

MONICA GUERRA

SELECTED POETRY

expectations

(Texas, July 2017)

cruel and reddish air
always craving the rain
while slow lying stones
stir the water's faults
a precarious silence floats
this is the fraud
the green desert the expectations
always near but then
they never happen

GUERRA

the harsh voice of vastness
stings in the moist under the skin
and a peaceful concern
floods the silence's fault
how easy it is alone
the other eye of the moon
the desert

and how difficult it is

SELECTED POETRY

a cursory peace
among squirrels' fingers
and concrete, giving up
is a wild green
fast setting
a mumbled melancholy
but you, unroll your lashes
ruffle the virgin nests
among your hair on your breasts

in a deserted den
truth trembles free

GUERRA

it is just cuddling the pain
stroking its head and holding on
that gains the day and lightens
the rainy nights when the windows don't ring anymore
the windy days stay still among the rows
and the acid cold reclaims its sorrow cape
under there under the folds
the miracle unfolds while outside everything burns
this sliced sun burns, the word in your throat burns

a silent moon begs for armistice

SELECTED POETRY

sailing the wave's green breasts is to be
alive, and the lunatic compass leads
to wholeness - mute the sudden blast-

drowns the rottenness of the wait

GUERRA

Chateau Duval the road boils
and this sun scrapes me as well

but strain is a ford with no signs

where the soil drinks every shape
about to drop

every step melts in the pavement
for the hesitancy excess
non-living scrapes me as well

SELECTED POETRY

the route is a rusty protocol
spread legs of the West
under the lashes any king
with no reign re-catches a new reign

with no turn of events
all heroes have just died

GUERRA

a spider spins the wait
it's a careless web
the desert in black

the beat swamped away

SELECTED POETRY

inevitable sometimes to apologize
stumbling, on the other hand, is always
a full-handed gift
the unfair assignment of daily grief
and then sniffing
like children, and holding on to our own
(in)fallible discourse

GUERRA

everything is fallible within the hypotrophic
perimeter of the day

everything is re-pliable for those who
abdicate the wait

still certain roots stay
those who play cops and robbers

those who stand with the Trojans
those with Aeneas, those
who race against themselves

Ithaca's green pretext
only barks at the first loop

SELECTED POETRY

on the snake's living skin
coils' pain are only
cramped concerns
but tonight a route
far enough from human beings
is only peace and saltiness
that only primordial song
useless except
to be opposed.

GUERRA

The stormy air trembles
in the green as an early child