

A DEER IN TEARS OVER MY BED, 2

An iron bed unmade till very late, offering love
 a second chance
A candle shedding light of oranges on the table and the lamps
 sleeping on the floor
A knife cutting through bread and the police bulletin from the newspaper
 as relics of saints fall on the floor with bones of tiny birds
A wired cage with sunflowers which could become my own Trojan
 horse if someone brings a ladder
All night then attacking soldiers will come out smelling of France
And someone will rush to cut the ear of the man who kissed me unexpectedly
 passionately on my face
As if he knew that I was coming to save you
As if he wanted to illuminate the elementals of a mundane everydayness
The bed
 The knife
 The cage
Through yet another imperious betrayal
Something like the annunciation with many fireflies and a red Datsun
 stationed up the hill behind the house
Dripping rust on the pathway, waiting, always waiting
For the coming summer.

Memory Antonio Cisneros

A DEER IN TEARS OVER MY BED, 3

Write down, morning mist, as you vanish, today's sentenced
to death

And add to them that sacrificial smoke rising in front of me

It emerges from the verses I never wrote and sunk prematurely in
my coffee

It comes from the verses you didn't want to read with me still today,
Maria.

Write down, morning mist, Maria's disaffection as she waits
in the rain for the bus

And the bus heavy with human breath is late, it's cold and she has two
bills to pay in her bag

A red car passes by, someone calls from within and she vanishes
for the next twenty years,

Write down my own daily fear that Maria may be lost for ever

In a place without rain, in a morning without verses.