

Faintest Edges, by Vincent Cabral

Once a decrepit aged man walked up to me, and stroked the side of my face,
From along the line of my jaw to the subtle arch of my brow,
With a calloused finger that could feel no more
Telling me that as a child his finger swept along the perched dining room table,
In the French parlor, a funny room, where no one sat

As a child he could never see the top of that table

When his finger swept along the raised edge of the table it became hot with friction
Once he told me he knocked a cup over, and it seemed to spin along the edge *right* before it fell
The china teacup spun around like a helix, and its finely drawn lines like ancient calligraphy
Became blurred and opened like crevices that concealed some unknown force

Right before the teacup fell he heard the splash of piping tea against the oak wood floor
Felt the steam from the spilt tea caress his face, and in that moment he knew

Concealed within the crevices of the blurred artistic lines formed with mathematical preciseness
His greatest desire, wafting up above from his fingertips, and condensing in the sky
Falling like the rain that made the two of us part,

I've always wondered why he chose me that day
Maybe it was the curvature of my spine, with its slant that made me one with the ground
Or the inward step of my sole, perched tight like the pigeons that rested on the park benches
The dark tone of my skin that scribbled over my face like a permanent marker does over a drawn

sky

I've always wondered why the rain was warm that day, and why it did not patter
Along the ground

Instead every drop was hushed
Every crash silenced—
Into the lines between the sidewalk,
Running along the faintest edges
That new born, contact-lensed, cataract filmed eyes could never find.

I, Resurrect, by Vincent Cabral

his arms lie outstretched with veins bulging
Scattered about the barren lawn are tightly wound iron bullets,
Shelled out right before the blood rushes quietly,
Patient and waiting for the chime of the round
--The way altar boys stand in their consecrated lines,

Smoke brews out from the barrel that sits near his skull,
Inhaled through his nostrils,
Encompassing the cavity of every swelled cell
Traveling through the chutes,
Like letters in a mail room, *in god the letters do trust*
Addressed and stamped

he sat like an envelope, unstamped, and undesired, printed words of freedom lacking
he was a good man and a most pious man too,
Wrote the cursive letters beating around the bush like a baton,
his face should be printed on the surface of time.

he clenched a piece of wrought iron in his rough hands
Smoothing it down with his sand papered fingerprints, like an artisan taken by passion
he molded it in his hands, and its jagged edge sliced his palm,
he bled not from the wound, but instead from the top of his crown,
Scratched by a thicket as sharp as an envelope opener,
Sharp like the pointed edge of a cross born of iron,
Iron not lead, surrounding the mind not the head

The wooden days have long been gone,
Flames no longer gently ignite, but combust burning from a fuel
Of alloys, and blends, of nickel and silver lacquered over our faces
As we play heads and tails with pennies, and wails
To live or die is the choice of the faux gold-plated copper I,
Swinging like a pendulum, unsure of its intrusion

I, just I,
Filling in the spaces where words lure consolation,
And a resurrection should to occur,
To matte him in the iris of my eye
And cock my head back like a rifle, while kicking me against a stand
To beckon upward, to the greatest of the man,
They took you,
I believe it true,
And as the time passes I'll think of you, and I'll wait for the post to deliver.

Soft coniferous springs, by Vincent Cabral

In my nerves I can feel the dew drops,
the softened dirt, impressed by the toes on my feet,
in the distance I can see the fleet that passes by this desolate island
covered in hills, and mounds, and climactic heaps,

They spiral down into the caverns where fresh water runs,
like tonic with a splash of gin and a wedge of lime, poured in a bar at some obscure time

Where springs do run, like the lisp of a child babbling words in the language of tongues
wavering like the shortness of breath, in the shock of a dip in the sacred pool,

I climbed the pointed peak, unmapped and rugged
it was a thick and sultry night, the kind that weighs on your chest
like the dumbbells you find in weight rooms
with frigid rubber and steel, sliding through your palms like glacial ice,

In one swift movement the delirium serum is pounded down,
warm now burning later,

Deep beneath a shelter of trees, a wheeze of palms, a handful of ferns
a trellis of groves, curled by the soft emulsifying fogs of breaths and croaks
out in the open not dressed in cloaks,
lying in sheets built of chiffon and cashmere

Rustling beats from the tumbling of trunks,
down a rolling slope,
as they tumble hear a crash, wait,
no, it is choked,
by the rush of a falling fall,

Where every cry becomes inaudible,
and the weeps of effeminate fellows and valiant steeds, becomes mottled with the murky water,
bubbling to the brim of the spring,
but no bells ring,
all that is heard is the soft crashing of coniferous trees.