

Matthew Flores

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.

