

Poetry Series

L.B. Temuco
- poems -

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L.B. Temuco(01-04-2009)

LB Temuco is a creation, a conflagration of naive, simple unexpected feelings. There was no moment of birth, no conscious beginning just a backward design from what changes daily in the strange, limitless condition of the human heart. The writer is more selfish than generous; more cowardly than brave. The narrative is more ordinary than exceptional and, in this, is more a prisoner to reason than the fearless acolyte to grace and beauty that it would wish to be.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? Fernando

There are no meadows on the moon
no silver fish in its oceans
no treasure of serpents lay beneath our skins
great bleeding gutters wash us away
into the veins of the earth
God takes only precious things
Love has not the voice to say no
Love roams in the memories
of its own golden fields
its petals falling on thin fingers of hope
Why did God put eyes in your head? ? ? ? ?
to be silent like happiness
Can this poem be dead Fernando
its funeral a divine wake in my heart? ? ? ? ?
Can this heart be buried under stones again Pablo? ? ? ?
I have no answers, but one,
to this Revelation
to this great mercury dream,
take my warm fugitive of a hand.

L.B. Temuco

A Beginning Without End

You appeared from the years
that hid you, Aphrodite
purple anemone
red sakura
The red gore of slain silence
You swam in my blood
to love me
You found me wounded
You came down from sacred Yoshino
You fell from the calyx of the sun
You are willing to leave and then return
You lay waste the sound of cold, uncertain tongues
You follow the silver foam of the moon
over breaking water, born as a sea
The sky a coronation of scarlet, and
Across the land blue flowers sprang
from the soaked earth
like a dress that you wear
to break into my heart
It is another season and
there is no absence yet
I watch, driven by your dark energy
all that you are
all that you are
all that determines you
you are a solitary blessed mystery
a singularity
your heart of limitless volume
your eyes of infinite grace
across the failing sun in incandescent flight
I have seen your moon full
I have seen you half smiling
I have seen the claret shadows
of your body spread over sand
all my days have been alive
all my days have been alive
All my flesh immortal around a stone

L.B. Temuco

A Butterfly Sleeping (In The Cradle Of A Tree)

I watch you sleep on white iris pillows
your eyes have wandered away
your face absent in a smile
a butterfly sleeping
I am invisible, I know
like a rainbow without the sun
a stranger to your mouth, your lips, your dreams
I can only touch your wilderness
press my face to unborn passions
listen for the secrets you took from the earth
I will wait to find forgiveness
feel the quiver of arrows in you
the cascade of small silver fish
that swim and swim with the sun on their backs
I want you to show me more than I have already seen
of water and voyages and lands without names
Of the fragrance of being
I want you to say without words
something voicelessly infinite
something vast and hidden
like empty nets in the sea
I want you to anoint me
with drops of shining rain

L.B. Temuco

A Heavy Net

I think I see you
behind me, distant
against the thin scar
of the horizon
the withdrawal of years
In the sound of the yellow clock
I hear you
It chimes like the settling of dark birds
on the crusty bough of an ancient tree
The world seeks my deep spoor
it snares me in the wind
We share the same net, you and I
my eyes hard like bone
but you, my love, gaze at the world
with melted fires in your eyes
your silver scales
wings leaving an ocean

L.B. Temuco

Above The Dark Curve

Clouds took me
to where
you were
and
swans flew
above the dark curve
of your eyes

L.B. Temuco

Ah Matilde

Ah Matilde dark shadow
the purple dawn
you found in me sleeping
is rising now,
spreading itself in thin waves
for all the world to gather up
The muted sounds
of frightened children
of your breath returning to the sun
of a tear crying in my soul
I hear your vanished sounds
your petals closing
the silver flash of your lace wings
your eyes blue-green in the night tides
I saw the sad paleness
of chalk on your lips

Ah Matilde, these hollowed bones
make empty sounds, keep
nothing for themselves
except this inglorious ecstasy
splintered sun you are
uncoil your happiness again
lay on its sweet dross
release me, for I can never leave
but if you come find me,
find me, again, crawl
into my eyes, sigh with arrival
in my mouth, turn so that I know
you have not gone, leave some drop
of pleasure on my skin,

Come Matilde, my late Queen
Come to your Captain
warm my heart again
the long nights with snow
and cherries, licking the blood
from stones. Find me, swim to me
Matilde, un-navigable ocean that you are

I hear your voice in the yellow wind,
the scent of your dark lustrous wine
you sit, tangled in a flock
of ravens that nest
in vines by the sea.

The horizon is a razor tonight
We cut ourselves on its blade
We bleed red and grey into the sky
from our bodies

Ah Matilde
I can never leave
but if you come,
find me, find me again
and crawl into my eyes
I see nothing without you

L.B. Temuco

All The Moons

All the moons fell from your lips
orange tears of angels
in liquid intensity

I try to swim to you
but I am burned by all my fears
of failure
of never finishing this dance
with your soul
of giving you less
than the completeness you deserve
you ache inside my head

I feel your hot tongue in the mouth
of my limping years
But God, we can still dance
beneath the ground
we danced in naked silhouette
with now one moon in our wet embrace

We rose and fell
in the glow of hell
We felt more pleasure than we need
But God, we have borrowed
from all the islands

We have bled freely in your eyes
We dare not speak
In this warm resurrection
we are prisoners of ourselves
we are blind to all else
we cling to each other
in the fires of our skin

L.B. Temuco

Always From The Inside

And one morning
I went to watch
a man being buried
there, above where
the water slowed
Now with the passage
winters and
the grey geese
he lays still and
sentenced beneath
the heavy earth
cheated by Resurrection
whose fingers grew
weary and fled
like worms
swollen
with fever
and fear
But at least he is
still to be found there
near to where
the leaves touch water
the blood still in his lips
a dark ecstasy
trapped in the space
his heart had left
in his black suit
in the black car
driven away between the trees
above the river
the white church
it's doors closed again
always from the inside
the dust stealing
all the living from the air

L.B. Temuco

Am I Making Too Much Of This

For a long time ago now
I am trying to disown myself
to forget who I am
that I know you
of your life
of my life
I want to leave I behind
and swim with you in the ocean
I want to leave you behind
and float leaves in the wind
You can't ask me not to leave
and then always leave yourself
I am making too much of this
and it hurts
and it hurts
and I feel so silly, so insignificant
and I feel so impermanent
I want to leave my heart
leave your heart
and exist at the extremities
where a pulse is a whisper
where we kiss only
with our eyes closed
I want to swim with you in the ocean
and feel your eyes
in my fingers
I love you, but not I
am I making too much of this

L.B. Temuco

An Ode To Parting

You offered me fleetingly
your friendship
your inexhaustible eyes
your sweet smile
which tasted like honey on my lips
And leaving
I turn to see
the cold stones of heaven
a mirror full of the glass wings of light
and your fires sinking in the sea
like a wound I have bathed

I am grateful, at least, for having bled like this.

L.B. Temuco

And What!

The sun which forms the fruit
and ripens the grain and twists the seaweed
has made your happy body and your luminous eyes
a pointed oval, this scabbard
This burying flesh, Mother of Ichthys
that gives your mouth the smile of water
A black and anguished sun is entangled
in the twigs
of your black mane
When you hold out your arms
you play in the sun as in a tides of a river
amongst the floating tears of fish, between meteors
and it leaves two dark pools in your eyes
My sombre heart seeks you always
I love your happy body, your rich soft voice
the unspoken parts of me, the endless gaze
Butterfly, yellow with sweetness
like the wheat field, the sun, the poppy and the water
You walk carrying these secrets
parts of my soul whispers softly as
you unfold and lay naked, waiting
in the stillness, for warm hands
To hold your face
Go on, do that
live amongst the socks of ordinariness
forgetting lips that are easy to forget
Until hunger bites on a single dark grape
the perfect endless membrane of your mouth
Languid and fluid, a heavy stone
in my heart, your pretence
are lips drying in a lie
Scoff at my wretchedness
Laugh at me, hate
Hate the selfish eye
Ignore me, ignore yourself
Undo love, undo beauty
Crawl back into ourselves
Dissolve these minutes and hours
that stain the night with stillness

We crept slowly, blindly to this
We must lay here longer
on this infinity
You are the most silent
place in the universe
And all you can ever say
in the face of irreducible fate – is
And what!

L.B. Temuco

Answer Me

Who are we
What do I mean to you
Why do you arrive always
like the sun bursting

You showed the world
the pink feet of your newborn
as a mother
magma flowed
like lips over and over
eating each other
until there was nothing left

Answer me
Answer the truth in my eyes

There is still a river
over which clouds float
geisha and 'danna'

We belong
to the same mountain

If we live in grace
nature will not harm us
If we live without love
life will lose all its seasons

All that we are
All that it is
Touch the sand in my hand

L.B. Temuco

Apeiros, Lg

You have risen from the lake
from your hibernation
returning always from vanishing
surviving the harvest
a solitary flower
a rare fragrance
your face at my inner windows
your passions set fire to the glass
I am yet dead or unborn
an infinite thought of you
I cannot claim ignorance
of my heart or your dark
face in the rainbow

Levantaram-se do lago
da sua hibernação
regressavam sempre desaparecendo
sobrevivendo a colheita
uma flor solitária
uma fragrância rara
seu rosto no meus windows internos
suas paixões atear fogo ao vidro
Ainda estou morto ou por nascer
um infinito que pensei em você
Eu não pode alegar ignorância
do meu coração ou sua escuridão
face do arco-íris

L.B. Temuco

As Always

Did you feel the dark horses rushing
through the night
crashing through the forest of feelings
that we spread between the mountains and the sea
Leaving silk in our eyes
Tears hang there, like clouds
We are many things
You and I
but nothing makes love
more ferocious than stillness
Yes, I know
I do not want to move from
this place, of milked tears,
of honeysuckle
To wander away defeated
Against the moon
the tips of an eagle wing
flutter in the solar wind
Something soars and something falls
As always

L.B. Temuco

As An Older Man

For every word I misunderstand
I carry a weight
as if knowledge has a meaningless mass
nurtured by the blood of bones

As an older man
I love more
I am a thief in reverse
and everything moves me more

I can disappear whenever I like
I want to disappear with her
until she makes my bones burn
to a sublime ash

She said they were not lovers
just friends
but she does not know how to lie
just how to love

L.B. Temuco

At 10 Seconds To Midnight

Oh cruel bitter sea
your fish a thousand lies
on this slab
in blood
they are still
with dull stones for eyes
I will not look back
for there is nothing
but your silent
unexpected wake
and there is the wind
its shadow on
the changing water
we have danced always
between pleasure and pain
when we have found solace
it has been on the sides of cold mountains
we have touched fireflies between birth and death
we have attached ourselves
to passing clouds
to galaxies
to the hot irons of our desires
Now I am uncaused
without effect
forgiving
Oh God of Beginninglessness
Anarchros
I no longer stand in this queue
with my heart
with my future
I am a tattoo at sunset
a divine sigh
my love is unattached
but more than it was
like a fallen cherry
I do not wish to return
to the infection of meaning
to the false ripeness of
a word said

a thought bloated
I will just keep for as long
as I can
the long breath
we breathed
and Little Girl (or you with the darkened soul)
I am going to sleep with you
in the desert tonight
at ten seconds to midnight
If I want you I must give you up
Nothing really
Nothing is real
but the miracle
of our existence

L.B. Temuco

Atoms And Ash

Behind opaque windows, above all reflection.
It matters not where the night abandons you, day after day.
We all offer our understood confessions
You, my forgiveness for having not found all this sooner.
In the green book you gave me, pages flicker like the creeping steel fingers of
dawn
Stretching meniscus-like across the palm of God.
A golden hand beneath which the sun frets and calls like a raven, fearful.
Atoms and ash. Blood and plasma.
In this human flesh pain is dulled by times lack of purpose.
Between these pages dirty unwashed colours are cast on a sword.
Laid down. Surrendered.
The winter feels cold.
It leaves this heart hollow; its translucent sap frozen.
Oblivion at last.
A Quietness.
Out of adversity and separation you grow.
An incomprehensible freedom and a voice fading.
Everything worn away now.
The wellhead of water gone leaving only a faint moistness,
Wet over the stilled unique stones we became.
Don't talk of love or the pale shadow of friends.
Take the sky back.
I hear music in the clouds and a river close.
Always returning.
This unaccountable beauty.
This blind privilege we name love.
The eternal beach on which our bones now lay.
These silent cemetery's in our souls.

