

PLEASE VISIT

RAY GONZALEZ

The magnolia and the healed wounds.
Reasons for touching the lamb

and stroking the crow.
An opportunity to lie about something.

Maybe the Mexican artist is tired
of being lost in too many books.

The river and the words and
a figure forgotten on the cross.

A string of mucus hangs from
the chin of the wolf.

Illness is not important with
the arboretum full of observers.

The shrill cry at dawn does not
belong to any animal or ghost.

Dada was a form of rain that dripped
down the breasts of Gertrude Stein.

It was the center of a burning field.
Joy filled the grapes with liquid.

Hospital deer birds brought the hero
of the somersault and I met him

below the twelve moons of healing.

THE COINS

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I learned to walk on dirt, not water.
My adobe geometry was left unsolved
when I ran to the dust with drowning hands,
improving my faith in brick alleys with sparks
on the road and inside the amphibian.

Why should I explain how I learned
to walk again? Is it the trinkets in
a canoe or the hieroglyphics on a turnip?
Last night, the moon dropped its clothes
in the street where the trees cast a near light.

I handed myself a Roman coin.
Their attraction to light is mistaken for
my sanctuary and my three-dimensional greed
where a startled beetle is a carved face on
the clock I blink at each morning.

My hands understand there is nothing to read
because I wrote about dark markings in
the history of hatred, the word “canyon”
spelled backward because the first tree
became sacred in Greek history and made

me adopt the hare, more coins, and the pig.
They were taboo in ancient Britain before I
vanished inside the beetle that floated in water
where the poet and the priest clashed before
each took turns washing my hands.