

**POETS AND LEVITY**

*And . . . still*

*rampage of metaphors  
stampeding one after another  
thunder of images stretching our guts  
rumination of those noises never heard  
of words not invented yet  
lace of unwanted holes  
exploding without knowing how  
and all again a new game  
puzzle of the solitude, of the crowds,  
of the staying while leaving,  
of the leaving without moving,  
of the broken-hearted, of the empty nested,  
while the eggs are sealed in wax,  
nostalgic dream remote earth  
repeated often . . . . .*

*moons rectangular      suns triangular  
breasts sucked by the extension tube of an invisible hose  
round ripples of the blue sand where the violinist plays  
the Casablanca song returning anew*

*birth by revolution  
growth by involution  
ripeness by longing  
death by levity  
super fi ci a li ty discovered  
poet by accident  
or by precariousness . . . . .*

**-- Beatriz Alba del Rio**