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I Picture the Rain

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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?”
Give me a small part of the distance,
a coin covered with blood,
scratch here where the hen cage
is sold, we will find the juice and the horse,
we will find the mirror where you will
love my crimson back.
A hole has led me to the light
and in her womb I have found
many, many masks . . .

“You will fly,
maybe you will find me riding on
a foaming wave, and a colorless
flower will sprout from my lips.”