

All Times and All Tenses Alive in this Moment

who shall be as the wings of the dove, its coppery shadows
who will care when the indescent flies swarm toward us
who knows the scent of dust, the scent of each sparrow
whose shadow does not flicker under streetlights
who can feel without exaggerating anything
who remembers the honey-colored husks of the locust
who knows us in our burnished windshields as we pass
who should be extolled with our sugared tongues
who is enough, who is more than enough
who has tried to reach us, who will do anything to reach us
who loves the dank earth, its wolves and its tigresses
who will pity us when the bees disappear into their shadows
who can feel without envying everything
who could be a piece of flame, a piece of mind shimmering
whose face is electrified by its own light
who saw the world incarnadined, the current flowing
who waits in the midst of the mosquitoes
who devoured the fruit of our ground, the skin of the overripe pears