

MANDORLA

NUEVA ESCRITURA DE LAS AMÉRICAS • NEW WRITING FROM THE AMERICAS

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THREE POEMS

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T STOP THINKING

Just as snow
begins to fall a bird
lifts from a wire
and becomes the sky. The snow
becomes the child, sleeping
beside her father who imagines
a tiny pile of bone & feather
vanishing into ground.

He wants to touch her
which means he wants
to touch the snow
but his hands are bound
and he cannot break
what doesn't surface
as a ghost but as a hard
absence of flesh.

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I don't care that the pond is
manmade. The trees & the ducks are not
concerned with the cold. I trust
below the grasses that rim the water
is something dying & something ready
to emerge. When the wind blows
even trash looks perfect. Across the pond
a man reaches skyward
in the form of an old tree. He follows me
everywhere I go. He is already present
before I get there.