

LOST CITIES

I.

is
anything
more beautiful than
an abandoned structure
concrete

its dark rectangles
gape in the wind

roof, off

it's now a head
open to anything
in the sky

but nothing is in the sky
save for hands that sieve
raindrops
through their grip

soft, with no body
they long for nothing more
than to touch
the abrasive
cement

and feel
life

III.

have you noticed
the tangles of twigs
that grow in trees

misguiding divining rods
woven into nests?

they're called witches' brooms
and they fill me with horror

when I'm frightened
I want to ring
my mom

but I'm a middle-aged
orphan
in language
when primal
fear asserts itself

do you know
the feeling when
you pick up the phone
but aren't sure who
to call?

you stand
under the open sky
turning
your phone
in your hand,
and not a soul comes to mind?

the problem is
you don't know
what to say

what lives
in your heart
is outside
words

has your
phone ever rung
and, when you answered,
you felt silence or
heard soft
breathing
on the other end?

that could've
been
me

IV.

when the Bank of Iceland's
money bin
on Lækjargata
was torn down

its reinforcement bars
curled in the open air

excavators
tore into its muscles,
bones

steel rods
jutted like nerve endings

hypersensitive
they whined when the wind
rushed between them

when a person
hurts
in a limb that's been lost
it's called
phantom pain.

I miss.

VII.

cities rise
from the rubble
of old buildings

we clear away
the old
fill the sea
with its breakage

and wreckage
which suffocate
in the dark

no doubt
secrets without number
are buried in the walls
on the ocean floor

landfill

can you imagine an emptier word?