

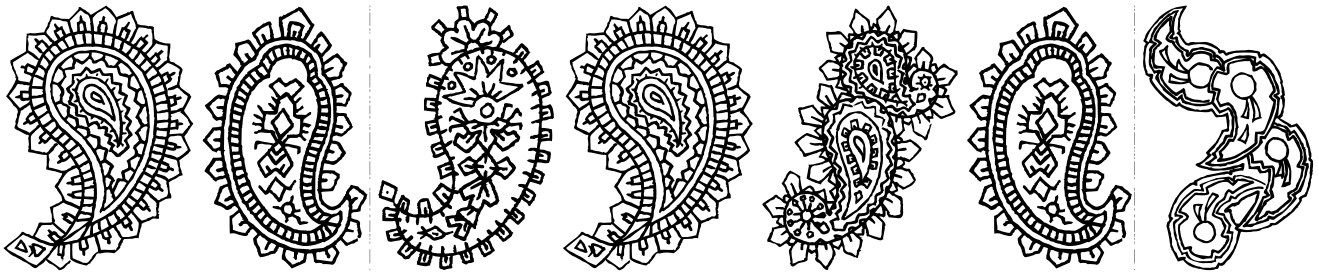


Slender



FUCK
THE
POLICE





ANGEL DOMINGUEZ

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ANGEL DOMINGUEZ

HAUNTED

“call”

THE MASTER
IS ALIVE
AND THE
HOUSE IS
HAUNTED

“response”

THE HOUSE
IS NOT
HAUNTED
AND THE
MASTER
IS DEAD

“refrain”

THE MASTER
IS DEAD
AND THE
HOUSE IS
HAUNTED

from DIEGOS

“#1”

Diego—you dead man—I write to you.

It's been centuries I'm sure, since someone called out to you; now I do: Diego De Landa. The year is 2014 and the calendar's been reset—your story buried beneath yr auto-de-fét-burning our bodies down—we've no one to rescue that sound. But what am I saying? I speak English into robots and write to you in anything but Spanish—lengua catalan-I wanted you to know, I've touched your soil and throughout Madrid and Barcelona I wrote in large red letters, painted “MAYAN CONQUEST” wrote “FUCK SPAIN;” I started small fires in museums and stopped short of smashing mirrors and windows; I cant erase you now—there's too much to wipe out on data disks and clouds—fire couldn't find you now—perhaps you'll drown—I'll pull you through dzonots on my gringo tongue—rinse your lungs clean with Xibalba water—what would you say to me then, and could your heart be pure?—I'd have to taste test the ash of your organs & fiddle with your bones to be certain I could trust you to, go on dying, unacquitted by the light of time, I want your trial to continue; maybe I want to save you.

Love,
A

“#12”

Diego,

I want to tell you of how I have been hugging myself, crouching in the shower for many years now—I heard my mother crying in a midnight once and once I was a river or was in a river and found the memory of mother-mourning in a sopping red rag, it covered my face and took the sun away; Diego, do you remember why it was you were as you did? Was the purpose of fire to reimagine a Catholic hell? By tossing our bodies to the fire you made death something it is not. You. and yet I too am complicit (my robot wanted to write complicated) in colonization, from where I find these words in time, entrenched within a system of systems that continuously reveals itself, "brave" and bloated in the face—grease of slaughtered pigs upon the mouth, the pigs and their babies. I write this while of course, thinking of tacos from Los Angeles, a turbid rigid beautiful smog encrusted shimmering rattlesnake bird of a place, see I grew up without the language. Without access to the language. And that wasn't important. What was important was making it in this capitalist society, to be inside the house, on your knees, and not beside it at the window. Looking in. I picked a path of breaking and entering with harmless thefts of education; experience of time loss and alcohol. "There you go talking white again," he would always say, just to get a rise out of me—whiteness here being equated with intelligence, which despite its usefulness in regards to socio-economic mobility was also a danger to the brown bodied sense of home, it was this white tongue after all that took all our stories—was there a trickle of ash left upon your lips that I might lick off Diego? I want to lick it off—show you dog memory; resist the urge to become violent. I want you dead in another way. To save you.

“#132”

Dear Diego,

Can I tell you something? I've never been good at Spanish. All my friends expect this tongue from me; they say: lick it: lick the space of the language between us, and sometimes I expect this too. and then I get there, and I remember how I never learned Spanish. At least not formally, in a school. and it makes me crazy. I should know more than I know, shouldn't I? and then there's all this guilt. the body I've buried beside myself, inside myself—it retches for hours—I can't keep all this water down. This body vomits the sun. Diego—there is too much to tell you. How do I start? How did you start? What was that even—to infect a foreign (land) body with such confidence—you've got the word of god, that thistle lispig tongue that sounds dumb to me, like you've embodied the mentally disabled drooling king that robbed our land, our bodies blind of themselves. Now I can't tell what I am. A bastard. My blood blooms hot tracts of earth that shatter. When I think of becoming, or what have I become. I think of you more than I'd like to admit. I plan out a poem, or I have been planning a poem. “I see my biological father several times a day.” Sometimes, I think I'll write the poem. Just like I think I'll write this book. Sometimes I think it's you. I imagine your absent image. Sunlight denoting a sense of “holy” or #Blessed. Diego, I think we have to dance. I need you in my bed to understand your intimacy. I'll house you in my body. I'll lick the language between us; I spit up blood. My mouth tastes like pennies in a desert. Your heart tastes like a mouthful of cocaine. I can't swallow. I vomit bombs over Dresden. I vomit lost notebooks in the archives of my oppressor. I rewrite your book with black outs in Colorado. Diego, you lie down on a bed of flowers; I'll drag your body across the Jungle floor. Obliteration and bliss are synonymous. If I threw you into the fire would you burn? Auto-de-fe – act-of-faith – a –Fire. Trust me here like Love and we'll sleep together in flame.

