

La Vida Collage by Guillermo Castro

1.a

os	when the	What a big farrago life is. Life as	repetition, it h
,	blurring.	How can an accident be happy?	Repetition help
<i>ed</i>	<i>repetition</i>	& the landscape, so unhappy &	incidental. I <i>he</i>
no	escape fr	all's still a distinct blur. Can't be	helped. There
life	go far, no	come a sour scrape on the land.	Socorro! Wou
elp.	You spill	Incidentally, a repeated Happy	Hour does not
leaves	the scene	surprise, hoodwink yourself help	lessly. Life

1.b

,	blurring.	How can an accident be happy?	Repetition help
<i>ed</i>	<i>repetition</i>	& the landscape, so unhappy &	incidental. I <i>he</i>
no	escape fr	all's still a distinct blur. Can't be	helped. There
life	go far, no	come a sour scrape on the land.	Socorro! Wou
elp.	You spill	Incidentally, a repeated Happy	Hour does not
leaves	the scene	surprise, hoodwink yourself help	lessly. Life
os	when the	What a big farrago life is. Life as	repetition, it h

1.c

<i>ed</i>	<i>repetition</i>	& the landscape, so unhappy &	incidental. I <i>he</i>
no	escape fr	all's still a distinct blur. Can't be	helped. There
life	go far, no	come a sour scrape on the land.	Socorro! Wou
elp.	You spill	Incidentally, a repeated Happy	Hour does not
leaves	the scene	surprise, hoodwink yourself help	lessly. Life
os	when the	What a big farrago life is. Life as	repetition, it h
,	blurring.	How can an accident be happy?	Repetition help

Para Mi Padre Who Knew He Couldn't Touch the Sky But That Never Stopped Him by Guillermo Castro

he loved the decommissioned air
exhaled by the old planes
appointed to the museum lawn

though he loved the newer engines more
blessing the nearby tarmac
with oil and thunder

so he declared the grounds
sacred enough for a family picnic
every other weekend henceforth

a row-with-the-wife weather
permitting of course
until the day

he boarded
a domestic flight
bound for an opera house in the rain forest

and within a month
his rounded penmanship
began belting from postcards

and within six he was back
a balding and tanned alien
reeking of elsewhere

while his mistress fingered
herself non-stop
in his mind

he whose father had come by water
he who once longed to be a sailor
till his mother brewed a storm of objections

he who'd never learn to swim
save for a quick slide
across chlorinated tides

he whose kites would rise
from newspaper and reeds

to ride the gusts with gusto

hands on the twine
letting go a little
reeling back the slack

as one splendid beast after the other
flung itself above
the chain link fence and roared