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The Cloud Computing and Other Variables

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### Publication Date

2011

Peer reviewed|Thesis/dissertation

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
RIVERSIDE

Cloud Computing and Other Variables

A Thesis submitted in partial satisfaction  
of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

in

Creative Writing and Writing for the Performing Arts

by

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June 2011

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This Thesis of Martha Estela Borjon-Kubota is approved:

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University of California, Riverside

To my Sun and Moon  
and the loving man who guides us

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Cloud Computing and other  
Variables



**I.**  
**Verses**

## Exist

Water,  
transparently light blue,  
intersects  
our bodies.

Saturated.  
We watch  
clouds  
simmer  
over the stillness becoming  
dust.

We stand in ponds.  
And empty of each other one kiss at a time.

But the water only remembers ponds.  
So it rains us away.

## A Letter to the Poet's Muse

When the soft of the sun lingers on forgetting,  
It is then  
That I feel  
I have been abandoned at the root of the  
Torrent sea.

I write of you. In the infinite universe.  
In these quiet moments  
I think of you as if I can live again.

My beloved.  
At last, there have been no letters between us.  
The sea swallows the words I fear to write even as I breathe.

This I send you while the mountains sleep.  
It is brief.  
So many disillusioned verses have I dissolved myself into  
That I forget I'm real.

I have seen the flowers run backward.  
Do you suppose this is a sign?

I forgot.  
The leaves came yesterday.  
They were rumored to have suicided off the Coast of Cadaques.  
But you know I hate to write in the middle of your thoughts.  
Only now can I send you the remnants of their pact.

The arrows fly over  
A drop at a time.  
As our letters mount the sea  
You are fragments.

The white moon sinks in.  
I know I must go.  
Regret mounts a fire in my heart...  
But I release you.  
The mountains startle.

When the moon is wide send me news of you.  
I would love for you to see yourself in the blood of my words.

## An Afternoon

Heavy in thought,  
Like milk limbering on old vines,  
your energy runs in alphabetical order.

There are figures making stars  
Outside the window  
Spitting their shadows inward like a drift.

You were so close I counted the constellations in your eyes. In denial. There  
was noise making sugar in my hands.

## Icicles

Winter threads butterflies.  
The sky unfolds  
words  
into  
Empty moons,  
like candles dripping evening.

I have so much to say.  
Long before they get to you  
Icicles  
Separate  
Drown into the air.

If I could have you.  
Just.  
You might make sense.

I would come unarmed.  
Cold stars will keep the night from stuttering.  
Absentmindedly.

The snow drinks slowly.

I hang  
Under night thickening.  
Two eyes settle.  
Will you sleep now?

The snow makes rain.  
Overhead, the twilight fumbles.  
Old fevers rattle.

If the snow cannot wait,  
White silence.

## Sleep

I came, only to sleep by you.  
Instead,  
You sunk inside of me and I left scattered.

Now what can I offer you to make amends for what I've done?

For those hours of pleasure,  
I carry with me its regret.

But rest well.

I am haunted every night by the taste of your lips.

I am tortured,  
In the silence,  
By your whispers breaking boundaries.

When the night streams open,  
I remember how your body flowed like a river in my hands.

This is what it feels to sin.

Now,  
In the unlivable Dawn,  
I am ruined.

As now,  
I want your Body to wake,  
With only me inside of you.

## Snow

It is cold.  
Your hand slips in and I think of snow.  
Sudden, small, white crystals  
breathe.

Little Hours

I.

I

Nowhere near  
Still sounds You like  
Delirium.

ii.

Stand over me.  
Read from me one line at a time.  
Till threadbare.

The view from down here  
Is endless.

lii.

Memorable body. You spread out like tidal waves. But moments later-- I am still thirsty.

Iv.

A sigh releases light. The roof tops creak. We sit on opposite ends. Between us, delirious air. And we talk.

V.

The layered gleam of the moon climbs white. In waves. You are almost eternal, were it not for the fatal flaw of the hour.



## Kiss

I kiss you  
And it tastes like a sunset's variable.  
I kiss you  
And the fireflies swallow into their bellies the light of our energy.  
I kiss you  
Only  
To kiss you again  
And again  
To stars colliding in the distance.

## Untitled II

In my throat lies the moon.  
From within  
Everything of me  
Is illuminated.

