

Uncollected Works

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes
(Orphans from 2006)

Dumbfoundment; Flight Impulse; One of those strange satisfactions.

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Rock

1 oxygen

2 hydrogen

∞ a certain kind of inexplicable awareness

- “There must be carbon in the rock,” I’ll say.
- Give the words out and build your water.
- Wait.
- Let rise.

It’s useless to ask where this derivation came from; it is unknowable. It’s all the last train out of darkness.

She’s on

Her way home, the glow outside
From an hour ago is inside
The lamp now—and that warm
Yellow here is so much like a
Dream that it’s I’m looking
Down from out there, part of that
Ink in the night speaking always
To the dark matter universe and all
Those thoughts leaking into
The expanses of space. When
Her car gets here I’ll
Want to remember all that, but
Forget it, so something can
Happen and the light will speak
For everything later.

What You Can Have Happen

Early

She thought about a garden sometimes.

It was out there, in her imagination, the way you see clouds but don't
look for anything in them *Things Ungrown*

At the sink, the soil rinsed into the drain.

If she could see it in repetition, the years to come of it, the slender hands pruning
frail and plump under warm water, the landscape of what things will be
revealed when the soil comes free of it *To Someday Be Without It
or Longing*

Late

What she doesn't remember now.

That she is always somewhere else, among the places that are left, what she
took with her inside of there, to whittle away all those days *Time Remaining*

What you know now will take you
There. Some is even in the DNA. Some will be
Those small things you do, and think you are
Choosing, and maybe you are. But it will all
Happen anyway. You're in here now. You're reading

This.
You'll have to find your way out.

This Is to Be Unbound

CONSCIOUSNESS, Always—Due to transformation into a condition of ideas, attachment to mechanical generators will ultimately cease. No information is available regarding what will follow.

I'd even forgotten what I was doing.

**If You Want
Proof of This
Transaction**

Your former life.

Another plot of thyme

you gave your age for this

Narcissus bulbs, radiant and beguiling

later this will read:
a memory of your future

Water

water

water.

water.

water.

I wanted to imagine speaking with him, in our late days, and wish
The moment for myself—which is where the vanity lies. But nevermind
That, it's too late for us—listen, I think you should know, this won't stay
The same. That's all, just find it light
In your pocket. You
Will need it. I promise.

Couplet

Falling into chasms of the twilight,
Catch your glimpse before the gust of night.

The last question is: why fear
The thing we will not
Feel? Is it sadder
For the apple to be
Peeled or eaten? The plight.

Spiders start small and grew.

Now they're in everything
Like vines, webbed
Conquest into the landscape. All
The necessary entanglements, the laws
Of grasp.

This cloth yields
Constriction and lattice. Silk
Is like all things mistaken
For beauty and meant as
The fabric, waiting
Until its moment to prove. The thread
 Will wind that way if you let it.
Circles insist, and there's all
 That centrifugal force.

In Everything Like Vines

Spiders are anything
You want to be.
Webs are museums of what gets left.
That one terrified me. That one
 I loved. Spiders are robots. You're a robot. Don't argue. That's
 What was meant for you.

When she says goodbye to her cat, who
She has not been with for many years, she says
It is like

Falling into the sky, returning
To that place you've missed for so long but never
Have been.

The cat was going
To die. *Am I dreaming? Is that how I am
Here?* She knew of the past, the burrowing
Of loss, but did not understand
Why she had been away
So long.

Green apple. Abundant

Orange. Deep taut chilly
Plum. Supple

Radiant peach. Rich glistening

Strawberry. Tropic-curves, parrot-hued
Mango. And

The World Is All I've Ever Known

The darkly-rotten clutch of bananas that he wanders
About, the cat. You want to know
What he's doing with the fruit. But that's where they are one day. What else

Was going on came over the fruit. Each piece

Grew eyes like potatoes.

In the end, she'll unfurl into crying. She'll clutch the cat and wish for it all back. The cat will know that this is what
She is thinking. He will not understand it at all, but he will know.

When the water in the fruit went to ice, we
Assumed it was the cold, but it could
Have been
The time. When frost
Struck the orchard, it was like that. Because you
Said there is no cause, just the motions that
Surround them. And so he leapt out
The cold tree.

Two skeletons

In

The

Mantua dirt, an embrace as fabric buried

Six millennia. Ancient youth Sewn into earth and entwined, lovers' clutch, nearness

Last in view that we all hope for.

Seen hidden in each mind, our tomb Romeo passes toward Verona, succulent desperation.

*If it were that we were
One idea, then this might
Say it, and if that idea was us and now
It's said, are we
Recurring? Are those your bones
And mine, are they
Ours, is it us?*

**We Have Been
So Old, My Love**

If the birds return as something else, the dinosaurs will be
In them too. Which is to say, they never went
Anywhere, either of them, just
Accumulated, receded, sought
What was perpetual, expressed and accumulated in multiplicity ad infinitum. Except not
Ad infinitum, because it all gets hot and goes, that's the future here.

But that's so far away now, let's let it be, and about the birds anyway. Find
Your margins in them—so you know what is outside you, know your floating
Place in that center for the moment it *does* hold, for *will not* is not *doesn't*, and we
Get that which is ours and is nothing if it didn't hold, which it does, and will not be undone for its
Finiteness. It's where you live, so it's everything.

What Is Before Is Gone

Where they lived—and I'll tell you, I knew them, so you'll know this is all real—where they lived
You could sit outside on the steps that led up into the sunroom. The ocean was beyond a forest over
The ridge, and it spread from there across the world. And salt from the ocean attached
To the world drifted in on the breeze that swept out of the cool mist. And in the yard the salt
Fell into the air beside the steps where they could sit.
In the time that they were there when it happened, they could inhale that air. And sometimes
A bird is in the small tree. Having returned
Only as itself this time. For no other reason than this moment is
Simply what is before is gone. So lost are we to all the unseen world.

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