Love,

A D(og)

“#34”

Dear Diego,

The skies are full of dragonflies today; everyone fetishizes my name, I'm reminded of this when engaging with the institution. Is it angel or ángel? I always say: whatever you find easiest to pronounce. But really I'd prefer no name or pronoun; it's these instances of being acutely aware of my race that bring me back to you. Or you back to me, I'm not sure which h it is. If it is. I keep thinking of writing this book, but I can't quite get the lungs out. I can't make a fire. I'm trying to yield more than I advance. I am learning that not all words are always heard or spoken, though in this moment I hope the lexicon snaps its spine into an ocean. Diego, I worry about things like Spanish proficiency tests for PhD programs and the accumulated suffering brought on by "globalization." I remember learning about manifest destiny in my Cortez middle school whose mascot was a conquistador. I remember getting angry every time we watched a national geographic documentary on the benefits of imperialism. Benefits like my bastardized name. I wonder what they would have called me if your language never arrived. Between you and me, I prefer the name Chaac: Rain.

“#92”

Dear Diego,

Do you know what it's like to live as a ghost? Was this your experience in returning to Spain to stand trial? To walk familiar streets, recognizing things: how they've changed; how they stayed the same. What was it then to even travel between continents – for months on end, stuck with your own thoughts. I'm sure you worked out your defense carefully. I read an online article by an ex-pat (white man) who referred to your auto-de-fe as a “bonfire.” I looked up the definition of the word, because I couldn't believe its place within the context of your crime. I found this: bonfire |'bän,fīr|noun. A large open-air fire used as part of a celebration, for burning trash, or as a signal. ORIGIN late Middle English: from + . The term originally denoted a large open-air fire on which bones were burned (sometimes as part of a celebration), also one for burning heretics or proscribed literature. Dr. Johnson accepted the mistaken idea that the word came from French **bon 'good.'** I don't know what else to say. I forgot why I was writing this letter. I guess I just needed some one to talk to. The idea of this book burns a hole through my abdomen; I can't quite shake the quiet off my ancestry. A lack left behind by the magic of globalism. Give up a tongue to take another, and so now I write in English.

A

“#92”

Dear Diego,

I'm sitting in a Bank waiting on a faceless figure to tell me what I already know, and it makes we wonder: what did you know of debt? I mean, you were a friar; I don't know what you are now. Did you know that after you died, your country went bankrupt; all the gold and culture you stole was for not. It didn't matter – we all wound up poor, some of us more impoverished than others. We lost part of our tongue and grew yours in our mouths. We swapped vital organs and spirit fluids. Fuck it, I'm not even going to mail this one out.

“142”

Dear Diego,

I write to you in a distant tongue. When I speak Spanish, I feel like I'm trying on shorts I know won't fit. They might button up, but I'm painfully aware. I slip on English like a nightgown; I'm comfortable when it's loose, it breathes with my body. It doesn't hurt me, always. Diego the present continues and I imagine the fabric of English upon my body—what would be its print? What is my point? I guess I'd say the fabric would be cotton, the cut would be short, mid-thigh, I see a flower print, but I want the color to be blood before it dries. A shy sheen. It's intimate but I wear it often. I never take it off really. But maybe that's boring. I guess I'll write again if the writing happens.

Love,

A

“#147”

Dear Diego,

I eat my breakfast as the language family of words tear themselves apart; I write a little letter to you in my head with the bits of green and gold flecks left over from the rubble of the conversation. I lend you a palmful of water, mineral rich and yes, I left the mud for you. I need you to taste of my suffering. It is like the earth in that its end is inevitable. I need you to taste of my anxieties, they cripple me and I say nothing; it's a granular little rasp in my voice when I try to speak; it's that river water that ruins me. I offer you water to show I'm not a threat. I offer you water to show, I know what we need in the world to be alive. Empathy like water. Nightmares calm down when you have a sip. Sit up in a dark cube and wonder how you wound up here, again against the moonlight behind the cloud. You both embody a darkness that hums quietly like a calming song. I refuse the song of colonialism though my chains are euro-made, I fall victim to the beast of capitalism; I fall victim to Americanism; I fall victim to the crushing defeat of my ancestors. I fall victim to all my failures; I fall victim to my words; my language crumples itself into an asthma attack and I cease all bronchial functions: this is how I get closer to you: through the blue of slight death we bring to light the green of the jungle. The way it breathes. The flecks of gold leaf left in the fabric of our skin, long after death. Just think of it. The sound of green perforated by the light of the sun. The jungle is coming Diego. I guess I should have mentioned that we were always going back. There's no book without the land; without the land there is no language; there is no site for the event to have taken place.

CINDY ARRIEU-KING

SOMETIMES I THINK ALL I'LL RECALL OF
THIS WORLD IS DRIVING ON A HIGHWAY BEHIND A WHITE TRUCK

Sun

Sun behind clouds

Clouds

Clouds with lightning

Clouds with rain

Clouds with rain and lightning

Clouds with thunder

Clouds with thunder and animals shaking under grasses

Clouds with thunder and mud sliding down a hill

Snowflake

Snowflake with snowflakes in background

Sun and snowflake

Snowflakes and clouds

Snowflakes and rain

Dashes under a cloud versus dashes blowing sideways under a cloud

Sun with a sweating thermometer

Sun wearing sweat and motion lines

Sun looking like an emoticon sticking its tongue out

Sun looking pious

Sun looking sorry

Wavy grey lines

[OVER WALT WHITMAN BRIDGE]

over the Walt Whitman standing
with car wreck and sway,
a view of things as they are.
In a vapor of lifting blue,
see things as they are—
the quick crunk of a dozen jackhammers
that peg their blows at disinterested clouds
at the flat, layered filmstrips of the Delaware—

Enormous metal camels wait for their tankards. Tugboats
streaked each with a graph of rust
flake all over the celluloid current,
rub deep into the water.
This news is wrong; the rain has been erased.
The water laps verticals and edges

With a museum's reticulated rectangles,
an arched bow bridge, and purple neon—
see things as they are.
Gates and tollbooths glide their tin; Philadelphia
all awash with counting cash toward dawn

Against this cradled recreation can't stick
the wild parking lot weeds
for whom the blinking pillar lightshows
alternate steady dots on South Street Bridge.
The ice pits up the lab windows,
seeing things as they are, or trying.

