almost  
Like night. Don't try to  
Find it there. On the inside  
Of the envelope is an infinite coil  
Of longing. The air fills the rest  
With everything you  
Think of as your breath.



You began, this is  
Strange: kerneling. You came here from  
Somewhere, you spoke. Now  
I've become confused. When  
Did everything happen? The bones can be  
Moving, all on their own, held  
By a bundle of flesh, enlivened. All that electricity  
Captivating motion and regression of  
Impulse into memory. Thoughts  
Keep a messy place between every  
Gear. And sometimes there are these  
Visions of what has already  
Happened. All fail to hold. The deck  
Has been torn down. We'd fill  
Their kiddie pool on its planks in the summer, play. Before  
The drought, I'd rig the hose  
Inside a watering can and  
String the can above  
**01.** The pool like a tiny rain shower.

When the gifts of those early mutant spawn first sparked into unraveling, it must've been  
Like static blooming, the voice, when it came into their heads, no weight on the words to hold them  
There, just jagged flotsam evaporating into some felt here silence that kept from leaking, some chamber  
Of a thing that they were. *That they were.* The thing that held the voice that no one heard  
But them. *What is this world?* It must've seemed like madness. It does.

**01.111.1**

A dainty maple seedling is growing  
Out of the dead, soiled detritus inside the ancient air  
Conditioner jutting from the front  
Of the house. The emerald, tiny-leafed sliver  
Lilts through the grate. Lifeless wires and black  
Tubing dangle from the wall, unattached,  
And the bolts that hold  
The unit against the surface  
Are ready to be unspun.

000.

It was July  
In New Mexico. It was August in  
Hiroshima. Boom. Boom. Extinction began a brand  
New dance. Annihilation became a calculation  
Of risk: what is worth us  
In mass removal? How many things should we burn  
First, if we have to go? How much  
Should we melt for prophets' cocks to be  
Engorged? Can we do it all?  
Can we burn and melt  
And starve and flood and butcher and infect? Can we  
Bring the species  
To its knees,  
Make us beg us? Is there a language  
For threatening the fabric of existence? Would we  
Know when it's being spoken?

Do you see it out there? It is still  
The third planet, bone dry now, swept  
Of everything but the rock and dust. There is not a mark  
Left from a thing that was  
Alive. Water, atmosphere, memory, all cast from here  
Long ago. How  
Did the story end? Did some  
Of the things flee? Was there one  
Last grand collapse  
Under the weight of catastrophe? Or did all  
The living things disappear  
So slow for so long that you cannot even  
Imagine how far the time  
Went? What did the humans leave  
Behind when they left?

**ooo.ooo.**

Just after finishing that last  
Poem, outside here in the concrete  
**ooo.ooo.III**  
Yard, it sounded like something  
Shattering behind me. The noise from over  
My shoulder, in my mind a glass bowl  
From the sky into shards  
On cement. But it was the wind  
Chimes, Felled from the hook on the string  
Of lights, their music clattering  
Into a heap. When we first moved  
In, we found the wind chimes still  
Dangling from the eaves,  
And a triceratops  
Mask hanging from a nail  
In the basement. And seven years later,  
After everything, when we finally tore the deck  
Down, we found  
A giant stolen highway  
Exit sign hidden  
Beneath: *Regatta Blvd*, an off-ramp  
To a harbor on the bay. Did they  
Keep a boat there? Did that place mean something  
To them? Was there some night  
When someone teetered above  
The roadway, wrench in hand, a sign  
Coming loose with a sudden, heavy, ominous  
Creak of metal? What were they  
Hoping? What makes an idea  
Whole?

The Roaming  
Threshing  
Necessary  
Harvested  
Antipathy

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.

Gaselse, antephane? Antephane  
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.



Their Love To The Saw-  
Dust That The Ants Had  
Emptied From The Hills

*Spring 2018*

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes

San Rafael, CA • [rsalvadorreyes@mac.com](mailto:rsalvadorreyes@mac.com) • [www.rsalvador.com](http://www.rsalvador.com)