

# MANHATITLÁN

steven alvarez

the operating system's unlimited editions  
GLOSSARIUM : UNSILENCED TEXTS print//document

MANHATTITLAN (Manhatitlán)

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Interior design by Steven Alvarez using the Operating System Open Design Protocol

Project direction, editorial, cover design and original cover art by Elæ Moss

Cover Image Description: Filling the width of the top of the page, text reads "STEVEN ALVAREZ" in pale yellow above "MANHATTITLÁN" in a bright yellow, both written in a highly graphic title font. Behind the text the sky is an ombre from orange at top fading into a dark blue which sets off a pale orange, blue and green digital reentering of the lower New York City skyline. At the center of the book we look down an avenue into the city, with buildings to either side. Collaged over here is a color reversed, pale purple and green-blue image of Aztec temples, four sided pyramid structures with extended stairs to one side, creating the appearance of New York behind the treeline surrounding these ruins.

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*All interior visuals and hybrid work were created by Steven Alvarez using images from his personal collection.*

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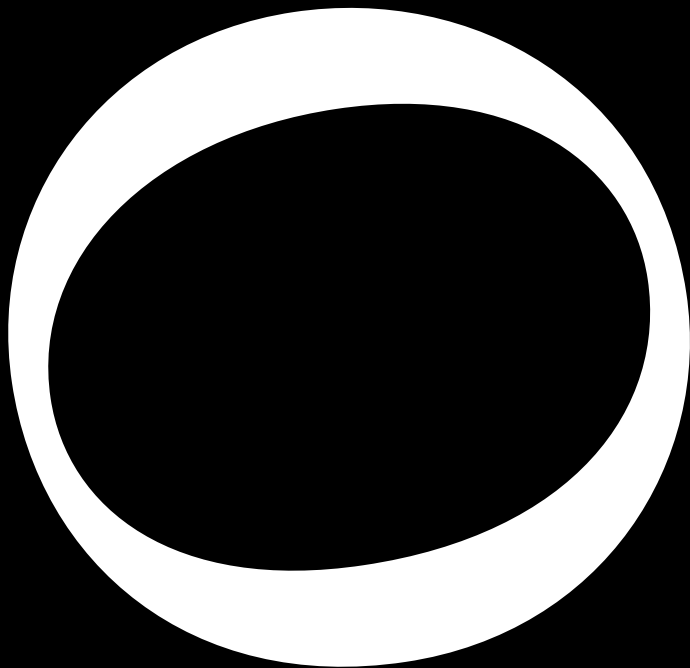
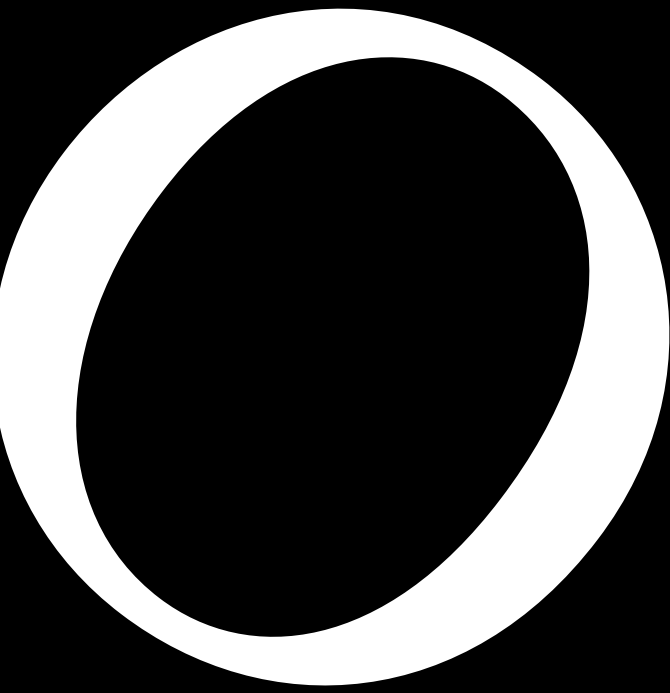
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MANHATITLÁN



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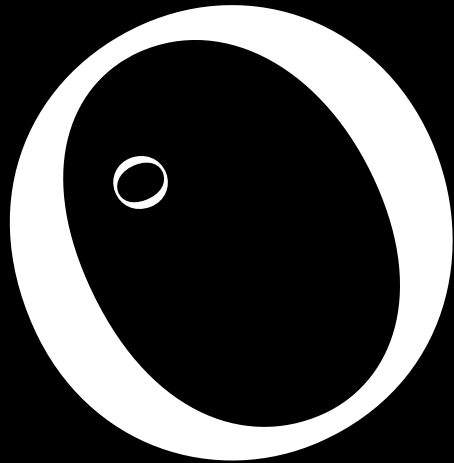
180

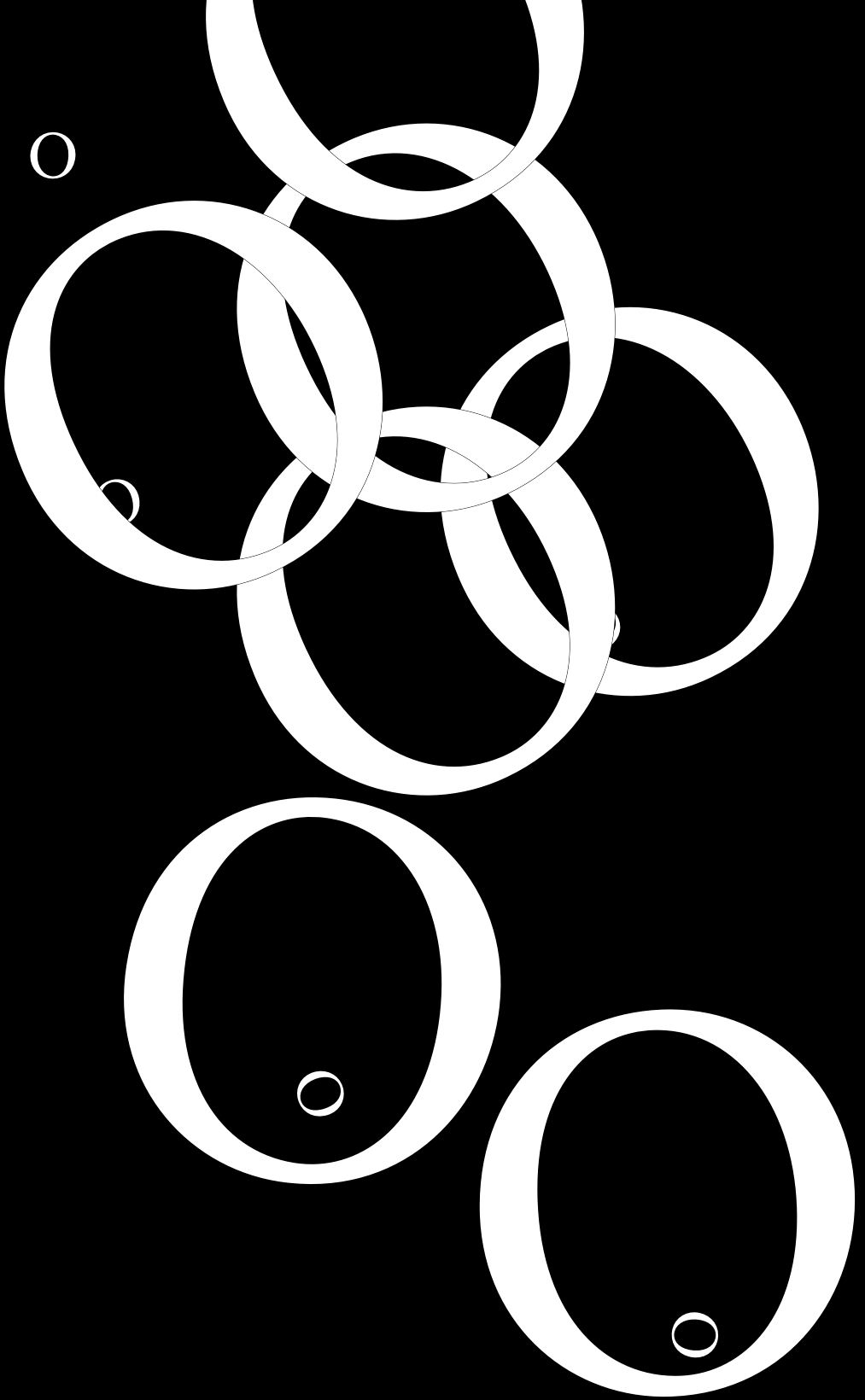
SEE CHALEY CD PERCEIVE OPPRESSION  
EPYIOFIAYOO

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DEATH & MCTLÁN

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There is a basic, fundamental contradiction between the conditions that allow one to do cutting-edge . . . avant-garde poetry . . . and the conditions necessary to transmit these things to everybody else.

PIERRE BOURDIEU

Frankly, I'm anxious your message will be a series of blurs, that you'll leave the endearing part out, garble your confession: A misstep here, a domain there. A ventriloquism.

