



ART IS CARNIVOROUS

Art is carnivorous,
art preys mercilessly
upon the artifacts of culture,
digesting them and
ultimately spinning the remains
into dream-like consequences
that magically join
in grand coital reverie
with the human heart,
art keeps the hope of life alive.

THE YEAR OF THE VULTURE

It is a giant gray-winged scavenger
with eyes black like caldrons and
wings so expansive that
they enshroud the nation in darkness.

I can feel the coldness
bitter and unyielding
that has descended,
taken root,
spreading, inundating, devouring.

It is the year of the vulture
ready to alight on the
festering carrion
murdered by fear's rapacious grip.



ODE TO THE HARVEST

Over the vast fields
that stretch to horizon's limit,
the sun is seen to dance
upon the mountains,
and the earth
sews the sweat of the farmer's
glistening body into itself
and by the rite of the moon
yields harvests.

MEXICO

Fishermen set upon their nets
in the crystal fragmenting sun,
rocks polish their sleek dark bodies
in the twilight rush of tide,
couples exchange their sonnets and salivas
where the long shadows meet.

Man on bicycle,
sun into day's relentless burning
giving up the fire
to eyes upon the beach
where fish bake in boats
tiring of their trade
and salt-worn men
pour stories of wind into youth
who dream of mexico city.