L.B. Temuco

Awakening

He awoke
He lays on his back
and remembers the moment
before dawn when she went out like a tide
when he felt the unutterable sadness of her receding
of her loosening her limbs and floating away
Of her taking the moon
Her warm sanctuary
Gone
He lay now like blue fractured ice
On cold lonely sheets
He reaches across
like a thin blind sapling beneath the earth
There is nothing left to touch
So who loves you most you cannot touch
But there is still at least
A sad brightness and some dark strands of her hair
and the sounds of her pleasure
still hang in the air

L.B. Temuco

Beautiful By Books

In the universe
there are some sounds
which are silent
holy like a blessed nail
on the dark floor of the earth
there are your footprints
which are invisible
deep cuts through ungrateful mountains
along the ocean's edge
on the edges of dreams
there are some feelings
which are numb
an inland sea
of un-forgetting
in a shop
there are some books
loud with the innocence of moments
words between the lines of ages
you look so beautiful
by books
inside clouds
there is a moist hand
washing the skins of dreams
dissolving
the atoms we are
putting us back together
returning us to stones
from which we fled
before we felt anything
before everything
before
be
b.

L.B. Temuco

Bheka

Angled on the edge of a desk
a half-emptied carton
of cranberry juice
stands
strangled, in slow demolition,
its crumpled geometry
fingers the space
that Waldo calls home!

L.B. Temuco

Birthday

Your hands have
covered my eyes
with their warm veil
your breath has
uncovered gentle dust
that spreads and settles
in a dream,
your voice like
the wings of a small bird
from the lips of a butterfly
opens and whispers
memories in seconds,
a year apart from then, my love.
You lips fold and open
With fading sounds
With silent wings
Your lips glide and circle
Throwing shadows
I am happy like that too
this joyous shadow in us
that we are
this bright bleeding tissue
that glistens in deep, untouched
rifts, these deep cuts that make
our fingers bleed
joyous rushing wounds
that flow over reason,
the red plumes of passion
hang like banners
from clouds
I taste the passing salt
I lay next to you
and watch you rise
from the earth and leave,
unfolding again
you spread your arms
and offer me your eyes
like a surrendering soldier
like a fallen flag

in sleep I will always
awaken you when
your soul stirs

L.B. Temuco

Breathless

Something
is melting,
somewhere
on the high plateau
the sunlight
bleaches the bones
of old things,
he floats
in the cold water,
he knows he
is drowning.

In the stillness.

Frozen air draws
the life out
of splintered lungs,
pale light
from the mountain
refracted
sets a rainbow
in the widening sky

A raven
spirals between the
land and the sky, and
in the mirror
of its dark flecked
eye
he follows
in the wake
of beauty
so dark,
so indefinable -
so unforgivably
out of reach
it drains
the oxygen
from the air.

L.B. Temuco

Cherokee

Through honeysuckle
oh fragrant air
I see the river disappear
curled like a dark moving tomb
of a young queen
raven Cherokee
Her face left in gold shadow
etched on the soft venous skin of trees
They bend to kiss the water
they kneel like chosen children
With a sense of unutterable joy
with love burning slowly In their eyes
I can feel the fearful gaze of time passing
of something inviolate being broken
of un-comprehended pleasure being found
of quiescence awaking in sacred eyes

L.B. Temuco

Clouds

I see you
watching me under
the morning sun
in blue jeans
I can see you
there is no thunder
in your eyes
clouds are talking on pillows

you do not hate me today
time slows
and through the fence
your motion is stilled
clouds are whispering on pillows

then it moves in frames
and you are smiling over and over
under this tree
I see the sky sinking down on me
coming at me
curling itself around leaves
talking in tongues
of ancient things
javelins of cobalt blue
pierce my chest
fix me into the earth
its bark falls in scales
in creases
it envelopes me
it entombs me
I am the boy Pharoah

I see you
Mary Magdelane
leaving my tomb
your tears turn the sand red
your footprints
fill the morning with
soft wanting sounds

your heart pumps deep venous blue
into the waking sky
with each step you bury me
with each breath you suffocate me
with each second you forget

You do not turn around
at the sound of my asking
You do not see
the grass move with my searching

You do not deserve to feel like this

L.B. Temuco

Could Have Called Back Your Planets

There is no order or measure
A self-evident moment I remember
in the moist air, as unrelated
If we change places we change nothing
Your heart is not a nation lost
bled on stones in a faraway fields
You never left the sea to be, for centuries,
unlaunched, empty and silent
you never led the souls
of all your battalions from the land
Your heart is the Lamb of God
I know this, because I raised my arms
and pulled you
like a fleece from the sky
and we lay for that moment, in the moist air
until your wings revived in me
the only mystery that I can love
They always do
If you could have lived behind windows
could have felt the flutter of curtains
against the same stale air
could have called back your planets
You did not, you cannot
You understand too much, that even
if we change places we change nothing

L.B. Temuco

Country Of My Heart

I am lost in your history
your mysterious rivers
the earth of your knowledge
I was led there
by the forest paths of your body
across the hot sands of your skin
I crossed your equators
as you called me with your eyes
held your fragrant fruit to my lips
You flew out from your mouth to find me
left sounds of love on my hands
naked like water
you laugh freely like leaves do
your hips murmur with something eternal
Country of my heart, I found

Estou perdido na tua história
nos teus rios misteriosos
na terra da tua sabedoria
Fui levado para lá
pelos caminhos estranhos do teu corpo
através das areias escaldante das tuas pele
Atravessei os teus equadores
enquanto me chamavas com teus olhos
levando o teu perfumado fruto a meus lábios
Tu voas-te da tua boca para me encontrar
deixando sons de amor nas minhas mãos
nuas como a água
Tu ris livre como as folhas
as tuas ancas murmuram como algo eterno
Encontrei o país do meu coração

L.B. Temuco

Creeping

Below the dull slate sky
in deep trenches
are the rotting graves
of lost blood
of young virgin bones
filled into emptiness
a drain in the dark
gangrenous earth
into which the pus
of fallen
broken, scratched
uncovered, exposed
bodies pour, endlessly
unrealised dreams
dry now like
implacable ash
once the bones
of purpose, of reason
of birth, of hope
of men gone now
peace finds hate creeping
like a poison creeping flower
creeping towards the lips
of lovers creeping
into the speechless
mouths of strangers
who have never walked
who have never talked
who have never
looked up together
at a sky less dulled by hate

L.B. Temuco

Dark Like Coal

I saw you today
In all your perfect symmetry

Dark like coal in the ground

Your eyes downcast
Like fallen flowers

With the weight
Of too many questions

I felt each cell of you
Your wet plasma

L.B. Temuco

Does It Matter

But it does
It just does
it doesn't want to sometimes
but it does
cannot help itself
'Are you there? '
those three words
are you there
don't answer again
questions and questions
we have our skins why ask
do I love you
did I have a croissant
for breakfast in your eyes
today, tomorrow
next to a white pillar
so unexpected
all I ever wanted then
was to eat you
something different you say
sweet silent Mathilde
let the white sheet
rush over you
like a dividing sea
make that sound
that smell that you
cannot quite remember
because you died
looking at the moon
through a windowpane
never tell me what to do
how to touch the sleeve
of your shirt in the sun
watch you in a corridor walking
what is that thing
that is different and you now
want from me
against a wall you burst
over me

can I think of beauty set free
like a riderless horse
always wild against the sky
you do not know Chinese
but you can learn and forget
everything you know
what is the code for ecstasy
or the prayer for making happiness
in a cafe or a Parque or a car or a person
I know you feel
the wings of bitterness on your lips
a reflux
a kiss, a sad thought
dancing in on itself
you know I see
all of this because I saw your black hair
like wine in a cellar
in the wind as you passed
how can you make things real
from paper and scissors
when there is a call on your phone
and we are both lost and laughing
in the country
but it does
It does not crash
or delete itself
slowly slowly
each cell was passed over
made warm with your special religion
your unexpected shyness
how your footsteps found me aching alone
you turned a bird upside down
so it does
it does

L.B. Temuco

Eight And A Half Seconds

In the gloom
molecules separate
throwing shadows against
the faces of strangers
In the space between
A dark deep resonance
the race of a great crashing river
the echo of God
the noise of the Craziest Diamond
the sound of a Great Heart opening
What humoured the sky to carve
your wings into the height of it
blue and bleeding
The Cherokee maiden
with darkness in her hair
and history in her eyes
smiles
without knowing.

