

The first light is a  
blue door left ajar against  
the midriff of a galaxy.

This light is our  
consequential inheritance  
and we are exacting in  
our worship of it.

It is a god, a rubric for  
everything else.  
Our smoke rises in  
offering with the

tangential buildings  
as they appear to galvanize  
the day moon like  
a cattle prod.

What our eyes see  
is always hyperbole.  
We are nothing more  
than borrowed beings

of happenstance  
with guts full of glasphalt,  
waiting for the pitfalls

of our lives to erode  
us open like a cancer.  
Only then do we truly  
reflect our faith.

When our elongated  
shadows soften at  
the edges and fail us.

And we are inside out,  
a refraction of light, a dutiful prayer,  
loaned out and lithesome.

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Billy Burgos is a 36 year old Illustrator/Designer from Los Angeles, CA. He was selected by Beyond Baroque in 2009 as an up and coming poet in the Los Angeles Poetry Festival. Billy serves as a curator on staff at Gotpoetry.com. His poetry has appeared in numerous anthologies as well as print and online journals such as lung and killpoet. He is at present working on his first collection that deals with the days surrounding the death of his father to liver failure.