

Harry Edgar Palacio

It's Funny What the Fuchsia Sky Can Do

You come by feeding the lions
A bedlam of these last summer days
I have given out cigarettes to a pastor who is explaining to me the beef between Drake and Pusha T
I've lived this life ages ago
Basketball courts until it was too futile to see each other's bodies
I remember that prayer comes from his lips sometimes
Buried within tourmaline skin
I look you over
There are thoughts that pirouette slowly outward
You have dissected and parsed the Holy name
And it's funny what the fuchsia sky can do
I wish I could tell you I have procured a heaven here on earth
But sometimes there are days when the world sinks
Last words from a loved one who has gone
Stay with me
And this, the love I have
On my bed during the witching hour I chant a mantra given to me in a dream
I also dream about what patience will give us