

BOOG READER 9

**SMILING INTO
THE NOISE**

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BOOG LITERATURE
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\$2

Sidelong

Hitchhiking a red Ford
We were running away from states

squatting to piss on the side of the road
shaking our girls
In the wind

My blindness was resting between handles
gorging on the sun

A paloma circled then wrestled the ground.
Hoping to liberate her beak.

it was a perfect bird
like the empyrean hover
compressing gray upon blue

The air let go
felling one red feather
topless

45 minutes

gnawing without destruction and
bathed in a temperate green

another bird suicide crashed the windshield

Smiling into the noise © Mariana Ruiz 2010

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Lions

'buelo is doing funny things

churning the butter ceiling

tropical

tickling Franco's Spain
hair electric

he is day sleeping (*jamás*)

From Beny More to California
ice-bath for balls
uninsures a hangover

jam as
jam ass

'buelo is funny doing
'buelo is

hanging every last word
taking red and half-moon blue
biting the tongue way back
holding the looseness
that breaks the beans

the door man
thick with accents

bows hello and rolls
hastaluego

Nesting Pillows

Fingers suck the bottom half

Like one of those imperfect rows

smiling into the noise

It's a nice place to love

Like one of those imperfect rows

Fingers suck the bottom half

smiling into the noise

I dream of babies battling a shapely city

I dream of babies battling a shapely city