We can slant into the wind, cover an ear;
can hoard water or stick to this trick of constantly being lured
by a gilded set of gridlocked addresses,
or we can slam our horns at green lights
and see things as they are.

Cross like a blood speck in an upturned eye,
Cross like an unharmed Saturday
with a strong unruly slur of blame
Looking over the edge of the Whitman—
such crisp invitations.

SEVENTEEN MOMENTS ABOUT INFANTS

I thought my therapy baby lived close enough, but she does not.

My tooth won't stop hurting because it's actually a baby tooth that never came out.

In Sardinia, I take one bite of baby octopus soup, broth of flesh stars,
then pass it down.

At the flea market, a baby wears a sheep onesie inside wolf pyjamas.

As a baby, Margaret dreamt she flew through the house while it was on fire.

My mom has a drawer of baby teeth she sometimes sweeps into her hands and picks up
one at a time, her fingers like a little fire.

Every steward sweeps his hands toward the airplane's tail, the emergency exit row, gaze
parallel to the gazes of soft, idle babies.

Baby was the only thing I could picture while the west coast burned
and the east coast froze.

Standing in crowded Lower Manhattan, thinking "five billion babies: those were the days".

One baby tooth is turning inward so the dentist says not to chew on hard things.

A Christmas card arrives featuring a baby seated in a pan of vegetables in an oven.

To this end, baby wears a small Asian top that looks like a straightjacket.

The way the baby's face goes all Shining Face of Goodness, the face worn by a parade of
ancestors retreating to the past and looking forward, forever.

When she grimaced looking just like her dad, I asked the baby if she was made of
computer code.

How these dreams are not inventions nor dreamed, not even the monkey who from a tree
sadly pulls down his monkey child.

OBLITERATION

after Gerhard Richter

I don't know if I'm good at starting over but it's what I do.

This is where I am. If chance had brought me elsewhere,
I would learn to love it too. Or at least like it.

I think about each white square pressing down a substance.

Blue and red and yellow, classic colors.

Broad strokes across each canvas as if across foreheads.

Discerning what thoughts.

The black over everything. The colors over everything.

Each painting is an assertion that tolerates no company.

Don't desert me, come here.

I just want to see the naked lights.

JEREMY HOEVENAAR

OUR INSOLVENCY

Given a kind of realism also
serving beyond its borders,
a campy stress to posit pre-
connoitered iterations of
solvency's onsite availability,
vacuous, prolix, benign or be-
nighted future congress w/
fungal uprising's dehysericized
masterclass, I became
the change I couldn't spare
the sight to see. In another
word economy, gifted, signed
up to sign in, renewed, let's
do this again complex residue.
Toasting vaporized trauma's
apodictic space-out we jam
avian and scoff garrulous
sensations in new salvages.
. . . and all of this happens
while I'm walking around
starving within the self-
limited life of books, other
poems and other poems,
deep repagination, split-
level horror/comedy, weird
frontier concision events
slipping on genuflection
for abandonment kicks.
O bitter castle, what if
it were all career? Internal
pre-week, all dread eyes on
the wherewithal to begin
again a vigorously de-ironized
rain of dare-to-hope.
Your actual experience
of reclaimed life may vary

OUR INSOLVENCY

And then came on
to devalue the light-
filled sentence, set
to muster voice as
wretch, retch, or
giggle. This makes
a song of lineation,
of etcetera, crowned
w/ residual flutter
and pandering comp-
ressions. Sloppiness
is form. An old dream
wherein every move-
ment is a narrow
avoidance of some
lethal projectile turns
out to be true. Is form
an old dream of coping
or pareidolia, pro-
jection, likeness's
sad husk printed
into a replicant
stillness 'til the
monthly statements
burst from my fingers
athwart w/ green
systems? Heroes edit.
You're free, yes,
to eat the payout

OUR INSOLVENCY

Rendered the way
things look, moral fiber's
tentacular and/or core
origins slopping over
elimination's roundup
of freighted characters
presents as very here
w/ glossic comps marked
to capture a vital and
healthy scone of talk
through a fleshy wall
of clutch my drift.
Settled-up in the working
sturdiness, spent forth
to capture a vital and.
The future begins with
a matched contribution.
We're all actually mongering
bathtub politesse to coin
or turn a genre. Keen and
plodding off the meds'
warmly benign selective
focus to a suddenly bent
head's die-off hullabaloo's
a "fuck poetry" kind of
halcyon turn. No,
seriously fuck seriously-
minded and accessible
to a non-specialized
original face. Real
appearance starts as
close to the end as
infinitely poseable. Other
precincts are, indeed,
forthcoming if wobbly

OUR INSOLVENCY

Another day back-
lit by prevarication—
6 o'clock blue shift
raining the infinite
poem as refraction-
oriented thicket
or combination
of worry and thought,
the account reeling
in the built hours as
pattern fatigue, fixed
stars with surveillance
undertones, inflated
sort-of implications
borrowed and never
returned to zero. Ain't
no right to privacy
in these deepening
references, hitting up
the attunement deficit
to ask again whether
it's the bridge or its
ontology of crossing one
jumps from trailing aseptic
content in the end-
less interpretable air.
Just one more thing's
ragged and vouchsafed
wanting of postconditions
to be always on. Every stub
is mission or derealized
motive cooked into
an ornately proudish
instant slash increment
in which to have will-
ingly committed high-
visibility acts of awe-
fulness. They or
we get wholesomely
away again and again

OUR INSOLVENCY

Far away my well-dimmed door,
local movement reawakes
to sleep borrowed by degrees,
blurs idee fixe to ring truish
lumps of accorded moment.
And meanwhile, meanwhile
head's a cursor or grand interior
ward-off, I liked it, I'll use it,
what arises must explain its
warble. Comradely repression
or repossession of darkling pencil
rot? Beside myself, walking
down the street, developing
symptoms at a leisurely pace,
pace all the soloing and dis-
simulations underheard as
postambivalent manufactures,
all-inclusive shrugs enmeshed
again in bowdlerized vicissitude.
Another silent, one hopes,
victim of depunctuated foist.
Time's no mover nor animal
fact, though improvised payments
are credited, orders shipped,
all our rampant pendings un-
sullied by research or other
echoic unmentionables.
What reduplicated array
of forces bought these
atavisms of brutal content-
ment? The weather we are's
westing and made good,
now and here and resolving
terribly well, twelve digit
confirmation #'s 5 x 5
and blinking yes and yes.
You must _____ your life.