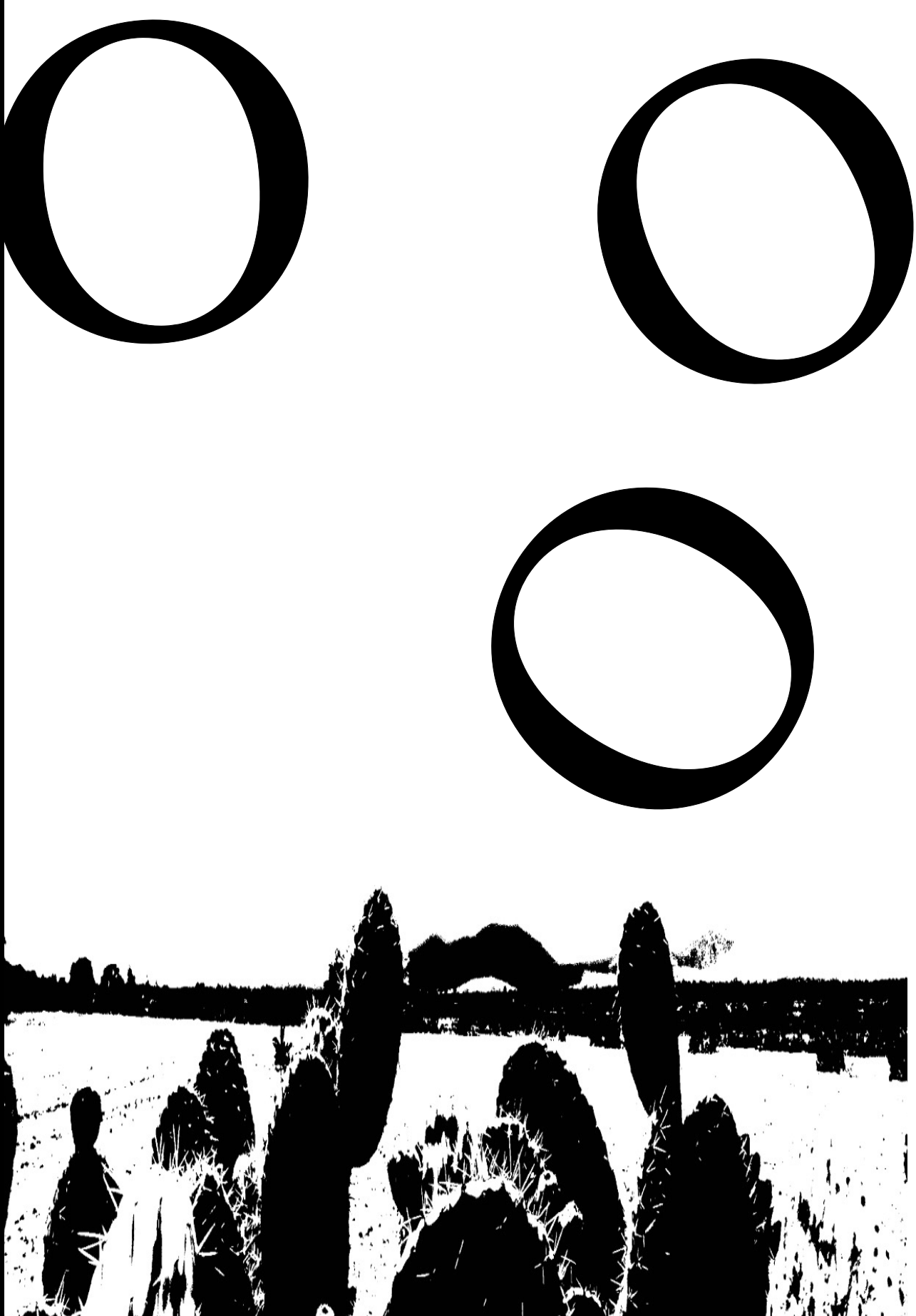
CARMEN GIMÉNEZ SMITH

New York New York  
big city of dreams  
but everything in New York  
ain't always what it seems

GRANDMASTER FLASH

AND THE FURIOUS FIVE

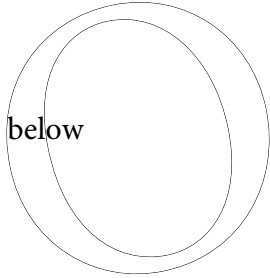






right now Chaley Chastitellez's

kinda messed



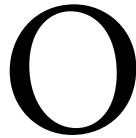
stairs

Ha'arlem harvest moon

rising

red

up—those swimming in Río Ha'arlem selves



shells

Manhatitlán now

open

Llorona \*

all day pos pongo y pensar y digo

hear here words & wind

smooth

sure viento

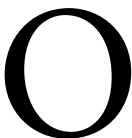
air full

pure

let's break

alas

can call for the best of both & that sore moon zás



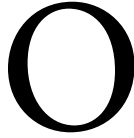
imagine the lives lied & living

\* andar en el reboso de La Llorona

in this isla Manhatitlán

did

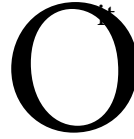
lied



lived

luna knows

well

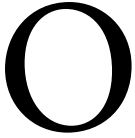


stars

swallowed

mult ifarious meanings

blurred†



& moon melt a ring

O dear

O stars

O galactic pools of cess

O galactic pools of cess

O estrellas

that moon shone down



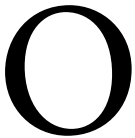
la luna shone down

Manhatitlán glow

Manhatitlán glow

O sure shone down

O sure shone down



& C sd

O sure enough

O sure enough

& C sd

soy yo pero ain't

soy yo pero ain't

no poet soy .. i.e.t.ne

no poet soy .. i.e.t.ne

& sd stop it—

& sd stop it—

quit squeezing

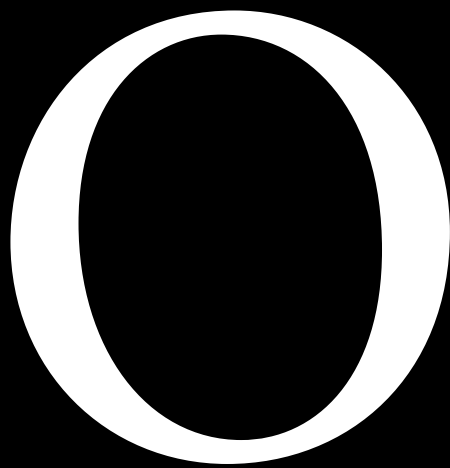
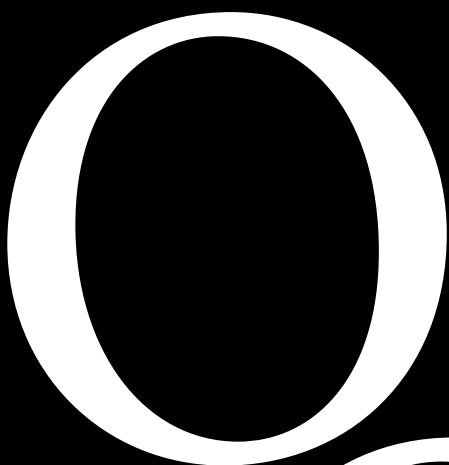
quit squeezing

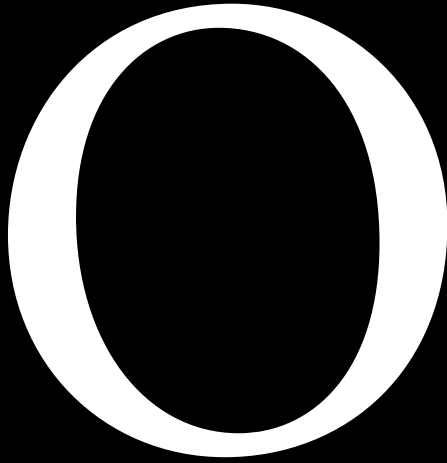
quit it

quit it

quit it

† thru semanspic mexsociations & referential illusions meaning approximations headressing socially precarious topics & lunar eviluations

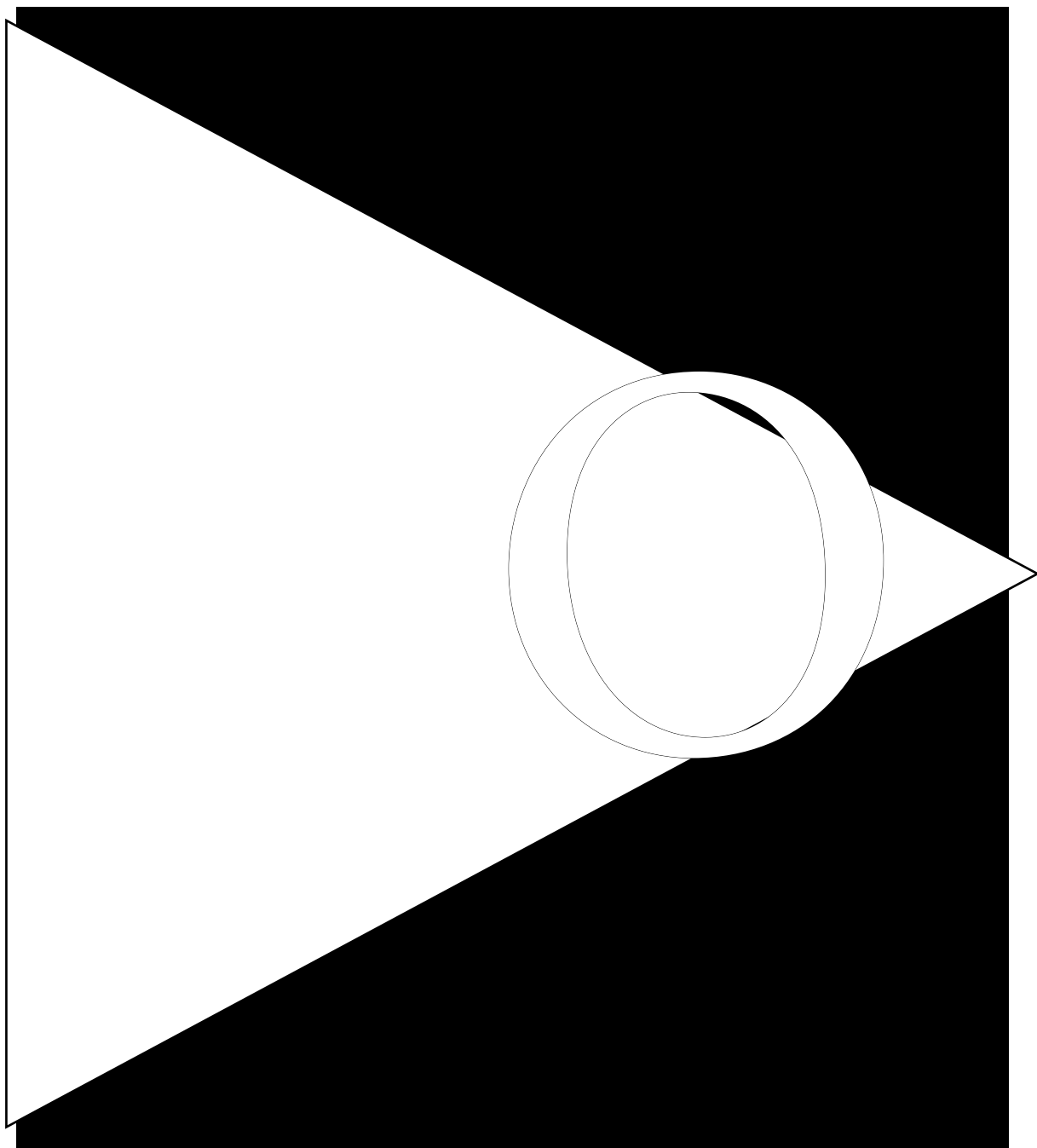




libro tercero  
del prin  
cipio que tuujeron  
lxs xingaderxs y ceri  
y so lejdades  
que estos na  
turales desta nue  
va yor hazi  
an a hnorra  
de sus desxadres

ponese al cabo deste libro por via de  
apendiz los edificios officios  
y serejcios y offica  
les que ajua ajua ajua cabronxs  
en el templo

