

I remember the time when peace
was the sun's daughter a golden lie

Promises were left unkept
Sheets rippled jubilantly

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wounded by bodies' young waters

No fire burned a gaze Gods knelt outside temples

I remember the sea and wheat and the word ours

To name the world was the tickled game of thirstless mouths

Time walked us inward And shadow obeyed us

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The light within the noise has come
The weight of light having drilled a hole in the ceiling

The fish we've managed to dream up float in the red pond

They've lost their name their reflections

Here and there a blaze

The sky's now inexplicable Spewing red rage

Fever in the gut
A murky tempest in the mind

Within the blind pond that is home we learn to how!

We accept the religion of hate its bitter fruit Rage doubles in the broken mirror

Here and there

blood

Mist ensnares us

A beast unseen charges toward us

Before it bites

we bite ourselves

To wreck ourselves

and slay the haggard memory of your gaze

is the only respite that would make sense

in this final turf

where the frozen syllable of the word peace $% \left\{ 1,2,\ldots ,n\right\}$

might find a place to stay