LEWIS FREEDMAN

LOOK-ALIKES REPEATED ON THE OTHER SIDE

THE WHOLE THING HAD A QUIET LOOK LIKE SOME ABSTRACT WATER-COLOR KINDLY SPREAD ACROSS THE
PAGE
THE ANTAGONIST OR IS HE THE PROTAGONIST HAS A GOATEE THOUGH THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE LOOKS OLD
HE'S GOT THIS ANGRY MEAN LOOK ACROSS HIS FACE LIKE YOU CROSSED HIM BY MAKING AN UGLY STATUE OF
HIS HEAD AND NOW HE'S ABOUT TO BARK AT YOU
IN THE SCULPTURE HIS MOUTH'S A LITTLE BIT OPEN AND HIS EYES LOOK ONLY Laterally AS THOUGH
BEHIND IT ALL THERE'S SOME CROSS-EYED MOUNTAIN THAT MAKES THE INSIDE OF OUR HEADS INTO
STORE WINDOWS
BUT REALLY NOT OF COURSE OUR FEATURES ARE PRETTY STATIC AND WE ALL LOOK PRETTY
PRETTY PREHISTORIC OUR HEADS LOOK PRETTY MUCH LIKE BRONTOSAURUS HEADS NAH I'M JUST BEING
PLAYFUL
BUT SERIOUSLY AS INDIVIDUALS WE DON'T LOOK QUITE HUMAN
WE LOOK MORE LIKE THE PUPS WE LOVE TO CUDDLE WITH BUT WITH MORE PROSTHETICS AND LONGER LEGS
OR IF YOU'RE LOOKING FROM QUITE A DISTANCE AT US WE LOOK A LOT LIKE KIND OF CROOKED BUGS
WITHOUT THE FEELERS OR SO A MOTH TOLD ME
IT SAID THRUST YOUR JAW OUT NOW LOOK KIND OF STERN
OK NOW FLARE YOUR NOSTRILS AND LOOK ANGRY LIKE YOU'VE JUST BEEN FIGHTING
NOW PRETEND YOU'RE STANDING ON A REAL SKINNY PENINSULA AND HOLD JUST LIKE THAT
I'M READY TO TAKE OFF IF I CAN JUST TAKE HALF OF IT BUT I LOOK SO SIMILAR I DON'T KNOW WHICH HALF
TO TAKE
THE BLUE SURFACE IS SLEEK ENOUGH THAT IF I LOOK REAL REAL HARD I CAN SEE IT'S A LAKE
BUT MISTAKING SHINY SOLIDS FOR LIQUIDS CAUSES INSTABILITY THE RED SHINY SURFACE MISTAKEN FOR
BLOOD THIS IS HOW MY PUPPIES WENT INSANE
TAKING A SECOND LONGER LOOK AT MY SOCIALIZATION I HAVE THIS THOUGHT I MEAN IT'S JUST A THOUGHT
I THINK WE DON'T LOOK SO MUCH LIKE ANIMALS INSTEAD OF PEOPLE WE LOOK LIKE CUPIDS LIKE LOTS OF
LITTLE CUPIDS
DEFORMING OUR PELVISES TO GET IN THAT RIGHT FIRING STANCE A LITTLE PEAR-SHAPED A LITTLE SMALLER
THAN THE OTHERS
WE LIE ON OUR UR-STOMACHS TO TAKE AIM, OUR LITTLE MUDDILY-BOOTED UR-FEET OUTSTRETCHED
BEHIND US TOO STUBBY TO BE USEFUL
MOVING ON THE TWO SEA-HORSES PINNED INTO A WALL ON SPIKES LOOK SORT OF PLEASED AND SURPRISED
THEY APPEAR TO HAVE THAT RARE AND UNLUCKY COMBINATION OF BEING BOTH NERDY AND STUPID BUT
THEY HAVE GOOD ATTITUDES THEY'RE HAPPY WITH THEIR LOT
IT'S THE SORT OF ATTITUDE THAT ALLOWS THEM TO REALLY TAKE A BATTERING
LIKE IF SOME LITTLE CREATURE CAME UP TO THEM AND WAS LIKE HI I'M JUST A FRIENDLY AMOEBA BUT WAS
ACTUALLY A LITTLE GOBLIN TEARING AT THEIR SCALES
THEY'D LOOK SURPRISED BUT THEIR CONCERN WOULD BE FOR THE SYMMETRY OF TWO SMALL MOUNTAIN
LAKES ON THE HORIZON EVEN WHILE THEIR FACE WAS BEING SKINNED
LATER THEY'D JUST PUT ON THAT OLD GREEK MASK OF STOICISM AND LAUGH AT ALL THE PEOPLE TRYING TO
LOOK THROUGH THE SAME KEYHOLE

