

The race

At the end of the race, winners will get mementoes
losers can leave the competition scene and get blitzed
someone sits in peace inside a room
the door is closed but the latch isn't fastened
the door flaps & maybe disturbs his meditation
which is how the race starts over again

Expedition to Cliché World

With a plan to exterminate them, & rescue spontaneity, we arrive
at the land of clichés. A few of them receive us, serene as flies,
trapped in state-of-the-art metaphors
or throwaways, ones that break if you manipulate them.
some clichés escape through nets of reason
soon to return bearing magical offerings of reconciliation
such as milk teeth, lily lips or meconium figurines.
they worship a king named Ego, they're given to sacrifice & moral outrage,
sadness redeems them from their enthusiasm
never parley with yourself via clichés or trust them to be guides, or interpreters
it's no big deal to go astray, to be accepted
is the worst possible fate for an expeditionary

Fifteen Babels

Dissenting from the hegemonic existence
of the single-Babel system
we propose to create fifteen
in order to do so we will discuss the program in 3 tongues for 5 years
or in 5 tongues for 3 years until achieving the desired effect
Discussion within one single tongue for 15 yrs can yield the same result

The culture of childhood

Feliz cumpleaños
The true Hercules is Mastercard
the true Zorro is Visa card
the true Superman is credit card
And I'm the clown
who entertains you on your way down
this fantastic chain toward productivity.

Yumas

A long long time ago near the southwestern border
of what is now the United States
there lived the tribe of Yuma Indians, subjugated and
partly exterminated by Anglo-Saxons; in commemoration of the Yuma
they erected a small town and train station.
A century later on our island a movie arrived
referring to that town, to that railroad.
For many of us Yuma became the sound
for paradise, the north at the southernmost point of north,
yumas the people of that place, yuma an adjective
signifying highest quality. Years passed:
everything western but also the people of the east
turned into yumas; Africans
and Latinamerican neighbors were rechristened,
seen, treated as yumas.
Curious avatar, in the surfacing of language:
a hundred years later, in different lands
the segregation of the Yuma has begun anew.

I can't explain to you why I'd smile

I can't explain to you why I'd smile
 looking at this sonovabitch vegetation
 how plants are, rest, rise
 giving no explanation losing none of their luster
 due to my observation without authorization
 to observe, and with no authorization to eat
 I eat them
 and with no authorization to smile
 I smile.

There is no theorem (A reguetón)¹

There is no theorem
 just the combination
 10 000 years of going with digressions:
 I write reggaetones, forget the variation.
 There is no theorem
 from the mist itself
 the primates descend in search of phonemes
 can create reggaetones
 and invite the system.
 There is no theorem
 with the mist itself
 the songs the poems
 sing themselves
 everything I hear seems to be a slogan
 to be or not to be, I think therefore I am
 god loves you, and if the fish don't bite?
 Just paddle
 all things in moderation and the moderation addles.
 There is no theorem
 the ocean mist itself
 puts surf into the philosopheme:
 syntagma of granite
 conceive of your problem
 as a single law stained infinite
 that says what it says
 and what it says, is flame.

¹ English translation appeared in *Words without Borders*

Boatparty

Continent of glass,
 communicating vessel:
 nothing changes everything flows.
 Drinkscraft a crossing arrow of the oceans
 ouzo: ooze, to exude narkotikos aguardiente.
 In the duty-free zone
 continent lost the marinated writing
 is pure as if no thing
 is as if swimming;
tipota allasi, panta reis
tipota allasi, panta reis.

Santa Bárbara

The heart knows how to wait,
 the heart knows that it waits and what it waits for.
 Hey, brothers!
 let's get that Persian gypsy down
 from the raised grave that the Christians built.
 They only studied theodicies
 but never the thunder or the lightning
 or the sword in the scabbard made of palm;
 they collected fables from the pastors of Dalmatia
 or is it Croatia, or is it Serbia, or Montenegro
 just like others created the Thousand and One Nights
 from a handful of Turkish stories, if those Turks even exist
Mamma, li turchi! they say, in Florence.
 All things are pastiche. Times that rush onward
 from the atoll to the fish, from the brothel
 to the iron grave erected by procurers
 for that pretty daddy's girl
 monogamous virgin dedicated to the infinite
 dictatorship of traffickers in arms and homilies:
 condoms.
 And let the gold-standard patriarchs judge illusions
 of the proletariat to be trash: savages!
 worshippers of icons: Michael Jackson, Ruud Gullit,
 same thing: war is there in the Balkans.
 But she, who possessed a little, just a few inches tall,

Santa Barbara of dyed wood with sword of gold and ruby
 confessed to me that the sainted lady
 wanted to live and to die eating plantains.
 So says my grandmother, Balkan, volcanic,
 offering reverential thumps on the ground
 when it thunders.

