

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA

The light is dim

the hours close in as a dagger

pointing to the heart

as the day ends

like a lame orgasm.

Here, a child paints the deleted world.

A cigarette gasps for breath in the gutter.

A window looks out to the moon.

On her pallid surface you recall

the faces of those who perished

in the flood—

a prayer is uttered:

“Lord, protect us

from crows, from skulls,

hide us from our shadows”

as if that is enough,

as if it matters in the dark.