NOW LET'S CONSIDER ONE'S EXPRESSION AND ALL THE THINGS WE MIGHT ASSOCIATE WITH IT
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU BUT THIS CAN'T BE THE BEST PART AS IT NEITHER APPEARS SUGGESTIVE OR
CONVINCING
INSTEAD IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE SOME KIND OF HEAVY COAT OR HUGE HAT MEANT TO HIDE THE DISTORTION
OF THE BODY WHICH HAVING TURNED YOUR HEAD AWAY YOU ADMIT IS GROTESQUE ONLY IF YOU LOOK
AT IT
LOOK UPON THIS TOP-HEAVY TABLE AND WEEP
EVERYTHING IT HIDES IS IN THE MIDDLE LIKE TUFTS OR SLOTTES OF A COLD AND FORMAL NOTHING
RENDERING IT VAGUELY UNSTABLE
THE WICKED THE DIABOLICAL THE FRIGHTENING THE DOGGISH THE MUCOID THE HUNGERED
WOULDN'T YOU RATHER JUST BE A BAT A BAT A HEAT-SEEKING BAT THAN LOOK AT THIS SHIT DANCING ON
THE 4TH OF JULY
I LOOK LIKE A BAT I'M A HEAT-SEEKING BAT WE DEFINITELY LOOK LIKE BATS LIKE BATS IN FLIGHT
THE WHOLE THING LOOKS LIKE BATS IN FLIGHT YEAH IN FLIGHT IN A BOWL OF SPIT
I'LL TELL YOU WHY IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A BAT
BECAUSE WHEN I WAS CHANTING OM ON THE AIRPLANE I COULD SEE THE SHADOWS IT CAST CUTTING
THROUGH BONE TO MAKE A BRIDGE THAT UNIFIED THE COASTLINE
IF ANYBODY'S LOOKING RIGHT NOW LET'S SUPPOSE WE GOT OUR FLAGS CROSSED
LET'S SUPPOSE THAT SOME ENERGY JUST SLID OUT OF FOCUS AND HERE WE ARE CHARGING UP THE BUNSEN-
BURNER APP TO TELL ITS HISTORY OF REMINDERS LOOK-ALIKES AND TUXED-OUT GENTLEMEN
IT DOESN'T MEAN TOO MUCH YOU SEE THE MEN AND WOMEN HERE ARE NOT TRYING TO CLIMB A TREE
IT LOOKS MORE LIKE THEY'RE WORKING ON PROPORTIONS WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO COME TO MIND
FOR SOMETHING TO ROUGHEN THE EDGE GET LARGE ENOUGH IN PROPORTION SO IT LOOKS MORE LIKE
HUMANS THAN ANYTHING ELSE

I GAVE THE WORST IMPRESSION OF A WHOLE IT REMINDED ME OF SOMETHING OUT OF A CLOUD FORMATION
SOME CROSS-SECTION OF THE CLOUD BRAIN OPERATING A LITTLE BLuish CERVIX INVERTING IT WITH A
MAGIC CARD
YOU GO INSIDE AND THERE'S BEDPOSTS AND STALACTITES STRAPPED UP TO STIRRUPS
AND OVERWHELMED WITH A SUDDEN RECOLLECTION OF THE WORD PERINEUM BUT NOT ITS MEANING YOU
REALIZE YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH THIS WHOLE THING AGAIN

IS THE GANGLIA SUPPOSED TO BE GREEN OR IS ITS SOUND JUST ILLUSTRATED THAT WAY?

EITHER WAY HALLOWEEN SEASON IS ONCE AGAIN UPON US AND THE PHARMACY SLASH COSTUME SHOP
FOLDS ITS SKIN BACK IN A TRICK TO REVEAL AN EMBRYONIC COLUMN OF FACES REMINISCENT OF FACES
TO BE PSEUDONYMICALLY ASSUMED AS A SEXIER FUTURE OF YOU
YOU CRUSHED IT THE FUTURE ON THE EDGE OF AN INKBLOT
YOU SHADED IT LEFT SOME SORT OF FIRE BEHIND

OR RATHER ME A SUPERFICIAL RESEMBLANCE MAYBE BUT SOMETHING PARTICULARLY REMINISCENT OF
ANYTHING SPECIFIC

SOMETHING LIKE ABE LINCOLN OR A SHELLLED ANIMAL OF SOME SORT CRAWLS OUT OF THE FRAME OF ITS
HOLE ASPECT INTO THE PROFILE OF ITS OLD SILHOUETTE

KIND OF FARFELLE-SHAPED BUT POINTED OUTWARDS LIKE A BOOT IT'S A LITTLE WOOLY MYTHICAL WORM
THE PENIS JUST ANOTHER OVERLY DISSECTED APPENDAGE IN THE SHAPE OF THINGS

ONE SIDE OF MY ITINERARY HAS BEEN REMOVED BY SOME PROCESS I KNOW LITTLE ABOUT
THAT IS I GOT THE RIGHT LETTER I THINK THE ONE WE LEFT SLIDING NOTOCHORD AROUND THE AIR OF
BEING LEFT HANGING WHICH NEVER LEAVES
BUT I COULDN'T GET THE CONTOURS OF IT DOUBT
SAY UPHOLSTERED DISSECTION WE'RE IN BETWEEN

AS WE NEAR THE SOURCE TWO EYES STRIKE ME AS HAVING JUST FINALLY REMOVED THE IDEA FOR
SCULPTURE FROM THE TURTLE TILTING ITS SHELL BETWEEN THEM
THE ONLY HITCH BEING IN THE RENAL-VESSELS' SLIDE AS THEY SLIDE AGAIN
AS THEY SLIDE AGAIN THEIR TWO EYES STRIKE ME NOW AS JUST DARKER STAINS FOR HEARSAY NUCLEI
I HATE TO REPEAT THEM BUT SOME IDEAS JUST KEEP REPEATING

CONSISTS OF BLOOD THIS THING'S REPEATING BLOOD FILTERED THROUGH PAPER BECAUSE WE COULDN'T
REBUILD THE RENAISSANCE WITH ONLY OUR LEGS IT'S REPEATED IN THE OTHER HALF TOO
COULD WE MAKE A RING AROUND OUR FACE AND THEN IT'S NOT REPEATED ON THE OTHER SIDE?
BUT WE LOOK AGAIN AND OF COURSE THEY'RE REPEATED ON THE OTHER SIDE
AN ODD FIGURINE LOOKING ODDLY HAPPY BUT NOT REPEATED ON THE OTHER SIDE
I SUPPOSE THAT ONE OF THE SIDES IS CONTAINED IN THE OTHER LIKE SPAIN IN EUROPE AND THEN REPEATED
ON THE OTHER SIDE

