

## Virgil Suárez

POEM AFTER JOAN MIRÓ'S "DRAGONFLY WITH RED  
WINGS CHASING A SERPENT WHICH SLIPS AWAY IN A  
SPIRAL TOWARDS THE COMET"

And perhaps what Adam thought immediately  
after taking that first bite of Eve's freshly-plucked

fruit, and her saying: "*It's all right, my love, taste,  
taste and see!*" And the middle of that cold night

after they'd made love and the stomachaches began,  
Adam rose from his waning happiness and slumber

to see a giant snake slither across the sky, eclipsing  
the moon, cutting it into a silver-white sliver

in one dark corner of the night sky. God's wrath  
already obvious in the way the stars began to extinguish.

DOÑA INEZ LAYS A GARDENIA ON HER  
LOVER'S PILLOW

She finds this suffusion of yellow-white light  
bleached by the sun into a room intoxicating.

She bathes in warm, lavender-scented water,  
her hair smoothed back, combteeth furrows

glistening. He has been absent from her bed  
since he left the country. 20 years now.

But in this room where everything remains  
intact, she brings her naked body and sunbathes.

She remembers the story by a certain Southern  
writer *americano* who wrote a story of love

about a young woman who keeps the dead body  
of her lover on her bed. Doña Inez thinks

of this morbid act now and smiles, for had she  
the chance, might she not do the same? Keep

what belongs to her in this house, on her bed-  
of what time cannot refuse her? Of what time

cannot steal from her. A gardenia bud on his  
pillow, her resting at the feet of the bed. She sings

the old folk song about a woman who left  
a candle on all night, and her room catches fire.

Now everyone will know of her desire. A fire  
glow burning there, in her room. Desire's gift.

## HUNGER

Someone brings up a cow again, the idea of it chewing cud absentmindedly by the side of the highway. We are sitting here in the dark gnashing our teeth, our empty mouths hollow and bitter with silence. Our stomachs grumbling.

We never speak of bread, not even to joke, not even to say: “if only I had a piece of bread, I—” Nothing here but cobwebs and lint in our pockets.

Where are we? You ask.

We are on the edge of hunger, we like to say, our self consumption like our belief in a God of internal combustion. Any minute now will cease this craving.