

MANDORLA

NUEVA ESCRITURA DE LAS AMÉRICAS • NEW WRITING FROM THE AMERICAS

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FIVE POEMS

NO CHILD LEFT BEHIND

A satellite flees its orbit
to hide behind the moon,
bending its messages
around a more obscure tidal pool.

There's a rip buried in the fabric.
Friday means pizza for lunch at school.
Some nights we sleep on the roof.
Insomnia also agitates during naps.

We haven't seen a tree for days
as the clouds fold over us
and the carburetor starts to stutter
with soot combed from these wishes.

A knife slices through the center,
spilling sprinkles all over.
We'll move before you tell us not to,
taking the quinine and newsreels.

It's the equivalent of waking up
in a ditch beside the highway,
big trucks rumbling overhead.
But I still won't miss the view.