

Alejandra Guzman**"Notes On Air"**

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The interview
Where you spoke
To the bleach
In the stone
You should have
Brought some tea
Outside
Where the light
Coats us
In marzipan
In pools
Of breast milk
I had to bury
My daughter today
And I can't
Think about
It too much
You see a buck
From the sky
Trample
A wandering doe
You see a buck
From the sky
Trample
A wandering doe

I am down
To the beach
Smoke condensed
From telling stories
Strolling through
The neighborhood
Clanking steel
And discolored
Because you made
A truce of rubber
Because you made
A truce of rubber
Because you made
A truce of rubber
Because you made

A truce of rubber
You see a buck
From the sky
Trample
A wandering doe
You see a buck
From the sky
Trample
A wandering doe

Abiding in the unborn
Is symmetry
And that one is always
The refuge
Abiding in the unborn
Is symmetry
And that one is always
The refuge
You see a buck
From the sky
Trample
A wandering doe

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