Mi cárcel es azul

My cell is azure
 over it run man-o'-war birds
 cirrostratus rapidly revolving
 down the line
 what color
 is your cell?

As her name Indicates she looks to you proudly
 more obscure than jasmine more perfumed than the air
 if I had to race through the thousand worlds
 I'd carry you on a cross under my tongue
 best leave me here, not plant, nor rock, nor animal
 silence quivers cavity of bell's interior
 to do something for the patria spell the blood relation
 in flowers like moles across the cheek of the pariah
 If I had to race through the thousand worlds
 chromosome, mambo, the Milky Way
 with license thought Oh devout silence
 guaguancó from Spain's time without sin conceived
 lion of writing!, vegetal
 it kills the desire to race through the thousand worlds
 not a flower, not a beast, not a farming implement I sleep
 no longer divided into syllables to die for the patria is
 in their constellation the embryos
 in their verdant house the spirits
 and may it all be for nothing
 and may it all be for nothing.

**Man,
Lord of transfugacity**

Lichen confronting sun
transience confronting death:
man and lichen blink.

One & ten thousand

Liquefy stone, clot pollen:
When man-as-multitude disperses
man-as-impossibility jumps over his worn body.

**Winter's end,
mountain's ground**

Saint Isidore, your flowers
blood subtle, spirit close.

**The solemnity
of lowly thoughts**

The solemnity of lowly thoughts
lacustrine sticks, mangrove
peeled by the abrasion of presence
and its garments.
Pericardium, you shelter lowly thoughts
like fishermen at a lake.
The shore, the rain the shoal of fish
are taken in by you. Later, they take me in.

The progression

When one isn't enough, you need two
 when two aren't enough, you need four
 with four the progression begins, moving toward a number
 that schoolteachers will call absurd.

Question: How many men do you need
 to put up a house?

Answer: You need absurd men
 when one isn't enough and two can't do
 the work of One.

And how much money should we give these men
 to compensate them?

You need absurd coins when one coin
 sliced in half and handed out
 isn't enough.

And how many words do you need to
 transform them?

Absurd and absurd and absurd words
 when silence isn't enough.

This is what they call progression:
 Absurd men aren't enough for putting up the house,
 absurd coins don't make them happy
 absurd words can't dissuade them.

Catharsis: Main idea

But purification understood how?
 for centuries of the centuries as
 rejecting identification: identifying yourself with
 rejection

Man, step on through transformation,
 You, the main character.

My flag. Composition

Returning to that distant shore where the child
stitches himself to a set idea
get the crayons!: Blood, jasmine, and bluebird
in the departments: New York, Manicaragua,
Coliseo,
Paso Quemado, in San Leopoldo where the Star
shines, the liberators' Chinese plum.
From the coffee tree an Arab planted in Contramaestre
a mead shat by Cuban bees, to a massacre in the Congo district
No more than a hundred words, nor less than forty
Do we burn the flag with solemnity?
No. We sew it up, we wash it up,
and on the chest of the Black Man we pin it up.

Only a few meters from the hearth

Only a few meters from the hell of re-education
a second cheek offers itself, a doily of strategies
based on a million years of winners and losers
a second cheek, losers' etiquette,
a smile more fleet than the ferret, who was going to say it?
Yes. Taken from the hearth by the same old meddlers
we assimilate, between reverence and reverence,
the discipline built up in a cadet
the modesty enfolded in the erect position
the candor permissible in a convict.
Healthy and infallible notions of humility
that pass over our ears like the kerchief of a conjuror
notions of humility
that will die out when the embers die out.

It's time for dinner and nothing else

It's time for dinner and no other thing
should distract us from the discipline
made sacred all the more by eating hand to hand;
it's the instant of survival and though I dine naked
I yearn for some ancient tablecloth with reddish embroidery.
To reconcile urbanity with instinct this,
and no other, is the moment
making use of cool blood accumulated
during happy periods of obscenity.
It's the moment when we come back to life, when we must hear nothing
of aphorisms, or complaints, or any racket from spoons.

Pure subject, subject in pieces

. . . who wrote hoping to corrupt the ages to come.

Who wrote with the intention of doing damage, suborning
future generations
readers of solid reputation, emancipated
in the dull sacra of libraries and conversations
and, again, libraries;
who wrote with the illusion of making enemies.
Who wrote with the intention of extorting from posterity
readers, pale or bronzed, erect (obscenely)
on top of cultural protocols and boredom's protocols
and, again, boredom's protocols;
who wrote with the pretension that they'd slander him.
Who wrote, it's said, with the illusion of making enemies
unexpectedly, they add, he was distracted or hindered
he came apart, leaving the work half done.