L.B. Temuco

Emerald Serpent

Can we
make rafts
of our bodies
and flow silently
forever
past all
the cities
of the heart
with
the emerald
serpent
in
our eyes

L.B. Temuco

Emptiness

In the deepest quarry, the darkest cavity
Of mine, I feel your wind over the leaves
Of my hand, that separate into whorls
Without flowers, without any ending
Or any beginning that memories will find
Or that any seed will fall from
Onto this damp rotting earth

In the drawn-out seconds, this emptying hour
That divests itself shamelessly, I draw in the air
That descends, towards other universes
Wandering beneath the passage of things
Under great blossoming hearts
That flower in an instance
In nature's fearful face
Where sunflowers once talked
Incessantly, smiling

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Fading

In this twilight
I can just see
the shapes of things
soon these will cease
become formless
seem irresolute
without further possibilities

L.B. Temuco

Flicker Strange Light

Flicker strange light
fill me with great mouthfuls of joy
walk with me by the rivers edge
with our arms touching
like a moment of great hope
sit and watch the brown water
with all it's hidden cargoes
of unclaimed bones
and parts of mountains

Flicker radiant light
fill me with the lost wind of galleons
walk with me by the oceans edge
with our hands touching
like undecided bridges
sit and gaze at the tempestuous tides
which rise and fall
with rage and pleasure
until two currents meet

L.B. Temuco

Floats Between Two Words

Is this the tumbling of the keys
I hear, the sounds of chance
scuttling like small insects
over a fallen leaf. Is this the night
passing in the wake of a thousand
rumours, waking itself, bringing
blood to its winsome smile. Outside
the window the boughs of the tree
hang like body bags for dead
soldiers. The one that twists
and shakes with wolves and barking
dogs, refuses to open its
hooded shroud, less it darkens
forever this deathless heart. Leaves
with their backs broken,
I have a thought, a life, a love
somewhere it exists, it floats
between two words, flows into
the synapses of your
darkest passions
I am still connected
to all this
to all you are
you do not have
to know that
but I know you do
Your sighs and cries
echo against something unsalvageable
the red oxide of the moon
closes over the place
where two currents meet
where ashes float
I am haunted by water
I never asked to meet you there
In this speechless space
my heart bleeds in silence
for you, my body, eyeless
claws for the comforts
of your skin

though I am not blind
to all that fills me to the rim
of this obscure, unpronounced desire
that aches within an inch
of complete abandonment
and this most desperate loss
The more I love
the more boundless
my sadness becomes
it leaves me amongst
all the golden decaying leaves
on which we once lay down together
your face an inch from my soul
people pass through
the veil of our unstoppable desire
you leave and I watch you walk towards me
I watch the rain fall
into small pools of happiness
In your image
you smile from a bygone moment
Your body abated
glows in its sensual light
You do not want to tell me
that the skin is impervious
to so many things
In this thought
I float between two words
Between everything and nothing
the wet grass glistens in the sun
I want to feel your wet fingers
crawl over my lips

L.B. Temuco

For They Are Their Own Places

I was blind in the world
Lost to you
Lost to you
Lost to you
With only my fingers probing
Trying to dislodge
The fawning and strutting
Of this awful virtue
That is too righteous
Too impetuous
Too ignorant of what we know can
Linger in hearts forever
For they are their own places
And blood burns in dark palaces
You stirred in disobedience of yourself
Reminded of the melting
We found in ourselves in crucibles
We called them summer places
We peeled back ourselves
And left only our eyes
And fingers
And gave each other
And gave each other
And gave each other
I love always the light you walk in
And the red waters
that tremble still after the storm

L.B. Temuco

Found Forever This

She stood at the stairs like silent prayer
scented in the light her face was splendour gold
fragrant the eyes and so fevered that
the airs were scattered by them; the limbs were heaven held
to the dance of darkness kept time at bay
the heart to which they beat found folly
as love she swelled

L.B. Temuco

Fumes Of Light

In this endless
purity of thought
the search for which
haunts me
with you as you were
for the glow of the blood
in your lips
the moon in your hands
and the sounds of old men
drinking around us on the beach
and you want something
different from me
and I think that really
you want nothing at all
and yet it is in a song
or a sentence that runs like a road
into the forest
or a halo (not the religious sort)
that hovers over you
as you stand across the road
in fumes of light
I never knew why
you didn't like yellow
or how you might have sounded
with another lover
it didn't matter
it doesn't ever matter
when things are being formed
because it is a relentlessly sublime birth
an introduction to skin never touched
or loved with the ache of wildness in you
the involuntariness of language
whispered in rivers and words
that filled estuaries
made at sunset
the hesitant heart sing
and glow like sand
and yes some of this is bad
bad written

incompletely thought
unsolicited, unwelcome, unwanted
wasting your time
and daily I pray for freedom from devices
such as this
and want to leave it forever
throw it out the window
take the chance
of minutes together
to gather ourselves
of never being tired
to speak freely
but there are so many shadows
now that life makes on each hour
and you are finally victorious
you leave the battlefield
one shadow more
you have earned that LG
may my eyes at least
follow you a short way

L.B. Temuco

Gordon Lightfoot

In the warm ambience
of human voices -
flushing, exhausting the poison from images -
different tongues
pass like seasons
through conversations
meanings age and roll
over and over like logs
'..when the gales of November
come early..) , on the lake
they call Blood Under The Mountain
the raven (he lay spent,
molten in its burning wings)
and the forest the same
rich veins take everything
the beauty is unimaginable
it hides in itself
with only slits for eyes
and the sky is a journey
the Cherokee wore her face
she gave him her mouth to talk to
her eyes fill his lungs every morning
her hair the dark fleece
the night wears
the black butterfly beating itself
against the window
it is mid-morning and already
he is saying goodbye, he has slept and
stayed with himself for too long
the string feels loose in its bow
mornings like this are like strangers
that step out from behind trees
as you pass by, disturbing the peace
that had been found
the tumour that had been shrunk
the heart wants everything though
to be in every city, in all its streets
in all its cafés, listening
hopelessly watching the door

L.B. Temuco

Have We Defeated History

Have we defeated history, my love
Before a moment there is nothing
not even us
but songs that we sing
until we slept
we dance beneath mountains
at the point of creation
we bathe
in the Sacred Headwaters
of the soul
we feel
the rain of limitless clouds
we are
the inviolate law of our Dreaming
we taste the
divine leaf of immortality
on our lips
in the dust of our bones
water became vapour
we crystallize love, our salvation
we belong to the unique
geography of the earths heart
we wear the face
of the nine moments
of the universe
we came here
before the serpent
became a river
we are the voice
that came out of its veins
Have we defeated history, my love

L.B. Temuco

How Can I Love You

How can I love you
when my breath is made of words
That, like constellations, shine
Celestial sirens they scratch
on the skin of the universe
They march in the curve of darkness
in search of the honey
of a single flower
They kneel like apostles
in the meadows of the moon
They lay like dust
in these attics of being
They flow in the blue veins of the air
Come my precious love,
let me bury you in clouds,
so that I may return always to find you.

I feel your hair on my face
the love of its movement
its dark falling rivers
I drown in the deep labyrinth of your occupation
We are a single wet-pleasured being, without eyes
without existence to keep us apart
We disappear when we can
We hoist our incompleteness
in the fleet of time
in all the oceans
in the strange continents of our dreams
your soul the last part of the sky
your silver scales a necklace around the sun

Your voice is enough on my lips
I have always the many mirrors
of our battered love
the sad infinity of windows
Their long silences
Their endless ache against the night
In death your kiss will remain
I will love you like this.

in the earth that holds me

L.B. Temuco

How Could Black Be So Black

How could black be so black
marauding, dripping viscous eyes
in which so little is seen
but I hear God
I see God
as she struggles to speak
to let her words sail to me
across the table
our arms like two sleeping creatures
wanting to wake each other
When she first speaks her voice
is something undreamed
unheard, it hangs in the air
like the noise of Creation
her words came a long way
Across the Universe
Across the Universe
Her voice contains the particles of all beauty
A voice stops, lips close
the road is too long and dark
she needs the light of younger men
who rush to battle like soldiers
who know nothing
but love like warriors
breathe long flames
of fire and future
scorch everything
raze everything to ashes
but love like warriors
Make prisoners of fragile hearts
How could beautiful be so black
when the steel bell rang
and the doors slid open

L.B. Temuco

I Am A Person In A Gallery

Are we absent or present
wherever we are
we do not accept each other
without a fight
without dissonance
without the grass lying flat
its cells pierced, plasmolysed
do we ask each other
always the wrong terrifying questions
do we want the vigour of natural things
of unimagined meaning
descriptions without end
or do we crave to remain unfinished
in the limitlessness of grace
our eyes still blue and form-less
I am a person in a gallery
looking for you
my eyes aching
for Vincent and Edvard
and the sweet blood of you
you are this preposterous love
this incompleteness
this triumphant infinity
this endlessly rising canon
of scattered emotions
that I hear in Bach and Pachelbel
in the crimson essence of clouds
that open like a birds heart in the wind
emptying themselves
taking pleasure
in the golden twilight
of your face

L.B. Temuco

I Am Sorry I Could Not Phone Tonight Mlg

Turn over
Lets burn down all the bridges
lets drown deep
in the torrent
lets devour ourselves
in warm searching places
Turn over
Lets have breakfast together
tomorrow
the day after
and the day after that too
Turn over
Stand up against that wall
And read your best poem
to me
through me
at me
past me
inside me
I feel your going away
and your coming back
like wild geese
I hear your call
and it cuts me
always in half
but you always return
and we share the story
of parting
of going back to the start
this will go on
until it stops forever
and begins again
and again
and again
until we finally forget
where we have been
until we are
everything
and forever

for the very last time
Turn over
Sit in your window
in darkness
wrapped in my heart
always touching
things forgotten
never saying
things unspoken
that dance around us
on strings that we cannot see
Turn over
dark velvet
and let me in
Turn over
I am tormented

L.B. Temuco

I Am Water

Ah xxxxx
there is a warm place
in my body
it is water
an ocean entering tributaries
that have carried silver fish
and you love, love, love
love, the silver of these fish
that carry the sun on their backs
they have travelled long distances
beneath my skin
bodies flapping like open limbs
satisfied

Ah xxxxx
I cannot flow
other than as water
this is my love, water
water,
spreading over you
loosening feelings
moistening stones
the glistening translucent
froth of sirens screaming
leaves golden floating in your eyes
everything washed away
except the great bruises of passion
that turn yellow, xxxxx
on the inside, weeping,
coalescing, warm final tears that shine
like the lights of a sad, sunken ferry
submerged under skin
in layers of silent turgid sacs

Ah xxxxx
we are water
we are falling water
we are the voice of water
and we are wet with its love

L.B. Temuco

I Can Help You With Your Dna, Lg

We are all genes sleeping
waiting for lids to flutter in translation
to pull down the shutters on miserable chance,
on the nights of blind possibilities
the touching of dreams with our fingers.
The algorithms of want
in great clouds
in our secret roots
in one big earth.
In the tragedy of this warm bed.

Guanine goodbye.
Every day is the first day.

I can help you with your DNA
the protein spume of its tides
its fiery phosphorescence
the crowns of its sweet coronation.
Unravel the helices in your soul
Uncoil the serpents from Hermes wand
Break this necklace of messages from the Gods

We swam to each other once
under your dark cloak
the thin threads of our existence
swollen and searching.
Until autumn came.

We could escape courageously over mountains
scale the steel granite cliffs
dress with blue fleece the gashes we make in the sky
leave the brave ash of our bones in the valleys.
Part our lips with the crimson blood of cherries
and bleed into each other infinitely.
In absolute simplicity

You are the air
on which moonlight feeds.
Its moisture becomes a tempest in your mouth

and you tremble against me.
Your being, your voice,
The soft breath of the desert
that I can still breathe by heart

I can help you with your DNA
and I can turn your thoughts around.
In this Cul de Sac, where you are me
and I am you.

