Participles of Deserere

Ariana Reines

u let me pluck leaves
from yr hanging-down beard
clover gemmed with rain
wet acacias fragrancing the fine
young palms the mosses wet
over careful sons of julian complicating
my arousal the care i feel for this
creature unbombastic its fever now
making it tread quietly across the floor

virgin moss
virgin bloom
revirginated forests boreal
pregnancy apogee of the virgin annunciation
full fathom five thy father lies

hawk red on a streetlight
sun temple in the form of a chariot
lariat grasses tender & green
leaves unshaven beards of rain
cooked chocolate
sun in mounds
i used my best bitch voice
to get more ceviche for tongo’s
mother arlene  just
back from six months in venezuela

“cow’s mouth
salivating in the street” tongo’s
poem

strange car with its butt cut off
window selling a new blonde espresso
conspiracy born of the president’s hair

looking at pine boughs
thinking up money
passing santa teresa boulevard
pines circusing the dark clouds
bolaño’s cheek as turning light
on a distant hill  faint rainbow before us

a note from the beautiful sculptor
email promised from smoky glasgow
polar ice screaming into water
tongo’s lines  past the xmas tree grove
glowing jane & bright layla
a palm beside a pine
unspooling the father’s iridescent petroleum
green moss on all the ropes of trees

past the garlic of gilroy
clots of nopales & signs
for cherries  hill covered
in yellow mustard flowers
& despairing of the instruction he craved
he withtook himself again to questing lines
rain drove down on bending cows
8-tracks of kalipooni
teacher awakened by a rat
spectres of our supposed collective
wickedness the lenten
technocratic churches of norcal
rain misting the wild highway
gasoline of the twentieth century
pooling at watsonville
where j once in the car with a pathological liar saw a flying saucer

in the cold white light of my computer
my client called me a genius
cadence of twentieth-century alibis
cadence of gentle men to
whom i now loose my pen
it was just one way of keeping the promise
once made to me that i could be a hundred thousand people nausea
at the sight of our flag
too big in the blowing rain
guns in the quiver of the state
tear gas eardrum destroying machinery
the gun of wrecked children the AR-15

a partial history of iridescence
gizzard like an abalone hid
among giblets in the holiday bird
day of mourning from hurricane
sandy to sandy
hook stand of trees
in the form of china
the great sand fire of 2016
hot wind over the water at big sur
jonah down in the whale
alien song chiming the trident seas
moon cloven by abyssal birds
twilight must be the darkest
hour on the highway, she sang
but tho her song rang true
it was not so

almost upon the sorrows
of coalinga where svp’s “sexually
violent predators” are locked
in their hospital where cows
go to die past soledad
the crime with the beautiful name

industrial death from which all souls recoil
upon which we still sup
tongo said the oakland juvie broke him
boys locked in closets ringing the indoor yard

virgin moon
untouched by god
& man a buddha
dream everyone wearing a topknot
“you’ve already covered all the material”
bitter incarcerating angel

all my self-cruelty or my liver
accomplishing the churning
of waste into shit
whatever i did for guilt or duty
whatever i exchanged
for a brief anesthetizing season
in unthreatening beds

“pigs for sale”
“freedom is not free”
worm moon
moon of primeval emergence
virgin navel pressing out into the world
up from the wet soil
up from the ground
green eating glacier water
i don't know that you ever set foot in california
gentle scholar, searcher, poet
finder out of the secrets hid in “junk” dna
entertainer of the wilder ideas
ture weaving, true intelligence, all gifts inadmissible
to the university, data uncorroboratable
vices incomprehensible to high court
gifts of years conferred in a single spoken word
mystic radio of galena & clay
& other ingredients i cannot say
rubbed on the heel of the palm
& presented to the rising sun