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## Blisters Seethe

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# Xavier Rosselló

## BLISTERS SEETHE

Blisters seeth  
on the walls; the ground, shaped by plowshares,  
caves in, furrows ooze,  
the colander of my  
hands, the evasion of curtains.

We ought to desire the long-tailed storm,  
its braided trail and threads  
darkening the panes.

Soaked, I sleep with a warm song in my chest.  
Do not wake me when it rains for I might  
know the anxiety of drowning.

## I PICTURE THE RAIN

I picture the rain upon the hand,  
the owl nest soaked with dust,  
with slow silence, almost like an aubade.

“Do you know that a day begins, that water  
flows southward, that bodies  
dance like flowers swaying from a cord?”

“Do you know that the crystalline house you gave me  
has broken upon an icy sigh  
and that my  
arms cannot tear off your hair anymore?”