L.B. Temuco

I Deny The Lucid Sky

Let me tell you something of love
the poem of man
it comes in Autumn too
through the branches of the night
like a splinter in living vessels
next to dead bones
it awakens beginnings
disturbs unknowingness
that untroubled balance
between galaxies and the atom
of ourselves, faith flees once more
it's haven of deep solitudes
existence is what I choose
the barren resistance
the scales of life
on which we are just
heavier than our burdens
our pleasures hung
between liquid and vapour
melancholy changing its withered face
honey flows
energies shift
the sun plunges into your solar mass
the limbs of a forgotten God unfold
in the infinite dawn
the lips of the earth open
like a solitary flower
We can never act in isolation
when we feel warm spaces
between our fingers
as we scale mountains
when we are not the cause
I deny
I deny the lucid sky

L.B. Temuco

I Do Not Need My Eyes

The sun like silver scissors cuts the ice
water breaks from its winter caverns
dissolves you
your blue aura surrounds you
like water is
before a storm
before a memory
struggles itself into being
becomes a perfect circle

I do not need my eyes

In the warm pale cup of your hands
your face is a dark liquid
there are no earthly colours
a universe rests there
I want to touch with my own hands
it's endless fire
it's throbbing stars
before time
becomes timeless again

L.B. Temuco

I Flow Over Your Body

There is a tree
in the corner of the universe
its fingers swirl
to touch planets
I see you at the edge of my soul
standing dark like history
on the shore
of a mountain tarn
you swim towards me
you have pelicans from the oceans
in your eyes
I dive down
to feel you warm hands
against my face
I am more than water
I flow over your body
feel your delicacy
the sinews of your love
We are reacqainted clouds
I tremble like
the arrows
of our blessed journey
It flutters

L.B. Temuco

I Love Fp More Than You Do Lg!

And leave me a trail of innocence
To comfort me just a little as
I clamber over stones and fragments
Along the riverbed of every days creation
Of flesh and thinking
Of a warriors intentions
The sound of footsteps through thought
Of eventually sleeping
There is nothing whole ever
In dreaming
Just clouds and flowers passing by
The windows of our senses
Whole things are too easily cut into pieces
They bleed
And are washed away by the rain
I would rather float like a fallen petal
Along the rivers I make of your fingers

L.B. Temuco

I Love To Watch You Dance

There is silver across my eyes
Spread like a chain
I lay my face against the colour of a tree
In the midst of a thousand swans
I dance with you
I love to watch you dance
Your dark flamenco
I lay across all the damp boulders
In your soul
You announce yourself
On this strange canvas
Your eyes hang like gardens from the sky
I love to walk in your eyes
In the depths of the earth
I cannot breathe for both of us
I cannot harvest the golden braid
Around your heart
It broke free
And strange birds came instead
With my hands
I am blind
I cannot feel where you are
With my lips
I give you my blood
I remember running through wet grass
And falling
And you caught me then
Wait for me now
The day was longer when it started
We who dissolve in light
Fail to hear the silent opening
Of windows
Of the sky struck by dawn
Of floods receding
Of water
Of fish
Of silver
Of your arms burning
I lay down over my shattered heart

I cry for invisible things

L.B. Temuco

I Love You Lg

I love your little red bag

I love your face

Living in palaces

a bit at a time

L.B. Temuco

I Love You On The Day You Leave For Brasil Lg

We will never know
until great storms
rip the bark from our bodies
until water is exposed to the air
until we get older
a dream at a time
I know now
that I cannot lose you
more than this
I want a few leaves to stay
to raise the water from your soul
I will love the stone
when the fruit is gone
from my lips
It will be as the weight
of your love
crying on my tongue
Its white milk
the sea in which we bathe
When it swells and grows
as a flower again
A kiss from your dark earth
I know now
that I cannot lose you
more than this
All absence disappears
in your eyes

L.B. Temuco

I Saw You Yesterday

Love is oblique
a thin lateral image
I pass under its skin

I saw you yesterday
As a child
As a little girl

Your fingers
playing with your dark hair

Your eyes
the cradle of my birth

In this cold crowd
I miss your warm breath on my heart

I loved you then too
I loved you now and then too

How is it possible
that I see you as a little girl

That I have loved you for so long
for such a long time now

I go out to find you
to feel your storm

If it lies at the edge of the earth
the air will not surrender me

Until I take from your hand
that which you wrote for me then

Until with one naked face
we look sideways at the moon

I See With Each Gaze Of Your Eye

I see with each gaze of your eye
I see in each eye the words
that happened for you

Our eyes can never be blind
they forever remember
stepping over streams

And through the glistening of tears
looking up at the sun through silent leaves

L.B. Temuco

I Want You To Say

I want you to say
something more
something pure
something external
Because I know your secrets
that you wake the birds
make the world realise it is
too easy to forget little things
make it want the honeysuckle
sun to leave in thinning light
small pools of you
between cloud and star

L.B. Temuco

I Will Not Make The Blue Isle

I love you
but its not enough
to write or read now, or
to listen to the rumours of mirrors
or race with your breath
at the sound of soft feet
sadness has replaced wonder
so soon
if it is the same it cannot be
I am so wounded now, my dear
I fly with one wing folded
across my bleeding breast
Once beloved, now
my heart bleeds over the ocean
soaking into the scarlet eyes of fish
I will not make the blue isle
my heart too, you have emptied
of the meaning of small things
I feel the water touching now
the tips of my wings
like a flame being killed
but never love

L.B. Temuco

If You Read This

If you read this
Everything will already have been undone; broken
dead wood
the leaf fall, falling leaf
abscised, the deadening silence
of empty vessels, gone
single sweetness of spring;
long guiltless moon of summer;
shrinking limbs of autumn.

If you read this
you are reading this
Rush, rushing, run, running from our little heads
Waldo, go tell the gardener!

If you read this
everything will be becoming better
piece by peace, wood by would
dream stream, cloud lover, heart of rain.

I cannot listen
to you reading now
to your crackling tinder,
woodsmoke on the banks of the Susquehanna,
your fevered grace in the air.

I cannot be
between myself
and you,
there is a word for this
in a safe place
behind a wall

L.B. Temuco

Imyglg (I Miss Your Grace Lg)

The soft parade of lips
I just cannot imagine
anything less than instinct
or conclusions beyond existence
in this inner universe
I touch inside a trembling isolation
the pink thirst of our tongues
with no agreement
the earth leaves through a crack
in a wall, it is looking
obdurate heart
for you
to take you back
to turn you over again
to expose capillaries and cavities
my face on your hot pools of skin
in the warm spill of dreaming
I cup my hands into a cradle, a nativity
and remember your silence
folding against the world
of cold scales and silver
we flew as ravens do
we laid ourselves in moist curves
my eyes you cut with a razor
they bled with the claret wings of leaves
warming my body with breathing
you are a flood in Autumn
your tears carried back to tell the earth
something it had forgotten
I am forever me in your sunken tides
we pull each other
we hold each other in order to live
we put each other to the sword
we lay in the sweetest grace
I miss that
under the uncertainty
there are fountains
in our souls

In Naked Reverence

Your head, (and I love to touch your head)
proud like a solitary flower
bends against the winds of heaven
beauty has no permanent place
alone in just the air
of unions too long coupled
but in you, my love
it shines extreme in the awe of moments
in mystical union
we stand before each other
in naked reverence
in purple shadow
your wings are your wings
not mine
they carry only my blood
on the two feathers of your lips

L.B. Temuco

In The Endless Possibilities Of Your Eyes

There is something
at the end of me
Each day of my life
that is eternal
that you fill
until I overflow
There is no answer for me
No questions either
Beneath the sound of water and emeralds
you wear crowns of imperial stones
In the endless possibilities of your eyes
forget not, my love, the mysteries that we kept for ourselves

L.B. Temuco

In The Golden Fawn Of Your Eyes

In the golden fawn of your eyes
I see the souls of a thousand young deer
I hear the sounds of their soft hooves on the earth
I see ravens against the sun
and the trees melting

L.B. Temuco

In This Silver Circle, Lg

Just a heartbeat
I could hear it in your chest
for me, but not for me
bright fever water eyes
absent cradled joy
gone somewhere else to rejoice now
blood spills like bled sap on the earth
as I walk, an open wound
of terrible circumstance
In this silver circle
the Earth offers no sanctuary
no other Inevitable Kingdom
only the inner life
of loving and wanting and
remembering, the feathers of your soft body
sleep 'til dawn in my eyes
the moist veil of your loins shuddered
a torch held to the night

L.B. Temuco

In War Zones

These small mucous steps
that flies make
in war zones
beneath the sounds
of planes diving on buildings
They lay eggs of hope
in the decaying flesh
of fathers and mothers
in whose upturned eyes
lost children wander
brave young men on horses
disappear in the night
The earth is larger always
than the circle of our lives
In time it cleanses us
of everything, changes
all the locks

L.B. Temuco

It Is More Than Enough

I don't own anything
just the protoplasm of feeling
that spirals in a sky
of small red hearts and feathers
that flows like orange light on water
every space in the air full
and I remember the look
of offer in your eyes
the surrender of your movement
There are tiny threads between us
even now
wherever you are
hiding
loving
running
I feel you looking
I don't own anything but this
It is more than enough

L.B. Temuco

Lady Purities

Lady Purities
look un-foolishly at gold
at yellow
at yearning
at the tails of comets
is that the glow
I see disappearing
beneath the water
mouths closed, forgotten
the scent of flowers
perfume fish
song-lines of water sung
held thereafter
in the silence where once
a dark Cherokee counted birds
hung helpless from clouds
their eyes tortured
each turned away
an incandescence forged
into memories
Fernando's implacable ash
dreams unzip, replicate
delete, disavow further additions
substitute, and the sensualities
like warm feathers covering
the heart of a small bird
to feel like the warm hands
of a stranger that is somewhere
walking toward you
in pockets his fingers
already curled into a cradle
and you like sinking
into solution
saturated, must find
a place to breathe
pure things again
apply heat only gently
are silent and dense
like the stones hidden

in clear water, that once
felt your small feet on them
as you passed
as you set your arms
like sails to trap
the night wind

L.B. Temuco

Leaking Wounded Spaces

When you are empty
I want to fill you up
when you are absent
I make you arrive
when you are nothing
I remember all your dualities
the opposite forces of your lips
the ecstasies of your limbs
the sadnesses of your eyes
that you could be less than nothing
that you survived the apocalypse
the disorders of thinking and sleep
that you keep lists of small sensualities
your breathing woke the sleeping leaves
changed them into faces
the spectacle of which was fleeting
like two birds passing each other
in clouds; I am sometimes prepared now
to disbelieve in distances greater than
the thinness of skin, deny the depths
of a soul; for it is the theatre of surfaces
of which I speak, the drama of appearances
that I see, the blue skin of the oceans gives way
to the dry leather of the land
thoughts and words
bones in the sand
your memory inhabits me like an echo
a voice on a misty river
your eyes silent and still
like an endless galleries of portraits
I love you because you are
in the same moment
soluble and dissolute
my blood is a string of
leaking wounded spaces

L.B. Temuco

Leopard

I am waiting for you
to arrive, to unpeel me
in segments
my skin
Your dark mane
The leopard in your eyes
My heart there in front of me
This estuary
That joins
Where we enter
Each other
Before the beginning
That enters
Where we join
Each other
Beyond the purple moon
this infinite petal
The earth left ajar
The sound of barely nothing
The logs in the ocean
Crashing
To where we have crawled to
For so long
Our bodies laying, opened
Your carapace discarded
In an orange angry gaze
Our fingers around the moon

