

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