

# I WAS HUNGRY FOR THE SECRETS OF THE SADISTIC FISH

*after a line by Philip Lamantia*

**RAY GONZALEZ**

The unwritten poem is the truth.  
Water in the brain and not in the eyes.  
Time is the lemon slice in the cup of hot tea.  
Closer to happiness means farther from the myth.  
“And the great danger to the poem is the poetic,”  
Vicente Huidobro gurgling in the aquarium.  
The unwritten poem is the refusing sunflower.  
The wings of the white falcon spreading over the tree.  
What is done and what is told before hunger sets in.  
Each kind of love invents the hard boiled egg.  
There must be a postcard of all this.  
The Allman Brothers blasting out of the speakers.  
The heart is plugged in.  
The unwritten poem was investigated for non-disclosure.  
Gods are named and gods are allowed to come in.  
Stories are wounded and words are whipped.  
Pancho Villa used 20 carrier pigeons to send  
messages to his revolutionary army.  
Pomegranate aura is sustained in time of war.  
Let the achiever come in.  
A tiny ball of gold hidden in the fresh loaf of bread.  
The black butterfly in the backyard coming to life.  
The unwritten poem is the unthinkable.  
The holy looped angel and the antlers on the wall.

Primal color is resurrection and so is the failed ancestor.

This weeps from afar.

Create unrest so the family archival photos turn yellow.

This weeps toward the veil of a god you won't share.