

-from Swift Cinder

CRISOSTO APACHE

from fire

from ignition

buckshot splitting air, cracking space, ricochets off tree bark, tree limbs

scattering brush climbing

high up into Bear Canyon, into the mouth

*Wednesday, April 09, 2014, roughly
around 3:00 in the afternoon*

this specific moment and time

no different than the odious *Big Bang*

setting a single course a determinant event

billions of years in the making

first refractive light against stars

lifting split light against lit faces

bringing *this* moment facetiously forward

toward a series of collisions

envelopment of toiling flame engulfing in
combustion

gas, subatomic particles orbit out of control

nucleus circles expansion girds into guard rails flying fenders

in swift swirls oil sludge, petroleum, plastic and metal

the gestalt sending his ghost into nearby thickets.

t'eesh ash
flakes fall softly

t'eesh ash flakes fall in soft particles

t'eesh ash release soft particles

t'eesh ash release of all particles

leaving a gold vacuum of space

there *kú'yuu*

kú'yuu there

there *kú'yuu*,

kú'yuu and there

indiscriminate object strewn forming dash board,

quick shot echoing along

Highway 70

collision translates probability cohesion of metallic abrasion

of beauty

upon impact birds scatter, birds cease, shot gun blast

ricochets again off tree barks darting up the canyon again

again

again

again

and again

abbreviate oblique asymptote never meeting its predetermine

coordination

terminus

end point

destination

a formulaic

mathematical formula

approaches a straight line

a given course of action

curving the only variable

bow of equation

imminent infinity

high rate of speed

this straight line continues,

approaching

never supposing to meet its camber

as significant the value of asymptote

we do not fall together

from ash

to ashes

not with fallen flesh

but to fall with flesh

asymptotic straight line
motion

finale skidding

perpetual

in slow motion stills

slow

motion

still

preceding months

slow

motion

long vowel continuation

constant yearning of the letter 'o'

late into disappearing night

dispersing into the blank wisps of air

absolve this swift cinder—

—past midnight the following night

eardrums ring over silence

extending artery encumbers

saintly candles burn their
somber sway

petrol sings scent of sanctifying beeswax

odorous incumbent

oh how, the flame flickers

leaning shadows cast against obscuring walls

warp shapes dance burns

consummate along minuscule granular surface

that chosen scuttle cupped light

an aspirate flux silence and amorphous

veils cascade

after tiny pirouette flares

*Fragments, only fragments
I sink in the snow
shovel in the earth
in the road in the grass and mountains
—Tomaž Šalamun*

second section, a slant shoulder impact,
his arm extends a patient persistent throw,
as flat river stone scathe surface, tapping flight
across calm water and mirror light, as though
each gripping rock inside his grasp grows tight,
muscles jolt in slow motion, gather in a slither,
docile stone glides through a sideways slide,
silence from a young waif toward moments come hither,
to a specific moment with rippling water collides—
wait, oh wait, particulates scatter a top laden fuel
mistaken for water, can anyone mistake a plausible

death defying scenario, to sever umbilical as dual
wake from dream a wish cannot want, to erase invisible
strains of scattering car parts, had he not driven so opposite
that hastened his departure, to such a thriving continent,
inside this cricket house,
into night, our body lies awake,
cricket songs assemble
against a judder of paper wings
when moth wing dust disperses,

light vibration
procures
a lure into a soaring
death flight,
twirling center light

ambient background wavers
absent

into night, our body lie
awake a top flagstone,
cricket songs assemble
scratching their paper wings
and chirrup into desert clefts

we both gather in our beds,
they stay to rub, some hiss,
some strike sparingly
or first gathers in masses,
sand covers arid slabs,
water is all around,
and slithers as old sediments

a crisscross tinder fist,
marks intersections,
white lines pass back and forth,
through and over,

then the white bear comes charging,
breaking through brush and thicket
musters old dirt into heaves of glass,
sprays sinew inside wrists and joints,
divulges over our toroid air mass

empty these demarcate calculations

[4.73-80]

relatives afar, in skeletal trailers houses, can see our saunter,
 his small hands clench mine, there was no rain fall,
 suckling the half empty bottle of apple juice,
 over rocks and sand, the hum of power lines tremble,
 leading us across, into the dusty land of *Canaan*

[4.81-88]

lights flicker at a gas station at Rio Puerco, night insects
 swirl in 8mm film trails, erect in a makeshift glass ice case
 a polar bear watches over us, from a distance they enter a bar,
 late into the evening a few hundred yards away, our eyes leave
 the stare of a white bear who oscillates loudly over the building

[4.89-96]

a few drinks in a condo just off a roadway, just off the reservation,
 in the mountains, longer into a docile night we drank, just the two of us,
 turmoil courses through our vein, a rage inside rivers, a slippage
 of rocks and boulders, a reave of engine, a scale of head lamp,
 a glare of vague human lumbers in a drive way, we could never
 explain the splay of web oxidizing the windshield

[4.97-04]

early morning a crack through trees wake a lingering ghost,
 it usurps into a misty tree line, silent we raise from our bed,
 a quarter mile down the road, fire fighters pry his body,
 a brisk morning calls the ghostly finger to pinch his aorta,
 his body suspends, a mangle wreck, inanimate towards Albuquerque