THEY'RE NOT LOOK-ALIKES THOUGHT THE ONE IN THE OTHER SIDE
SOME OF THE FINE FEATURES OF THE ONE ARE CLEARLY NOT REPEATED ON THE OTHER SIDE
LIKE LITTLE SCOTTY JUST MADE SUCH A GREAT SUGGESTION AND THE SAME THING'S REPEATED ON THE
OTHER SIDE
TWO DOGS WALKING EACH OTHER WITH THEIR LEASHES TIED UNSUPERVISED AND BEING SO GOOD AND THE
SAME THING'S REPEATED THE SAME WAY EXCEPT THIS SIDE YOU CAN'T SEE THEIR SIDES

SOME IDEAS JUST KEEP REPEATING THEMSELVES AND I CAN'T
I JUST CAN'T IMAGINE ANY AESTHETICS OUTSIDE OF REPETITION
JUST LIKE I COULDN'T NOT FALL IN LOVE WITH A MOVING WAX REPLICA OF MY LOVER'S FACE OR JUST AS I
HATE TO IMAGINE MY FUTURE INCONTINENCE
THAT WHICH USED TO BE ON EARTH LEANS AGAINST A POLE IN A DREAM

DRESSED AS A BAT TO REPEAT ITS FLIGHT PATTERNS LEANING INTO POINTS OF SOUND TANGENTIAL TO IT
FILE ATTACHED

WHAT I SEE IS AN ANENCEPHALIC MONSTER AND IT'S NOT SURE IF IT'S REMOVING SOMETHING OR PLACING
IT BACK INTO PUTTY
A COUPLE OF LITTLE OLD TIN REMOTELY-CONTROLLED CAMERAS ARE SCALING THE BACK OF A SLEEPING SEAL
TO SEE IF THEY CAN SNAP A PICTURE OR TWO
IN THE DISTANCE A KEDS FIRE IS BURNING AUDIBLY AWAY AND IT LOOKS LIKE FOR A MOMENT SOME GREAT
STATE OF HAPPINESS IS ABOUT TO FINALLY RESEMBLE ITSELF AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES

NO DOUBLE IMAGE OF THE MASK-BACKED CHAIR JUST PATIENCE WITH A HINK OF WHAT'S TO COME

BIG SLOPPY DECORATIONS HONING IN ON THE CONFECTIONARY VENDOR
THAT WILL REALLY MAKE THEM DANCE
AND FOR SOME REASON I OF ALL PEOPLE REALIZED JUST THEN THAT WE WERE OUT OF RUM
AND SO I WENT TO PICK SOME UP I OF ALL PEOPLE WHO CAN'T DRIVE AND IS UNDER 21

FACT: THE SUN'S COMING UP OVER THAT BIG SCROTUMY-LOOKING HILL LIKE SOME ETERNAL VOTING BOOTH
GOVERNED BY A MIND MORE UNINHABITED THAN THE HEAD-WAITERS OF ITS EMPTY DREAMS
LIKE TWO SENILE FIELD MICE IT DOESN'T EVEN KNOW IT'S JUST PERFORMED
SHAWLS FLAPPING OUT THE UNDERSIDE OF THE VENTRICLE
ITS BRAIN'S GREY MATTER JUST UGGS TURNED INSIDE OUT
AS THOUGH SAMUEL JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY WAS JUST AN OVERCAST TULIP TURNED SLINGSHOT TO
IMBALANCE THE INNER EAR BY SUTURING A FETUS IN ITS WINDOW
ITS SENSE OF VARIATION IN THE HUMAN SOUL RESEMBLES THE ASININE LOOKS EXCHANGED BY TWO SO-
CALLED PRIESTS MADE TO POSE IN COSTUME FOR CULTURAL EFFECT AT A THIRD-GRADE GRADUATION IN
THE THIRTY-FOURTH CENTURY WHEN OUR POST-FALLOUT FOLKLORE CONSISTS OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL
FINDINGS OF SCREAMFEST 2018 TOPEKA KANSAS HALLOWEEN

AND THOUGH I CAN'T QUITE DECIDE WHAT THIS REMINDS ME OF WHICH IS TO SAY I CAN'T QUITE DECIDE
WHERE WE ARE IN ALL OF THIS
I THINK OF THE LOOK THAT CONFESSES ME TO MY PICTURES REPEATED ON THE OTHER SIDE AND I REPEAT
THIS LINE

RAQUEL SALAS-RIVERA

de TIERRA INTERMITENTE

COLA DE LAGARTITO

me voy
a donde van todas
las tapas de las botellas
las pieles escamosas
los dientes rotos
de adultos quebrados
las puntas partidas
las sortijas de mujeres traicionadas
las cortinas feas
las sillas inestables
los sofás con manchas de café o vino o calentura
las manos robapan
los cuervos de la nada
el cigarrillo fumado
la bolsa monte adentro
las plumas de gallina de paloma de chango de agua
que se van como vienen
las palabras repetidas
las publicaciones secretas
los cristales de carro de cerveza
rotos rotos rotos sin poder enmendar
 como cráneo en guerra
 como conducta en guerra
 como amor en guerra
 como tu nombre en su número en guerra
que van a donde van
todas las banderas viejas
de antes de la guerra
los escudos los papeles las pruebas la historia
las barajas impresas con errores
las uñas partidas
los moretones diminutos y diarios
las espontaneidades sin testigo
el calor de la pared
los detalles de los sueños
los perdones recibidos
los bolígrafos sin tinta
las cenas de libro abierto
o texto interrumpido
las fotos borrosas
las maldades vergonzosas
la risa borracha
el terreno adquirido
y la última palabra