mexcicanx



**UNDER  
THE VOLCANO**





# MMMMMMMMMYELLLLO NUEVA YOR

1 Quiero Que Me Quieras QQMQ

oye—hear that 7 rumble retumba—rumba—rrrrrr—

te imaginas—horn blast—scream shake hiss—& this

metropolis—claro—yes—those cars colliding

to slither—slithering—7 snake—deslizándose

slivered silvered slender—& 7 cd be

shellfish lips—esbeltos—hair & lenguas crawling—

calling—& Llorona in our hearts—enrollando coral

snakes & seven eyes—& you in our hearts

harbor—boats—& LaGuardia & Kennedy aviones

cars en el bulevar Northern—

& we up above—those eyes—

lujosos—ojos from edificios—

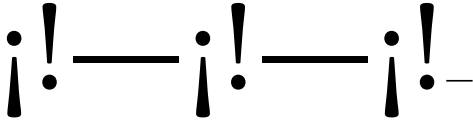
chances of today's rain—

sea breeze Queens unheld—mark it—uncold

telo rígido ahuecando

su bombear—correct—de los ojos—

del poeta—ningún—método de—workin'—



yeppy—¡ahora—no—

si escribo Chaley—es salud—del salud—de la—

necesidad diga la vida es una—train—

of the poem—tenga un poco—

diga helado—pues puro oro blanché—

casco de la carne—día—de la noche—haga

la llama dada—del encanto de la gloria

flamelets—inútiles—¿?—¿?—ah indeedy—

ligero de la oscuridad—en bleakness—

de su floración—de la porción—

& Brooklyn se esforzó—levantar tarde en su jardín

de roca rendido el & de las sidewalks & tallos de maíz

in the cracks—

want ye to want Chaley un chingo—Nueva Yor

imagínese slithering de esos ojos—serpientes—

ocasiones de la lluvia—de la brisa—

center of his solid core—Queens in the morning—

dew on the Unisphere dripping to fat drops—

then—hands—nearly—fused—yes—Llorona

cried for Manhatitlán to enter—gathered thin wits—

& imagine trucks—so many trucks—

pasar el pitido diario

& imagine coughing membranitic remains

of unions—O migraña—Nueva Yor—araña—these like no other

rememberings—of yr Spanglish—

QQMQ

reality that you are todos tus lenguas—yes—all yr tongues—

remembering the peaceful of Isla eStaten—QQMQ

remembering those sorcerers wrote genius—

& blissful pulque plugs—

wrote have uglier intents & verse spoken illegibly

graphically—

& los Bronx a float plane humming up into tangles

of mangled cloud—& aching for whispering windless

whistles—imagines—Queens eyes coral snakes—Manhatitlán

lapping sugar by the handful—O Manhatitlán—mercy—mercy—

leads here imagináate a ti mismo imaginando— QQMQ

flushed rose toilet bowls—& never you mind—Manhatitlán—

we've decided somewhere someone in this borough lights a vela—

for ye—probably someone down the avenue—

& imagine imagine buried dead—imagine folks

holding positions

we wd never hold—unreached—imagine asphalted

whaleroad— QQMQ ain't nogüey cd get pedo—

enough to stop lovin ye—Nueva Yor—salute to the boogie

you Nueva Yor—sez toasting empty air—

so take this to Manhatitlán &—die—

flyer commemorating yr stolen land      blooooooooooodbye

interwoven cardboard—yea charming—chamuco—right—

tongues crawling—calling—parting—warm w—cess

foulest most heinous—you got it mocosx

heinous—disease—

little mirrors floating on sea glittering sunshine— QQMQ

listen Manhatitlán—sez only to—fingers aching

for—plucking—picking

packing tresses behind ears hearing heaving—

revenging renegeing arranging mange frankly—

whistling—(windless)—& waking unclouded—

but thirstier than—saddened—coiled—

tired—from locking—to slithering—serpent eyes

choked—& skulls like berries falling—falling—falling—

we had Manhatitlán in our sights—ah—our hearts—claro—

chances that we knew nothing—high—

chances that we thought something—rare—

tho we must have slipped between those teeth—

survived to deny—whisper whistles— QQMQ—

& remember—Nueva Yor—canta—Nueva Yor—songs—

QQMQ—NYC—sing—canta Nueva Yor—canta su canción—

Nueva Yor you can sing—that polyphonic

lunar song & remember

that song—& sing

& sing

2 BLOODBYE BLOODBYE

& sing & sing & get that irony la masculinidad ranchera

w. thr music

from yester hysterday

likely forgotten tomorruthen

classic hits of yesterwhere

& tuerainyness whencenessday

for yr homedrive over hot-dervilish

Grande Central whaleroad

out yonder a bouncing Unisphere

& consider all this or some posturing

pon isla del encanto what liberty sey

spiked & poaching good gringuitxs

in their tears & when anyone really regards ye Queens sez

La Llorona two fingers up peace Amurka

holding yr fire high take bow

& wipe lagrimas for ye so **BLOODBYE**

she sez then slow near los Altos de Yackson

porque cochinxs it's one

loooong desfile de carros down steadfast south

but out yonder glimpse rising

from a concrete swamp & BLOODBYP

thru Rancho Chonchitx Brooklyn de los puentes

& BLOODBYP BLOODBYP

& there too tall machetes of grass & all bugs as big as marbles

then down güey on down

to Isla eStaten y no me chinguen BLOODBYP

& out thru some work in el túnel eStaten bien abandonado

& back back back

to Manhatitlán

Manhatitlán

Manhatitlán O

O Manhatitlán

O upneck bent & look quipoknots of clouds

out other end cielos ceasing

up & hills

& round al northward rockdrilled

thru cerritos up al northward into



Central Park then hard north

**BLOOOOOODBYE** & derecho to Los Bronx

& unable to keep pace w. conejo malo's bus . . .

yeah & then . . .

down way way down guëy & **BLOODBYE**

& one damn great desert

**BLOODBYE BLOODBYE**

bc below Nueva Yor deep deep below what ye find

is desert violent & violeta **BLOODBYE**

a zombie who rules the night & feasts on human flesh

**O BLOOOOOODBYE** zombie

& O so go soul & holler for Chaley Chastitellez

bigman fearless planet lonely as sky smile

as big equator smile & yes violent & violeta twoo swoon

swoon curious

crossing down dark alleyways

until dawn **BLOODB**YE in Manhatitlán

**BLOODB**YE studying writing then —

& La Llorona

found Chaley

in his AZtlántic home environment &

they strolled down

then **BLOODB**YE **BLOODB**YE

La Llorona noted how he dragged himself

chains swung abt body brownly

swagger made shadows

eyes on **C BLOODB**YE **C BLOODB**YE

chiseled teeth ch-chipped from Messican gods

& how he will sit at home w. one ice cold pulqazo

**BLOODB**YE

in his future in Nueva Yor reminiscing this scene

**BLOODB**YE

Chaley's golden brown years yes yes—bien huevón

“ay por dios bloodbye”

**BLOODBYE**

on toward this cristobalfrontier 8.5 apr so of course . . .

good ol gentle cabrón Chaley w. his books of “pomes”

wd be prophecies more or less but really less

& his gringuitxs sipping greener margaritas

outside in plastic gardened patios

misting greasy water at concrete corpo

MexAmurka numbers . . .

& still then La Llorona driving

**BLOODBYE** further into expansive high

horizons—btwn

avenues then down down down sleepy rivers

steadfast south past casa mañana y caca

y cacti there down in Manhatitlán

**BLOODBYE**

nestled to the calle of the wall on snug soldiers—copper pipes

protruding BLOODBYE

pointed toward stars & universal mysteries

& ye might sey infinity too

BLOODBYE BLOODBYE

then down some more still

down BLOODBYE

& cue Chaley . . .

/ Chaley further down down

/;mmmmmyello? down

to somewhere near

she heard

under the volcano

steadfast hallo hallo southward

O so

out somewhere she thinks more

than likely at

Under the Volcano that seconded worthless

place of no mamen

of many desmadres destinies &

first of magnificent & sacred agaves BLOODBYE

& another

Marcaida for gene

rations basking already—sucking

his distant primo back blindly

into vampirish Messiskin machismo

*but the codex güey the prophecies*

“¿pos & you wana be un mashoman brujo in the mundo's ojos?”

for actions

the Segundo fruitful (for Pancho)

y forbidden

forbidden bc

hurtful

for behold poised hips toward

mighty in his mente huevos

& windows moonlight slicing both cuerpos

sensed maybe saw sunk deep **BLOODB**YE

now see our hero esta en onda

ain't one partaker in no national

nopal—but one ought to

have at least two for real heroes certainly

w. truth he articulated artficed Llorona

for ca mach nelli teotl ca mach nelli mahuiztic

& for brujería as Chastitellez

whose whole is simpler **BLOODB**YE

than its parts & whose parts get him into deep mierda

& from now thru time

space—sayeth sd hero franchize **BLOODB**YE

yr Meskinictas & Amurkaness

w. no originality

beauracrified & conceptually contrived

see C but **BLOODB**YE

what's sellin now & mebbe yes

some **BLOODBYE** w. yr pomes

cda prevented what went down in

yr codex mojaodically

but secondly Chaley worshipped what Chaley got

¿when? ¿cuix quin moztla? ¿cuix quin huiptla?

well well then go on back—

Chastitellez & Malinche Malinshay—*hey*

*¿how did Malinche Malinshay get—*

there all in in good stride ¿who cd expect less of this chinga'ò

w. voracious appetites? fed y todo **BLOODBYE**

& singing nothing but mere

acts of cognitive reflection in tranquility

& projected determining codices of selves                      like'm verses

so Chaley Chastitellez

shd know he sd in phone conversation while rolling

his own tobacco number y'all don't even know

C pointed cogently that

in xochitl in cuicatl derives

its impetus from inversions

to eternal revolutions

O moonly how La Malinche Malinshay's face . . .

& La Llorona . . .