In Christ's polygon the polygon

Solemn as predators naïve as the plates
 in which Anatomy, my anatomy, is divulged
 oblique as serpents, presentable,
 they'll lay siege to the villa and monitor the plateau.
 Lacking better provisions they will arm with words.

In the intervals my logic aches.

Assiduous as doves, gaudy
 as postcards of the shroud of Turin, oblique,
 presentable
 they'll set fire to the market and besiege the brothel.
 If blankets are scarce at night, let there be conversations.

In the intervals my logic aches.

Laconic as bailiffs, fibrous
 as the ignorance of young women at harvest
 they'll arrive, presentable, at the rabbi's house
 and will mark a final cross on the stones of its threshold.
 Chalk might be wanting; won't there be just a dab of tar.

Visions in instrumental Spanish

Not all those who live in the city are citizens
 nor is the purpose of the machine mechanization.
 These words sit as if hardened in a waxen trap,
 beads of sweat treasoned away from us.
 If morality, meeting with accident on the road to Jerusalem,
 decided to end its days as the moral of a story, o desert night
 encircled with postures struck by perpetual adolescents
 and if the masters, rushing down the forest path
 halted in a clearing to learn the art of magistracy
 know that someone faked sleep, hand half-closed,
 to lay these boundaries across the night.
 Stranded halfway down the road to the expectant city,
 our words ramble.
 They can be heard murmuring: "o, those times of good,"
 "o those distant times"
 though no one knows what they're talking about.

Translated from the Spanish by Kristin Dykstra

Common nonsense

(a series of 8 poems written in English by the author)

Anthropos logos

We will talk
we will have to talk
we will talk
we will have to talk
not only in relation to religion
or only in relation to origin
from elongation to delirium.

Before the placebo

A middle-sized God, and mild
cigarette: no tar
an analcoholic bread, a yeast
less Jesuschrist.
Profile: an Amitabha future
animal communicator
of saintly feelings
and ananda conversions
before you i feel bad and badly
a lonely brother and not a common friend
any more than the hummingbird of happiness
in the ear, a rider with no head
a head without a ride.
Jesus, standard language of the heart
bird and also train station in humanity
(no license or diploma just WANTED)
for also criminals of love have to be killed
and gulped.

Where?

To Robert Graves

Where is the rotten deer of knowledge
like a fly perhaps, at the window
not knowing whether to go away or in?
Invited wisdom at the schoolish
bottom of the brain
in alienation famously described
as pact
between heaven and enemy, i say
one song, one hammer, where?
Not in altar, Greek enough
not in cyclopedia: one eye averts
the fabulous disease of ignorance
where? "Doors of perception, my arse
not knowing is to know what Eve
then Adam, knew"
or so you said with very little applause.

Long Gong Child

Prophetic canoe, as all poetic trick
in apnea across the bread-and- butter atmosphere
of education. No truth applies
to the constructions of a five star prison
oh, children's joys, did you know
as know you take for certain
some imbecilities of the blood-suck trade
which take you heavenwise?
Let's not be children of ourselves, classical rebels
a jaded fin in the universal mind
and
we shall be expelled from jail out of misconduct.

Everybody's 5 characteristics

this is my way of saying
i'm happy
this is my way of saying
b happy
this is my way of saying
this is my way
this is

Under the (Hank Lazer's) influence

have you noticed how
the effect of
an unsuspected cause
can cause
the desired
effect?

These are the dancers

Warring hips and legendary silence
in their hands a cable between worlds
their fear is forgetful, their bellies groceries
and the key note prophesies in the toes
cue clue tits tap tot on the nahuatl
meaningful as rolling flowers
these are the dancers
they explore intervals
between stop, finish and disappear.

Choice

Thinking in terms of choice
is not a good choice
i seldom go out of a cage
when someone opens the cage for me
is and is not, always and never
folding in ever
increasing cracks
i can't see very well
though I can very well see
ants as i'm sweeping
the floor
choice thinking is not plain thinking
very bad good while sinking
while very sane mad singing
no choice blinking
choicing patterns rejoicing matter
into pimping: have you ever met a human being?
living in gerund is loud
they say in mumbling
dexterity in posterity
is posing in possibility: have you ever met a human being?
impersonal is intimate
and personal superficial
name and number, a grid of reckless choice
a constellation chose my way of breathing:
have you ever met a human being?
