

**SAMPLE POEMS FROM**  
**dáyo**  
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## BONES ARE SEEDS

*But now the stark dignity of  
entrance—Still, the profound change  
has come upon them: rooted, they  
grip down and begin to awaken*

— William Carlos Williams

The island greets me with satin  
clouds and light rain, parting  
as the ferry docks at the cove.  
Rough as the precipice, my mind  
careens to the chimes of a concertina:  
and my heart begins to grieve,  
“Here he is, the man without  
love, country or soul—forgotten,  
abandoned, buried with no tomb.”

*But now the stark dignity of*  
remembrance. Tracing the ebb  
of history, I turn each pebble  
and seashell, awashed in time  
and polished with seaside  
reflections: *Your breath is home,*  
a shelter amidst the plague.

The coastal forest is a testament  
to your banished footprints,  
a welcoming totem to your life's  
*entrance—Still, the profound change*

arrives in the form of a deer  
traversing slopes of wild berries  
and fern to bid farewell. For now,  
I use the North Shore mountains  
as your headstones and the sakura  
blossoms for candles, while I pray  
and offer a song of loss and rebirth.  
My feet, too, are planted in a land  
that is not my own; and the tide  
*has come upon them—uprooted, they*

find themselves in hostile shores  
like driftwood carried by turbulent  
currents. Unable to return, we learn  
and adapt to numbing rain and snow.  
They do not know where we come from  
bones are also seeds—even in barren  
landscapes, untended, we flower.  
They can cast us in a crevice, nameless,  
yet we continue to survive,  
*grip down and begin to awaken.*

## FORM AS A LIVING THING

The artilis grows in the empty lots of demolished homes. It thrives

often where the toilet used to be. Form is the act of blossoming in unlikely vessels. *displacement and immobility*. Omniscience from confinement. If not a writer, then a tree. A planter or a pruner.

A harvester or an indoor cactus admirer. Absorb and release, breathe.

Spread like moss in gutters. *bodies out of place*. Form is the leaf that sprouts from your toes. The scent of grass in your hair.

## THIS WORLD IS AN AQUARIUM

A two-meter cylinder with moon jelly,  
destinies swirling in a measured galaxy  
of glass & steel. There's a constellation  
of red acne on my chin, mere specks  
in a world about to collapse. I don't want  
to be asleep in apocalypse. This morning,  
on the bus, something sharp scratches  
my left cheek. Nobody pauses to notice.  
Passengers continue to glide, arms flailing  
like tentacles on Pacific's epipelagic zone.  
When forests burn down in a heat dome,  
atmospheric rivers submerge the suburbs,  
lake water reclaiming its bed from concrete.

Everything is saturated,  
luminescent blue.