

A poem to be read before morning

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There is a woman brushing her hair
with the poems of Neruda,
hair that curls around a song
songs like the howling in a starving desert.
Cats will not run on her roof
or rest there
among the half-smoked cigarettes, lemons
and roses that have exploded in the long night.

What if it won't leave,
this moon
with the talons of a stone owl
that weeps over the houses, leaving
a sneeze, a game of cards.