

RESTING HEART RATE (49 BPM)

to the 49 of my siblings killed in Orlando

Beck Adelante

Poetry

My mouth opens and you fall out.

I wish you were dynamic rather
than stuck, now—
one voice one image one narrative—if
you could speak as no one else has, as if
the silence is in
Your Honor.

But I can't stand that one minute, eleven more seconds
than there are of you.

(Could I would spend each one learning
your language that I abandoned, living
en una comunidad con muchísimo orgullo
as I never have.

But the fear.)

we are we:

I hear your cadence and your trills and your
music and your rhythms and your
love and your past and I know
the vibrance in what I had to leave.
and what you could've shown me.
and what I'm afraid to know, afraid
to hear, because these Two Selves
never comingled, they are
my badges front and back.
They don't meet, save

outside myself.

In you

You should be here
to show me, to
guide my tongue over Words
still
elementary.

To sway my hips in
patterns
left behind years ago,
in music still tainted—
the fluttering guitar and
accordion, in riffs that stain
my throat— in the rippling
ping of the last shell casing—
in the chilling cell phone
chimes that rend the hazy air—

Answer. you should be
here.

You should be there.

Instead we've built you underground houses of stone and wood and we hope you
like them better than

bathroom stalls and bar countertops and dance floors at 3 am.
we've left you cold and naked and bare
but we'll dress you up in acceptability so your graves pass HOA inspection.
we'll trip over your names but we'll pretend we're not spitting them this time and
with the wind you will pass, your homes stalwart because
we've buried them out of sight.

But I hope you visit
my chest is open my mouth
is yours my hips will hold you
my fingers can dance for you:

I can hear you at night

past the tinnitus

like the swirling of an ultrasound;

I can hear you Pulse.