

VIRGIL SUÁREZ

THE SPIRITUAL/ESPIRITU

I am reading the lines from a James Dickey
poem “Vessels,” about the sound of leaves
in the forest, and I am thinking of the morning

the great poet died, and outside on the grass
parachute spiders—what my youngest daughter
calls them—have built these leaf-shaped webs,

white like bundled snow flakes, gauze cocoons,
and I am thinking of memory flown against
the ravages of time, “my own blood, that makes

the body of the lover in my arms give up. . .”
Everywhere these scalloped-shaped webs, bliss.
Some stay up on the naked branches, luminous,

like beacons, others float down to the grass,
where they are reminders to the morning
of all the great forest spirits here taking flight.