

## Buck 65

### "Riverbed 4"

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The moon is blue tonight, the wind is freezing  
The river is restless and I have stopped breathing  
An upside down swordfish pierced my parachute,  
fireflies  
Flicker and it makes you want to hide your eyes  
I breathe out gently right before my own death  
Exhaling the mist of a three quarter tone breath  
Like a pyramid of heartbeats, everything fainting  
Like the windless delicacy of the air in Chinese  
paintings  
I inhale the ashes of past deaths and dust  
From butterflies wings and particles of rust  
My eyes become gemstones, forgetting the fears  
For glittering merely, not the shedding of tears  
Sleep recites the psalm of the damned  
No need to watch the flame of my life in the palm of my  
hand  
As pale as the holy ghost speaking many languages  
No one knows the secret, no enemy vanquishes  
The dream will watch over it, as I lie broken  
No need to remain with eyes wide open  
The pulp of roots and mile of cactus eases my pains  
The quick silver drippings of the trees in my veins  
A mattress of moss, candles in my branches  
Carried by the wind, buried by avalanches  
Everything proceeds in slow motion under here  
No wonder this is the sleep of one hundred years

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