Erik Gleibermann

Neruda’s Last Question

¿Es verdad que las esperanzas
deben regarse con rocío?
– The Book of Questions

Tea leaves patient in a samovar, coconut milk
warm on skin rolled open, broth of lime and
layered butter in a fired tureen, steamed
peaches ripening in your belly, a future
somewhere trembling. Maybe we can preserve
the juices that narrate morning, nurse
each other the full day in the nest, not suffer
expulsion to our feet by late afternoon’s insistence
that we advance along the earth, urged to walk
from the bottom of the hill to the little cathedral,
fog collecting around our moist words, water drops
realizing they become tears first and only
then every loss evaporates. Inside the nave
under stone arches we whisper a wish to be
something more solid, sacred
wine transfigured under the tongue in
a bond beyond fermenting. We ask might we too
become a church, latticed bones of our hands
together, a hold against the internal
tides washing traces of the day?