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Elegy For the Twice-Invisible Body of Jesus Blanco

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ELEGY FOR THE TWICE-INVISIBLE BODY OF
JESUS BLANCO

To travel up from warm Nueva Rosita
to be found frozen in the parking lot of Sears
among flattened cans and empty carts
by the dollar-plumbing mall walkers.

Was the irony hot or cold for you?
To die homeless in such opulent proximity.

I've heard it called *a failure of lifestyle*—
—the downside of your buffalo freedom—
the sad B side of democracy.

But, Jesus Blanco, I'm going to let you in.
Spread the net of American possibility over you,
grant you advertised trousers,
pastel bath coordinates,
drapery, pantryware
and the ecstasy of room temperature.

If you are invisible even now
even to other ghosts,
then a new fragrance,
popular sunglasses,
a German razor.

You would do well Jesus Blanco
not to notice how at dusk each of these winter nights
the starlings arrive in the parking lot—
solely, brokenly, brawling with their tiny dinosaur brains,
but centripetal even so.

It's something akin to faithfulness—
how they number from covey, to swarm, to congregation,
—a benevolence in their almost human noise—
their flight—en masse—a living smoke.