LOVE IS GIVEN TO THE SPACE BETWEEN WINDOW BLINDS (EL OTRO LADO)

I

The waste that is in flow—
    to see any movement beside us
keeping with ethereal
    pace of bags caught on limbs
of trees, the unwashed hair

from a few days,
    dreams left on a pillowcase. Collection
lifted up from the back garden,
    eating shadow worlds.

II

Inside of a body
metastasis
pot holed traveling
with you always
intimate the tran-
sience of anticipation.
Medical dystopia
closing in with
sterilizing immediacy.
My presence alone
could never be
enough for smoothing
out holes—hightening
the place for gratitude—
sitting inside a song
spread by arpeggios
the dog howling
at a passing
ambulance. Fog of
elegiac nondecision.
I want to stay,
do the work
of dredging
into night
shifting emerald
dimness from
the lamp—
    glowing.
III

Truth is vain ingestion.
When I later witness the needle breaking skin,
black tar between the knuckles.

Every love being welcomed—
a vagrancy strains the heart.

IV

To simply behold is a collection of spells—
the rushing water strewn with plastics
watched from a bridge between
the place where a head may be held on a lap
and the shame on the other side.
How I know I am at the borderlands.

V

Past vengeance now—
the other worlds in evening clouds.
Chance for an afterdeath
that is not a place of hunger.

VI

Mira tu habitación tarde en la noche
cuando ves colores sombreado;
y ahora enciendas la luz—
pinta lo que viste en el crepúsculo.

* Section VI is a translation of Ludwig Wittgenstein’s Remarks on Colour statement 157