

## *Rane Arroyo*

### FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

A bird's song, a churchgoer  
waiting the arrival of  
a new priest, a near bell.

How lonely to be a prophet  
with wings, to eat your  
weight's worth daily.

Wait -- singers on skates!  
Whitman, what a shame that  
the worms got you. The sky

is larger than my black window  
winking at smokers  
in the alley. Suddenly,

silence -- am I dead? No,  
a taxi is honking for a Moses  
lookalike, it won't stop

honking, nightingale with  
a meter. Clouds arrive  
like sailors used to monsters.

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### THE SIMPLE IS AMAZING

Cramps in my left leg,  
surprisingly painful  
after being awakened from  
a dream in which  
I'm with you, only  
the houseboat is on fire  
and I say "see how  
easy it is to witness  
the birth of a star."  
Trees are nearer books.  
Has death no birds?  
Suddenly pain pulls me  
back to *this* planet.  
I hop around until  
something spills  
out of me; it's the weight  
of my bewilderment.

