

## War

the graceful way you wake, lilies  
blooming from isolated sleep, the  
wanting of words not yet given,  
our bodies lie on this steep cliff.  
for hours we have rolled into one  
another's softness.

the words flow from your heart as  
though there is no weakness within.  
you speak of passion, executions in  
prisons you once observed, the boy  
bolted to a fence and stabbed.

bed with you is like disasters  
of earth, the crumbling of  
buildings crashing against  
my right side, where you  
touch, kneeling, undressing  
as fire stripped men,  
women, maybe, even  
children, if not secretly  
cloaked, of their flesh and  
bones raked to road side.

i deny war ever could exist outside our  
room, your hair falling like water upon  
my hair, your mouth stained with  
blood not of your body but of  
imprisoned passion. that curing wave,  
pouring rain, arms reaching for silver  
trees. you are the valley of these trees,  
their home, their parent. i am as a  
child, my mouth coming close enough  
to mark land of your back as light splits  
cliff's soiled throat.

Leslie Lopez

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in late winter, facts are hard. full-  
bellied mountains capture you  
bending by a stream, the only  
water available. holding your  
youngest close, the snow, she  
presses against warm shoulders,  
your hand passing over face,  
eyes, so light, appearing yellow.  
voice moving sky's shuffled  
sounds, you tell me of a stream,  
hand-shaped, cupped with  
berries, the transparent way it is  
contained then overflowing.  
there is everything but rain  
within your eyes.

i could be an alien, to you,  
darkness, hoofed, approaching  
at a wrong hour, or blistering  
wind licking your back, my own  
sounds marked within spine, a  
moment when shame could be a  
flock of geese flying overhead.  
instead, we are young, senses  
for another, delicate. in small  
lines, transparent combinations  
and understandings, hands  
touch, red flows outwards, there  
is everything but rain within  
your eyes.

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## Upon Losing You

finding no doors within oak  
forests finding no rain within her  
voice I attempt to render her  
muse within the east wind,  
immortal embrace of mine

steadfast mountain, night's  
white angel, morning moving  
the darkened patterns of  
voice over our faces

as the mountains pale  
with fear still somehow  
blow hymns across azure  
sky and the soil speaks

only to her closed lips do my  
eyes open answering hers,  
the stillness of small wings  
intertwined with damp  
leaves

clinging to winter's final  
breath, white of night  
riding the silvery circle's  
thin web looping her voice  
into rain.

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