

# Alvaro Cardona-Hine

## Selected Poems



# Alvaro Cardona-Hine

October 15, 1926 [San Jose, Costa Rica] –

August 28, 2016 [Truchas, New Mexico]

Cardona-Hine was born in 1926 in San Jose, Costa Rica. He came to the U.S. in 1939 when his father named Consul in San Diego, but the family chose to live in Los Angeles. He studied music at Los Angeles City College and went to Mexico to study composition with composer Blas Galindo (his music has since had premieres nationwide). Eventually graduating toward the Coastlines circle, and early supporter was Thomas McGrath who helped him publish his first books. He eventually took up painting, selling works by him and his wife Barbara McCauley from Cardona-Hine gallery in New Mexico since 1987.

*The Gathering Wave: Forty-eight Haiku with Drawings.* Denver: Alan Swallow, 1961.

*The Flesh of Utopia.* Denver: Alan Swallow, 1965.

*Words on Paper.* Los Angeles: Red Hill Press, 1974.

# From The Gathering Wave

the moonlight involved  
in the paleness of the rose  
darkens the cypress

\*

the old log ablaze  
with a tongue-tied jettison  
of orange mushrooms

\*

her golden urine  
all over the squash flowers  
the runaway goat

\*

the grave digger blinks  
high winds carry the spider  
over the ocean

## In Michoacan

Walking, long and long,  
I reach a garden  
of bougainvillea and violets  
around a pool  
that cuts the elbows of the sun

An old, brown church looks down  
upon this truer heaven with slight bend  
while a statue of Cervantes to my left,  
unmoving and responsible in bronze,  
hums in madness with the bells.

(...I write what I can  
unlike the waters of the fountain,  
on whatever they can)

The bellies of the virgins rust with rest  
while saints of baroque dissipation,  
with merely a hand,  
turn the girls of Morelia into swallows.

# from The Flesh of Utopia

II

to Gene Frumkin

the warmth of it and some  
darkness called your privacy and  
cool windows and some hundred feathers  
veiled in the hall way and the long black  
hair combed straight before mass and petals  
from the bent tips of the flowering trees  
dust from the munificent road and  
the itchy scalp of grass  
worth smelling

shirts without ribs and tugging skirts  
and the fist of corn smashed  
in to the angel of the stove  
singed and confused by love  
like a rooster

the soil of hunger  
the sleepy wall  
disorganized lemons  
organized oranges  
birds  
the arrival of the tablecloth bubbling with oxygen  
the slope towards the river gambling blue

my eyes and the warmth of it  
this vintage and this softness  
and the lost wind moulting

VII

to Patricia Darrin

the morning you lift the blankets  
to find that icicles hydrangeas polyps  
have replaced your body  
that this horse leaps  
that those birds graze beneath its hoofs  
that the sunlight itself  
rolls with a touch of english

the morning silk and glance are one  
the eyes of cattle like spools of the stuff  
the morning you think courageously of nothing  
and it all bears you out notorious  
bandits and bells pried loose of  
all cement shots pirated fingers instructions  
to fold at the edges inspirational messages

the morning god vomits over you  
and you say thanks god for the beauty in my life  
this thing you have done is indeed beautiful  
god of holy communion  
god of priests on location  
god of stupid pies elevated by elevators  
god of audiences astounded by their own carcasses  
god of soapsuds  
god of icicles exploding in the sunlight  
god of hydrangeas and of the hands of hydrangeas  
god playing pianos and pianolas  
god of telephone calls  
god of strawberries merely a suggestion

the night you plunge a sword into the squash  
the night you grow fat in all directions  
the night you go medieval  
the night you discuss it without words  
the night you write themorningyoulifttheblankets  
only to find that icicles hydrangeas polyps  
have replaced your body  
that this horse...

X

to Carlisle Schnitzer

when crossing the park

in silence

your lunch over

you may be mulling over that tremendous little story you heard last week

but remember that your shadow

that bolt of cloth

unfolds from you

through noon

into the gravel

were you inevitable at all times

in all places

at the warehouse

let's say

or at the bank

or when you sat in that wicker chair and slept

the way I was inevitable by your side

at your large pedestrian edge?

what a grand debate for my sheared logic

for its chemical pros

its load of absent cons

as if I hadn't peeked into the barrel

or heard the spigot weep into the pail

as if my hand hadn't stroked your palmetto beard

while the clock announced the source of its malignancy with hiccups

inevitable of stunning pigmentation brutal if the fish

looked back brave in the crushed region contemporary

in effort in survival fearless in the womb your Bay Rum

typical of urine your feces tight a spendrift clause

in the oligarchy of your life

I see you thus

old man

through this mangled grove

in this avalanche of dust contained by mittens  
why tell them how your madness leaped three flights into the wind?  
you walked a funny bride down the aisle of that wild affair  
and from the stairway helped her throw that strange bouquet

congratulate for me

if nothing else

those last ten fingers

which mock the birthday of my lungs

which flaunt a dandelion in the breeze

# My Breath

the sun hid inside a cantaloupe and sang  
a white pigeon of moonlight burns over the cliff  
ten thousand years of blue water above a purple shell























































































































































