Small vibrations  
Burrow through my skin  
To get to you.  
But  
Everything in the afternoon  
Slows down.

Inviting you in  
Clouds collate  
Above us.

As always  
You stand in my way

## Se Muere el Poeta

In the red trees dries my soul.  
In the distance.  
I. Am no longer me.

Light from your image climbs the balcony.  
The words that knew to mutate  
Sigh in the slow night.

But I- no longer can be me.

Passing naked words  
You swallowed kisses  
Using the fine lines of my limbs.

Flesh, cold and silver  
Like sand in the rain  
You gave me thirst and hunger  
To take my songs  
From me.

And now, I am not me.

In the haze  
The wind shakes off the clouds.

## Arrows

Endless  
Afternoons,  
The ashes take you home.

Outside of old doors  
The air counts memories  
Like water falling.

## Fragments in Six

I.

The moon is in fragments.

Dismantled.

I kiss with you the spark she would have elucidated-- had she been whole.

II.

Your breathing

Impassive light

Goes out in the granules of the withered tree.

In the wake of stillness. Only the breaking of blossoms and fowl could be heard.

III.

I know your taste. It flutters by when the leaves turn. Insatiable. Like yellow filling air.

I say to you. As the sun goes down on the water. "Death sounds sweet today".

We will remember the first day we met.

IV.

The water cannot stay warm.( The enigma of dying)

V.

Flesh shuddered. The seasons peel themselves off the caverns of falling skies. In the North the birds swallow the last seed of our wombs.

VI.

A single moment. Lasts hours.

## Cloud Computing

Just there  
Over the hill fending off the emerging browning of summer  
A cloud  
Is coloring the shade  
Like an execution.

The ants  
Hollow themselves  
To the light fading.

Extended,  
The cloud acts like poison to the flowers reading the numbers in the sky.

## Phasing

You  
fling your fine legs over snow mounds  
and melt the ice into rivers.

Warm center.  
A noise like a fountain spring simmers between your thighs.  
A blue cloud forms on the curves of your hips.

On the composition of light,  
Your shadows tangle luminous.

## Simplicity

The moon weeps forgotten.

Slowly burning  
the view of embers  
Flowers love like ashes.



## For You

Wait.  
Before you, the evening hums like honey.  
Lay still. Against vibrant whiteness.

Let me recover.  
The skin dreaming  
Unaware.

The sound of you runs around in my head.  
The urge to fade  
bounces off your body.  
This close.  
Is this still love?

Wait.  
For just a moment.

Can you know--  
Even after this long  
Disintegration.

## Preludio

The world was full of fireflies.  
Tongueless  
they spoke echoes  
through old winds.  
They lit the sky with dead words  
as if on embers.

Words rooted and took flight  
from your mouth.  
And the lies were light enough to reach the air.

This is just the beginning.  
Someday soon  
the fireflies will fall from eating the words rotting from your mouth.

Name

The moon belongs to the sky.  
But on clear nights,  
When the gnomes sleep in open gardens,  
The moon sits on the bough of a tree.  
Hiding.  
From stars  
That illuminate in words,  
Like love and sky,  
A Pretty little  
Simple three letter word.  
It curves at the vowel  
and  
sways at the consonants.

The moon belongs to the sky,  
But on occasion  
She dips into the sea  
To wash away the semantics of identity.

## Sunflowers

In the last days of summer-  
air a blur  
happiness lies languid along the corridors of trees.

Sun  
Sun  
Flower  
Bursting  
Yellow  
Sun.

We sit in Winter wondering.  
Space is everything.

In the simplicity of seasons,  
You will call again.

For now.  
In the corner, by the tender volumes of lost poets, a vase awaits.

The hour is four.

Bent trees lick more than dew, but less than the light. Along the brick wall, it hums.  
Time pierces the sound of the walls sleeping. Books exhale dust. The room is so much  
smaller now that moments seemed to have wasted it away. Somewhere along halved  
corners,  
flowers sit.

The hour is four.

Fifteen.

The sun. At the moment of breaking. Deepens.

The green windows stare up.

Almost.

Synthesized.

Time. In its crystallized lyric, runs inside out.

## Sleepwalking

In the white  
Drifting  
Air  
Last minutes  
Run savagely from cable to cable.

