

Enciende

by Òscar Moisés Díaz

Easter,
the Pope walks into the Basilica alone,
born with Jupiter in Capricorn (that's back now),
the words must still be carried even if alone,
my great-grandpa told the village's stories around a fire,
so did his son and my dad has Aries Venus just like both of them-
all his poems fell into a fire and now I'm fourth generation fire Venus
All these astrology books of mine
Day Glo graphic design
from the time of mail order birth charts,
Zippo lighter ads directly targeting Sagittarians,
brash colors on the covers are the same as the
poetry books from my dad's youth unboxed in the garage today,
he closes his eyes and recites a poem of his own from memory—
Sneak peek into my first Saturn return,
first edition 1969- did you know Salarrué
levitated in his backyard? Or that he designed the cover for
Claudia Lars the zodiac a round song- where
in that first poem in the book she speaks from the future,
All the 20th century poet seances in Central America- although
I've never found María del Pilar's poem about tarot, I've read spreads for all the lonely
poets of her city, a gay bar called Estrellas,
I've cried audibly along with an entire audience in the BAM to
a retrospective screening of Les Rendez-vous d'Anna,
gone around dropping flowers into sewer grates,
read the letters of Eunice Odio to Claudia about
communing with spirits,
cherished the poems of Aura Rostand calling out to old Catholic mystics,
sidereal rhythms Clementina Suárez te comprendo,
people don't say it, but
I know they think the astrology in
my poems is superfluous
but,
I know what I'm here for to make you look up
bonfire to star fire,
Saturn rules over bones and
I remember that blood births from inside bones,
poem drafts and astro texts littered all over my bed,
warm papers crumpling underneath me awake,
whispering to me a chorus of "enciende, enciende, enciende."