

HECTOR RUIZ

**DESERT, DESERT FOX
-- 3. LEAVE DIVIDED**

TRANSLATED BY FRANÇOIS LUONG

The fall
is given
the rebound as well

each fall
each rebound
recount a reef

rips and spurs
lonely verses rotten apples

she opens a trapdoor
pulls a barrel
embers beneath the floor
unsettling flames rising
between the thighs she feeds the fire
despite hunger the victims study the menu
think ravioli but say clitoris
the lights in the city always write the same sentences

she works as a waitress
she is not a desperate figure

he has erection problems
it's a stubborn wandering

the waitress's smile
removes his shirt

from the labor market
of torture of silence
to become desert
and desert fox

by day or by night
with you without you
same not same
I chase by ear
circles and reliefs
for unhinged men

insomnia is a tool
to measure the size
of our solitude

the chains let's tear
from our feet take
excess

the equinox is coming
I'll lift you up with the mouth

I removed it
from the pleasure of touch

his fingers disappeared
between my lips

he unfolded circles
twisted rivers

he moved in the shape of darkness
he was about to reach a virginity

I saw blood
between index and middle
vanish with water in the sink

you check everything
old customs officer
on a forgotten border

we were at a dead end I felt sadness perhaps even pain while she used dental floss I saw
how food residue came flying against the vanity the tip of my nose was cold I know I would
sleep well I know that while lying nested the bodies would descend like an elevator from
floor to floor until parked in the basement

I've always dreamed of going missing

he notices me and his will goes

he knew that the light from my face would blind him. That the scent of my body would confound him. That my hand on his arm would sweep away any commitment

he hoped for a night. He hoped for the trail leading to the hotel. He hoped for the silences that embraced, the words that undress with skill

but everyone knows it. There are no happy loves. There are no happy endings. For lovers, there is only cannon fodder. Everything else is compensation

between holes falls
chocolate without leaving a tip

for these scraps
there's a name

but there remains the lack
of sugar in the blood

now chained to a chair
a dimension of my life fades
without making a sound a rebirth
takes root between breath and naked hearts

on the street, I pick a dish for the oven, near the wrought iron fence painted black, in front of a home for elderly people. It's not made of pyrex, it's not a slow cooker or a melting pot, I don't have a name to give it, I might end up calling it the little white one from the street or the one found from the future. Someone had left it on the street, available to all, well aligned with the other dishes, someone knew, a retiree knew, they were going to be picked up, washed, used, loved, and I just needed to believe a neighbor was thinking about me. Now, I am convinced this is the end of an era, the beginning of mourning.

i have some free time but I lose myself to a kind of useless sadness. I come into a deli to dine at the time for retirees. Hot dogs and poutine in a plate and a bowl made of white plastic. The benches have taken the shape of the lower back, the TV is on but there is no sound, the noise of frying and exchanges mingle like in a kitchen one Saturday evening. Later, I'll go get an espresso at Café Volage where there won't be anyone which will make me think I am definitely alone. How stunning the comfort one finds in a deli, in a half-empty café, in sadness. In the street, people seem to pursue something, something foreign like the future, like the sadness they give up when they cross the street for a driver to step on the gas and runs him over to oblivion. The light was red, I saw it from the other side of the street and she too saw me. There were no cars, people were crossing but we waited for the silhouette to flicker before crossing, we wanted to meet each other and share in the middle of the street a sad smile.

I observe and I study
with time to kill I go
but with each negation
I step back and leave behind
limits that I respect
to the letter I abandon what I love

I measure the gap
between utopia
and seduction

I am an open door
to an outside recovered

from the bar's mirror
my face fades away

the lamp posts shine on the absence
between the lines never written
on any body

the empty bottles whistle
the new dialect of the heart

offside
off field
outside defines my name