

# 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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