

Nabokov's Interim, or
Nezahualcoyotl's flowersong

A finer thing, a garland verse
to tour the Hungry Coyote's mind
obuaya – bloom –
six hundred years

A choir sings of material things
turquoise, shell and coral chips
bemask his artificial face
Were his lips red?
What filled his mouth?

Here's what:
"Even jade disintegrates...
even the quetzal feather fades...
We're not here long"
(then gone for good)

A florid theme to ruminate
in aggregate or solitaire
Obuaya, obuaya!
he sang, full-throated,
ravenous

– *David St.-Lascaux*