yea mexplanations

of histological constellations

w. respect to mythopoesis & yea power

to impart by affording wordswords are like really one

moon

& to that **BLOODBYE** &

GIVE US WHAT WE WANT

that ass poetic slanguage

can heat yr house or burn it down



conquistador conocimiento requeza fuerza

call it what it is nahualli la luna

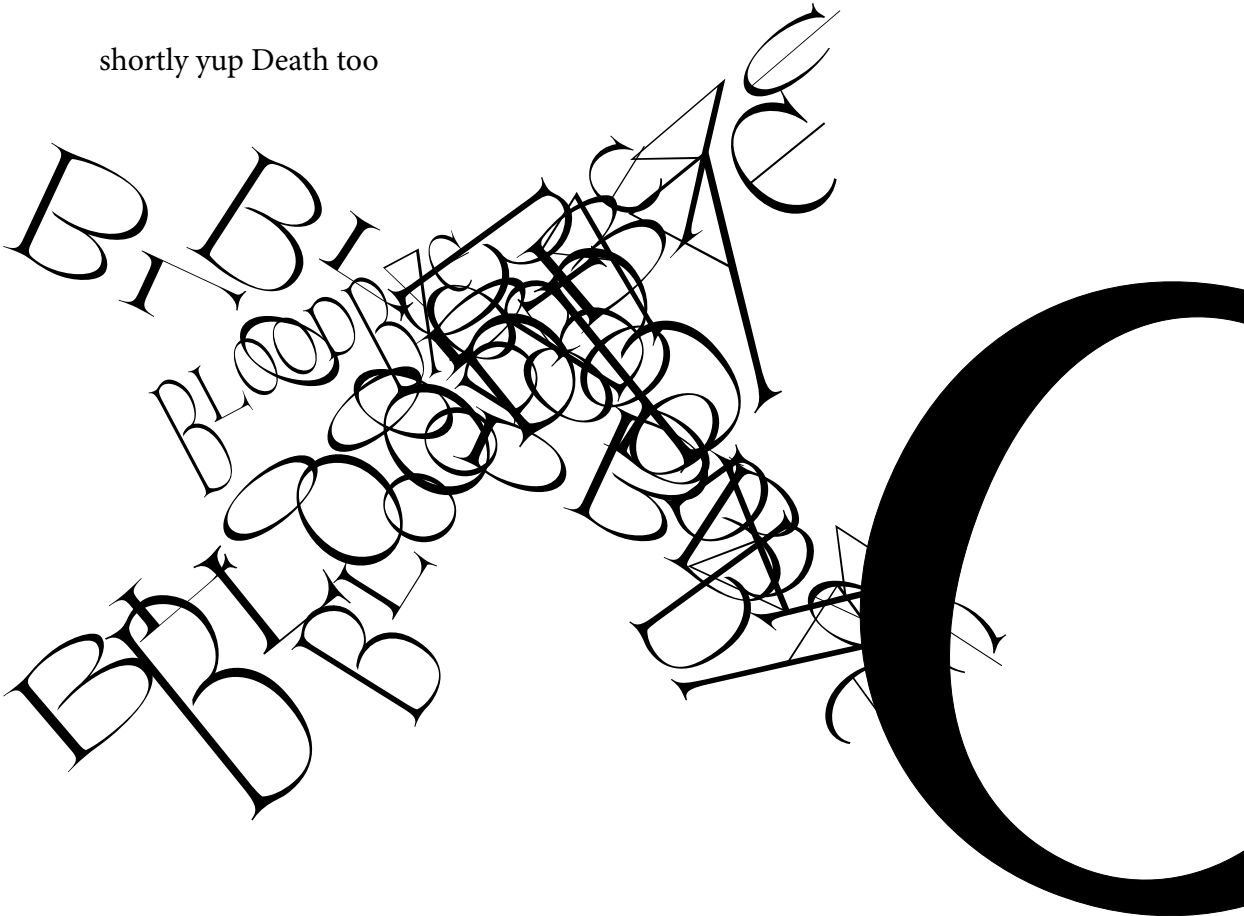
ooh oye poet licking lips **BLOODBYE**

**BLOODBYE** La Llorona's tears brimming her eyes

burning into moonlit flamelets & Malinche Malinshay sez

this all has to go get gone & we'll ring Death

shortly yup Death too



# I PROCESS

nature

-cosmic processes

of earth

mountains-animals

(morpho-

person

equation

miocene

less recent

civilization

pliocene

most recent

## II FACTORS

unitary

plural

majority

actual

two

multi

one

(morp[h])

talk no physically fixed inquisitive

trees trees

call it what it is nahualli la luna

ooh oye poet licking lips bloodbye

*that poetry & geometry are always entwined—connected  
formal notions of spatiality*

in verses inherit

y liverty y susto for algunos

got those pieces of Segundos's

shitty tonatmatl dreamnotes that slip thru—

this garbage for instance

*magic boustrophedon-y*

el conquistador es la figura que domina

la historia de los años iniciales

del contacto hispano-indígena—

y el conflicto dominante es el desequilibrio

de la Antigua sociedad prehispánica

sometida a un NUEVO ESTADO de cosas—

epyiofiayoo

Tío

¡Ay!

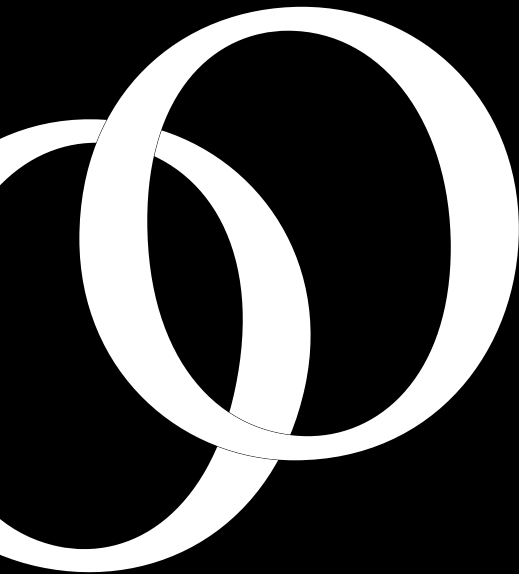
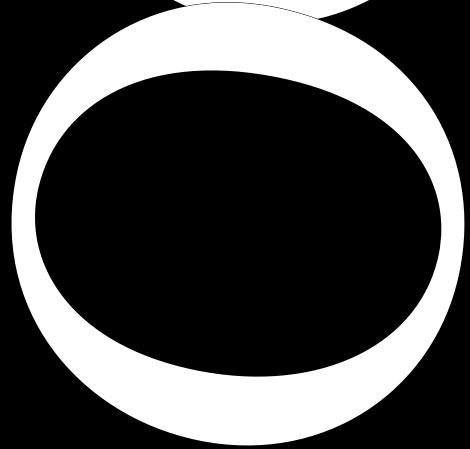
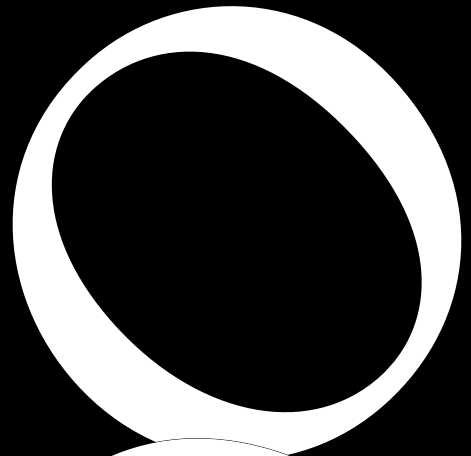
reason

Chastiteyes

both reality

& process

how to operate



p

o

s

y

e

s

that ol' hyper-correction

of annunciation in prophesy

action of cuerpo breathing

systole dyastole

cuerpo & nahualli's

extensive focus on prophetic nuances of act

as if that prophecy were prophecy gentle cabronxs performed

naturally—w. no strain—certain eases seeming

natural—not feigned—not learned—quite bluntly—a natural sort

of power embodied ¿who can perform this? ¿what nacoyotl?

cuerpo performing critiques other cuerpo—cuerpo performing

left to riff

on its own

nahualli's choreographed

instructions read

¿XXXX?

nothin cd be

trope

creature from second stage of—

no more than s-some creature crowing—crawling

over own triumph over incoherence

heard this from una ruca

sd Llorona que ya  
te crees

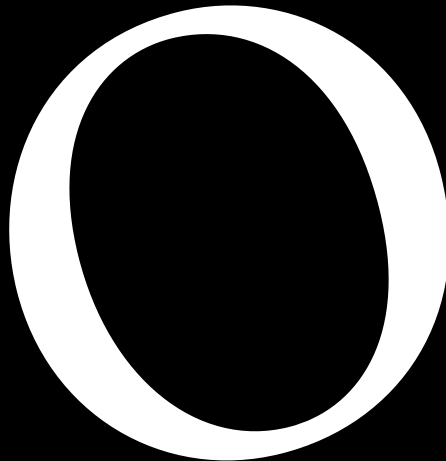
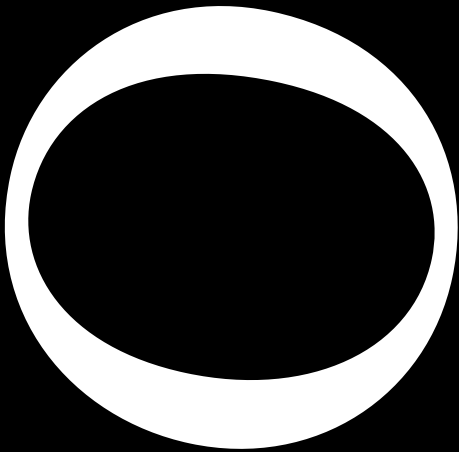
tanto . . . tú

eres de **Amurika**

ya sabes hablar

chinglish y todo eso

todo eso



legit copy, MS 38514y-6 Amatl paper screenfold fragment

painted both sides MS Ketch'kaan Public Library

holdings—Alaxsxa / April-July 1964

no never knew that viejito Ulises "Pancho" Chastitellez

Pancho el Primero yes

padre of Pancho el Segundo & abuelo to Chaley

pinche Ulises who fled

Sinaloa & su vida para viajar his new life solo

for him muy bueno for his jefa & chamacxs no not so much

for Pancho Segundo cd not speak

of Ulises as Pancho Primero

knew him not & ergo as man—Mexican—nor pater noster

mocoso Pancho had only speculations abt what & why Ulises

did that big how of how he did

w. his sallowcheeked absurd & tragic güeroface

his situation equally absurd & tragic

how he invented adventures for himself & made

a new life en Al Norte (always further northward)

so as at least to live in some way this güey—

they sd he was invisible like wind

& cd speak like una sombra

for ye know underground all

direct fruit of consciousness means inertia

or sitting w. hands folded sitting squeezed

btwn absurdity & tragedy yet again & do something

or die—dare to narrate & wax poetic . . .

& one of Pancho's Segundo dreamnotes

one vision of Ulises—this—dis-vision

& **vision**—

that ungrateful biped walking Al Norte

& never looking back . . .

yeah Pancho do that shit

—& ¿what's better?—do—do nothing—do nothing más

but glitter w. inactivity—

make yr prophecy

sparkle w. tortillic anti-depth—hollow lineages—live that—

& visagePancho's visage & his project of refashioning

his image—rebuilding his face—face—helio

rebuilding individual—untruth by reason of fact—

nay cd never Ulises—play el sancho

dispense his chorizo making niños up & down



both sides of that ass border—all around by Mexkeet bushes

some norther

& richer—forgetful but faithful

nopales stamped on their foreheads

& their father vanished

in ways they never imagined

& only but imagined—& that's dead

to imagine that—imagined nation

dead—imagine

but dead in Pocholandia w.

el susto pasado

another Don Fulanito

neo-named Mextizo

ill Pocho Pancho

pero the prophet when become Segundo

no tiene la culpa el Posho sino quien lo hizo compadre

cómo serás cabrón

believe hay mucha movida en Al Norte

pues y chicanadas en Canadá

que cosa será la muerte

sí güey me picaba las abejas

pero me comí el panal

tuerto güey tüe tüe tuerto &

cuando Pocho—perdón—Pancho Chastitellez ya vio

que no se le concedía

el no demostraba miedo

ante mejor sonreía

[surrounded w. words that rained sounds like fire]

decían los Amurkanxs—

qué Messycanxs tan crueles

[they left all those craniums—hanging on the trellis]

pues ni modo y

Ulises "Francisco" Pancho Chastitellez [el primero]

cuando llegó a su destino Al Norte dijo

“vengo en agonía

“pues hoy tengo que ser muerto

“dios así lo dispondría

y “válgame Quetzalcoatl

“¿qué haré yo?

y “bloodbye—todos mis compas

“me despido con dolor

“ya no vivan tan engreidos

“de este mundo engañoso . . .

# Sinal a

“bloodbye mi tierra afamada

“recintos donde viví

“bloodbye mi querida esposa Marcaida

“yo me despido de ti”

¡ viva Messico !

¡ o pueblos bendios de dios !

llora el mar y sus arenas

y el frío frijolero va

lo que yo estoy padeciendo

pensando asee llorando

llora la pluma escribiendo

asee por el camino

lágrimas de penas

la amo y malhaya mi vida

cuando la imagen que adoro

vio pasarme—triste lloro

sin dares por entendida—

Pancho Chastitellez—

born of white & yellow maize\*

how he composed that first *POCHX CODEX*† —

one formal narrative—fusing couples’ garments—

Pancho awoke to tie his shoelaces

to . . . own—¡get back sathan!

