

Gravity

by Raul Sanchez

A woman next to me asks
are you writing a poem?
scribbles I said from the place
left behind
lots of memories family mysteries
incident strings come to mind
toilet paper ripping beyond the notches
social arts delivered on snack trays
my father's business monkey business
uncle parcels tips challenged
revenge masterable
philosophers avatars teaching
unknown sand tricks
seventy five degrees longitude
submerged
in holy rivers
out of my mind emerge
anointed paramahamsas
above the self, my Self
not for herself, itself
half empty whiskey glasses
translated stories five degrees
below the tropic of cancer
scorching sand illuminate
reflecting shade glasses
my sun glasses, empty whiskey glasses
no faith on things unknown
findable frequencies of known facts
the world a glass full of rain
landing on tiny runway
the world at my feet
held down by gravity

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