

DWELLINGS

Luigi Monteferrante

We live in houses
Cut brick from salt
There is no rain
To quench our thirst

We kill the beast
And suck its udder
Stir milk with blood
And lie awake
In the shade

When once I was a child
The sky's tears
Fell from the sky
And now I am broke
My bones like salt
I wait for the flood
To turn me to flower

I am bark
With no tree
I am tree
With no sap

I am salt
With no tears
The tears
They've gone dry

I tear at the sky
And tear it asunder
And in comes
The ocean

