

pablo neruda drools  
his mouth mixes things up  
and leaks  
the ocean  
parts of the body  
salt  
old friends  
aztec feathers  
jungle flowers  
jaguars  
women  
sweat  
revolutionary death  
semen  
hope  
despair  
all the colors in nature  
all the forms of beauty  
the work of life  
wild rivers  
mountains  
small villages  
dog paths in the city  
sprawling eternity  
processions  
love  
loneliness  
small bar musicians  
he is the rag picker going down the street with his cart  
asking are you sure this is a rag  
it could be part of the blanket that kept someone warm  
after they came down from the hills with spiritual vengeance  
looking for souls that should not have bodies  
he welcomes lovers  
he brushes back their long dark hair with a tortoise shell brush  
he dances the local dances with the joys of a universe dancing.

he jumped to his death in a festival of words.

his mouth mixes things up.  
wf.h.  
2024