They drink from sleeping eyes  
And flush  
Between bodies.

Someone chases them away  
And minutes turn to soft sighs.  
Between your pale lips, dreams exhale like ether.  
Nothing is inside of you.  
The fences and street curbs hold screams and tiny feathers.  
And you see the dreamers all fall from a cracked sky.

There is a stream of a million stars streaking the night sky.  
A child cries like the sound of a hesitant piano.  
The morning is so distant  
You could hear it in the sway of your hips.

## There

Almost a sigh, but not fully a word.  
It rambles on naked wires to make a point.  
It collects feathers from dead birds and flings them like arrows over damp air.  
Clouds in mouth, we all learn to say it.

But with you  
Vacuous and succulent,  
I feel it in my aging bones.

I feel it as if I am  
Dangling off birch trees  
Swaying to the whim of the wind.

This is what its like to say good bye.

## Debris

In a jar.  
Crooked butterflies want to go home.  
Silence slips around the edges  
But inside  
Wings pound for salty air.

Lost hope.  
It echoes the taste of lemons.



Pagination: i, ii, iii, 1,2,3

The flowers skip from page to page  
pollinating  
numbers.

All those letters staring up make no sense  
But at least they grow in order.

## A Hypothesis in X's and O's

The mute branch  
wrapped its arms around  
the sound of the afternoon

Drifting along a dirt road.  
Off in the distance,  
A baby bird falls from its center.

His mother,  
Kissing strangers in dark alleys,  
Feels a sudden emptiness.

The mute branch  
Having had baby bird bones for supper  
Ponders on love.

## **II.**

### **Prose Poetry**

## Untitled

Daylight straddled. Anaesthetized by night wanting to fuck the stars yellow, you intimate lightening. You say my words collate and vibrate in your mouth. Heavy.

Windows smear your voice into colored hearing, but not enough to numb the walls. On my knees. I pray to swallow you whole if only to spit you out. At your face.

In a whisper. Our bodies speak. Love collects dust as words refuse to formulate. The stars have turned unsatisfied. On my knees.

Yet another moment of sacrifice.

## Approximate

You have always seen, not with your eyes, but with that bitter flower of mistrust thickening in your mouth.

There. Between the plump of your pink flesh; the words I need to hear grow cobwebs.

Contagious. I sit here and listen to words. They shape into nervous ships. They follow the unusual patterns of denial. On bruised hinges, light hangs impassive. Waiting.

Stay awake. The light is near. I spread out into you like orange grass in flames. Just there, if you look clear enough, you can make out the numbers in my hair.

## Inspiration 3055

The ears of the stars fall. They are tired of listening to the lies of the wind. It is almost possible to hear words breathe here.

On naked skin, the vapors of existence caramelize in despair. Sluggish fireflies want for a muted sky. Three hundred. Maybe five. 5. Almost overlook the sound of time flying. Don't breathe the sound. Silence can mean almost anything.

## Lost Song

A sudden change in the way the light migrates reminds me of the color of your skin. A fair light turning almost caramel. In the haze of a wasted yesterday, I found a piece of you tucked between two words. When the rains came careless, you, there between the lost and the found, simmered.

After the rain, the distance between us could be heard over the moonlight, rambling in numerical chaos.

## Temptation

Somewhere in the corridors a light wants to be shed of its glass. But the cold stammers. The wind shivers. And the grain of the white walls fleck. Lava flows between her thighs. But he watches the sun set at his window. On the edge of it, flowers have died and the birds pass as if the potential might come back.

A shadow creeps in.  
It rustles like an echo.

He sleeps and dreams of her hair sparkling like grapevines at mid-night. Her lava sinks into his skin and he knows he can never forget the way she melts. In the mirror, she breathes clouds. But he cannot see. She sighs and he smells orange blossoms bursting.

The wind rustles.  
The night shivers.

He opens his eyes to the ceiling counting her name. On his fingers are the inscriptions on how to follow the curves of a young woman's shape in the dark. Like flashlights they point to seek her. But another man drinks her. All the water in the atmosphere's tank can not quench the thirst he feels.  
Another man drinks her.

He executes butterflies with his sighs.