L.B. Temuco

Like The Languages Of Snow

We swim as colours, terracotta of light
pushing the ocean aside, until sinking
water exposes lost galleons, canons
that slide into you, explode their fiery tongues
into wordless fields, the flowers of which
are scattered like unborn fruits and restless wheat
Don't stand up and walk again, your steps in the same furrows
there may be fallow years underfoot, rather sleep longer
your dreams still mountains falling into the sea
your eyes sleep under garlands of steel, jewelled feet
flicker like the languages of snow, the beauty of dark water
hides behind courage and desire, you wrap warm fingers
around the lichen of wounded trees, the melting air of Spring
touches my face, feeling like something counting the years

L.B. Temuco

Like Thin Wire

They did not notice the bespectacled man
sitting at a table near the window
Like thin wire
He sat angled against the light.
He was a city person
He liked to be able to see the pavement
There were sounds at the edge of his thinking
His face a dark smudge of disquiet
He inhaled letters from around him
and turned them into words
His body rose and sank under the tide of words
When he walked words slid this way and that
crashing into thoughts
foundering themselves on meaning
breaking the yellow window dreams
He made love to everything this way
In the Republic of His Soul
there were only ideas of emptiness and sadness
a long insistent trail of mucus in his head
He felt its constant stickiness
And its wet enduring beauty

L.B. Temuco

Modigliani

I am smiling as I walk the street
with a picture of Modigliani
and a photo of you
in my pocket
I look at the sky
at the absurd flesh of clouds
and the free bird
that condemns me
I look over the border
with the sun in my eyes
and see the tree
where love was interrupted

L.B. Temuco

Moment

I love you
in this space
always between
night and the breaking day
you can never find me
for I am hidden
amongst the leafless
and the litter
of the dead
and the dying
I love you here
and it seems
as if every moment
has wings

Eu te amo
neste espaço
sempre entre
noite e o amanhecer
Você nunca pode me encontrar...
Pois eu estou escondido
entre as folhas
e o lixo
dos mortos
e a morte
Amo-te aqui
e parece
como cada momento
tem asas

L.B. Temuco

My Love

Every millimetre
every dropp of heaven
one skin together
somewhere safe
somewhere before anything
You think I don't remember
the sounds you made
in the long grass

L.B. Temuco

Oh Bitter Sea

Oh bitter sea
Let the mournful melody of your tides
recede along the spine of the earth
Let me breathe from the waters you leave
to flow between warm pillars of skin
Oh beloved rain
I will raise myself from this mountain
and taste the edges of clouds
You can ask me then -
the sound of your soft feet approaching
your voice barely heard above
the faded inflection of thinking
we have lain still in the perfume of long silences
How many loves I have wanted to keep
as illuminations
as infinities
as floods
Oh bitter sea

L.B. Temuco

On Fire

If the night loses its way
It asks you
To stand under a street lamp
On fire
With your pulsating rhythms
Of light

L.B. Temuco

On My Skin

I was born forever
in your fingers
On my skin
the rain fell
from your eyes
In my mouth
all the oceans
turned to sand
I died forever
on your lips
All flesh an echo
dreams silent
like snow

L.B. Temuco

On The Hill Above My Heart

I can't wait
I can't wait
for the waiting to end
to feel devoured by your return
what on earth have I missed
what have I missed of earth
soft fertility
soft cavities
of the twin serpents of your mouth
the flower that has flowered each night
on the hill above my heart
I may be waiting for nothing
but sadness
but sadness
but sadness
you may arrive with nothing
you may be nothing
you may feel nothing
you may feel like feeling nothing
how will you carry sadness in your hands
how will your hands be sad
when they are from heaven
filled with simple things
clutching at the sleeve of memories
you know what I mean
you mean what I know
you say my name
in spaces
on nights
in silences
as we walk through doors
that melt us
make our eyes gaze
on what words cannot speak
on the hill above my heart

L.B. Temuco

On The Last Note

At last, you dance with me
an apocalyptic flourish
on the last note
your mouth cut like a rose

L.B. Temuco

Our Limbs Wrapped In God

Nobody ever asked the scent of the rose
To be other than it is, to be a sweet ache
To drip in fiery circumstance
To cover old feet with its perfumed tides
Nobody ever told of petals
That open their hungry coloured mouths
To the moon
That inside their moist cosmos, Every passion
The centre of the sun
Every desire a river, beneath existence
Nobody ever asked you to behave
Like cherry blossom in my soul
That in the fullness of your dark fatality
A fruit ripens and falls to the earth
Bled, bleeding, born,
Oh cave of this precious womb,
Sacred interstices, the luminous spaces where love hides
The rose was never asked
We walk through this garden endlessly
Our footprints, displacements
Of hearts that scream for each other
Craters, dark eyes that never open
Other than under the deep cloak
Of our silence, the stillness of the stone
In us still. We can never look away from this blindness
When we look, we see everything there is to see
As if it was rising out of water
Love spreading over the lip of our lips,
Fingers tapping on unpeeled skin,
A breeze from the evening sea
Gently stirring the curtains of forbiddance
We lay in a harvest of golden fields.
Our limbs wrapped in God.

L.B. Temuco

Panther

I lay like a panther on your warm belly in the night
Something deeply aroused in the universe
Something infinite
We joined as strange disciples, barefoot
Dark waters flow under the black sky
Its molecules cling to you
Like a dress, like a dress, like a darkly folded dress
I hear its voice as you move
I listen to your heart as you sit
We crawl into our eyes, into our eyes, god how far we go into our eyes,
The valley parting

L.B. Temuco

Part Of Me

If I die today
I will not die without
Telling you how beautiful you are
for the last time
How you are missing
How I love the life gleam
On your dark body
That in a forest clearing
I have lain against your soft silver limbs
in the embrace of rainbows
above the rushing sounds
of your disappointment
under eyes, which in the silence of fallen men
sitting on benches in parks, their old brown shoes
creased and dusty, stolen from life,
I feel only
The fault line in my chest
The flapping of your Great Smile
The shadow of the moon on your Gilded Lips
The moaning primal arch of your Pleasure
I feel only the Blessed Path of finding you
In the fearful autumn of senescence
This Infinite Ache
The stir of this Single Sweetness
I stay in this Coronation, crowned by your
Secret Knowledge, your purple wine
A fragrant wound in my mouth
And your fingers run like the weeping of stars
Your hand shivering bones around my heart
A necklace from Africa

L.B. Temuco

Poem Number 4

When I look at you
my soul awakens
it stays silent in its gaze
All words and reason
fall asleep
fall from cliffs
small spoken creatures
into hidden seas and light
shines from the centre of the earth

L.B. Temuco

Purple

Holding to your dark shoulder
its earthly patterns
pull the sky down.
In failing light
the purple retreat
of arms and thoughts
fills the sky with birds gathering
around the moist circle of your bones.
The universe inside
in which I find refuge
and the red chalice,
more infinite than God.

L.B. Temuco

Quanta

The days pass
like shallow scars
healed before
their time

The hours drip
like warm blood
turning red with joy
on my shoes

The minutes cry
like returning birds
in song-lines
across the moon

The seconds swim
like small silver fish
with the sun
on their backs

The infinite wakes
like dark quanta
in the visibilities
of present things

L.B. Temuco

Quantum Lg

The more of you
I want
I see
and you know
when your particles
awaken each day
that I love you
The less of you
I know
I keep
We are at different ends
of the elements
we share moments
and become molecular
do you remember
when our fingers
broke out of their shells
when buds burst into flames
We lose and gain
each other too
in equal quanta
and inseparable
electric blue
hot fusion
we split water
in our mouths
and you know that
when you awaken each day
we have plunged from cliffs
in the night air
in loops of salvation
with our hearts full and timeless
the moons of the planets
shine through your dark skin
we lay on a beach amongst the stars
two bodies play at happiness
lizards at the edge of the universe

L.B. Temuco

Renunciation

She has separateness
Renunciation
Less resistance now
to Fly away
or
to Return
or
to Sit on foreign steps
at night
with the problems
of Resolution
or
of Incompleteness
To dream what I dream, close by
This feeling throughout me
The mystery, the awe of nakedness
Choose grace
Let it follow
and choose too
this Divine Dance

L.B. Temuco

Rimbaud And I

I die slowly
writing
it cannot be helped
the future
being no longer lit
the tongue hangs
from its blackened branch
irreparably bleeding
today
language lied
as it always does
Vitalie is dead at seventeen
never casting a shadow
memories damned
by distant deceit
grow never tired
of penury and pain
in these half-closed eyes
death delays for a minute
the merest mystery
the intoxication
the rumours
of your death, too

L.B. Temuco

Round And Round

Round and round
In an ancient field
The soft whisper of ancient grass
Brushed and parted by the hand
of the one Unbound God
innocence uncoils
and spreads forever
across the flat earth

On a field faraway
In another place
Call it Flanders if you like
It matters not much
As there walks no Merlin
No Jesus here
The lines of battle have
No such circularity
No warm touch of palms
No sound of the minutes falling
Over and over
Down and down
And round and round again
Running over each other
No,
in this great trench of a field
The flat hand of another God
Presses all life from
The lungs of men
Who expected more
Than this unfurling
Than this merciless dispatch
Of accumulated deeds
Than this vanishing
As they roll over
And over
And over again
Unknowing
In the great round
Of parting acquaintance

And life's one last ambition

L.B. Temuco

Selfishness

I
am
sorry
that
I
have
made
you
so
invisible.
My
love
is
unforgivably
blind.
My
eyes
close
on
the
sight
of
crippled
joy.
I
make
dry
and
unselfish
eager
skin.
You
reach
out
and
heal
the
wounds
of

others.

I

have

the

earth

to

take

me.

All

journeys

made.

L.B. Temuco

She Reads Pushkin

with her naked voice
She makes shapes
against the wall
her black dress
rises and falls
like evening tides
her limbs flow
elegantly, like rivers
She glows in her pure grace

L.B. Temuco

She Was Once

She was once three or four,
or was it older
In a Cradle
On top of a Mountain
She gives me her child soft hand
and we climbed together
The sides of that vast
Southern Sky
Over its highest parapet
we lean over the Darkness
Together, drawn
curious, unborn
into the Cloaca below
Mother and Earth the same
At its heart
two figures at the wood shed
chiselled
sculpted
bitten by the cold in the air
We know why
and we know how
the geometry is very clear
as we descend
with the silence of immigrants
wishing the queue
were a little longer

L.B. Temuco

Shrunken

I cannot sleep
I am shrunken too
hung from these beaten branches of dreams
and from the hunger of hours missed
I wonder if I will still recognise her
in her dark clothes
if I will still hear her soft feet

In the same darkness
just a few floors below
I get smaller too
I dehydrate
I evaporate
I hope Pablo
that when I awaken
my soul too will feel wet again

I am talking to her
through glistening glasses
of new wine from France
watching the light arrive
on her face
her eyes first luminous
shaded in beauty
then opaque with doubt
and mystery

I wonder at the gift of warmth
in her delicate fingers
I wonder
how she measures life
I wonder
how she throws away
the good things she finds

L.B. Temuco

Silent Eyes

In the yellow field
in the red ruins
under soft feet
stones are pressed
down into the earth
to harden
to grow cold
to shiver
to shrink
from joy
from the only
miracle
left us

No trees will grow
nothing will creep
from the earth
to light up the
ancient sky
to love you in sunlit shallows
no limbs hanging
off the edge of the planet
stirring the matter
of love
no fingers will
taste the hot
running blood
of the stars

There is only staring now
air passing like a ship lost
by silent eyes

Only the the distant ocean
will feel us again
feel our hands
on its blue sleeve

L.B. Temuco

Silver Fish

Your belly
moves in pleasure
exotic
wet
swollen
hot tides race
at the sides
of your mouth
flooding your face
silver fish
swarm in your eyes

L.B. Temuco

Single Light

I walk always, somewhere,
always with the air beside me
down underfoot, still white shadows,
of flight, of water
between sediment and ageing flesh,
of silver fish, the sun on their backs.
Do you think I do not wish to in the night
send back the leaves to the trees,
cup its moonlit pale of tears,
steal corpses from the cold ground
feel the swell of foam in our mouths
to feel the heavy fathomless tides of us
Do you think I do not wish in the night
to be deaf to the sounds of broken sinking wood,
to avoid this bitter nocturne of regret.