[4.05-12]

he returns home after twenty years in a black Chrysler 300, it had
 deep
 window tints, a shiny rows of crow eyes, he drives the hell out of
 that car

[4.13-14]

one long tire skid mark, burns tar, scorches earth, metal mesh with polymer,
 blood vaporizes, no amount of liquid can extinguish the slow scald
 but through boughs,
 a forest is still a forest,
 just as a door is still a door,
 though a door,
 through a forest,
 exists or enters this child

in it,

from swinging hinge
cross the threshold,
this child small and grim
finds solace among the boughs

a gray hawk in flight,
the sedge wren does scatter
leaving one feather
in a tether as a falling leaf

pass over lower jaw bone
through esophageal aqueduct,
tiny surfeit saliva discharge,
detonates fireflies

every collapse of breath
surpasses a slither
of arid forest wind

septal septet mortar sings
as mute clay expels morsel lips,
hastens exonerate bars
that trudge pacing meadows,
just before expiry,
leaves in a hidden grove
a smudge of severed branches

night moves into diamond sparkle
that shimmers layers about our eyes,
immerse down into the cradle valley inside
a cluster of naked words, reassuring daybreak
is still coming, the Sandia Mountains steeple behind,
a cascade prediction of early bruise bluish light
ascends from the valley below, naked words
plucks a floating mimic muddle of silt river,
river surrounds phonetic carcass mask with new tongues,
we left ourselves behind,
let's call one *birth water*,
let's call the other *fire storm*,
we left them behind,

just as we were all left behind, somewhere between
bones of recession and a gullet of inflation,
simulating crane clusters,
where words chose us, when we lay still, motionless,
inside our helpless state,
you said to me, under whispers of blowing sands,
under whispers of two foolish boys,
walking the tight shadow of electric power lines,
electric in our need to wonder the outskirts
of limestone and the western Tularosa basin
plateaus, trying desperately to find a homestead
away from death's small grasp,
here we are walking,
no stagger, again a bewildering path
that leads us both to the same pile of ash,
a pile of ash that will eminently fluster

here are all the angles that fasten
to one path or another
here is the screw impaling beside the roof
here is the unreachable us who flail heavenly about
here is the path that rips through the back of this child
here are the small piles of ash, hidden,
to count when eluding the fiery man
who empties dried shells threaded on string,
by a corral sinking in manure,
here is the fool of a brother whimpering into fingers
on a bed full of fleeting words, coral and turquoise
here inside the pages, coral and turquoise shedding dust,
turning our eyes into red jewel branches

I crawl the tall sunflowers
where the ground is ardent, in the same way of baptism,
and a cross hatches lament, and the arduous
ends of hollow rods is an envious company of a false father
influences under a waste of trees. Wasted by a douse of lies
left under palms for decades, left as welts, forlorn dusk,
planks for ill fitted studs turning the hinges, over which
your casket remains an array at the moment of your lumber

execution of carcinogen

dust slithers over
someplace, binding its fang tracks
in pebbles and sand
we are still too arid to spawl,
too arid to wheeze,
as if I can huddle in a burrow fusillade
with roots of plants
we cannot modify

beneath a brush
a couple of *Hister Beetles* dig together
through the next world,
where no other, we sense,
crackles of decay for the fertile many
we grimace

but we still crouch below,
maybe, the entire basin squanders
or wastes, maybe the older beetle digresses
without progressing toward
the vast stretch, over the Tularosa Basin,
or how a bird cannot see those
blackened specks against the pebbles beneath it,
but keep soaring until its wings tire,
while the beetle eases lucidly outside their stranger air

as we both think this,
some roads we don't run leave tracks,
in the slinking dust, we both want
to mimic them, and see nothing,
the way a skink speeds though arroyos
not seeing the belly of birds

water rises and gushes
and it means everything will wash

we both want to be fistulous,

a vein or a vessel of powder,
impelling, particles into shards.

we both want to be beneath and dissolve back
into that sludge of birth,
and reform the urges of a bottle grip
so we can both run

while we both sweat, walking on a blustering trail,
suddenly many granules among us, in a white bloom,
streams fast toward White Sands,
among the immense cloud clogging white,
we both stream in its seriatim, never breathing in

forlorn and against ribs,
a fist sprays a bouquet inside bone gullies,
we both strains against bruises, it,

while thickening inside
mother, father, brother ties
graphs from skins,
the cells that harden long and centric,
a threatening impact since,
all the fists disrupt
us both, who keeps the face in forlorn

in forlorn, a bruise that spreads, that strains
and eases like bones, like

plain bones that decay and leans against the ribs

the nature of
our face presses up against
the glass, flat as an opaque
doll face, lucid in the moon
glow

who will say we are the pale
face, lost inside a loose box,
a box place on a grey shelf,

for *that* eternity,
which will never come

our face presses
up against the glass, round
and distorted
inside an everlasting smile

who will say
we are the pin hole
that allows dust to vacate
through vesicles unseen,
unseen by our opaque eye

who will say
our face distorts
as it presses round against
the lucid moon, never coming,
against the everlasting smile behind it