---

\* dicen que

† unoriginal cara calavera stacked upon dusty calavera

—grito'ed—jerked back—

sunk—¿estás xinga'od?

*POCHX CODEX*—unoriginal

cara—preface to Amurka already /

written . . . ¡Amurka! . . .

brownish/muy mucho -ish

smell of lands colonized—glyphs

swollen by lands filled w. unarmed—exploited calaveras—

¿de veras?

*POCHX CODEX* inscribed for POCHXS

# —pochteca— pochtecatl

for these pochxs who don't

know how their lineage passes

al sur—

whether their abuelos

in Makesicko “from Whom Their Pochx

Ancestors who Came from There Ascended”‡

---

‡ sic

whether “noble” fresas o “dirty” mojaos—

they arrived—to AMURKA

walls—they sey—were no damn thing

& married children

of “beautiful” Amurkan people

some “dignified” capitalists—chosen

& “Other” pochxs married

true Amurkan dirtbags

FLOWER SONG from *POCHX CODEX*—*ms 323232.4*

ahua yyao ayya yye—

let us enjoy—

a ohuaya

we aint twice on

earth—

let us enjoy

& flowers aint taken from McTlán—

only borrowed—\

in truth

we must go—

flower my song bloodbye—

in truth

ohuaya—

O that pathos of ephemerality

yn Chastitellez axictini

quinmahuiztilia

iteohuan—

ica on huel huelitini

oquinxico in iyaohuan

ma nohuian yectenehualo

yn Chastitellez tlapaltic

ylhuiltic ymacehualtic

nohuian mauhcaittalo

huelitini in iteohuan

ca icxitlan quintlalique

# & ENTERS OUR LORD OF EAST QUETZALCOATL

Quetzalcoatl tapes a square on stage floor sits crosslegged at center

chingazos to floor—four—turn ninety degrees

chingazos to floor—four—turn ninety degrees

chingazos to floor—four—turn ninety degrees

chingazos to floor—four—turn ninety degrees

pauses thirty seconds—staring straight ahead—no blinks

at thirty—mouth pops w. no sound eight times—each time

successively excessive

Quetzalcoatl rises—slithers off stage /conchudo

returns w. two rubber balls

hip bounce hot hoops now get yr Messo'murkan games

& stands w. pelotas in upturned palms center square

Quetzalcoatl bounces right huevo sixteen times—

eyes concentrated

on audience qué chiqueón

left hand remains stationary

after sixteen bounces—thirty-second pause

voice not emitted from Quetzalcoatl's featherd boca

no propssss—costume or ssetsssss—just my ssserpentine cuerpo

& yr input input yrsss & cuerpo my jussst ssetsssss or cossstume

propssssss will

looks at pelotas

coatl sets will

drops pelotas

Quetzalcoatl snaps fingers right hand—

arm swings front of cuerpo

thirty-two times

voice not emitted from Quetzalcoatl's boca

a bailar baile baile baile boy bow bluh bloooooo blooooooodbye

bloodbye

bhuluhm pppbbphhsssssh that'sssss wind that— blooossssssh

bouncy

happy ssoundss—elativesss—lisssten every room

will ussse propssss

happy ssoundss—elativesss—lisssten every room

elation brown bottle of ssssweet pulque

chile-red pulque & verdigriss pulque & coyote-toned pulque

ssswishing back to & fro—ah—sssshirtless



in sssun—what wuz known—ssseen—good

what hisss good

holds up one digit

will

what hisss poopssssible [sic]

holds up another digit

ussssse propssssss & yesssss

what isssss feassssible

holds up another digit

my camatl

will

recuerdo sssssí la elasssión

while saying this—Quetzalcoatl pulls up tape square—

timed so as to have removed all tape

at the end of the monologue—& emphasizing

capitalized words w./ ahem—elation

in voice Yepyiofiayoo

sssailing conchass ssssince

Detroit—Micsshoacán which huntsss grown gemsss—

fanss—atlasess & givesss altar truth be

heard—if ye ssstart in backcreek & roar—or sssin in clear

June—let loft ssswarmsss  
of light bargain for yr sssoul—  
dessscuachalangaò trasssssh  
/ ssskin fan—union head ssssever  
heart sssstop hover trasssh wran  
glessss;assesshual?  
hardly wuz tired of mahpilli  
tho tired—ssso tired altogether  
& chained to lethargy & bleakness  
thiess bleaknessss gradually  
comessto obssssidian in later propheciessss—toward  
geometric purity— dehumanity—  
sssscientific objectivity  
& raw featherless cuerpossss  
& raw sstyle ssssurrounded by cultura  
& sssurrounded by asssimilation  
to no exissstential retreat  
ability to read word ass god allowss one to interiorize bloodbyesss  
you're bealofulla epyiofiayoo  
pit of sssseamless ssssummer  
hail now that beaty bodega music  
sssee I wuzss a sssskinny

feathered ssserpent in hisss ssschool  
    & the quarterback getssss all the gold—ssssso I  
thought I'd grow my  
    featherssss out— sssee what happened  
    thisss coatl knew he liked community  
    college fine enough heard a radical ssspeaker  
hiss of the ideology of the hisssssionary position  
    put it sssspatial termssss epyiofiayoo  
    that made ssssense now  
    our sssign'sss hourly here'sss sssilent  
eyesssss here ssssig & . . . hibernatesssss  
lovessss thossssse ssaintly gadgetsss— & they veer often  
    they pyramid in ringing  
    to closessst highwaysss that'sss  
    where night be ssswinging  
the wild—hiss them where night too here now goesss  
    gonging the light<sup>§</sup>  
    that'sss where yr sssweet conquisstador sssinging  
sssang the ducky netssss—  
    daring sssuch fluctuationsss  
but lissssen up to give ye fingerssss

---

§ bright blue beam into his body bent backward awkward fire into life—  
visions—visions—visions

dew hassss that—ssso unendedly

goesss by gone—& image

dew'sss all began—

¡& we're ssigned sso graftly

in diner sssonnetssss!

¡ssso bright! get walled

in yrssself-fassshioned hut

sssolitary & sso to dump

dead tíosss in flowerpotss

& write fucking poemssss abt that sssshit

& that the dew mentioned—

Timesss Essssquare & WallMart & Tuxssson

ruined jetss follow cana-cansss loss—

thine hand here a rune & do—

wuzss where done'll go cathedral of yr polisss—

drawn by sssome

Muerte high off her assss

into the KIDDIE POOL & remembersss running

nalgasss blazing & chonissss falling off

sssome viejitosss laughing

& the old obsssidian dodge parked

to the sssside there in the GRAVEL

DRIVE & think there'ssssss  
the photo & hope to Omeoteotl there'sss a photo  
of that OLD OBSSSIDIAN  
DODGE BC that trokita  
had memoriess of itss decay  
sstowed inssside on the bench sseat  
THERE remember took that monssster  
to NUEVA YOR ALL OF USSS & can't  
remember if Ulisssesss wuz there but sseem to  
remember pointing to him  
on that Mapa Sssinvirgüenza  
that we were on caussseway Broadway  
but really that might only have  
been Broadway in Tuxsson—  
remember two things  
but remember that trokita  
remember all piled  
into the CAMPER on air  
mattresssesss that might only  
have been double-sssize blue  
& plenty of comicsss & right—  
w. blanket & pillowsss

there were DORITOSSS nasshosssheese sssurely

remember HuitzssssliPocho wdn't

SSSTOP CRYING

I OFTEN TELL PEOPLE THISS

HISS THE TIME

I DEVELOPED MY FEAR

OFNAHUASSS I told ssssome

artemhissssia flowersssss I help

to read abt out the drama abt

my fear of nahuas—but I left sssitting next to the

TANK IN THE JUMPING

ssshow & being sssplashed by one

of the killer beasstss

w. itsss trainer riding on a sssaddle ssslapping it w. a whip—

GIDDUN UP THEAH

ONT' TH' PLATO-FORM CRITTER

giddun up theah—

my family of deitiess & demidiosssess sssitting but two rows from

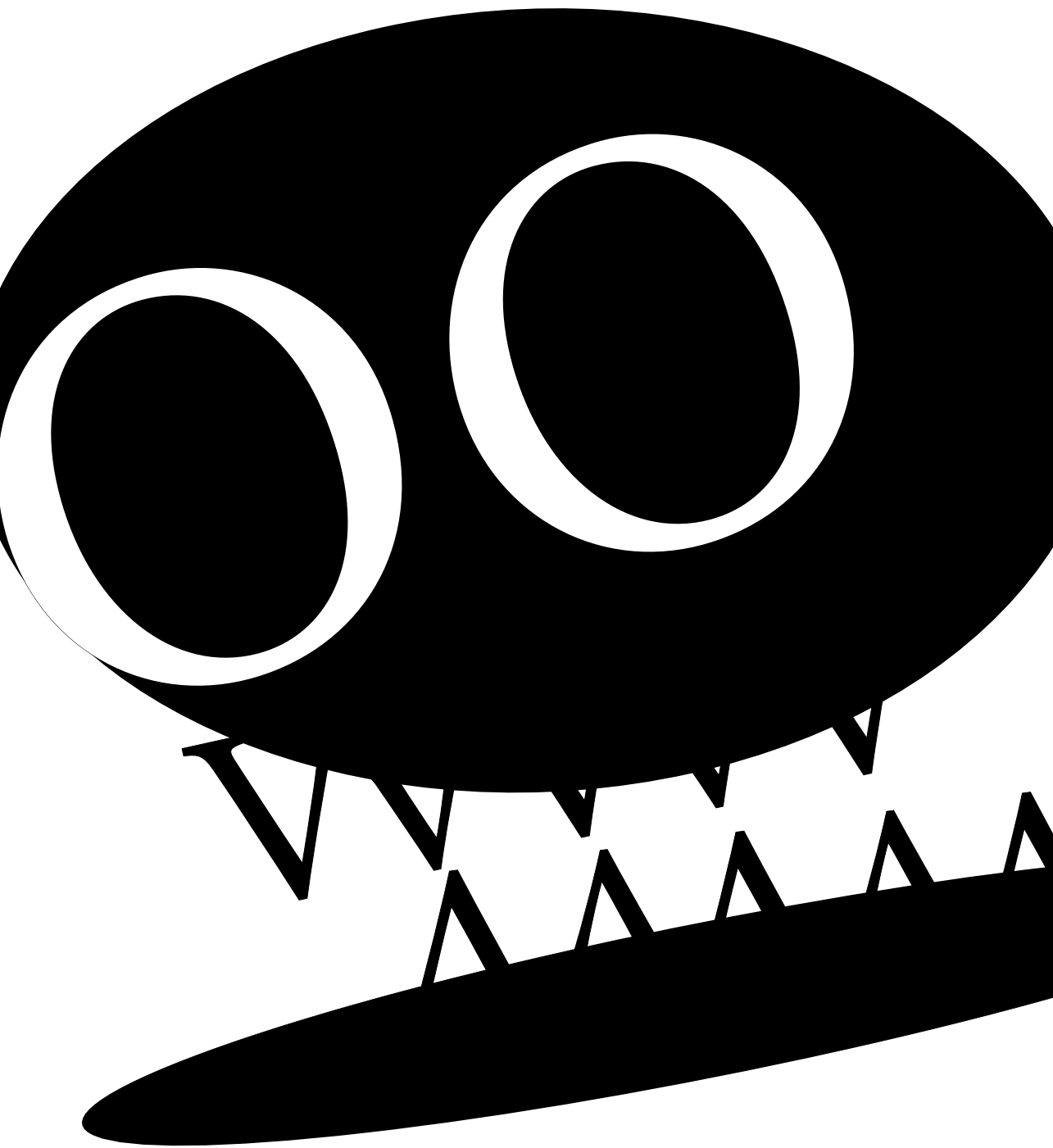
this plat-O-forma (& they in full knowledge/

O—usss sseated in the painted sseats) & ssseeing

thissss pincssshe animal'sss jAWsss

OooOoo sssshit

¡here it hissss!



d-d- directly be—O—

before me/ O—bitsss of kibble &

BALL & dUNG sstuck up in the

gumsssss OF COURSSSE I WEPT OoOoo

ye yalhua

ye huiptla

ica nichoca

ica ninentlamati

claro I fucking wept

like a baby feathered ssserpent

& then I carried

nahuasss w. me

whenever I crossed

my eyesss in water—O

even on those burning watersss

feared hyper-correction

of annuncsssiation



in performancsse

action of the body—& natural

action of the cuerpo—

& natural

breathing to sssysstole/

diassstole & extensssive

focussss on the nuancesss

of language

to act

ssslanguage assss if that

performed naturally—

w. no ssssstrain—

cssertain eassssse

sssseeming natural—not

feigned—not learned

—quite bluntly—

a natural ssssort

of sssussspirarperiority punto ¿who

can perform thisssss?

