



A JOURNAL OF
CULTURAL AND
LITERARY CRITICISM

SELECTED POEMS

Author: Edward Gonzalez

Source: *English Studies in Latin America*, No. 18 (January 2020)

ISSN: 0719-9139

Published by: Facultad de Letras, Pontificia Universidad Católica de Chile

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Non Commercial-No Derivs 3.0 Unported License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 444 Castro Street, Suite 900, Mountain View, California, 94041, USA.

Your use of this work indicates your acceptance of these terms.





English Studies in Latin America
ISSN: 0719-9139
Issue 18 (January 2020)

Selected Poems

Edward Gonzalez¹

¹ Born a millenium ago (1983) in Havana, Cuba.
Raised in Miami, Fl.
Spoke Spanish first, speaks English most.
Writes about, and in, both languages.

syllable

in the syllable you find the narrative
(of being)

it starts
it continues
it ends

it's the continuing that matters most

a syllable doesn't have to have an onset
or a coda

just
a nucleus
a core
a center

a l
o
n
g middle

fat with the bulk
(of your self)

how you made it here
and how you disappear
don't matter, but you at least
have to make
a little noise
a creak in the floorboards
a calling out to nearby ears

you must at least *vibrate*

l o o s e n
l o o s e n
the words that *bloat* you *pressure* you

l o o s e n
the valve
and let
your vocal folds
flap

free your sounds

and be the
insolent
foam
that bothers
the waves

when only the image remains

and the sound's been stripped away – flattened
devoid of the vibrations that graze the tiny hairs inside
you and around you – fading but colorful still – a dye
diffusing in a patient liquid – propagating
permeating as the sand drips from the
hourglass – as the sand drips from the
hourglass as the sand drips

from the hour

glass

and

every

grain

chalks its

muted streak

going down going

down — writing without words – saying without
sound – the syllable is growing faint and only the image
remains – its blurry contours in my eyelids
growing dark – *growing dark*