## Unreal

The sight of you is raw like sugar. Yes. I do think that you are beautiful. But you are poison. A procession of filth among the muck. You want me to fall. I ask you where? Even from this far, I can feel your fingers flower inside of me. Drums discharge. The wetness revolts beneath my fingernails. The moment comes -even when I recognize that the moment comes. I want you more, but you come at a price. Maybe I don't know I love you- but surely, the blood at your feet is my attempt.

Dismantled.  
I'm submitted.

## Disconnect

I am a sheet of paper peeling against itself. My skin, tattooed by a dream-like isolation, burns over nothingness.

A distraction to my own mind, I hear echoes behind my eyes. Veins thicken with a noise louder than silence.

You want me to let go old wounds now festering with the ooze of disconnect. You want me to remember what it's like to feel-- a moment at a time.

But we are on different sides of the same idea dear doctor- for I want only to feel nothing.

## Dare

Lost particles. The young swim on dares. The old dream of love hung off twilight. Life-morphic- we all fall down.

## A World Unseen

Ash floats. Old men carry with them sleeves of kindling memories. Burned long with old loves blessed with worms. There must be a sense of peace there. Muffled sounds of feet passing by. Of insects excavating themselves inside out. Hearts once arrowed by inconsistent love now make passage to root birthing orange blossoms or single blades of grass. Here is the passing of time. Layers of sounded earth holding pieces of lovers who once made someone whole.

## Transmit Red Vector

In the corridors there are woman's speeches going in alphabetical directions. Nothing is pretty but the way the words hang on hesitation. Too many gather here-- unlocking old doors that have gone cold. Corroded corridors of a lost memory transmit help.

And like bows on eager girls, they hand their mind to you risking the entanglement. You hand them combs. Only to fall prey to doubt.

Venus runs red on the horizon.

## Search

Just for a minute. The sky lit. It grazed the scarlet afternoon. On the street's black peaks, the lightning broke free and wandered. Forked. Radiation rambled. The wooden houses deepened their collection of fallen waters. The trees gave off soft air. In the crystal arms of the negated whisperings, the ghost of you somberly took the sky. In the bare grass, the fingerlings awaited. The blue vagabonds, with their hands lifted to the salty air, came away with streaks on their lips. It lasted for just a minute. The light faded. They headed for lost nights in the silver beds of lovers long melted into the graves of time.

## Boards

Splinters of make belief filter through the lining of our protestation. Corse, you snake around fragrant windows drinking in private conversations distilling longing hung on peripheral walls. Long. Thick. You hide only what we cannot say ourselves. But you do not know us. Please leave us to the yellow paper fading. Only our temples are gone. We have been sacrificed- limb by limb. Our breasts have been suckled until nations subjugated the very thought of us. So we are now only free to spread our legs- sing hymns as interstates and highways pave our parks into parking lots breeding the next generation and fumbling to understand our own.

But what if, on a Tuesday afternoon, we boarded our bodies, and not just our souls? Could you, Man, know that we like to sit by the gentle fire and feel our skin singe with the possibility, that we are in the end, the only ones that can make ourselves happy? Where are your flags then? Believe me. I do not hate you. But I would like you to understand that we are our own light. We do not need you to seek us in darkness.

The cartilage of the house that hold our barrels of blood, interrupt the path to your fulfillment. The measurement of our sighs take up galaxies and undress our weight. Skeletal. The ribs show closure. The long planks of wood make up the only protection we know from complete surrender.

## Daughter

When the lightning strikes. We are overflowing. Take it in. Full coursing white light. This is the last stance I can make with you. I cannot follow anymore. You have swallowed of me. Have been cradled in both blood and thought. We all go sometime. No. This is just one step. Tomorrow. You will leave me to go make sunflowers out of raindrops. You will follow life from the map carved in your heart the moment your lungs filled with the air of my love.

You will never know how much you have meant to me. This thing we become is a rare illusion. We think we have forever. Only to understand. You last only seconds.

One breath is all I am meant to give.



## A Meeting

Seep. Open over thickets yawning. The landscape calls as the street lights dim. Through the lines, I run to catch a glimpse of you. A swallowed piece of a fleeted night. I am sure this is sleep. I feel you break through my skin. Hands full. You take of my blood coursed thick. Your red kisses blister. I meet you here as the juices of orange blossoms peel the sky. I consider the idea not to wake. An echo takes shape. Sleep. Inhale me. My skin forged inside your walls.

As morning wakes, drink me in like water.

