**Love poem for Gabrielle**

There’s a plum tree in my backyard.

At night its pink-white petals break like spots on the blue-black sky.

 Its plum’s –

small and sour fall from the neck of the tree and crush burgundy into sweet wines

 For those who drink and dance through the stippled night.

—of your spots: fawn and varied

 Barefoot stinging nettles

My hand walks careful

*Tocando la música de la frescura de tu tez.*

Or stomps calloused with boot and angry mouth

Wiping clear the dappled

And the plum blossoms quake in the wind

And branches break–percussive and shivering

—of your branches: fragrant with liquid potions

Heavy rains pin them to your side

And hold you down

*Pienso: Qué riqueza la mía: un puñado de cabello,*

*el brillo negro de mi amor*

*Un susurro ardiente*

*Una lengua atrevida explorando en la oscuridad: un milagro personal*

*Sus labios suaves y dulces una fruta para comer*

*Su cuello una península dorada, rodeada de una bahía de plata*

So shake my deer

run clopping

 on black-tipped hooves

through my hair

I will warm and keep you still

 With the pin pricked stars

And chanting owls

Under blankets

covered in your perfume

**The flying fish**

Flies above the water breathing salt air

5 am sun already blasting hot through your window

It leaves grill marks on my scales

It’s too late to sleep

You fold your bat wings and rest in my arms

After being suspended in the air, gravity pulls me down

The dark water

Sweet salt

Black sea

Waving kelp I gag on

Bits of tofu I sip with miso soup

Paralyzed, I don't realize we aren’t one

I shake awake, back in the bright air

Gulping and flopping

I grab your shoulders

“We need to go.”

Tumbling out of bed

I fall putting on my jeans

My fleshy fins are untrustworthy

I need to go back to the ocean

You sit eyes closed

 8:00 am skin

glowing gold

From the horrid light coming through your window

I need to go back to the ocean.

Please let a wave swallow us

Let me sink

Let’s eat rocks together until there is no more

Horrid light

Until your glowing skin fades to pale yellow.

Until we are bone and gristle

two hands clasped in crepey decay

Let's sink down into the ocean

Down to the blue black

Down to the purple and green blindness

The colors behind my closed eyes

Let's rest: an abandoned carcass

Let them eat us until we are sand particles

Let them feast until we are one piece of green sea glass.

Child sun shines through your window. It’s 5 am.

Green light warms the back of the flying fish

“Wake up”

Silty pools creep down my neck and roll into the valleys of my back

“Baby wake up”

There’s no more ocean

But frost me once more with your sea spray

Light me up with angler fish lures and

luminescent jellies

 Slice my feet with shattered mussels

Wrap me in bits of anemone

Feed me the sweet orange flesh of a sea urchin

Splash me with a froth of dark water

And allow me to dream in ocean blues and greens

**Working**

At 6:28, I wait for Ritchie’s GMC to amble over, beer bottles clinking in the backseat

He comes with rebar to cut and bend

My fingers are stiff

My yellow marker skips over the metal ridges

Josesito takes his milk and sugar with a splash of coffee and chews a concha in his car.

It’s quiet and the air is cold.

At 12:40, Jose Luis grabs a piece of scaffolding that isn’t there

And falls backwards from two stories up

We carry him to his car

He doesn’t want an ambulance

We continue working

El Arabe goes to the Arco and gets a 12 pack of Coronas

When he comes back, he uses the claw of his hammer

and cracks open three

He pours them into his scratched metal thermos

When his thermos is full, he sways in rhythm with the thick hose and pumps out concrete diligently

When it’s empty, he wrestles with the great grey snake and curses

Victor takes smoke breaks every twenty minutes and wears two back braces

 I find brown pieces of newspaper clippings under the floorboards I tear up.

They have hand drawn pictures of 50s style Women’s dresses and toasters

Victor laughs at me for inspecting them and tells me to get back to work.

I never use them for the art project I’m planning

Marvin and I drill holes in the footing of the house

As I turn the drill off, I hear moans

I look over and Marvin is watching porn on his phone

He smiles at me from under a grey mustache

At 4:30, I sit down and drink a beer

 The sun shines through the skeleton of the house casting a ribcage of shadows on my dusty boots

I tap my toes together driving out the dirt of the day