

Performance Day in the Vaulted Theater

for my former Moroccan students who are creative

Because this is an ending they
stand in the stage's center.
One at a time they read alone.

Dust as aura in subdued light.
Pin-lights in the ceiling like
planets in red space.

This is what you've created.
Made into something space-like
in a place insisting on boundary eyes

to the floor. You have washed rice green
beans peeled carrots toasted pine nuts.
You've soaked dried cherries in pomelo juice.

You've prepared the rice salad that
signifier of ending that tradition.
You are leaving this place.

Recalling its conflict.
The love you passed you felt
in that room at that square table.

Now you sit in a red chair
watching them sit in red chairs
watching what they have

made wrought
into being bloody fresh.
This new vast space we see.

We are roaming speaking in it.
Farewell to locks the snapping
grasp of steel. This theater is for play.

We are playing.
We are able to play.
We are making what we are.

Blue over Bicycles

I'm following you on a newly built
road one of setts their borders
slightly detached.

Our clothes are several blues like the sea
that is near but we can't see it.
I see myself lifting my hand hoping

to meet yours as the wheels of our
bicycles continue their whirl.
But I don't want to fall to tumble to be tattered.

I dissolve myself into myself blue
into blue into air. We are euphoric
on this road suddenly yellow.

You speak of another's betrayal.
He shook for days smelling her vetiver.
He howled as swifts spat their nests.

I'm betraying myself silently a
lightning of neurons.
Clementine trees used to grow here.

I used to ride my bicycle until dark.
Until my mother shouted my name into
blackness into the clattering leaves

of red maples. If I don't say it here I
will in the mosque knees to
carpet forehead to carpet.

My name my hollow name.