

POETRY

Erik Gleibermann

## ***Neruda's Last Question***

*¿Es verdad que las esperanzas  
deben regarse con rocío?*

*–The Book of Questions*

Tea leaves patient in a samovar, coconut milk  
warm on skin rolled open, broth of lime and  
layered butter in a fired tureen, steamed  
peaches ripening in your belly, a future  
somewhere trembling. Maybe we can preserve  
the juices that narrate morning, nurse  
each other the full day in the nest, not suffer  
expulsion to our feet by late afternoon's insistence  
that we advance along the earth, urged to walk  
from the bottom of the hill to the little cathedral,  
fog collecting around our moist words, water drops  
realizing they become tears first and only  
then every loss evaporates. Inside the nave  
under stone arches we whisper a wish to be  
something more solid, sacred  
wine transfigured under the tongue in  
a bond beyond fermenting. We ask might we too  
become a church, latticed bones of our hands  
together, a hold against the internal  
tides washing traces of the day?