

## After I Lost You

Night's thumb rubs the television screen  
into snow, & I am no casualty

to the moon. I am awake.

Terribly. The dog crawls onto my pillow  
like a dream trying to escape into an egg—

what breaks black in my stomach?  
Just another stone.

Even snow talks, shivers, & disappears—

hangs up the phone. At 5:38 a.m., the dog barks  
at weather that sounds like music notes

in a frying pan.

## Creation Myth (1985)

Somewhere, I was tucked  
                                into a sweater  
because we were still cold  
even in late March  
                                even with the arrival  
of brother  
                                & rosebud.

                                You missed  
the first freeze, the hard ground,  
  a different kind  
of break than glass,  
                                a different biome.

One day, it will surely describe  
itself to you:  
                                Antarctica,  
  mal de aire.  
A drink of tea, anise seed, or a paper  
cone in your ear  
                                lit on fire.

The world waited  
                                for your first cry,  
for night to break into its brittle  
                                skeletons:  
  Carina, Vela, & Pyxis—  
the straight compass.

                                If we only  
had one row of stars to follow,  
                                we would never be lost.

My arms finally found  
your little body & you  
like the sun  
plucked of its feathers.

## Corpus Christi, before Hurricane Ivan

The building reads: “Black the roses.” The crumbling  
courthouse is cradled sorrows—

much like our own architecture,  
attached wall to wall with marble gargoyles.

Cities separate us—  
the interstates, little people living in between. Like the coast, we slowly  
glide farther apart from another defeated shoreline.

Fuiste mala con mi corazón:  
language separates.

Water released from an invisible palm

slaps us.

How do you describe a hurricane?

Say nothing. Watch all the edges disappear.