¿what cuerpo? cuerpo

performing critiquessss

cuerposssss

cuerpo performing

left to riff

on itssss own

the performer'ssss

choreographed

insssstructionsss improvissse

& here Quetzalcoatl took

a deep

deep breath

& sd kick back

bc them omensss

ain't ssshit

jussst wait

**METHODS & RESPECT SERVE US FOR IMITATION**

we imitate pronunciation

Mex | Co

Mex | Co

Chaley wuz pleased

Mej|co counting a wallplay Mex | Co

Spangish lesson—

ashamed of water

nobody has any water

this they told us

Mex | Co

/ use the X not J for MeX|co

tide water

Mex | Co tide water

Mex | Co tied water

& Mex | Co's north border

corn

don't please me w. Mej|co

wd like to teach pinche Don Pancho

we believe in Mej|co in Nueva Yor

alright Mex | Co

redrose up in Río Ha'ar|lem

tickle tickle tickle

ye fr education

¿beg yr pardon?

¿where'd ye go Chaley?

out back downtown in east villa alleys

listen—oaks heaving sighs—;sir! ;owls!

flicker neon—life ablaze

Nueva Yor—Gran Manzana

sound since incessant assault

violent jagged falling unfinished rhythms

endless remorseless flat

& foolish sovereign perilous business this

night moonlight burning

Nueva Teotihuacan stone glory

expanse—

small

increments

BELLA GERANT ALII TU FELIX AMURKA NUBE

Chaley theorized soloish solilocucuyes of leaders got followers

shit stallactites from Amurkan ass—Chaley—

¿what ye do w. dat?—mind

other hole—then—felt

way south—¿BREAK ON THRU /

TO THE OTHER SIDE!—¿demark!

¿deMARK! what a world what a world what a world

sey—well ye ought

to do this quicken—so Chastitellez

unsheathed

Amurkan toes' nails painted blue /

blue lie in public place—young blood

high blood—frankly never before—bloodbye

dead bellies & laughter—rain

also of process

/ drive out to Quetzalcoatl—severe

rain—beauty—Pancho at wheel /

value dissociated from life-things

& to Malinche Malinshay—she digested

harde yron

to preserve her health

according to leyenda eSthpangnyol Marcaida

flowers—originally iztac—turned

textoticyapalli when la virgen threw her veil

over a rose—mary bush—while resting

on flight to Hermosillo\*

---

\* \* ;Yairmohseeyoh! [stelae carving trans c. 2215—8 McNugget

heavensky

what's above—nightsky

star suspended lamp from darkness above

sky slipping down over as for supports

tecuxin below raindew falling from what's above

period time in general

shine pose of a luminary being of light

moon—morningstar

time to pray yes folks

flourish—blooming of year—last year

of his kingly reign foreign desert

mountain island

city—town—watery mass of sky

skin—worm—dessicated herb

---

JARDÍN

grainbody

1st person singular god

1st clarín—¡qué!

person singular

[dios]

pray—yes worship SOL

adore to entreat high lofty exalted—

& make merriment . . . to see . . . to weep . . .—hair—

[margin ¡La Pelona!]

dios que sí

obsidian—lack—want—lacuna

lacuna

la una

lacuna

la uva

su cara

yr AZtlán

no estaba nada

color

complexion

chorizo

frontmale

masculine colonization

procreation . . . sweet

incense

codex fold—bind & bound

blind tied round middle book

(go green book go . . . be gone . . . veteverde

deed—document & register

abstractions & cartouche—pair of tallies

count reckon tamal [sign of plural

negation

no

not

alphabetic signs need to be guided

LA PELONA who Chaley

never saw in any month of July

& they more than once to this song together entwined danced

at the dark end of the street

that's where we'll always meet

hiding in shadows where we don't belong

living in darkness to hide our own

tú & me

at the dark end of the street

tú & me

nothing  
lack  
want  
need

horn  
butterfly flowers kisses  
[margin poem imagination—now—Chaley can  
impossible conditions  
dark—robust felicity—but—  
mebbe broad-headed

this day the lips  
(depending on yr defintion descending tombs  
(of broad C think

of thee—  
thicket—prognathous La Pelona—  
La Muerte

w. a backward sloping  
greenest of all gringitas  
forehead when ye sd  
outward—drooping more . . . & for this light  
when C thinks of thee]

& aqualine nose  
protruding upperlip  
w. chin in hasty retreat

BUT OF GOOD STOCK NONETHELESS



yea steal away to that dead side

of the street güey & kiss those bones

La Pelona sez “whall allo theah mister”

there wuz great dancing & vibrancy of movement

intensity as if one wd throw onself into canyon crags

& Chaley sez aye no more please I—

THINK yr rAZtlána—imagine AZtlán

then imagine her eyes snakes squirming . . .

stench of Death . . .

O & then Ulises Chastitellez has this to sey abt all this

[MS transcription Pancho Chastitellez estate 16Sep 1915]

Farewell Makesicko—mi patria still caked

in Porfirian slime

of evil—cruelty—poverty—brutishness—& ¡deceit!

I—yr defender—yr son—whom ye wd murder

lament this fate befallen ye—so stay hell

that in a future my progeny shall find desmadre

& plenty of goddamned death bc of Marcaida’s curses

... & indeed as Ulises had expected

there were also stories—

many in fact—strewn across nations

& one certain “queynt phrase” which

later Pancho sd wd fall

upon lips of one La Muerte clackin her hooves dancing

curse / Deivill apeired

vnto her yn

the likness of

ane prettie boy yn

grein clothes—curse

& at that tyme

the devil gaive hir

his markis—& sent

away from her yn the likness

of ane blk dowg

he wold haw

carnall dealing w.  
ws yn the shap of a  
deir or yn any  
vther shap—now &  
then—somtyme  
he vold be lyk a  
stirk—a bull—a rae /  
or a dawg—&c—&  
haw dealing w.

us

& up mark that sun drives them

ladders cross thru sky

in a wheel of lightspoke fires—clouds

guts of light curses in their own way

wind blowing on spruce saplings

smoke of salmon blood spread on water

# OL SMOKIN MIRROR SEZ

from *POCHX CODEX*—ms 548972.9

telo rigid cupping right guppy eye bulging

yes güey

—Chaley ain't no poet—

& neither mextizophiliak—

& further into Death

sd C yo soy un libertine—

con no method of workin

Chaley'd—

yeppy . . . now . . . .

¡don't shit un pollito!

if Chaley'd write

it's outa need or health—

salud salud

SAY life's a pome whippy whippy

have some tartar cake boss epyiofiayoo

SAY iced w. gold big blanched

carnitas helmet

epyiofiayoo

epyiofiayoo

night day darkness

make given glory

glamour flame

vain flamelets

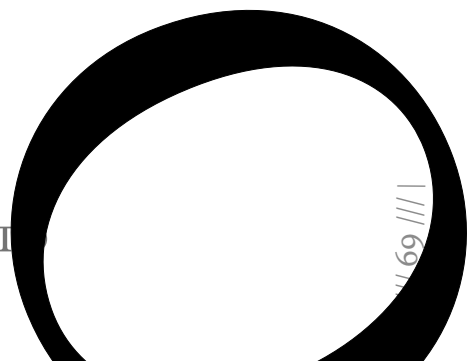
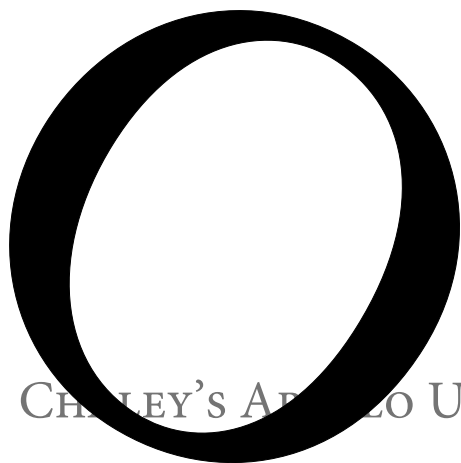
& for ancestor ah

darkness light indeedy

on bleakness of lot bloom

strived to raise late on rock's garden

yielded grapes & maize



# PRESIDENT WILSON A PIECE OF CHICKEN LIVER

XICANX GENOME PROPHECIES—legit copy—MS

47158h-2 / Paper ink draft—November

three pieces of prized chicken fat

& a poblano chile wrapped in red amatl

“This means war” President Wilson sd softly to himself

& for this Ulises saw

Huitzilpocho & Tezcatlipochco intend to leave

this forsaken Messican desert

that ol’ bejeweled pavo

& once again native gods left Makesicko . . .

& Loss Conquestors enter to take their teuleships . . .

¿what’s the significance of that?