The unavoidable
drowning, the final wetness of life
Where you are now is safer
the scalpel in your brain
the sweet tumult of words in your eyes,
staring at the sun, a pouring of the earth
veracious boulders sliding from darkness,
the child Esperanza again in your veins
But still, you are my bleeding
Yes, still!
In clouded plasmas, shallow sanctuaries
I walk always, waiting,
always for you
to come out from
the silver naked lifeless trees.

I want for you
to come out of the trees
lay crimson fingers on my arm
lift me gently from the earth,
to mend the moon, to hear Kronos
call back its oceans to Elysium,
to bathe in its circle of streams.

I cannot leave this blissful place
without tasting death,
I sleep immortal, awakened
the earth in the sky,
I fear to ever shake the cold hand of loss,
to embrace the loose skin of nothing.
I never knew.
I cannot separate you.
from the breath on my face.
Still, you are a single light
Yes, still
I walk always, somewhere not far.

L.B. Temuco

Sleep Lg, Please For Me

You are fragile in this wind
In the lower atmospheres of the heart
You wander in dark mists
fill the deep inviolate hollows
from which dogs bark as you pass
Oh, yellowed golden soul
Chaos, bring nothingness to all things
and find our naked need
And it is so amazing
in this little sleep,
you take my breath from the air
incinerate my bones
You wish no claim to virgin solace
to dream me as a dream
Open my eyes sweet Hypnos
let me gaze longer at the moon
lay silently beneath my skin
It is the way you awaken
found as you are,
never as you were
Before you slept before
A vagrant of endlessness
You have no need for love today
You have no need for its tired sacred coil
You have no need for love today
but love you are
Never, nether world, big sleep,
Aura's reason to sing hymns
in the morning air
Ah, Hypnos, son of the darkest queen,
in sleep, on me,
let her open eyes gaze
Beloved, sleep.

L.B. Temuco

Somebody, I Think, Knows Me Now

Where I sit I feel nothing
except the crescent wings of my eyes
touching some dark sea
on which the sails of a distant ship
flicker like phosphorus
I sit with the moon on my hand
I want to smile the saddest smile
I want to shut all the windows
and listen to rain on glass
I want the fragrance of the honeysuckle
to kneel and touch at dawn
the dark venous skin of the almond tree
I know if I sleep
I will lose this peaceful solitude
I do not want to sleep
because I will wake searching with my arms
I love something but it is faraway
I love it from here
like a disappearing river
I bend to kiss its waters as it passes
Let the past rest where it is
float away like a burning tomb
even if I love what I do not want
I will know myself
be kind to myself
I am blessed with myself
somebody will know me
somebody I think knows me now
and it's just knowing
and anyway I will wait for the dawn
to come and sing to me
I am the young Queen of the Cherokee
ravens in my hair
I walk slowly like the light
at dawn

L.B. Temuco

Strange Canyon

You steal my heart
and then tell
me what love is
You give new words
life in strange verse
Lines leave circles
to repeat themselves
I knew what love was
before my heart was stolen
I spoke a strange verse
when it had orphans for words
I have heard too the echo
of a thousand wings beating in a canyon

L.B. Temuco

The Alphabet

In the audience
of these passing clouds
I applaud only your eyes
In the alphabet of existence
I can find nothing
beginning with forgetting
I carry us like a rag doll
against my breast
I lay between
the boughs of
your tree burning
I bury my face
in your immortal ash
The scent we leave
is always blue
It leaves God
in me

L.B. Temuco

The Blinded Sea

When night it's dark water finds
the swollen fruit it's seed declines
remember then loves vagrant heart
the blinded sea it's blood departs

Quando a noite é escura água encontra
a fruta inchada é declínios de sementes
Lembre-se, então, ama coração vagabundo
o mar cego se afasta é sangue

L.B. Temuco

The Cafe

He is drawn to her as she falls in from the street
Her eyes great bowls of morning dreams
Left over rivers from the night
Something moans as she walks towards him
There is both comfort and uncertainty between them
He watches the electraglide blue of her
as she paces backwards and forwards.
She is speaking on her mobile
feeding on every word.
Her hair is tied back, wanting to break free
to explode in dark venous passion
the leather shoulder bag she wears
bulges with careless paraphernalia
it beats like a grey wing against her chest
Her eyes play games with his thoughts
a contradiction between
what she is doing and what she is meaning.
Her movements are luminous
something deep and tantric flowers
in hidden cavities
They are children on the moon
He feels the warm moistness of her
The aura of a single light
The divine expression of her being
She commands him.
He feels his organs floating away
severed from their moorings.
He remembers sea cucumbers, the evisceration of all sensuality
the dry fingers of salt they become
He feels, on the crimson lake of her lips
The thorns of awakening
the rupturing of old emotions.
The waitress asks if they are together.
We are close but lead separate and cluttered lives.
They smile nervously at each other
wondering why they feel better
about telling this to a stranger
They breathe together

The Covenant

We share a covenant
of darkness, of beauty
that is unutterably silent
We hide ourselves in clouds
We reveal ourselves in clouds
And we rain on the throne of the earth
We harvest jewels from the scales of fish
And we bathe in their returning light
There is, my love, a rainbow of our revelation
a serpent that bleeds in tides
In its coiled dance it raises itself to the moon
One day it will return and swallow us
With its sacred victory
An eternal kiss made wet by blood

L.B. Temuco

The Eve Of Swans

This is so wretched
the love I give
and take back
the lacerations of absence
the dark estate of forbiddance
We guessed, we wept for a long time
for deliverance
We can never actually say love
We stop knowing separation
There is no room to explode
There is never enough
never enough visibility
We tremble against the rhythm
of ourselves
We love unaided and abandoned
We do not deserve to be
waiting for nothing
Are we not worthy sometimes
of instant things
inside each other
the accident of touching
the naked eye of your skin
beneath your shirt
I remember
I still have the air around you
Take heart my love
there is always the possibility
of us touching like swans
on the eve of beginning
the sun beneath a lake

L.B. Temuco

The Full Mouth Of Heaven

Its wet edge
the tongue of a river
will rejoice
in the full mouth
of heaven
It can never
recede
to the lie of distance
although I am only here
amongst all this air
this insignificance
but there are embers
in where I have been
where I am
where I want to be
We will rise
in the silent flood
of ourselves
In this glow
I will slide
under your skin
forever

L.B. Temuco

The Gift Of The Wind

I love you
we flow to the edge
love you I
of our mouths
you I love
and spread like water
beneath the weight
of our bursting hearts
I suffocate in your
dark rejoicing
I am one
without ever thinking
I follow you
in every dream
There is always the love
that sounds like
the gift of the wind
We leave nothing
outside ourselves

L.B. Temuco

The Heat

The heat
found us unstable
decomposable
broke us apart
became the silt
of divided waters
the dust from two sheaths
dried to earth in the hot sun
and yet
it left alone
sleeping like dogs
the covenants of all
the weathered years
left unbroken the circles
of children and seasons

L.B. Temuco

The Last Bird

Some days he wakes
like today
with such a preposterous sense of well being
he finds himself sitting in a field
of splendid colours
there are skylarks and swallows
in the breaking sky

Then his thoughts turn to her
to her ridiculous beauty
to the wanton thorns in her
She is always in a film
She presses herself against the glass
until she is wet
and music fills her limbs

He wants to say to her 'it's OK, just to say no'
You do not have to waste yourself on me
You do not have to sit there
and say in an unexpected moment
that you are happy
and then fly away
like the last bird

L.B. Temuco

The Laws We Made In Secret For Ourselves

Love as it is, begs with trembling hands
tapping its bountiful cup, worn fingers
bear the stains of flowers crushed between
pages as I watch you read, touch the residue
of your thoughts and passions, you linger always
on the corner of my mouth, your torrents
of planets and kisses crashing and burning
I salvage always the precious fumes of your eyes
I see you always riding to meet me
appearing out of erotic mists, you disrobe
and kneel eyes kindling, aglow with the immensity
of the laws we made in secret for ourselves
Love is always there, as it is, beneath wind and heart
lighting small fires on the steep slopes of the soul

L.B. Temuco

The Little Boy

The Little Boy
lived in a tear
he had found in the forest.
He feels very sad most of the time.
He keeps a butterfly,
blue, yellow and purple,
in a smaller tear
he found under a dead stone.
Everybody knows
that butterflies
have great smiles.

L.B. Temuco

The Meaning Of Flowers

We bled for each other
in our dark corolla
we opened ourselves to
a golden sweetness
that dried on us too soon
you shed my skin
made captive my senses
took away my clothes
You left me without saying
just an orange gathering of soft familiar sounds
that dance on glass in the late afternoon
We all want something to close when everything is rushing
We hear the sound of air escaping
In your zephyr eyes
I return to the earth
I see the true meaning of flowers
They lay in fields like purple memories
I follow yellow roots away from the light
in the blind soil
I follow your lips
fingers unraveling thoughts
In the night, my love, between love,
we heard the felling of trees
the slow spilling of precious sap
from our punctured hearts
I want to save all the air you left between the stars
in the cradle of nebular eyes
We all want something beautiful!
I will not surrender to the absence
of your soft feet at the door
I am always embarrassed
by the emptiness of purpose
I would rather bleed slowly
in your tears
I feel your dark arrows in flight
hear them overtake the wind
make fragrant my soul
I hear your silence
speak inside its self

the blue light of algae
glowing in the Caribbean Sea
I lay with my face
between the sun and your breast
I held swollen fruit in my hand
as you bled like a cherry
Twice more you said my name
something moving in wet forgiveness
between the shadows
we left on ourselves
Red petals float on a river that opens you
You never said

L.B. Temuco

The Presence Of A Past Between Them

He can sense the intimacy between them
the presence of a past between them
some of the bones of which have not yet turned to dust
he knows that she will not be able to resist
she has not been come for to be collected
but just to be kept

He wants to touch her hand under the table
to say 'come along with me for as far as we can go'
before the snow gets too deep
before the rose lays itself down to sleep
before the comets become opaque and lost

There was joy in her voice
when she answered the phone
he had imagined her lips
a circle around light and honey

He has no right to this he knows

He gazes at her in the thin light
his eyes often fail him with their imprecision
their lack of attentiveness
but not tonight
they are afraid of nothing

She makes everything pause around her

He does not have words to measure her
to calculate her grace
he knows that you do not have to take things to pieces
to know things

In her black dress
her body arches itself
the long lithesome neck of a swan
when once she turns her face to him
to say she is happy
she is a dynasty

a vase
the pale porcelain purity
of her face
cast and glazed in some deep place

He closes his eyes
and tastes all the ripened sun
of her skin

She empties everything around her
absorbs him
until he sinks beneath the waves of her
carried away
by the tides of her timeless limbs

He cannot measure
how far she has come

L.B. Temuco

The Queen Of Bahia

I feel a rose open in your mouth
You are too warm to touch before dawn
I moor myself to the soft sanctuary of your belly
You are the Queen of Bahia
I lay beneath the fall of your petals
You press yourself to me like a voyage ending

L.B. Temuco

The Red Wings From Your Lips

You sew with your small hands
sad nets, they are frayed in yellow threads
by the brine of habit
by the blind journeys
of fish that fly into the sun
you pull them both
the nets and the fish
back into the sea
the blue gaze of love in your heart
and they coil ungratefully
like angry serpents against you, taking
the hot flesh from your fingers
the little girl wanting from your eyes
the red wings from your lips
you spread and sink under a pale
skin of water.

