

# RESTING HEART RATE (49 BPM)

*to the 49 of my siblings killed in Orlando*

*Beck Adelante*

*Poetry*

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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.*