



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