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I saw one hundred butterflies leaving the cemetery
they were the color of wheat

of rain

of ash

they changed according to wind speed
light speed
they hugged dwarf trees
flowering acacia
After a long outing
they returned to the grave of no one's corpse
where they cast off their spacesuits
to be naked
just like God had thrown them into the world

37

I saw ten rats eating each other
They were so patient & orderly
First the tail

the feet

the snout

the ears bled on the inside
their penises like primitive stakes
That's how they disappeared
regardless of size or age
cannibalizing themselves under a moon
given over to their ravings
The last one standing
only had a left ear
Where its snout used to be was a hole
to the great beyond that could be seen from far away
It then stood as best it could
peed on the first cat that licked its wounds
& began to walk

38

*The fate of a bullet is fleeting
every wound is a mass grave
& the shot
a quick & festive funeral*

I saw Facundo Cabral bearing

his own coffin
The bullets that shot out from his body
left a fluorescent wake
where the entourage still stood

When he came to an empty land
Facundo hurled his shoes
& asked to be buried face down
gazing at the stars
of an inanimate sky

Then shots were heard
then more shots
& the body began to breathe
like in olden times
resting on its walking cane

39

I saw three dolls in God's grave
they'd been left on his last birthday
The dolls would rise at dawn
carry water from deep rivers
cut flowers in the garden of delights
sweep the dust from infinite reincarnations
God's grave seemed like a sanctuary
of wandering virgins where the wind
made pilgrimage on broken knees
The dolls watched over the grave
as if they were gargoyles in love
they took turns polishing God's bones
& when overcome by a buried exhaustion
they would let themselves fall on the cold marble
where they would hug & sleep the sleep of the just