

**PROFILE**

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I

Faceted chaparral light slants in  
crystallizes on the pine wood floor  
a crack zigzags along the wall  
An old black Royal portable typewriter sits  
with teeth gaping on the rustic table  
waits for someone to pound keys until words form

A black haired woman lies on her back on the bed  
watches a spider walk backwards on the ceiling  
Her legs spread wide while giving birth  
The father 's unwashed hands pull his son into the world

A pair of unbidden blue eyes watch  
fascinated from the corner of the window  
jewel cuts into the sapphire of her memory  
wants to hold her screaming brother

II

Childhood constantly draws him down along the quay  
the musty and pungent saltwater  
reminds him of a room where words wait  
On the pier's pilings  
mussels cling and wait to be opened  
flesh pulled out and swallowed whole  
unbidden by his blue eyes

The beach stretches endlessly on into his life  
He walks with the memory of a black haired woman  
along the ceiling of the water  
clenches his unwashed hands  
while gulls scream

III

He lives in the small room of memory  
the pine wood floors zigzagged away from the quay in Valparaiso  
decayed teeth of the old black Royal typewriter  
scream as they form words

A black haired woman lies on the bed

waits to give birth to his thoughts  
the footprints dipped in Indian ink  
walk backward across the ceiling  
a pair of blue eyes peer in  
his father comes unbidden into the room  
where a crack facets itself on the wall

IV

In the sapphire lighted room in Saigon  
the black haired woman waits for him in bed  
fingers her unwashed memories  
with her legs spread  
foot prints of words travel backwards along the ceiling  
blue-eyed Indian ink screams while gaping mussels open

War reports issue from the Valparaiso of slanting light  
the old black Royal portable typewriter  
spits out an endless beach of words  
while his sister waits to hold him in her arms

V

The faceted jeweled light slants  
into the psycho-analyst's room  
the pine wood floors of memory  
while he sits with decayed teeth  
taking notes next to his desk  
the old black Royal portable typewriter  
waits to form words

He could be your father with his legs spread  
while he walks along the quay  
upside down upon the ceiling with unwashed hands  
unbidden screams of gulls and newborn blue eyes

VI

He didn't mean to bash the psychiatrist's head in  
with the old black Royal portable typewriter  
its sticking unwashed keys of memory  
pull the curtains on the slanting faceted sapphire light

He slips out to walk upside down along the ceiling of the quay  
comes to a pier painted with Indian ink  
the flesh of his muscles gives out