

Zocalo Morning

By JUSTIN BENDELL

Me immobile—you naked in a haze of blue light and shifty deals for Malbec and pills.

We do not move and yet we gather.

Litany—a preacher in spandex enumerates, prone like an infant against the palm-sick sun, against the lips of ledgers and cannibals.

The birds sound like mausoleums—stone croaks that echo off balustrades and fill the square with must and shadow.

Epiphany—the moon, lost so long ago—no, it was here, but taxis push on, fumes like Jesus heaving in the bromeliads, black barf of saints forsaken in esophagated city centers—voids of one trillion food stands, hookers looking up, looking down, earth that reeks of turpentine, arrow heads, water bottles.

Please me, fill me with lassitude and long tongues and gaping holes that spasm sadly in the gold dust and sorrow of fourteen thousand new disasters.

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