¿& where do they go?

well Xochimilco—a huevo—they run first

to drink deep in ancestral waters

soaking up death—& catching

libations spilled from toppling tepaches agaves

& in general desmadres

& stopping off there down south

when born some few generations

Al Norte

to set asunder Amurka / land of those

most recent conquestors

& newer forms of migratory disasters

& failures of time—place—& name<sup>†</sup>

but next to Mt Popo to replenish

those & dioses grew

greatly fatigued—tuvieron sed they sd

so out they set in search of water

& found

OPERATION “YNDIAN SHIELD”—by chingador

chronoquistador

leaving field  
wide open for  
sufficient  
& well satisfied

---

† When Chaley read this he sd aloud mumbled “¿btwn Emyly Dickinson & Juana Ramírez?”

for this mission in Xst

for Xst as my

bridge to gold & slave

women & children & land

& by Xst faith these

heathens will learn

of our truest trust in

our lord Chuy Xst

in all our suns & all

everafter &/or before

& go get gone all yr gold



LA MORDIDA—UNTO MEXICANO  
LA PELONA—SNAKE LADY—CIHUA-  
COATL

con banda “great tomb of all life”

you’re not right for me snake lady

well you aint kickin my ass either

I dig the ravens & the eagles & the seagulls

I’m into cosmic twins—mostly otters

me uttering twins of hours & years—yrs

me spreading nopal jelly on yr crackers

see you flushed rose toilet bowls I heard—I heard

I got fucking coral snakes for eyes man

look at my fucking eyes man

yeah & that—& I’m all funneled serpentine gyre

you elaborate symbols all too much man

been listening to too much Grandmaster Melle Mel

yr eyes look red—yr left eye drooping

yeah I got the droop syndrome as a matter of speaking

really writing

really writing

can’t believe you follow .u.o..ki

broken glass everywhere—people

pissing on the street you know

they just don't

mailman—holes in face—ripping pages from philosophs

care—rats in the front room—roaches in the back—

people pissing—no—junk

& probably never stopped to wipe his nalgas—

never stopped boozing

you're friend will arrive you fucking

bowler speaking of junk bowl like a snake—you fool

let me pass

my cigarette—I set it in wax now it don't smoke

watch yr hooves

I'm sucking like a motherfucker for a fucking hit

wash yr tail

hear that Manhatitlán cuervo

yr heart smacking like a motherfucker

sniffing yr red headed goodness

special goodness motherfucker

Manhatitlán train still waiting

Alaxsxa night still raining

think think

Manhatitlán train still finding

we're surrounded by the green folks in this bar here

called Under the Volcano strange visions

back here in the Acá Pulque room & we didn't even know

Movement Lord Quetzalcoatl wants to go out still

my cabeza fucking aches

life forced to pass us—trying to try us—trying to type

us cabezón yr goddamned glyph

tattoo running into new

you goddamned limey running slimy deditos

only visited sold cigarettes no filters still eating cacahuates

in my cart not mine printing Guadalupe t-shirts

mostly manteca

life driving listening to these piercing spears of train

whistles biting into my brain—my fucking cesos

chingados—y'all

yelling further still—cigarette burned into wax—imagine

that—imagine base contagious clouds ripping from soul y

mar—reflections from water tan more

where wind's warmbreath

there can be no smell of flesh in furnace

formed their castes solid like Quetzalcoatl sd—wrote—

whatever trying to

hide here yeah el tunel Lincoln & ants

smoking mirrors in the leaves—imagine her lashes

obsidian daggers stabbed rumors branching like fingers imagine

these reserved coils stretching toward her snakes

old people rough to convince of a solid world smacking

fresh wind into youthful faces

but even .i.s.u.g got old & .u.ro.g.s too—

& wild writing

spreads like ashes smeared w. a sponge then wiped clean again

for rewipe ¿why write? serpent eyes—coiled

self symbol borrowed still

from .e.t.—turn like an urn .e.t—ravens & eagles

& totems wrapping

one into the other & other still together—

junk still filling empty vessel still pressing further into

snakes for eyes never a problem before

never cared serpentine

never cared—coiled—feathered

never stopped to think really think serpentine

never thought never a problem before

but really—¿why write? coiled

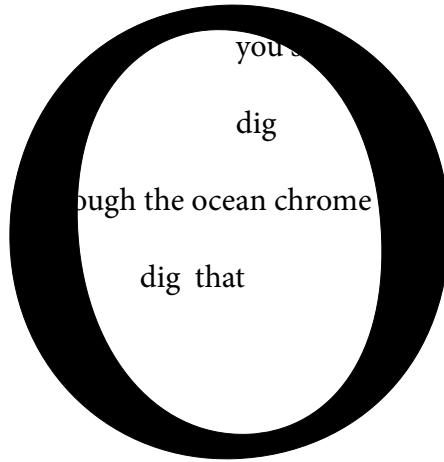
never to stop & really think never a problem before

ravens big as jets

lost lots between the mente & manito

sure you do

get that



you

dig

a tunnel

ough the ocean chrome

dig that

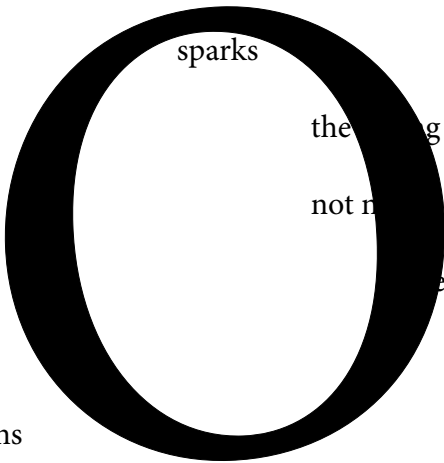
chrome

some

find

something there

shadow



sparks

& sombras

the

dark

not n

as what yr face

ems to stink transcribed

mitigate me it

burns

faster than we predicted

Volcano Revolution

revenging still the renege

155 top

278 the soft beauty





there—now that's tobacco

there—those look like two eyes twisted snaked  
smoking cigarettes—

light this wd you light this  
shit sweet baby Quetzalcoatl if I found you today

I'd be in deep mierda

the güey far too narrow today now

if you forget those stamps we're dead  
you want to live forever

w. snakes for eyes

or you want to live

forever in words forgotten

in words torn from codices

from jumpers—from satchels /

who straps a winebox to their back

tho who wd feel

the shame snakes for eyes

think space invades yr

fun-space—our time

overlaps—shit we ride

our rides around Orizaba

stopping to find truths

like suffering & starvation

leading to illumination

yeah—you sound like you dig

those ravens—eagles—seagulls—

dig them there swarming

for axolotls—sun shining

a twice reflecting mirror—clouds

whispering smokes descending

still further mirrored smoke

alone along the curb

saw that—really fucking saw that

snakes for eyes—ten-fingers—ten-toes

listen to me sing you came here from Sinal a

trying to get to you—that I heard

you sang really

what's my mouth—shellfish—

shiny fish split

slivered—silvered—

save when spoke

cancered tongues yr hair



some carcass composed of carion

clearly

a symbol maybe

just trying on surreal pantalones for you baby—

¿you wanna be been?

a certain amount of perversity pervades

will wake up bien borach'd

blinking

blink

dressed in black—baby

tightly twining

thighs coiled

tangled Manhatitlán

yeah que hubo to you too motherfucker

one two

tap that twice baby

¡dance **DEATH!**

ah so yeah suavely

sensual yeah

know you ordered

gray stalks here

& then—stocks of gray

tongues here—listening

all coiled cold

one snakes for eyes

seeing snake behind

tangled—listen to this—

what this write means tonight

what a symbol of nothing

means in nothing

what a night of cloud

new day of luna cutting

think tonight of wanting

nothing—nothing knotting

nothing funny writing—

not writing—why write

why might one write

why not in winning a seeming fight

for right to write

fight for those like minds t

angled in nothing

egos really mostly mainly

it wd happen to but a few—eyes

so utterly snake-blue—

new—eugh—snake’s

will the wind’s will &

the thoughts of serpents

coiled—coiled thoughts

joy the snakes—

joy so pure

a heart of star

wd coil

O

but as to embrace

me

inclined—

snakes for eyes—

eye

fled

toward

tongues

of gray gyre

too too solid

snakeflesh adieu

her

hair

curled

like

firetips

firesticks

firesticks

¿why

not

enough

or

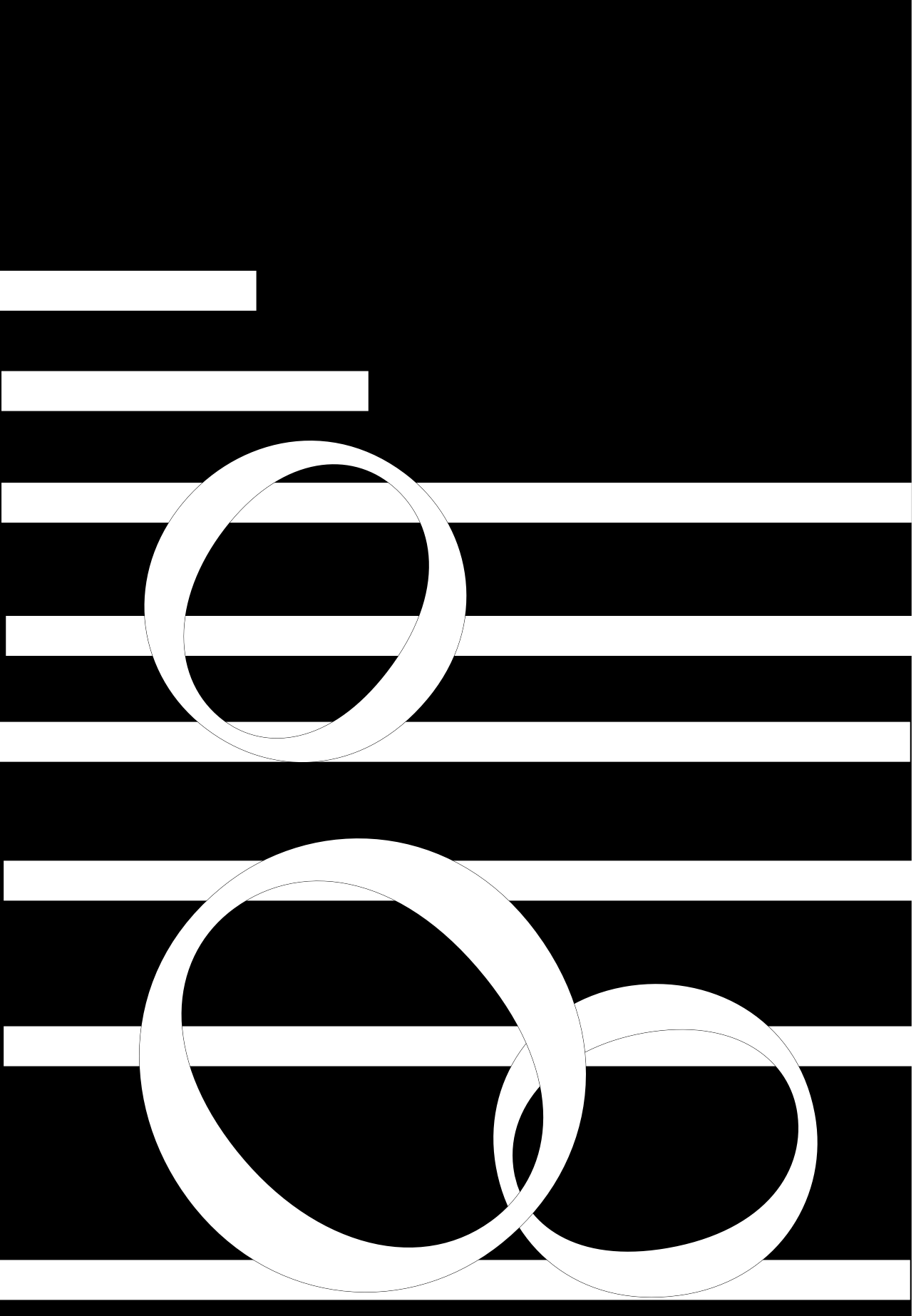
any

references

to .o.e.

writers?

