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re(volver)

I.

The noise of what was once a sky {at dawn}
There is no seed or flaw
Or falling
Rain

From what
Was winter
Once The rhyme and reason of the blue-
Black space

;le désert.

The coffee
Stains the
Mirror ^ Mind:

Purple orchid,
Night.

II.

Black and blue
And grey-
Brown suits
March downtown
Market Street
Shiny brief-

Cases/ fade
On the skyscraper
Wall /puddle
Acid rain and
←Unoriginal thought

The cigarette
Smoke-stained
Hotel-hallway
Mass-produced
Artwork from the
1970's - let the
Beat come back
To provide stru-
cture for the
Poem as it is
In defiance of
What is good
And true.

III.

A woman's
Tears will
Send you
Off to
War
Without
A gun
In hand

VI.

And it was
Autumn once
Before
The falling rain

{at dawn}.

the flocks cloud the roadway

IT'S A BUSINESS SELLING WORDS

-Michael McClure.

I.

I smoke a cigarette
outside my apartment
window; 1:46 AM.

Tomorrow is trash day
in my barrio. The dogs
are barking AT the man or

woman (it is rude to stare)
who sifts T h r o u g h the trash
cans for recyclables:

5 cents for each beverage container
Less than 24 ounces and
10 cents for each container
24 ounces or greater.

The dogs are barking.
But at the snow. And it
is may - WIND OF RAIN—

5 cents for each
Beverage container less
Than 24 ounces
And 10 cents for each
Container 24 ounces or
Greater—

And it is May.

II.

“You have to make it new,” said my Creative Writing Professor.

“And you have to write about what you know, but for god sake don’t

be sentimental it is considered a weakness -
A lack of refinement -

If you will - because when it comes down to it you have to sound

very detached and non-chalant, and maybe every now and then hint at your

post-modern humanity with an easily accessible/ yet definitively com-

plex metaphor about the wind of rain.”

III.

and it is MAY:

For each 5 cents container

Beverage and 10

For ounces greater or

Than:

It'

S

A business

selling cans.

Of all things

I am drunk typing
On this laptop
Who knows what time
The next bus will arrive
Yesterday seems serene
The light
Reflects monotone
The insides of medieval
Churches
Along the river
Spots of sunshine
Sufficient to say
Of all things
The frankness of form
Somewhere
Pierre Reverdy
Is laughing
Two to one ratio
And you are
Prettier than
The stars

The Persistence of Reverie

*Entropy,
blue
rose—*

*When I picture all the fractures in the non-essential street; when I see how it is hollow
in the corners of defeat; it is always always autumn for the poet in the night—*

*And we
almost
grazed the
moonlight
with our
footsteps
on the
fountain;*

*And we
never
saw the
rainfall
with our
eyelids
on the
flame—*

*It is
calming
with the
music of
the
tossing
of the
wind—*

*It is always always autumn for the poet in the night;
Entropy, blue
rose.*

autumn window

The café
is spinning
jazz—

smoke rises
to the ceiling
and crashes

with the
abstract pattern
in my mind:

quiet wind,
autumn moon.

There is a
window in the
non-existent
room

and
you walk
through it—

the blue rain
softly falls
in the
dark street/

and
you walk
through it.