It is always in the night when you come
and lay beside me
a great hungry space between us
we are the blood soil of hope
the golden ears of ancient fields
the heights of Machu Picchu
chariots race in our veins
our dreams flash by
on the faces of strangers
we open our bodies
in chasms of silence
we feel each wound
with each spear we love
and cry out

And then there is too much loudness
when you slip away
love leaks from my eyes
some irresolute voice
says goodbye
without turning to look
to see if I am undone

or to see the words bleed in my mouth
to wash my skin of you I cannot
to not love you I cannot
to know beneath the ground
concrete sleeps again
in its soundless crypt
with no knowledge of you passing
of your heart trembling

But rust never sleeps
and you are returned
to your perpetual promenade
you walk inside yourself
the ice blue dawn a thief
in whose cold outstretched hands
in whose thin light
we lay still-born
bury me in the earth
tread lightly over me as you pass
place by the edge of the ocean again
the stones from which water fled
my love, feel always
their incarnate curve

L.B. Temuco

The Sky Went To Find You

The sky went to find you
And there you were
It never matters when
you make the air blue and still
only that you can fly
only that you came
I count the clouds when you leave

L.B. Temuco

The Wall

There is nothing that simple about the palm-followed wall
that chatters its way to the shore. It runs straight at it.
Through Berlin again in that rusting Trabant. With its secret cargo.
This Wall. Its granite armour. The slate of a terrible presence.
Far from Freedom's Gate,
this allotment
with its rotation of grief and sugar peas.
Breshnev and Nixon their poison tongues
on the T-shirt I wear on Linden Platz today.

History cycles this great length of stone
In another time in white, laughing
Through its opening, down the long drive to
A tennis court on the greenest of lawns
Pursuing
repelling always the rearrangement of men's minds
Dehydrating in its Bunsen glare the phosphorus of a great dream
its lattice crumbling, drying. Dying.
This Endless Seam.
And in the way of a border, a dark curtain descends
On this Theatre
A fog over its cruelest of dreams
the silent crossings
endless screams

This at the moment of our meeting still divides me now
Only one hand clapping resonantlessly
This Wall down which atoms now tumble and slide
Helplessly rushing through Rome, a Jesuit
With no echo
Like drowning in a cold mountain river
Separating from the sky
In wilderness to the south
Something more between
Them
and Us
Is and Ought
than on its either sides.

L.B. Temuco

Their Necks Dancing

I am alone now
with all these ungraspable moments
You, at least your body and feet,
have gone to the
far edge of an ocean
I felt you leave in the morning
the sun was late in rising
trees grew still in the wind
you lay and let your
body love obediently
incompletely
in servant pleasure
your limbs like oars on a lake
they make no sound on the dark water
mulattos and bouganvillea in your eyes
the earth of your heaving skin
laid bare, silent but for the sound
of distant swans
their necks dancing
I cannot gaze for too long on sadness
What possibly can I have to say
now, of existence
of your contract with my heart
of the long tunnels of your nakedness
of the aroma that rises from you
when our mouths bewilder us
and our lips melt like wandering wounds
I love the sweet fruit of your neck
the warm beach of your arms
the cold jewels of your fingers
the ruby tongue of your breast
our spent storm
and the peace of water beneath us

L.B. Temuco

There Are Days

There are days
when we are formless, and
and
we become anything
we want to be
we want to see
we want to taste
purpled-ash
There are days
when we are flawless, and
and
we sleep in the austere questioning light
of perfection
There are the nights, too
before they thin themselves
when we are something divine
God's hand in water
You are vermillion then
thoughtlessly alive
your legs like wings
trembling
your face an essential lucid breath
your skin the ache of nature's discontent
Unseen, we wait,
hardly shadows
in this inexorable grace

L.B. Temuco

This Heedless Silence

I am now nothing more
but as a flower drying after you have wept
but as roots yellow like thin magnolias
white tongues beneath the warm ash of trees
as boughs that hang like your empty arms in the sky
I am smaller than this heedless silence
that whispers for the sake of loving
I float way beyond your sweet lucid eyes;
far from the incompleteness of tragic solitudes
far from the acne of indifference
far from the bowl of hard eternities
from the skin of paradise unpeeling
it seems so sad, this bird leaving
its dark wand against the night
in its raven's eye the sky's purple gaze
sheds its skin on the autumn earth
I do not enter your childless womb
I do not read your Book of Sorrows
But for the seed of this heedless love
for the love of our flying
for trailing tendrils of your voice
I will love for the sake of breathing
This breath and the next, and every feathered smile
To love until only ash finds the wind
Until the ribbons of silver fish glitter
and run in long deep tides
along your bones
the swarm of warmth on your sweet breasts
Love is a journey with no coast
Love is a question with no answer
It is in half of your body and half of mine
Words come from the clouds in my mouth
And they rain on all our thorns
Our veins bleed joy on the sand
And your arms fill and gather me up
in ethereal imagination
we take leave of the earthly day

To Never Again Say Anything Clever

The water tastes sweet
they lean into each other anyway
like small children keeping secrets
the old man makes not a sound as he passes
his eyes beaten into dull clouds
into yellow insolubilities
his staff makes hardly a sound on the road
the thin trees set themselves
against the fading light
beneath which he founders
sinking silently into the impulse
to never again say anything clever

L.B. Temuco

To See The Morning In Your Eyes

You love to be conquered
and then retaken
to sit and gaze at empire
to cry over lost kingdoms
to be a city entered
and then deserted by dawn
It is in the history of your loins
the compass of your passions
the desire for remoteness
the passages of your soul
the blood on your sacred throne
your heart has many ships
that flounder
without ever touching
the true grace of you
I sailed under your sadness
across your golden skin
to wake you
to see the morning
in your eyes

L.B. Temuco

Until

She said you seem
very happy today
I am not at war
or taking the earth away
I hang as a thin thread
and like the spider in my head
weave all the mysteries of life
into the air
Until it is
full of dew from
long cold nights
I have spent wandering
Until I have
found that nothing
is there to be found
more than this water fled from stones
Until behind
frozen windows
warm tears lend
moisture to the dry
silence of deserted streams
Until against
my empty face
I feel the pulse of hot blood
and the slow filling
of loves weight
Until in
a doorway
in the old part of a city
the air hangs over them
like a stolen coat
she said you seem
very happy today
I am not sad
or wanting to leave things
I exist in a secret place
the same as before
between waking and not waking
I find dreams between the sky and the sea

Until it never ends

L.B. Temuco

Vapours

Ah ****

in the city
churches hung in the air
between buildings
vapours trailing
in the blue desolate sky

Ah Gauguin

Ah ****

were searching
backwards, forwards
everywhere
but where we were

Ah ****

when you have nothing
to say
everything is stilled
and words fall
from inside waterfalls
in torrents
vapours, white tunnels
across the sky
in which memories
crawl, over and over
fingers scratching at the air
causing it to bleed
cobalt

Ah Gauguin

blood, dripping
like ink on this page
where words form
wrestling with meaning
all flesh without feeling,
when we, with the other eye
recall being there, then, now
those long endless seconds,
whispers, in the rapturous eye
of the universe
beneath trembling lids
Pi no answer

love no theorem
passion shoots hot
over desperate curling limbs
scalding the naked moistness
falling from murmuring lips
until they become forever
our inseparable ash

Ah ****

lay curled over my soul
stay like that always

Ah ****

you hang like a white gull
between these buildings

I see near this river

I gaze

a heart shackled by irons

I gaze, from a prisoner's window

Ah ****

these vapours

cannot enter me again

for they have never left

I rise

I rise and fall

in your eternal mist

I lose

I lose myself in a great blindness

that cannot be seen

Ah ****

nothing has left us

that cannot leave,

that cannot bear the scent of dying

that will not end

vapours, rising

changing to water

in clouds, ready to fall

Ah ****

in these buildings

people have climbed stairs

have followed hoping

have felt the heart warm at each step

have disturbed the sweet dust of knowing

of loving

of disappearing
have watched from the beach
the great tides of loneliness break
white horses, spread
and flow, metallic,
gouging such deep pleasure
into unloved skin,
and have not forgotten
have not forgotten
much, much
and far, far less than us
than you and I
the tightest wound coil
the steepest mountain
the wettest of clouds
the only moment left
the endless nothing we are
when we are, what we are
Ah ****
you can never be wrong
about all that
about everything
about love
about what I see
between buildings.

