***Love has never known death***

I.

Open at four points

Of raw horizon

Bloodthreaded twine

Weaving the white sea

Beneath his green eyes

Which now behold

The unredeemable

In midst of the eternal

As if the moon no longer rises

Because elusively one moment

We rose deep

On its dark side

And he was left alone

Pedestrian in white fables

Blind tightrope master

With full moon eyes

To hold the vacuum wire

In the woven light

An acrobat

On a sunbeam spine

The immolated miracle

Experience of bare soul

Hovering over

The inexperienced infinite

II.

In his sleep he becomes again Prometheus

His body becomes again the unjust rock

Two black wings

Steal his breath again

They give him back plain fire

He burns again

From the inside

From his loins to his throat

His whisper becomes scream

His glance a cloud in rage

His soul the rain

III.

For every face a drop of rain

Two lips two glances

Make a cloud

In deep dark red

Like autumn blood

A voyage for the silent heart

On grey city steps he once loved

His memories cross the street

At intersections they’re cleaning up traffic lights

A bitter smile to other paths

Like old black and white

Film dialogue

From an open window he leaped

Out οnto the open void

While a sweet saxophone slipped

At the old blues bar

And he could hear in reverse

A motorcycle music.

IV.

His eyes stayed wide open

Like Sunday afternoons in summer

When mortals lock doors and windows

Before the light loses its mind

And vagrancy breaks in from every side

He gazed at the torn sky

One afternoon lying on the asphalt

His ear buzzing with the sound of wheels

The bleeding subterranean music

Trembling unknown language of after the fact

This was no dream

Like that sumptuous Sunday afternoon

Naked caressing a sunbeam

In the midst of a deserted boulevard

Vagrant in the middle of the sky

V.

Awake he pulls the sheets over him

Like fishing for the soul

From the depths of a body

That never let him grow old

Like a hand pulling the darkness

From the heart of a perfect tango

 (He shall not escape the sheet

Nor the deep sleep that recalls

And erases everything

In whose translucent pages

The miracle remains uncleansed)

He jumped out of bed like a child

Before him trembled mute a television screen

Suddenly a voice

Forced the darkness

Even deeper

VI.

Looking over his shoulder he sees

Black stones scattered

By his dreams before their demise

A glance in flight is enough

To set aflame the trails of time ending

Now a carefree wind blows through oblivion

His life’s waves break on the dark earth

But every poem is written out front

Out of life’s window as you lean

Before Orpheus turns into a pillar of salt

The moment darkness is torn

By a flaming star vertically

Assaulting the pines

VII.

Often at night he stands firm

In his mind, of course

 (As he walks unfazed over the flaming stones)

He fills the moonlit pages

With immeasurable mania

In perfect meter, without meaning

Otherwise, he may pound on the piano

For eight days on end

Whatever burns him from inside

Engraves half the sky

Divides the night

From the muses of noon

Flames that burn the tongue

Letter by letter

Otherwise, a love song is always

Debilitated flight

VIII.

With evening light

Falling somewhat aslant

He sees the parquet floor dancing

Wooden shadows

Like flames

All other hours

Figures in semi-darkness

Embracing tightly

Immobile passion

IX.

One fine day time betrayed him

Cut in half

Yet, still complete

 (A thought that nearly drove him mad)

Life is music

The pauses speak, the strophes

The openings to being

You learn the art of not quite thinking

An actor’s taste for dress rehearsal

In the course of one night

Nothingness is severed

Love takes him across

The other side forever

But every night

Alone in the clouds he makes

A large bed

X.

That same day the trains stopped

As did the rain

Dead lovers made the grade

With gabardines and collars raised

Like spies from a thirsty adolescence

Dead tired from chronic ambush

From placing life’s wager

On life’s love of chance

Of chance provoked by virtue

By manic concentration

On what, at last, must he

Set free?

Himself to drown?

Or leave behind the graceless gift,

The other in himself,

To the one laying in ambush?

Like an ancient coin

Discovered suddenly

A piece of him attached

To the dust of centuries

To make him understand:

This is life

Free love just dies

XI [last echo]

Out at sea I never look at a mirror

That’s why I spend summers

With another

Sense of time

Like a shipwrecked sailor

On his internal island