

Sergio Ortiz

Headlines

Meadowlarks sing
to the dead man who got sick
with sorrow.
Covered in death's icy mosses
the dead man lies flat, laughing
sardonically at heaven.
He wants to read the headlines to
ponder and resolve the riddle of his days.
For his brain is not swamped
with the poisoned blood of lust.

On the day of his death he read
news items about what's happening in Iran.
Suddenly the Ayatollahs of the revolution
piled in his heart and they suppurated
in his soul and he knew he had been cheated
by life, so he died and meadowlarks sang— pleaded
for his asylum in heaven.
The Ayatollahs laughed, and then there was silence,
except for the hiss of his rotting body.

Medication

Half asleep and wrapped
in a blanket of nightmares
I pass through all the broken
windows of the world
with an appetite for cake.
It is the medication struggling
to wear off, the dew-haze blurs
of an autumn sky. I yearn
for a day without a fix, a day
with the consciousness of who
I've become in the tall grass
of my imagination.

Game of Thrones

It's one of those days
when I think I'll sink into a frozen lake
where paper ships are torched,
and I sit long inside
my last sorrow, and the earth
is lonely, and the Game of Thrones
is over, and I leave this winter
parfait to the ravens.

It's one of those days
when my dragons spit fire
and swirl without end, and I absorb
the outline of a snowy owl
on a branch, and the minutes
he sleeps holding her right breast
in his left hand, and my dragons spit
more fire than the pyre I march on
searching for the reasons he pushed
me off the wall.

It's one of those days
when I see wolves eating
the carcasses of pigs,
and I see many throats inside one
throat swallowing a shattered mirror,
like that one day when he fucked me
so hard I shivered and wept and laughed
and shivered and wept and laughed
again and again until the voices died down
and he left, and I put him in a poem,
and it rained.