

Volume 3 | Issue 1

August 2022

Milky Rust

Marcos Garcia Barrero
University of Connecticut

Follow this and additional works at: <https://opencommons.uconn.edu/tqc>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Garcia Barrero, Marcos. "Milky Rust." *The Quiet Corner Interdisciplinary Journal*, Vol. 3, Iss. 1, 2022.
Available at: <https://opencommons.uconn.edu/tqc/vol3/iss1/5>

Recommended Citation

Garcia Barrero, Marcos. "Milky Rust." *The Quiet Corner Interdisciplinary Journal*, Vol. 3, Iss. 1, 2022.
Available at: <https://opencommons.uconn.edu/tqc/vol3/iss1/5>



Milky Rust

Cover Page Footnote

Special thanks to Peter Constantine, Henry N. Guifford, Luisana Duarte Armendáriz, and Ashmita Mukherjee.

Milky Rust

by Marcos García Barrero

It hurts here,
where the stars pinch with their milky regularity
and the heart's vibrant cavity—
born in my father's tomb—
points to a time
when the sun talked to the weather
which made the law,
and the children's belongings offered shelter
to fathers without neckties
and browbeaten mothers.

I remember myself in a line of human vertebrae in front of life's counter
my feet shattered by the eternal race,
a suburban athlete under police grenades,
steamy glaciers melting in silence;

I do not remember the taste of my First Communion,
nor the rusty lachrymal glands in the city of dust
but I do recall the crystalline yell of a heart without hands
and my drowning father.

Now, I ask the drip of time
for the right to live in peace,
since the stars are evidence that simple distance transforms
gas, fire, and other substances into something comparable to beauty;

—What will I do when my heart stops?

and as my religion is a suture
tied to the branches of nights where the flesh imprinted with your kisses hangs
I ask the green areas in my life
for supplemental oxygen
and another moratorium on my doubts;

—Shall I finally say farewell to my bloodthirsty landscapes?

and given that, such and such, and this and that,
I choose the church which tolls the bell to the consonant beat
of a crooked figure facing the reflection of my nights of carousing.

Then, I ask you to size me up
and to drape my arms like braids over the rails of that age
in which we did not need to speak to be aware that doing so
meant the mutilation of the mild mornings' chatter.

So,
give me a heart that booms among the weird grays of the evening,
give me something like a caress,
and I will give you back the crazy rattle of your black hole.