

5-1-2015

Carlton Hill, November // Dream in Which Iquala is the Genesee

Evan Goldstein
SUNY Geneseo

Follow this and additional works at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Goldstein, Evan (2015) "Carlton Hill, November // Dream in Which Iquala is the Genesee," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 3: Iss. 2, Article 18.

Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol3/iss2/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact KnightScholar@geneseo.edu.

EVAN GOLDSTEIN

Carlton Hill, November

Still, a kind of rebellion: night as rain
glasses frozen grasses. Limp hills

of new-forested stone
walls all snow lichen-dusted,

train soughing winded valley. Over dim tents
you and I intone in cloudbreak—

we did not watch for constellations,
but lifted coals ember light
to thaw our boots

EVAN GOLDSTEIN

Dream in Which Iguala is the Genesee

*This is something that should never have happened,
and must never be repeated.*

—Jesús Murillo, Mexico Attorney General

They water flowers for the dead while I lay down
tonight—snowmelt river water
stinking in my clothes—my door

ablaze in protest. Students
scream *we are not armed*—their fists
against riot shields, eyes

water tear gas river
south campus dark green gentle
bends reflect cornfields beneath the bridge—

a desert south stars ruddy
in cloud smoke thick ash
on riverbank. Diesel

on water pearly, languid—
under tide of trash and skin. Their brown
skin, blistered skin teeth that turn

to dust in eddy. Hands in water, hands
pressed through rifle bore—my hands
are white, soft—

dripping red I have turned away
from garbage pyres: 43 students shot
and burned, bones
thrown to water, skin—ash

gathered on this dirt as snow.