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Cuernavaca: Dia De Los Muertos

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CUERNAVACA: DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

The cemetery
had been razed
the house
set
its foundation
on rain
the good
dead
one morning
awakened
a shovel
a backhoe reaching
into their empty
chests
mud-nests
up toward the sun.
Cuernavaca
you had no right
I knew nothing
I would live here
mute
with my hands
remember this day
of the dead
the policeman
who once
sitting here
saw
a ghost
his wife swore
Christ
must be alive
here
disappointed
or Demas

who died
unwillingly.
Give me this day
of the dead
the rumor
the newspapers
the week everyone
ran to Cuautla
for fear. Here
I will hang
my clothes
this roof
where once
a ghost walked
here I will step
my life
out of them
have them
be empty
loom
naked while
the wind
pours
through them
this is where
I step my life
out of them
this is where
the wind
the dead
hand over
what they lack.