Noyol in Choca (My Heart Weeps)

after Nezahualcoyotl

I drank mushrooms
bathing in pulque & now my heart
weeps:
I feel that the earth
abandons me I sense
that I am no longer
glad the earth tells me I am
undeliverable

& death asks me when I'll pay
the rent but there is nothing
to show for it
& even the terminally irate
counterfeit their monies
in empty winglike
gesture;

Although we are crested in quetzales & flush in green affections unisoned as gems are on jade neck-lace

few things are solid anymore our anger burns like dust on the comal and nothing is forged;

my friend, dear
friend, friend of casual encounters—
only the lure of
better selves
tempts me to proffer
this offering up, perishable
as our rising smoke
in the sun of certain death

So here: I render up to you these flowers these handwrung

petals