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bicycling across the grand canyon // To Rise/To Sink

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DIEGO BARCACL PEÑA

bicycling across the grand canyon

do you remember what you told me? i say.

we were riding across the grand canyon on a tandem
bike on a tightrope
and you tried to scare me by rocking the bike.

but do you remember what you told me? i say.

sweat flew from my body to yours as we kept
moving forward
and then we stopped—

look down, you said, rock and grass and water, look forward
and all you see is the horizon.

close your eyes looking down, you said, the
sunneverrises the sunneversets, there are no eclipses.

there is certainty in looking down.

DIEGO BARCACL PEÑA

To Rise/To Sink

As I swim I
fumble over words.

She once told me a shadow
is a shadow to a shadow.

Stare/look/glare into sun remove sweat
from your forehead so that you will sweat.

Sound out the words give
no (new) meaning,

I remember drowning, standing
straight a general unregretful.

She held my hand I held her
hand we held each other's hands.

She rose like a rose petal
rises in water.

I didn't (our) hands (linked)(together)
she dropped.

She rose again she dropped, she rose, she
dropped, she rose, I let go, she rose, she rose, she—