## Transition

You can lay me down sprawled with the root's innards fluttering inside of me. Perforated flesh. The sky bends to seed your kisses. The milk of your full mouth I drink, like flowering beauty. I take the adhering colors and bleed out the saliva of desire. Little ships of lust dock at your feet. My name, in individual letters make roads out of red lipsticks and purple shades. To reach you. Devouring.

Fingers entangled in your hair. The sunsets of my eyes move up slowly over the streaming of your body. Fountain. You spill open air. In one moment, there isn't enough space to take you all at once.

On the ground. A want gestates. It sprouts the leaves of your hips. With candles burning sideways, on my knees I come to taste of you.

## Illucion

Lay down in full flight. The sky remembers having seen you converting my ashes into spires. In our youth. You and I pleated into our hair. Life. Intertwined.

Time. Later. The land where we slept under shooting stars, we made out our names on our skin during winter nights. Feasting on the lights of the drunken moon. All gone now. Into little drawers. Dust covered. Unbound.

Now and then. When light hits you just enough to overflow. I could still feel the warmth of your body against me. I could still impress upon skin so long slept in having lost you, the pain of you having walked in me before.

But...

Nothing is ever enough. No one is ever you. It is an illusion. Letting love go. Sleeping. Half dead. In the hold of another. You creep in when the wind blows north. The pain travels slow on my slumbering mind. This is how one lives after love has left old walls.

Echoed.

## Incidental

\*

In you.  
Sorrow radiates.

\*

The sound of you runs inside out. Through. One embrace. The insides fall to pieces.  
With you. No one can be whole. Intermixed. The leftover bones of your father percolate.  
An infinite dream. Unrealized. I am not.

\*

Be kind. Old love, on tattered limbs mad on possibilities. Melancholies invade. Me.  
When you come breaking into the windows of my eyes. I have kept my promise to you.  
Not a part of me spills into you anymore. My love of you doesn't run along the hem of  
your skin crawling into your space. I have learned He fills you in well.

\*

On occasion.  
You peel at my skin when I look into you without fear of solitude. You slip your fingers  
at blood cooled by absence. Stir. Dried leaves into my hands. Flowered hope. You come  
and go into me.

Melting.

## Perdoname

My hair became matted with the night's marrow. Falling storm clouds made trellises of my eyes. And for a moment. I forgot everything but the sound of your body.

One day. Milked verses from old trees pulled memories of old love. That day I knew you would never be enough.

On the page. There isn't sufficient space to pen the burning blood of sorrow excavating in me. The need to uprooting a fickle love rested in the warm thorns of your liquid.

I adore you. Tendencies fleeting. But I cannot love you. I could only hope you just consider. To someday. Forgive me. For not loving you. In the form I have loved of her.

## A Note

On your warm lap. I sought the safety of your embrace. I left a few strands of thought and tangled fear; but not enough to make you notice. Now. Nearly thirty years later. I wonder how it would feel to be back in your still uncertain hold. Those days have caused an alienation with the lightness of my skin. Those days sometimes have me existing in pieces, but never fully whole. Now. You unravel mother. And I want to start again. I want to feel the distant heat of your love. I want to melt into those fleeting moments, when with you, I felt like I was home. If only I could do it all again. I would take your unwell thoughts and call it Love.

Since falling out of your arms. I have never felt like I've belonged in any certain clarity- but the to the grey and purple shadows. In the clouds. I wonder how much of me is left to fade away.

You always hoped. Despite it all. That you had made me strong. Transitory-- like the wind going inside out. But you have, even as the stitching has started to weaken. .

Mother. If only we could start again. I would imprint your rare smile into my heart. I might then know how fragile it is to hope for more than is possible. Shhh...mother. Time is waiting patiently at the window. I sit here. In the waiting room. Waiting. Like the eight year old girl who found you crying at shadows. I am here. Waiting for when your mind will once and for all.

Bring you home.

## Devoured

It is a single moment. Too deformed to define. An impervious suffocation settled somewhere between the skin and the soul. Every portion of stillness mutates purple flakes that in turn germinate despair. Particles collide. Open. Nothing is visible through mirrors. Except. A sort of illumination. When everything. Flooded.

Then you are certain. The blood will leak from every pore. Immediate. And in its place. And emptiness. Flowering. The weight of the sun.