L.B. Temuco

Viscosity

That sliding
wetness
it drips from mouths
sucking molecules
that catch
on warm bits
of themselves
of something needed
but kept waiting
of something she understands
far better than he
the insistence
the long, hard
pressing against themselves
the moist distance
a strange separateness
hides itself
beneath the flood of moments
it is not the love
they know
it is not something that,
unlike her,
he recognises at all,
he cannot leave
where he has never been
he cannot know beyond the soft giving of skin
he wants to believe in more than sunken thoughts
the refusal
the peculiar, unrelenting geometry
that without proof
or reason
takes them to
the edge of Ambrosia
and even closer to hell
Inside her
there is a place
more viscous, she says
less fluid than he with truth
where older minutes

like un-required protein
coagulate and slow the flow
of feelings
where deep sirens
of pleasure
are always calling
her soft urgent sighs
drift through the
breaking mists
and she retreats to those other
hidden places
where the present
like a missing child
cannot find its way back
where the truth she seeks
leaves only crimson stains
on the cold ragged stones that bleed beneath her feet

L.B. Temuco

Voodoo

I cannot forget
falling snow
the liquid eyes of foxes
glisten like porcelain
broken in moonlight
dissolute bones resting
beneath the unchanging climates of the earth
listen to the earth, hear this, dark Cherokee
listen again, hear your footsteps
arriving and departing
feel everything open and sway
sail in the wind over the venous geometry of leaves
how gently God leaves us
how difficult is forgetting, this grief
for invisible things
You are the Loa of honey, of Morts
of the Mystere and the Water
of loss nothing withers or falls
no soul becomes lost
without wanting
Listen, hear this, dark Cherokee
listen, in your kingdom
under the sea
where oysters open their white hearts
until the water fills with colour
until your limbs languish in spent iridescence
I lay between your burning oars
the fallen boughs of your arms
lay like a crucifix on which I bleed
how slowly my hands rust
without air
suffocate me
and the cane burns
I cannot open my mouth to breathe
I am trapped in
the blue carapace of the night
I turn red in the heat

L.B. Temuco

Walking In The Parque Da Cidade

The day is hot
a sphere behind closed windows
Thoughts sweat, leaving residues of doubt
Once they were swollen like lakes in autumn
The heat rises, molecules like a Great Swan
Struggle to leave the earth
White Fluids of Everything
Something disconnecting, a fallen bough
Reality snaps the moments open
Necks uncurling, slipping along backwards,
Separate geometry of unspeakable silence
Something corporeal is ridden with maggots, rotting,
Leaving life, its turgid membranes
Withered, cracking
Lost to all pleasure now
Behind words, battalions of nothingness
March, a thousand swords
Making great bleeding holes
In the carcass of thinking
Wanting again, all that love was, all that it is
Once red and full, like a cherry
This heart opens itself to the deadness in the surrounding air,
Bursting like a heart in an abattoir, coalescing,
Gelationously melancholy, smothering, retreating from purity
There are undercurrents now, a surging rip in the tides of her
a silent sweating, coldness on private skin
Still liquid, water spreads to bathe the soul
The unrelenting beach of empty kindnesses
Walking behind others
I feel her always under the keel of my bones
Horizons tilting on the meridian of her eyes
The leopards dark gaze
This melting

The air is green.
The scratched path, a disturbance
of people walking.
But there is no movement,
Trapped in the silence of thoughts

Their own stillness
I am nothing more than these words
And the message they are
I can be nothing other than this moment
The relief of sitting undisturbed
With the sound of my heart beating freely
I am not expecting to be happier than this
Today
I am not suffering
Just endlessly curious
Changed existences
Feeling warm
Feeling close to all this

This day threatens my soul
The early morning has the sallow
Complexion of a lie
In its yellow eye I gaze at the jaundice of
Deception
What beats truly in the earth
What do I know about anything at all
A flock of birds draw the darkest shadow
Over this conspiracy
Of existence
I have no love in me than that which stays
To keep frail company with me
The love I had, awakening, the indescribable undoing
A commodity of exchange
Put back on the shelf
It will be written somewhere in
this Disquieteningness
that preciousness was first found
then lost
all between a tree and a dream
nothing ever where you want it to be
tiny feet on the earth
the patter of candy-ed ecstasy
as fingers play their tune
between the wood and the air

L.B. Temuco

Watching Walking Dead

Why is the heart of me selfish
so ravenously self-serving
so unaware of the hearts of others

In dank crusted tombs
I crawl through dark thickened waters
In the company of rats
who gnaw at me
with their underserved reputations intact

It is I who smells incomplete
it is I who lives in this sewer of a soul
not self-pitying
I just feel all the cold inhuman parts of me

They come at once
rip me open
turn my eyes into dull stones
on this faraway evil smelling rock
the devil left for me

I cannot avoid even
the stagnant breeze
of my own dreams
I have only children
with beautiful eyes

God
they don't see me now
their bones are strong now
their lights are brighter now
they do not hear the herds
with empty eyes

We all stood once
in the pool of the same making
in the light of ascendant love
in the grace of nurture

L.B. Temuco

We Are Always In Splendid Danger Lg

We are always in splendid danger
You and I
I love you stretched like blue steel
We bend ourselves up and down
Between 10 and 13 we find vibrato
Between B and D we tremble in erotic resonance
Our hands melting,
Our voices, warm vapours
Our senses, victims of impermanence
Involuntarily rush without us
Who we were
and arrive in innocence
at a place in the stars, a singularity,
always and never, everything and nothing
we are always never far from this splendid disappearance
With our small stories we run blindly beneath the earth
Yellow-white etiolated sticky blind beliefs of being
We struggle in the dark soil
We know nothing, but we are suspicious
of limited perspectives
of altered circumstances
of the fallen beads of reason
And we find other places for ourselves
Where we know the ethereal appreciation of silence
Where we can walk and talk with ourselves as strangers
Where we can become guests in forbidden eyes
I don't feel what is,
is wrong when we are not together
But even so we must find other palaces, even dungeons, for ourselves
I don't know why
I follow in the crimson light
that flutters in your breast
Why I feel the wet shadows of feathers against my face
Why in the nakedness of closed spaces
Do we open ourselves so completely
Do we leave the shattered hilt bleeding between us
Do we become the white exhausted ash
of the universe, of red cerillium flesh
When you come to visit me

And we face again this splendid danger
I will wait and watch the downcast gaze of your eyes take flight
I will listen until the endless sigh in your throat surfaces in your mouth
Is heard in the silver night
As a voice, as a hot wind amongst the planets
There is nothing at all that I can compare this with
We share a splendid isolation
Atop escarpments, in caves, beneath blue ice
The hunter in the wake of beauty
I am used to sitting alone waiting for your grace
And I have no fear of loneliness or the sight of dried bones
Or the weeping of almond tears
I can sit in strange liquid delirium amongst dark obdurate flowers
Beneath the wet skin of rain
Beneath a sky, today, full of birds from Brasil
I think of you stretched like blue steel
And all the sounds you make

L.B. Temuco

We Cry For The Loss Of Ourselves

Flow backwards
soft liquids of being
become the moist sweat
of the last hunter
before it dries
into the formless dust of extinction
into the immediacy of nothing
before it is born again
written into the fables
of natural things
becomes a dark corner of the night
the once gaping jaws
made breathless
by some strange calculus
of evolution
light bleeds from its yellow eyes
and scatters itself
in luminous mandelas
across the last skies of the world
the tussock grass ends here
by the cradled lake
I arch into its movement
I have its history in my veins
I hear the cries of victims
the shallow sobbing
of their disappointment
of being run down
without ever saying goodbye
From the wilderness
you watch and you sigh
the moon fills the clouds
with the fragrance of copper
love is ensnared
we see the killing blade fall
the red memories of blood
enters the earth
You dig your fingers
into the crevices of my heart
We cry for the loss

of ourselves

L.B. Temuco

When I Love You

I did not see you
and I love you
I was there before you
and i love you
You were sleeping after me
and I love you
I am Florentino
I wait for you in this heartland
and I love you
I walk on the soil of your history
all those moments between arriving and leaving
and I love you
The air you leave with memories
and I love you
We had never met
and I loved you
My life has borrowed from you
We may never meet again
and I love you
I hear you walk on wooden floors
and I love you
I didn't realise you had gone
and I love you
I cannot not love you

L.B. Temuco

When I Walk Mplg

I lay like a sunken tree
in the Ark of your Love
Fingers weaving ourselves
grasping what we feel
disjoining sympathy
and the slow return of blood
severing the last thread
We keep ourselves still for a moment
whilst life charges and brays at us
with its red eye
Wait and it will leave
I can only tell you of the sacraments
that spill from dusk's chalice
that stay and linger in the air
that are the sky, the lake, the clouds
the birds, the stones, the earth
and God's eye
I breathe your dark oxygen
our embodied devotion
the grace and fire of this tabernacle
I can only stay in your universe now
only crave the illumination of your planets
only hear the sound of your heart dancing on water
to be awake in this blessed covenant

L.B. Temuco

Who Do I Talk To?

I want to be better
than me
the way you are better
than you,
I want to be not
always feeling inside,
the way dreams dream.
Who do I talk to
when I cannot talk to you,
ever gather in your soul
nothing, that floats there.
What do I say now in seconds
not interminable hours,
do I wait for the stain
of speaking to spread across
pillowed-lips.
I have no ear for loudness,
it is autumn,
silence has long since
left its cluttered sound,
only withered looks close
the air between us.
Questions!
Hang blood red
in dessication,
Oh hopeless love
turn dry and claret too,
to fall and be crushed
on the cold gravel,
under the twisting shadows
of grey mocking birds, or
to kiss the warm earth
and wait for rain

L.B. Temuco

Wings Of The Wind

Sometimes I am there when you awaken
your being unravelling from its softness
bleeding beauty
the dawn still undecided
the air rushes to you like warm smoke
you are like water and diamonds
wings of the wind
and clear air

L.B. Temuco

With No Hands

You are sleeping
There is a stillness
in your breath
as you breathe in the sky
You are peaceful now
with soft colours
in your eyes
We lay
and just touched
each other for hours
and hours
and hours
with no hands
and I watched
the moon rise
from your mouth
What is that?
Tell me

L.B. Temuco

You Are So Immense

I watched the sun creep into your long limbs
to reach your heart, I watched your breasts rise like warm honey

You are so immense, I can feel everything
your face, your voice and dress fall on me, like a wild rose

I made the shadows retreat, so you could fly to me
through the smoke of your eyes, through the long sleep of sad tides

Your memory has not yet arrived, it is still damp
and flooded, like the body of a sunken ship

Oh, breathless light, make brief this strange desire
save my bitten eyes from the cold lantern of your years

In the hours of your silence, I am forgotten
deserted like atoms falling from a tree, like a rainless cloud

You cover so much distance, your senses become thin and loose like strings
I listen for your soft feet, twisting a strand of your black hair in my hands

L.B. Temuco

You Lay There Returned

You lay there returned
between the wings of your breathing
graced by the mystery of feeling
before you awaken thought
do our hands draw themselves
or are they drawn by another
how do we give so much
in isolation
in these simple ways
in strings of radiance
with so little nourishment

L.B. Temuco

You Should Go There Sometime Lg

You should go there sometime
as I did tonight
and yesterday too
to see how peaceful the grass is
where we lay
you lifted your hand
you raised your breast
and a rose to my lips
I said your name
though I could barely breathe
my love

L.B. Temuco

Your Soft Feet

Let trees in Autumn
speak of renewal
melting their golden sap
leaves turning like a fox in the night
in the silent hours of the day
claret fingers struggle, uncoil themselves
float in forgetfulness
into the hollow bowl of the earth
feel the warm rose of the sun
fill all fugitive hearts
that pulse and run
like great venous rivers
until they find the mouth of the ocean
its swollen tongue an angry tide
its blue spume a fragrant mist
of unfolding senses
of hot flesh
of silent sanctuary
your soft feet make the sound of
small fish in water as you bathe
I hear you, my love
behind these windows that litter the night
stained with forgotten tears
that flowed in implacable circles
as far as your heart
leaving
I touch your eyes
and I drink from the dark
flood of your skin
I sail over a dark lake
until dawn

L.B. Temuco

Zuloomooooon

To die like this
is so dishonest.
I have been encamped
for so long here
in the kraal of your eyes.
To become the dust
of your truth.
You have abandoned me
for ever there
at the gate of the moon.

L.B. Temuco