

## Whenever I Go There

Whenever I go there everything is changed

The stamps on the bandages the titles  
Of the professors of water

The portrait of Glare the reasons for  
The white mourning

In new rocks new insects are sitting  
With the lights off  
And once more I remember that the beginning

Is broken

No wonder the addresses are torn

To which I make my way eating the silence of animals  
Offering snow to the darkness

Today belongs to few and tomorrow to no one

## The Hydra

No the dead have no brothers  
The Hydra calls me but I am used to it  
It calls me Everybody  
But I know my name and do not answer  
And you the dead  
You know your names as I do not  
But at moments you have just finished speaking  
The snow stirs in its wrappings  
Every season comes from a new place  
Like your voice with its resemblances  
A long time ago the lightning was practicing  
Something I thought was easy  
I was young and the Dead were in other  
Ages  
As the grass had its own language  
Now I forget where the difference falls  
One thing about the living sometimes a piece of us  
Can stop dying for a moment  
But you the dead  
Once you go into those names you go on you never  
Hesitate  
You go on

## The Asians Dying

When the forests have been destroyed their darkness remains  
The ash the great walker follows the possessors  
Forever  
Nothing they will come to is real  
Nor for long  
Over the watercourses  
Like ducks in the time of the ducks  
The ghosts of the villages trail in the sky  
Making a new twilight

Rain falls into the open eyes of the dead  
Again again with its pointless sound  
When the moon finds them they are the color of everything

The nights disappear like bruises but nothing is healed  
The dead go away like bruises  
The blood vanishes into the poisoned farmlands  
Pain the horizon  
Remains  
Overhead the seasons rock  
They are paper bells  
Calling to nothing living

The possessors move everywhere under Death their star  
Like columns of smoke they advance into the shadows  
Like thin flames with no light  
They with no past  
And fire their only future

## Some Last Questions

What is the head

- a. Ash

What are the eyes

- a. The wells have fallen in and have  
Inhabitants

What are the feet

- a. Thumbs left after the auction

No what are the feet

- a. Under them the impossible road is moving  
Down which the broken necked mice push  
Balls of blood with their noses

What is the tongue

- a. The black coat that fell off the wall  
With sleeves trying to say something

What are the hands

- a. Paid

No what are the hands

- a. Climbing back down the museum wall  
To their ancestors the extinct shrews that will  
Have left a message

What is the silence

- a. As though it had a right to more

Who are the compatriots

- a. They make the stars of bone