

Desert Vivant
Isabel Sobral Campos

Jagged Couplets #14

no point thinking from carcass to cemetery
no point thinking, or if thinking, the thought

licks the pebble or desert domed cloud
it weighs then beats brow

now that
ancestors sleep with sharks

the herring haunts these waterless place
a sculled face

Jagged Couplets #16

if ballooning auspicial bird-body
escape dream in daughter of calcite arm lit as hominid feather,

a flowering cordillera, holy desert,
we pick up our heart's shards from beneath stones

mountain weighs more than sun,
we pick up our eardrums from beneath sagebrush,

we slumber more sun than rain, full moonshine heavy on chest,
we cleaning child's face with tongue,

we wait until the gestapo. tree. police. grows cold and weary,
I flow on crisp,

asking up on trees, sentinels of cuff,
ancestors in potato sacks for desert cold bites fat off one's waist and
shoulders,

ancestors as spirited flesh, they feel our hunger, we feel their cold bones,
we feel inconsolable desert, decidual desert,

we feel incontrollable abutment of claws,
spindle in darkness tapping our ear,

we cannot wake up to sleep any-low
for dread, place dot after "I" "C" "E" *una letra desnuda,*

our cartilage poked thru
if you can decipher the desert, the blowout depressions that write our name

the reek of cobalt air, one alluvial fan where children drop dead pretending
the gestapo. tree. police. has shoved all its guns into a cylinder of time

Jagged Couplets #18

perhaps reincarnate:
spider without web

hermit without daughter
face without body

emerging from a hole of light
without vengeance

big-horned and languorous
until my alibi tingles, my howl catches fire

until a shadow scuttles from my breath
my sand will roost in me

perched on collarbone of ice
diving in pink desert

made up of small thirsts
marrying a spray of tingles

flashing lights and riot gear might melt
pure oven of amethyst

arcane
without armistice

until my soaped garments float up
fan the eggs in my empty stomach

my braid becomes web
my eye its spider

my mouth my sustenance
round maternal fly

