



# BARCELONA POEMS

Mark Lamoureux

**MANUEL CAPDEVILA**  
**"PAISATGE"**

A cow brays,  
    the music of  
    its innards, inert  
bleeding bushes,  
    phloem xylem—  
                    veins up  
from earth;  
    violet mountain  
the god of flesh.

**MANUEL CAPDEVILA**  
**"MUNTANYES"**

Oxblood heifer—  
blue red gold  
purple  
  
mountain udders

lunar landscape  
or strange ships  
bubbles of  
trees' teeth



**ANTONI VILADOMAT**  
**“SANT FRANCESC REP ELS**  
**ESTIGMES”**

Lasers

shot from  
the six-winged  
crucifix,  
red lines  
contrapunt  
his halo's  
silver  
circle,  
a miners' light—  
the red devil,  
a cookie,  
skulks in the gloom  
beyond.

# BLACK MADONNA

*Look not upon me, because I am black,  
because the sun hath looked upon me:  
my mother's children were angry with me;  
they made me the keeper of the vineyards;  
but mine own vineyard have I not kept.*

Dons the mask  
of oxygen,  
by dark roots  
anchored, Lady  
*terroir*,  
to the sun  
stranger,  
moored to the canine  
rocks, a moor  
*amour*,  
million-stone Mother,  
onyx in the tallow  
flicker,  
black & gold  
by small flames  
stained & anointed.

Lady of the ground, song  
of faces, your graven message:  
all of us dark  
or wan as befits

the station of your star  
    of day, kin in the ribs  
of cathedral or the femurs  
    of old stone plinths, kiss  
hands of dusk & wish the same  
    as others, married  
    a peak's grey face, small  
& dark as ash to eyes above,  
    insects or motes or silt of Llobregat,  
the same blood  
    vintage of the same  
house, in the gilt day, daughters &  
    sons of the same black  
soil.

**OLGA SACHAROFF**  
**"UN CASAMENT"**

Blue eyes are staccato holes  
    pierced by steady sewing  
needle, in all weather,  
under the tall trees,  
    spring flowers  
    accordions & the chessboard  
of a dancehall, all dressed  
    for church.

See me sob,  
    little girl not my daughter,  
    on the neck  
of a pale horse.



**FRANIS BACON**  
**"SELF PORTRAIT"**

The eye  
a megaphone

**VICTOR PASMORE**  
**"THE SNOWSTORM"**

Is a nightmare  
    of math,  
vector mazes,  
eddies of  
    calavera-  
        teeth,  
                cartoon  
                mesmerism,  
bone-comb baleens  
    for the mane of  
        a wendigo.

**ANNA MARIA MAIOLINO**  
**"UNTITLED," FROM THE SERIES**  
**"OUTROS"**

A map of open mouths

Lake

Chickenwire:

abyss of

clay,

death

an orifice

**JOAN MIRÓ**  
**"MAN & A WOMAN IN THE NIGHT"**

Moon-horns  
    atop the leg  
of an upended stool,  
    a ladder to the sun

*Take a seat*

*OK, fine,*  
*then stand*

The maze of her  
    curves;  
evenings are  
    a cell  
            of shadows.

**JOAN MIRÓ**  
**"HAIR PURSUED BY 2 PLANETS"**

Run  
from Lauren Bacall  
Saturn & Saturn.

**JOAN MIRÓ**  
**"MORNING STAR 1940"**

Nuclei of eyes,  
    a virus whose song  
eclipses vision,  
    alone  
    on the horizon,  
the divine      *non*  
    the field of the blood  
    of the eye  
    black sun black star  
human targets, collateral damage  
    asp that seeps up  
    the spine.

**JOAN MIRÓ**  
**"MAY 1968"**

Monsieur, take off  
your hat;  
black splats will  
level your walls,

hands-on  
maps of  
what needs be:                   lemon-masked  
sidelong-staring  
into the sun—  
call out  
in the blindness  
of Tiresias.

## COLOPHON

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