

Dawns with no one in the Zocalo
only our delirium

and the streetcars
Tacuba Tacubaya Xochimilco San Angel Coyacan
in the plaza bigger than the night
lit

ready to take us
through the vastness of the hour

to the end of the world

Black rays
trolley-poles erect

against a sky of stone
their tuft of sparks small tongues of fire
ember that punctures the night

bird

flying whistling flying
among the tangled shadows of ash trees
in double file from San Pedro to Mixcoac
Green-black vault

mass of humid silence
in flames above our heads
while we talk in shouts
on the straggling streetcars
that cross the suburbs
with the crash of towers crumbling

If i am alive I still walk
those same pittied streets
muddy puddles from June to September
entranceways high mud walls sleeping gardens
watched only by

white purple white
the smell of the flowers

ghost clusters

In the darkness
a streetlight almost alive
against the unyielding wall

A dog barks

you question the night

There's no one

the wind has come into the grove

Clouds clouds gestation and ruin and more clouds

fallen temples new dynasties

reefs and disasters in the sky

Sea above

high plains clouds

Where is the other sea?

Mistresses of eyes

clouds

architects of silence

And suddenly for no reason

the word would appear

alabaster

thin unsummoned transparency

You said

I will make music with it

castles of syllables

You made nothing

Alabaster

without flower or scent

stalk without blood or sap

looped whiteness

throat just a throat

song with no feet no head

Today I am alive and without nostalgia

the night flows

the city flows

I write on this page that flows

I shuttle with these shuttling words

The world did not begin with me

it will not end with me

I am

as man is weighted
Is not beauty enough?
I know nothing
I know that is too much
not what is enough
Ignorance is as difficult as beauty
someday I will know less and open my eyes
Perhaps time doesn't pass
images of time pass
and if the hours do not come back

presences come back

There is another life within this life
that fig tree will come back tonight
other nights return tonight

As i write I hear the river go by
not this

that which is this
The back and forth of moments and visions
blackbird on a grey stone
in the clarity of March

black

center of clarities

Not the marvelous presented

but the present sensed

the presence with nothing more

nothing more full and abundant

It is not memory

nothing thought nor desired

Not the same hours

others

are always others and are the same
they enter and expel us from ourselves
they see with our eyes what eyes do not see
There is another time within time
still

with no hours no weight no shadow
without past or future

only alive
like the old man on the bench
indivisible identical perpetual
We never see it
It is transparency.