

## 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 Vermont, Writing**

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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