

CÉSAR MORO (1903-56)

Vision of Moth-eaten Pianos Falling into Ruins

A man in a frock coat representing incest

Receiving congratulations from incest's hot wind

An exhausted rose supports a bird's corpse

Leaden bird where do you keep your basket of songs

And the rations for your brood of clock-like snakes

When you're done being dead you'll be a drunken compass

A halter on the bed waiting for a dying gentleman from the Pacific islands
sailing a divine, cretinous musical turtle

You will be a mausoleum to the plague's victims or an ephemeral equilibrium
between two trains that collide

While the plaza fills with smoke and rubbish and rains down cotton, rice,
water, onions, and traces from highest archaeology

A gilded skillet with my mother's portrait

A park bench with three coal statues

Eight copies of paper manuscripts in German

A few days of the week made of cardboard with blue noses

Beard hairs from various presidents of the Peruvian Republic driving themselves like stone arrows into the pavement and producing a violent patriotism in people with bladder disease

You will be a tiny volcano prettier than three thirsty dogs curtsyng and giving advice to each other on how to grow wheat in mothballed pianos

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Lost from View

I will never relinquish the insolent luxury the lavish wild abandonment of sticks like very thin fasces hung up from ropes and battens

Saliva-like landscapes immense and with little canons made from fountain pens

The violent light reflected from the saliva

The word designating the object proposed by its antonym

The tree like a minimal lamp

The loss of mental faculties and the acquisition of dementia

The aphasic language and its intoxicating perspectives

The logoclonia the tic the rage the endless yawn

The stereotyping the long-winded thought

The stupor

The stupor of glass beads

The stupor of steam of glass of branches of coral of bronchial tubes and of feathers

The smooth, submarine stupor slipping pearls of fire impermeable to laughter like a duck's plumage right before your eyes

The stupor sloping to the left fluttering on the right of columns made of rags and smoke in the center behind a vertical staircase on a swing

Mouths of sugary teeth and oily tongues reborn and dying depositing crowns on opulent breasts bathed in honey and acidic clusters and variables of saliva

The stupor robbery of stars clean chickens carved into rock and terra firma measures the land from eyes' length

The stupor young pariah of a fortunate height

The stupor women asleep on mattresses of fruit peels crowned by thin, naked chains

The stupor the trains from the evening before collecting the eyes dispersed on the prairies when the train flies and the silence cannot follow the train that trembles

The stupor like a picklock breaking down mental doors being worn out by the watery view and the view that lost itself in the shadiness of dry wood

Velvet newts safeguard a woman's shirt as she sleeps naked in the forest and crosses the prairie limited by mental processes poorly defined enduring interrogations and responses from the loose and ferocious stone keeping in mind the last horse that died as dawn broke from my grandmother's lingerie and as my grandfather grumbled his face to the wall

The stupor of chairs fly to encounter an empty barrel covered with thin ivy next to the flying attic asking for the lace and the drainage for the irises of the first shawl while a violent woman rolls up her skirts and displays the image of the Virgin accompanied by triple-crowned pigs and bicolored bows

Midnight shaves her left shoulder on her right shoulder grows the rich
and fowl pasture in assemblages of tiny, prophetic rams and of painted
vitamins of fresh shady trees with teardrops and curls

Myositis and other weighty geraniums spit out their misery

The grandiose, boreal twilight of schizophrenic thought

The delirious, sublime interpretation of reality

I will never relinquish the primordial luxury of your vertiginous tumbling oh
diamond insanity