



MORE THAN NAKED  
LUIS GARCIA



**MORE THAN NAKED**  
Poems by **Luis Garcia**  
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Collage by the author



ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

## ALL NIGHT

All night I have considered  
what one must  
when making songs—

have thought until moon  
has been eaten by morning,  
have feared that those birds  
were no longer there.

But now for no clear reason yet  
the stage is set,  
the curtain blown  
by an actor's breath.

Now for no clear reason yet  
a play of words,  
some of us call *paradise*  
begins again.

**ALL**

All wrong,  
all right,  
*all ways*

sprinkled  
with  
delight.

**CHOOSE**

Choose each word very carefully,  
if you would know  
the gentle voices  
hidden in the falling snow.

**ASLEEP**

A subject is this girl  
asleep in this room  
with me— breath—

sound of her breath, loud,  
almost loud— like water—  
her breathing makes a sound

tumbling over itself—  
like water tumbling  
over and over itself.

## PROCESSION

We have set up our camp somewhere  
near the middle of midnight.

On one side it is still yesterday,  
on the other it is already tomorrow.

I am traveling with a procession of words.  
We are slowly moving toward

the outskirts of silence. A crowd  
of speechless people is traveling with us.

My only friend  
is a needle of wind

which is threading its way  
through the darkness.

## MORE THAN NAKED

for Sam Albright

Rusty voices speak as if there were still  
some places left for us to hide.  
Crowds of crumbling dikes  
that continue to try  
to hold back the poisonous water  
stand out from the others  
like the survivors of an ancient shipwreck.

Three tarnished, old pennies  
have just completed a brand new,  
pink and blue opera.  
Someone singing its songs  
is also seeking its purpose.

Day after day people and things  
go on creating play after play.  
All of them know the big rolls must stay.  
All of them know the big rolls must pay.  
All of them know a stage made of shadows  
is headed their way.

## NEW DAY

An old bag with a big mouth  
yawns at dawn,  
and a new day  
enters the sky.

Even so the soldiers of wax  
who are always reaching for leaves  
will soon be melting like snow  
at the center of a mist-covered meadow  
where the golden liquid  
of newly-mowed hay  
is slowly starting to flow.

## DO DROP IN

A drop of dew  
drops into a bowl  
filled with blue water.

The sea drops  
drops of dew on the sand  
with its tongue of foam  
and its salty hand.

It's right around midnight.  
I'm in my favorite chair,  
wearing my favorite white cap  
and drinking a beer.

As I sit and stare,  
I can suddenly hear  
the humming of a tiny bird  
which hovers there  
in the jet black air.

## AIR

Unexpected places  
that dream of shining  
can suddenly be seen.

Someone climbing up  
the ladders of dark sound  
someone else has found  
in this air of morning  
can also be seen.

Mind let me be free.  
Let it be again  
as it was then—

light through windows  
pouring.

## WAKING ON THE ISLAND

for Bob and Yolanda

Woke wanting the weather to wait  
to stay behind  
with its sky-blue ways  
with its hand in mine—

wine of sunshine pouring  
trade wind downward  
upward bird-like soaring.

Woke wanting the weather to wait  
for days and days  
to stay behind  
with its sky-blue ways  
and its hand in mine.

## TIME OUT

for Paul and Linda (April 1998)

This place does become important  
no matter what we say.  
A yellow cello playing mellow music  
in the middle of a summer day  
serves as a reminder.

The afternoon is full of birds.  
My nerves are shot  
and death participates  
in everything.

### COLD FEET

Gray day grinds, glides, slips,  
and then suddenly slides by—  
misty ways of winter weather  
mix and mingle with a dark refrain  
which blossoms from wet branches  
and from the falling rain.

My hands are trembling.  
My hair is turning gray.  
My feet are very, very cold.  
And as this day begins its end,  
the man who stares back at me  
from my own mirror says—

*I think I'm growing old.*

### THE SPEAKER

A copper breast, a light  
in a window.

The speaker has finished.  
His words are buried in the moon.  
Rain explodes in his face.  
His teeth are on fire.

Looking down at his feet,  
he sees history transforming itself  
into a teacup. Don't lie.

Don't look the other way.  
Remember the walls  
that your father built, the shadows

that fell from his fingers.

## INVISIBLE RAIN

A bird's happy song is squeezed  
until it becomes a sad song—  
a song filled with pain,  
invisible rain  
and the black and blue stain  
of self-realization.

Its naked blood  
slowly dresses itself  
in the chambers of our hearts,  
then turns its back  
and quickly walks away.



