

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE / EIGHT POEMS, FOUR TRANSLATIONS

A HOLE IS TO DIG

someone could dig a hole
but that would cost money
and would necessitate shovels picks
one or two handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat
and then of course ruining the dychondra
messing with the top-soil
snagging the first rocks
apportioning the clothes the food the medicines the
amusement in shelves
and calling it America
no there is no room for me
in all these graves being dug
someone could blast me to eternity in half the time
but no one thinks that highly of me
someone could drown me in spit
but no one is that low
they could bore me to death in prison after prison if they wanted
but I'd still be around
there is no room for me in disappearance
no room for me in hell's oblivion
no more the room there used to be in some deserted bullet holes
no room in ovens nor in hydrogen
all I know about the peace I call my children
could be crammed into a little nook
shaped into a little mound of death
if decency would will it
if the rain and a few roots shook hands over humanity
big deal carrying this body around
somewhat sticky with worry ringed with problems
even in the sunlight I am tired troubled
big deal big deal