



## **Robert Calero**

### *Another Massacre*

They've murdered a pride of lions before a horizon ornate with open wounds.  
The dust in your boots taste of brief sexual encounters.  
You wept charcoal and hot lead on my left shoulder  
as they murdered a pride of lions before a horizon ornate with open wounds.

You once danced, in-between  
bayonets  
and dominoes.  
But back to the boneyard—  
They've murdered a pride of lions before a horizon ornate with open wounds.

Aeroplanes are always colliding with this city's buildings, sending debris of metal and  
stone down on the pedestrians below;  
and the stars are as hysterical as women, as birds.  
You stay awake for days up in the attic  
burning paper; paper which your poems were written on.  
I followed your breadcrumb laughter—  
to sew, stitch, staple, electrical tape together  
the ashes, soot, charred remains of your great American novella;  
to tell you that although  
they've murdered a pride of lions before a horizon ornate with open wounds  
I can give you solace from the saltwater and those homegrown despots that attempt to  
conquer the palace of your face.  
There's no reason to crack-up,  
even though—  
They've murdered a pride of lions before a horizon ornate with open wounds.

## *Perhaps First Light* (The Engines of Dawn Commence to Revolve)

Perhaps first light: Pigeons rev their infant engines;  
adorn white with hot droppings iron fire escapes.  
You whimper beside me in bed: Cobalt dawn commence...

Your flesh is concealed beneath sheets of white linen;  
with one finger I sketch your hips, your ribs, your shape.  
Perhaps first light: Pigeons rev their infant engines;

babble amorous melodies through blue distance,  
where elbows and knees of horizon rooftops scrape.  
You whimper beside me in bed: Cobalt dawn commence...

Beneath the blankets, your body remains hidden;  
with one finger I sketch your earlobes, your white nape.  
Perhaps first light: Pigeons rev their infant engines;

hydraulic garbage trucks; emergency sirens;  
a chorus of open eyes filter through the drapes.  
You whimper beside me in bed: Cobalt dawn commence...

Under white sheets; I sketch your breasts, taste your heart skin.  
From under-earth; sun saunters through the cityscape.  
Perhaps first light: Pigeons rev their infant engines;  
you whimper beside me in bed: Cobalt dawn commence...

## *Yes, I'm Certainly In Love*

If there's no more mirrors for her to toy with,  
she'll use your hammer in its place.  
Her Mossberg mind scatters the tinfoil stars.  
Her heart is leviathan.

Percussion rain against the air-conditioner:  
If you want to see Poe,  
she'll show you the gutter  
and an aviary.

She seductively waved five bucks  
across my forearm  
and commanded I purchase her  
a cup of coffee..

Sometimes, though not always...  
...sometimes though not always  
talking to you is like  
pulling teeth from a wall.

Reveal your refined skeleton through your teeth.  
Maintain bones hidden beneath exquisite skin.  
Molars and incisors are fortunetellers.

—white wine in the vineyard grass—

O I would once again O I once more I would  
I'd love to see you in that simple summer dress  
under the sun  
as opposed  
to clothed  
in liquid opulence of Manhattan night life.

Down on bended knee,  
I proposed to you with painkillers  
And you accepted.

She lets me stay the night  
For that I am grateful  
She lets me stay the night  
For that I am grateful  
She lets me stay the night  
For that I am grateful

I could sleep with you  
Four more hours curled  
In the chambers of  
Your barnacle bones

Oh those toes tapping atop the trees  
Laying down a beat  
For you and me