

Llanto en el desierto

Para Monika

tienes atrasado
el llanto
espiga de dolor
que busca el sol
esperando la luna
en suspiros
a punto de
reventar
semillas
fruto al viento
lejos del mar

Claire Joysmith



Imagen Del Cocuy.

End of Peace

there is a slither of a snarl
settling into stone—a dangerous
universal flaw more terrifying than
Yeats' beast slouching toward
Bethlehem to be born:
hoards of humans
broken hearts carved
into twisted faces
the horror, the void
a millionth
of a chiseled
glance lost
in time
settling
ominous
into
black
space

Claire Joysmith



Imagen Baja California.