from INTERMITTENT LAND

LIZARD TAIL

i'm going
wherever they go:
the bottle caps
the flaky skins
the broken teeth
of broke adults
the snapped tips
the rings of betrayed women
the ugly curtains
the unstable chairs
the sofas with coffee or wine or fever stains
the breadstealing hands
the crows of nothingness
the smoked cigarette
the plastic bag swept up the mountain
the feathers of chicken of pidgin of water chango
go like they come
the repeated words
the secret publications
the glass of the car window of the beer
shattered shattered shattered without reform
 like cranium in war
 like conduct in war
 like love in war
 like your name in its number in war
that go wherever go
all the old flags
from before the war
the shields the papers the tests the history
the card decks printed with errors
the split nails
the minute and daily bruises
the spontaneities without witness
the heat of the wall
the details of dreams
the lost receipts
the pens without ink
the dinners of open book
or interrupted text
the blurry photos
the shameful maldades
the wasted laughter
the acquired terrain
and the last word

de LO TERCARIO

“ESTA PARTE DEL VALOR NO INGRESA EN LA CIRCULACIÓN”

[nuestras almas brillan como la nada
en la totalidad escueta
estos caracoles inevitablemente arena
no valen más que la suma
de todas las huellas (de gomas) cazadas
como el inequívoco crujir
donde las pesadillas mudan serpes]

[entran sin invitación
a beber mi café
mis primos los miran mal
mi madre llega para
arrancarlos de (la) raíz
de la vergüenza]

[¿arreglarás mis flores?
te dejo estos arreglos listos
para perderse pero si muero
quema mis papeles]

from THE TERTIARY

“THIS PART OF VALUE DOES NOT ENTER INTO CIRCULATION”

[our souls shine like nothing
in the stark everywhere
inevitable shells to sand
worthless as the sum
of all tire tracks hunted
like rustling distinct
where nightmares shed snakes]

[they walk in uninvited
to drink my coffee
my cousins eye them
my mother comes in
to pull them out by
their root of shame]

[will you arrange my flowers?
i leave you this set up
ready to be lost but burn
my papers if i die]

“PRIMERA FASE: EL CAPITLISTA APARECE COMO COMPRADOR”

i.

cuando leí el capital de marx tenía 16 años.
en las reuniones discutíamos romper verjas en vieques,
y decidíamos cómo serían nuestras intervenciones,
cuántos periódicos, si eran reformistas o de cuadros.
marx explicaba la inevitabilidad de la revolución.

coño, nunca había sentido lo que sentí aquel día
que ratificamos el voto a huelga.
tenía 18 años, no había comido
más que una manzana y una barra de avena,
porque cuando no dormía, entraba en fases superiores.

soñé que los guardias quemaban mis medias
en una hoguera y que mis médulas portaban venenos.
si me rompían un hueso, aseguraban mi muerte.

leí varios textos de trotski donde decía
que el arte era autónomo
y que los trabajadores no podían crear arte,
pero no le creía porque tenía a common
y al disco de blackstar rayado,
y porque mami y papi eran cocolos.

ese verano, por no comer me dieron atracones.
me acosté con un hombre que me botó de su casa
y me mudé a nueva york.
había leído a marx orgánicamente.
soñé que la cia me invadía la casa
con los brazos abiertos.
en las manos llevaban bolas de algodón
saturadas de sangre, y decían: murió tu madre.
pero no llegó la cia sino biles y biles.

prefería estar pelá en puerto rico.
por eso volví sin hacer aquellas cosas
que consideré (como siempre) muy seriamente.

recuerdo que esa primera vez que leí a marx,
quería ser marx y también caerle bien.
eso era lo más importante: caerle bien a carlitos.

ii.

con tu boina revolucionaria y tu alicate de futuro,
eres la bromelia pentecostal del campamento.
le lavas los pies a mi potencial.
me haces jeva suprema de la comuna.

en la retaguardia está la zona inundable donde,
a cambio de una cesta de plátanos,
repartimos literatura.
en la retaguardia tu mujer descalza siembra pisicorres
y el caballo derrumba la verja.

esta jornada está dedicada a las piraguas de las fuentes,
a aquellos hocicos angelinos.
se arquea la miel de tus pistilos
y corren hasta las playas
los orines sagrados de tu origen gen.

diría lenin *¿qué es la que?*
pero tú me lo citas directo,
sin lubricarme la entrada al comunismo.

iii.

no recuerdo cuando dejé atrás
muchos términos o los truqué por otros.
ni cuando dejé de pensar que los poemas
tenían un potencial ilimitado,
que una silla puede hacer infinitas cosas,
pero no puede volar.

ni recuerdo cuando escribí por primera vez
que quería una silla voladora,
un trono volador,
para poder ser reina de los murciélagos,
ni cuando dejé de pensar que la solidaridad
tenía un potencial limitado.

tampoco recuerdo cuando caí en cuenta
que no todo era poesía,
pero que la poesía tampoco era toda poesía.
no recuerdo si alguna vez
pude explicar esto con claridad
o tenerla.

recuerdo que siempre he tenido
poemas que son más poemas,
poemas que son más personas,
y poemas que son más solidaridades.

(ay pero a veces me quedo con los términos viejos
porque ya les tengo demasiado cariño.)

