

GLASS

– beyond the window, a labyrinth of a different type  
plastic and holding pen attendants  
for the dying, dead pronouncers for the dead.

i.

and now here but with windows of looking only glass  
a macaw man lurching drinks and picking at feathers  
do you know a macaw man has outfits for every  
occasion and raising his wing  
look at this that tugging insistence

la estancia but the bandstand wasn't the same this time  
there were no sunlit roses and no man with wide brimmed hat  
standing pensive, just the tienda comunitaria where he bought  
more of the same cerveza helada and stairway to

a missing roof, look atenguillo i saw the turrets  
and hills like horns framing this odd mall like  
display with arch and stone and waterfall  
between two dusty roads i gagged  
cologne cigarette and air conditioning guadalajara

i was waiting for your open windows but in the smoggy sheen  
of late afternoon falling over those windows  
turned out to be, of looking only glass

and this hotel being the idea of a hotel  
with gym roof top tennis court and canned air you know  
you died you died you died and.

i can't understand how  
going back to a place how i think there will be something of  
you/me to be found there but there isn't

ii.

but think of all the creatures, a macaw man says, lighting up  
think of the trilliongazillion creatures which are

too many to conceive of we are covered in creatures right now  
! one sleeve to wonder  
at our human lives being rare and precious  
armchair levitating, in what is that sailor  
cap? this rare and precious gift! we are smoked

iii.

glass and ash, puréed behind      windows of looking only  
we are not the same person we were and we can't  
fathom any of those others.      i wanted to get home  
    but where was that so i picked a place  
    that didn't want me and scuppered in

over the missing window wire, like the hummingbird did.  
what a waste even to think about waste, blood

iv.

and dust and roadside paredón, mismaloya and you. coming back  
from el edén      sure. that gauche tourist attraction all dream  
    and no lie. you really couldn't control that vehicle.

COMPOSTELA

remembering a shot, or two, maybe three and a half      cutting  
the grey plastic rim under the grey bottle cap, until bear disgust  
covered my grey concrete floor grey shards of grey orange rind  
    like grey confetti      or one of those other

organs that were going to go wrong, they said      for now  
my gut, and there was no one could tell me why i was here  
    why any of this was happening or why

back then i had such luck such dumb luck.      now there are tests  
and tests and at the end there are tests and we just don't know why  
i have dead legs.      this sad flash, when the loss side tips the scales

after all had i brought this on myself in some way like he said  
had i      with full lion weight but what has a lion ever cared

about what he said, ever      and was this before or after  
i knew him to be/also the wolf?      i made no sound  
but woke to a memory of compostela      that time i watched  
the orange sun push past the burning curtain, pothole  
    mist and other worldly jungle climbing

    the dubbed shootemup bated the children  
crunching chicharrones.      did no one notice something had  
passed over.      if i could go back to that day. i would do more  
    than take a picture of you, your shirtfront shadow faced  
over the tattered flags of the pangas      barra de navidad.

## BAJÍO

– the exhibition was about lost things  
you see. leashes slack on the ground

if we take a lobster for a walk well  
how to put that harness & can they even go on land  
& for how long? would they break their feet?  
with the sky teller i ate squid dashed against rocks

with a specified promptness or precision or something  
for it to taste a certain way or something. from time to time  
i decide i am something i am not. look

i have eaten lobster only twice & still don't know what it  
tastes like. listen. if you are talking to a person  
on the street one day & the next they go out & die  
like going for a hamburger or barbacoa like big deal they just go.

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