

Marcelo Hernandez Castillo

First Gesture in Reverse

Here, I spread open
and become the knife

with its large smile
tilting away—
the tall light that

unthreads from me.

I am on the floor
in my underwear
lying on my back.

This is a star,
and this is a star.
Even if I was thirsty.

There is a mirror
of me somewhere.
But here are the lips,
the rain, and the sound
they are capable of.

Here the mirror
through which
I am unbearable.

The brown boy
waving the flag
of his father,
the brown boy
kissing the floor back.



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If I can still open,
I will let the rain finish
what the light began
and never tell
anyone about it.

