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How Odd This Landscape

Vicent Salvador

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where in the galaxy, whether you are spring or winter, whether your body blooms or ages, or is sheer mind grooved by the paths of knowledge. Mention your sex, adding plentiful details, and any other coordinates that may help locate you in the sidereal magma you depart from.

Nobody's words will be yours, and the inner walls of the cave will resound with strokes, the answer to a voice in the void, not resting until heard, remaining forever said, proud words spinning on the reel of a poet.

HOW ODD THIS LANDSCAPE

How odd this landscape for
death, where our memory—
knives on fire—
dictates with which fingernails
by which murky waters
we once made love.

Lunar trees defeated among the rocks,
too exhausted for love,
and fearing the woodcutter—
we hear bodies creak by night.