

La Cruz de los Caidos, or Self Portrait with Cross

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La Cruz de los Caidos, or Self Portrait with Cross
by Virgil Suárez

What traces
does wood
leave on water?
This abundance

of bouyancy
in the stillness
of night,
a sorrow moon,
too, a spirit
Lorca knew
its name,
like words
mouthed
but not spoken,
a hiss
of tumultuous
thoughts

The dying
close their eyes
to the light.
Right here

a burning cloud,
a river ablaze
with corpses
"Verde como
la espina."
Green thorns,
a necklace,
a fist tighter
than the heart,
feel it pulse
now,
right there.
Pulsing.