

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

Sergio Ortiz
The Visit

I'm not in. Don't know him.
Don't want to meet him.
I dislike the superficial,
the fondness for mystery,
the cult of ashes, & where
it's distributed.
I've never had contact
with the inert.
I reject indifference.
I don't aspire to change.
I'm still intrigued
by the absurd & fun.
I'm not in for the immobile,
the deserted.

When he comes, say:
"he moved".

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Where

Did I get lost in the fever,
behind the smiles, between the pins,
the doubts & prayers, the middle
of rust; amazed at anguish,
deception, the green?

I'm not beside the dirge,
the ruthless, above disgust,
adhered to absence, mixed
with ashes, horror & delirium.

I'm not with my shadow,
my gestures, beyond my norms,
in the depths of slumber,
my echo & vagaries.

I'm not there.
I'm lost.

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Fatigue

Tired? Yes, tired of two lips,
twenty fingers, & I don't know
how many words. Of fragmented
grayish memories.

Worn-out of this old
modest skeleton so chaste
that when it undresses
I won't know if they're the same
bones used while living.

Drained of lacking feelers,
of not having one eye
on each shoulder blade
& an authentic cheerful tail.
Of this degenerate
hypocritical little ass.

But above all, weary of being
with myself when the dream ends.
Me, & the same nose and legs,
like I don't want to wait for the shoal
in my beach complexion,
offering the dew two magnolia breasts,
caressing earth with my caterpillar belly.

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Musing

for Christian

Sometimes I dream I'm on the moon
I do not know how I got there
but I know I'm dreaming

Other times my speech is involuntary
as if I were talking to frogs
as if trees listen & murmur
my pale secret thoughts

Sometimes I stop thinking
stop encouraging myself, but I'm not sad
or afflicted or extinguished
I'm just pensive, desiring to dream
the lives of others, those who dream
about birds or goldfish

That's why I write my fatigue
& the color of laughter,
steal a little life from night
& not let silence sleep

Sometimes everything changes
from noon to evening
or one month to a year
& although it sounds cheesy
when three or more
of these things happen

the only thing that does not change
in that butterfly & black ant dream
the unexpected instant I find light
in the cruel red wasp of your vision is you

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Taurus

after looking at a Remedios Varo painting

What delirious dream drew your yellow figure,
winged bull, feminine face, horse legs, sad look and mustache
you rise lost in self-created limbo
expelled from your house, the second in the zodiacal path
away from your earth element
you cross with visible resignation the constellations of the canvas
and there is not enough space for you in catalogs and scholarly classifica-
tions
there are no phrases that translate your drama using other phrases
because the astral loneliness that you inhabit is only yours
you come to me with an ignited arrow narrowly missing my eyes
you come from the pit of the past, a dark bird carrying charcoal wounds in
its beak
you talk to me about the internal scorch that crying leaves
the tedium that engulfs us for several days making it impossible to speak
to others
the links found between the departure of the man I loved (also Taurus)
and your pathetic sovereignty in the void
the memory that moves away slowly like a beggar tired of alms
somehow all this abandoned you at last
and blood nebula covers your body.