

You Read Him Like a Poem

The letter, still blank
On a hotel's white stationery
Will tell you all
About him.

The mirror, fogged up
Deprived of reflection,
The traces left of fingers
Wet with invisible ink

You searched his mind
For words he knew
From a vast vocabulary
Alphabetized and categorized

His lips, immobile
His teeth locked into a grind
His tongue curled like an infinite loop
You listened to his silence

He spoke with his eyes
Lowered, filled with shapes
Too familiar
In their right angles, seeing

Biohazard on that floor
Only touched by latex gloves
Picked up, stored in a plastic bag
Incinerated, sent high up in the air.

You read him like a poem
Unwritten
Like the lines of his palms
Witnesses of random accidents

Bleached his soul
Like a guardian angel after confession
Before ingesting on an empty stomach
Purity incarnated

You expected words
To explain and clarify
The clouds in his mind
Where they crashed
Insignificantly like test dummies
Repeated a thousand times,
Measured, simulated, replaced
And finally retired, in a field
Covered with silence.