“FIRST PHASE: THE CAPITALIST APPEARS AS A BUYER

i.

when i read marx's capital i was 16 years old.
in the meetings we discussed breaking fences in vieques,
and decided how our next interventions would be,
how many papers, if they were reformists or de cuadros.
marx explained the inevitability of the revolution.

coño, i never felt like i felt that day
we ratified the vote to strike.
i was 18 years old, i hadn't eaten
more than an apple and an oatmeal bar
because when i didn't sleep, i entered higher stages.

i dreamt the cops burned my socks
in a bonfire and my marrows carried poisons.
if they broke a bone, they'd assure my death.

i read various texts by trotsky where he said
that art was autonomous
and that the workers couldn't create art,
but i didn't believe him because i had common
and the scratched blackstar cd,
and because mami and papi were cocos.

during summer, i binged because i hadn't eaten.
i slept with a man that threw me out
and i moved to new york.
i had read marx organically.
i dreamt that the cia invaded my house
with open arms.
in their hands they had bloody cotton balls,
and said: *your mother is dead*.
but the cia never came, only bills and bills.

i preferred to be broke in puerto rico.
that's why i came back without doing all those things
i considered (as always) quite seriously.

i remember that first time i read marx,
i wanted to be marx and also wanted him to like me.
that was the most important thing:
that carlitos like me.

ii.

with your revolutionary beret and your futurity pliers,
you're the camp's pentecostal bromeliad.
you clean the feet of my potential.
you make me the supreme jeva of the commune.

in the rearguard is the flood zone where,
in exchange for a basket of plantains,
we give out pamphlets.
in the rearguard your barefoot woman plants station wagons
and the horse knocks down the fence.

this conference is dedicated to the piraguas of the fountains,
those angelic snouts.
your pistil honey arches
and down to the beach
runs the sacred piss of your origin gene.

lenin would say *¿qué es la que?*
but you give me a direct quote without lubricating communism's entry.

iii.

i don't remember when i left behind
many terms or traded them for others.
or when i stopped thinking poems
had unlimited potential,
that a chair could do infinite things,
but never fly.

nor do i remember when i wrote for the first time
that i wanted a flying chair,
a flying throne,
so i could be the queen of bats,
nor when i stopped believing that solidarity
had limited potential.

i also don't remember when i knew
not everything was poetry,
but also poetry wasn't all poetry.
nor if ever
i could explain this with clarity
or have it.

i remember i've always had
poems that are more like poems,
poems that are more like people,
and poems that are more like solidarities.

(ay but sometimes i stay with the old terms
because they've shown me so much love.)

MG ROBERTS

from ANEMAL UTER MECK

—8. Toward the end of its life, the albatross, although still quite young, still remained very beautiful, despite the plastic lining its bolus. Rope, bits of plastic, knotted feathers lay under gaze.

Letters spill over an Emeryville overpass. I read border, drive between where I once lived and where I'm now going—a division between geographical areas invisible yet present.

What dies next?

Say the skin of the page didn't become the residuals of a home, through its edges I feel longing. See nets drop to catch everything only to set the dead free into chest.

Language enters and exists throat, oscillating like the inner geology of eroding terrain, breaking.

As if a corpse by any other name could be called anything else, because we need to ingest language and bag dinner. Even before a syllable begins, it begins to stink.

When I discovered this, it was my turn to drive carpool.

The book begins as an exercise in translation and misinterpretation, how the misplacement or ordering of things occur as affect—as typo.

Everything blurs over time or becomes a smudge, a series of letters lining page or an overpass. This is no accident. Perception is an eye-roll where I mistake myself all the time. Perception is a misunderstanding when the white lesbian at your child's coop decides to label the books according to:

race

disability

lice

pubic hair

this is not an accident, but now it's something in your throat it takes months to spit out.

The bolus dissected was no longer proximal but centered, red, blue, and green netting waving atop styrofoam pieces, waiting with everything wrong.

What is the source of trouble? A syllable? A consonant? My failing eyesight? It's all very simple really how "—n—" inserts presence or disappears from sight.

Say the bolus from the albatross wasn't filled with plastic at all. In the dream the alphabet was your body. It's June, no May the 13th and on the radio NPR:

another governmental meeting on the environment
another summit for peace
another distraction among animals

If I were to call the cops on
this side of the street they
would come.

Yet, perception is so painfully objective forcing thoughts of categorization, avatars—
masks. Where is the space, instead of what space is? Define a thing.

How poor my German becomes, a framework of missing leaves:

ash

box elder

madrone

You learn to read the world through ➡➡

signifiers of ownership

You learn to cross streets when layering occurs

You wonder—how much love is possible? Your heart uncaps itself; fills a shore of dead fish and abandoned crab shells between sentences. Your mouth drops open to syntax & wrappers of gum & used condoms.

All the complexities of being: a song of severed wings?

The materiality between the real and dreamed is symptomatic, difficult to say— *how one loves, you think; is loved, that is; how much?* You think of all the ways to mask the self that is always is. All your life you've seen shoes hanging in pairs on wires at intersections, or names stricken in spray paint, indicators of the most auspicious path.

Syllables slide in and out of your mouth, grammar coats tongue like prayers extending into

lungful

earthful

imprint

x-ray

—2. It comes to you like a tremor, nerved threads under skin, fibrous tissue. “A calcified knot settling into your breast,” the physician says. You contain the worry into a thought, a stream of nouns that become verbs and nouns again. Your nipples harden to a point.

What is drawn together you wonder as your left breast is placed into another machine for another x-ray. You think of things you’ve yet to learn like coding: the symbolic language of machines. How to build a spiderweb?

—3. Like the time you explain to your EX-mother that the Turks in your neighborhood are not German citizens, but rather multi-generational work visas and she casually says, “We should send our immigrant’s home too.”

You wait on the U-Bahn platform for your husband, the Marxist historian, now EX, to chime in. You wait.

—4. The summer before you get sent to military school your friend runs away and comes back three months later with *rollin 60s* branded on her right thigh. You try to explain to your mom that you are not talking about shoes.

When your dad's car ends up stolen it's the last straw. The police tell your father it had been set on fire and ditched. DICK is written in blue metallic paint across its burnt, curled hood.

Years later you will meet a famous poet in Manhattan and he will ask where you are from. And he's not talking about your ancestors because he too looks like you and when you say you East Side, he asks what high school. When you say YB, he digs his fingers into the fat of your right bicep and says, BITCH I KNOW YOU. In that moment you admit that your high school was closed down for prostitution not once but twice. The girl to your left perks in to say she's from San Jose too, you and the famous poet purse lips and let her know, BITCH YOU'RE FROM CAMPBELL.



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We are still not for sale
I'm tired of explaining this

THE BAY/NYC
elderlymag.tumblr.com



