SELECTED POEMS

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Selected Poems

Edward Gonzalez

1 Born a millenium ago (1983) in Havana, Cuba.
   Raised in Miami, Fl.
   Spoke Spanish first, speaks English most.
   Writes about, and in, both languages.
syllable

in the syllable you find the narrative
(of being)

it starts
it continues
it ends

it’s the continuing that matters most

a syllable doesn’t have to have an onset or a coda

just
a nucleus
a core
a center

a l
o
n
g middle

fat with the bulk
(of your self)

how you made it here
and how you disappear
don’t matter, but you at least have to make
a little noise
a creak in the floorboards
a calling out to nearby ears

you must at least vibrate

l o o s e n
l o o s e n
the words that bloat you pressure you

l o o s e n
the valve
and let
your vocal folds flap

free your sounds

and be the insolent foam
that bothers the waves
when only the image remains

and the sound’s been stripped away – flattened
devoid of the vibrations that graze the tiny hairs inside
you and around you – fading but colorful still – a dye
diffusing in a patient liquid – propagating
permeating as the sand drips from the
hourglass – as the sand drips from the
hourglass as the sand drips

from the hour

glass

and

every

grain

chalks its

muted streak

going down going

down — writing without words – saying without
sound – the syllable is growing faint and only the image
remains – its blurry contours in my eyelids

growing dark – growing dark