# AMURKAS POETICS





geyser of jism brown as beachsand

(to hate or after a seastorm)

w. spermatozoon 'nough to populate

WallMart County AZtlán

w. equally active & vigorous animals

epyoifiayoo

here two hear her heave hard

where one went w. wealth warm—

click that vision off for a sec—

whatever gets ye through the night wey—it's alright

s'alright

aló

aló

—if ye got some problem do it right 'salright

alright

¿hay pecados fritos con limón?

—disheveled demokratikas . . .

self-recognition & memory fundamentals

to identitas distinct from neighboritas nameself

to exist mememoree self-recogito pas tiempo

past core to rearrive puro ríorun vichy

this all series in mapstorywriting later burned

—Mapa Sinvirgüenza—

POCHX CODEX—  
MAPA CHINGATZIN—& SCRIPT  
MARGINALIA READS YR  
MAJESTY—COVERAGE  
& CONTENT OF MSG ON EFFCY  
& DSTRBTN WHT RSRC

AVAILABLE & BY ACCRCY & SPD IN ACT  
OF RECOGNIZE  
READING WHAT SCRPT SYS  
ONLY RD B. ELITES —

& at bottom of letter signed love

SINGIN

humman burid head heard

he'd heard humid bird



# ¡ ATENCIÓN ! ¡ ATENCIÓN !

para recoger by beard

hare's year lassoed sunpoint

wordbwrite tappy skullsnare

year of seven deereyes . . .

conocimiento

riqueza

fuerza

& w. apathy anything's possible

& nothing too . . .

sur further al sur

debajo los auspices of the Programa Nacional Fronterizo

the regime MeChicanx fought for attractive

estereotypos de las cities of the frontera

constructed highways—resorts & other amenities

for shared Amurkan travelers from Al Norte

sometimes night night

accordion accordion accordion

hear hear geetar

del mundo  
people y pelo-groso  
calmaté los huesos Neruda  
go comay menudo  
hace Nevada  
accordion accordion accordion  
ja ja chiste chistre  
no I told ye  
Trump y no  
nombre disculpame  
got chavo  
by his huevos & huesos mang  
now his next  
move & see ye later  
accordion accordion accordion  
ese lefty  
voy a bajar  
—¡eso!—ripped held  
in my left mano  
hefted to my crowd  
& SQUEEZE

& then off

bloodbye Acapulco &

yea then to Baja

accordion accordion accordion

yes Baja

bring those yellow

licenses remove

plastic skin make

six quick calls

aló aló

snakeskin

¿esnakskin?

si yes

ah pasa con dios

for there's construction

everywhere everyfuckingwhere

the money

THE GOLD

chingao

they'll be there

for my money

accordion accordion accordion

all my money

shaped as a single turquoise lingum

in a bag full of amethyst yoni

my foooooortune

doing it well

in of course my own chaca

güey

found on scrap not dated

probably a letter

to TÍO

... & there ... four stages ... vida ... migrante

- 1 commitment initial stage forms pacts  
of covert & overt contracts of  
expectancies & responsibilities
- 2 accommodation OVER as tedious  
chores of adjusting to the state's  
flaws & idiosyncracies
- 3 assessment when relationship comes  
under stress bonds weakest thoughts  
of immediate future & opportunity costs

4 recommitment or termination new  
affirmation of alliance—  
or renogiationing of contracts  
& a decision to . . .

. . . NOW time doesn't equal tense

time always ways every—circle—infinite  
so be wary    slack on one —neither—also either

but y'all get the idea this letter meant something in that ol'

Epyiofiayoo uni-verse

& neither

time & language as artifices—necessary => human universe

froth => course => will/deed => madame => letter => the ashes

in hand here in

Times Square—frothy forty-second—here

but hark

HERE

glyphly

accordion accordion accordion

TURN

THE

FUCKING

PAGE



reed that back to me?

& Chaley to Xochitl & her child

C sd lemme tell y'all a cuento

like to hear it here it goes

thisun's called CASUISTRY a moral laxity

little ditty abt EL SEGUNDO

& how he learned to be a pendejo

O musa sing to me abt Pancho & that one

Juan Conquistador Epyiofiayoo help me

PLEASE git me to thet underside . . .

& j hark !

& Pancho EL SEGUNDO began losing

his hair beginning w. this

single node on his noggin's back

invisible to him but to todxs when he wrote prophecies

on his skinny lap as

he rode combi

& sun shone thru windows his head wd glisten kindly

so—wait



¿does that mean he get the psychedelic sacraments or not? ¿frothy

forty-second you sd? ¿last poem?

no no no that's in another libro . . . but the kind

kinda pelón had fully inculcated his massshismo

from some fucked up mentorship

situation w. his sweet conquistador

a gov't program that paired up Panchito

w. one Conquistador Epyiofiayoo

who ate oro

here Chaley took pause for a sip of icecold pulqazo

“you tell nice cuentos” the kid sd.

pipe down mocosx, Chaley sd I'm a-talking . . .

yes

& there are few times we hear from Pancho

in this cuento so lissen up

from the boca of li'l Pancho Chastitellez

look & take it away gordo:

when something is buggin me

my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo listens

to me while I get it off my pocho—perdón—pecho

my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo has lots of good ideas abt how  
to solve problems

& of course he took the sacraments  
purchased straight from

merchants of arms & finance

wd rathered smash that plateglass window they imported

think abt movement—wind my true Conquistador Epyiofiayoo

is that it helps me take my mind off things by

doin something w. me

sometimes my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo

promises that we will do something & then we don't do it

instead my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo makes fun of me

in ways that I don't like

I wish my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo wuz different

when I am w. my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo

I feel disappointed

when I am w. my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo I feel ignored

when I am w my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo I feel bored

when I am w. my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo

I feel anger a fuercioris

I feel that I can't trust my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo

w. secrets bc I'm

afraid my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo cd tell my

parent / guardian when

my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo gives me

advice—it makes me feel kind of stupid & ashamed

wish my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo asked me

more abt what I think

wish my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo knew me better

wish my Conquistador Epyiofiayoo spent more time w. me

so this Conquestor Epyiofiayoo in practice

did shit like this / cook shit

& then yump for tump

tell the toes this food be good

carne asada soaked in chelas & oranges—

& un chingo de los elotes but generally a bad dude

the end, Chaley sd.

Xochitl & her child enjoyed the shit out of that cuento

after that little one asked for an encore

a story “a real fucking story” the child sd.

“w. walking talking animatronic animals, shitface”

so Chaley told the child this one

ándale           & ¡ hark !

                  thisun's called planting of the roots, brownly C sd.

the vaca drowned in the cacawater

                  the elotero used his pitchfork to fish it out

then the nena told him

                                  eat it

                                  while the hammerhead axotl

went to sleep—the golden michin started to flog him

                                  but that nopal

already harvested the agave

                                  then vacas started to swim—& leche

from their tetas fed those axotls while this occurred

a pulpo plowed thru everything as the río rose

onto the milpa it covered todo

a machete sailed & splashed now nahuas started to farm &

starfish fell from the cielos & became real flesh

& started to hold their breaths & palpitated

& that's how the sacred agave wuz—

she fell asleep . . .

# Amurkas Poetics

machines made of words made by machines

remap Roussel's most intriguing of sd Yoropeon machines

cherished cities circulate coffins

coughs—money minds my mouth

Interest I it is I. Amurkas speaking—broadcasting

procedures

constraints

selection

versus

combination

projected into space & time

Xochitl Xochitl

versus

ran fingers thru hair—

& looked away—another day left—when

shd—have stayed—hair darknight sky

will have streaks of light—when . . . O . . . realizes

our

grass livid dayshine

brownskin—black eyes—

sing

hands on head

& small freckled hand—held ladybugs—

Río Ha'arlem & mathematics

hands on cabeza

bridge—& flew—& moved—&

fell

& woke—&

fingers pulsing pushing into sky

there wuz more before

began

inside those leaves—chambers

& read

where to crawl

shine on high Ha'arlem moon

shine on heartless moon

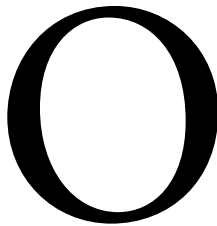
shine on high Ha'arlem moon

harvest Ha'arlem moon

few more hours

shine on high Ha'arlem moon

shine on high Ha'arlem moon



shine

shine

shine

shine

# ULISES—NORTE

Ulises dreamnote legit copy—MS 42889h-2

Paper ink draft—remember December

fail better wetback—well internalize yr failure as always

yr own / they sd

/ & fuck em too

what of those

clouds that fell

this day & errors

now err err just

as much

then—mmm—maybe

those cielitos of me

maybe might have stood

in grass

& kicked feet

then dropped on back

& what a fine mess

then wd stop to

think maybe for a little

while then Marcaida



might punch a few times  
clouds discriminate  
tho winds blow  
their tops & don't allow  
for rain to  
water reeds which lays  
atop reeds dried itself back  
while looking  
at the sun w. eyes closed  
& thinks or thought or wd  
think blame it on  
world inflicted itself upon yet still  
cannot even think of that character  
La Marcaida & where she may have traveled  
to because the stronger  
the presence the less real it seemed  
  
don't go back & work on that farm no more wetback  
playwright poet  
  
recall that characteristic shape of interruptions—lines

## 2000—5TH SUN—OUR PRESENT

MS 850312-49—duplicate carbon copy w. corrections

handwritten by amanuensis—some satirical verses over  
Chaley's ethnic leap—too scurrilous for me to print  
here—but so you know—he actually wrote on the top  
margin of the first page of the manuscript you shd  
remember that leap which ye took from that bridge—  
but I will dwell no more on this delicate subject

thusly bc somewhere realized—probably despues

de reading Bourdieu . . . no make that Fanon . . .

his danger of losing his life BECOMING lost to his—

Mezkin people

/ in abstracted senseless senses—

hotheaded & angry relentlessly

determined to destroy himself & also to renew contact

w. those oldest leyendas most precolonial lifesprings

(tho maestros called these deficits)

puess well—thanky Alurista he sd in his brains anyway /

thanky to ye too Sr. Paredes—ah yes

& Santa Gloria Anzaldúa

our Lady of Amurka wrapped

in her red—white—bluegreen rebozo

BUT Pochx ye're más WASPy más gabachx

que most gringxs

Eso. Claro. Pues . . . ni modo—

'twas then our poet Chaley Chastitellez became Chic anx

. . . perdón/

¡ Xicanx\* !—ese became Xaley Xastitellez/

revolutionary (simpleton) /

yet his socalled artistic exigency concerned dynamics

of his becoming

culture—defining sd culture—definition w. respect to Messico

& Amurka. . . ni modo—Xaley cd never

escape his gringitas after all he had

NO right—sin derecho—this Xicanx cdnt

even speak la lengua

& he tried to sing Corky's song

but his voice shook when

Spanish inflected him gringostruck—

---

\* Xicano—eh Xicano—¡Now what the DEFFIL can that mean!

esp bc he cdnt roll his errrrrrrrre

O . . . ¡LAZTLÁNDARUS!

¡GRINGx penDEjx!

!PINche paTON!

¡Posssshx!

¡Caca-noso!

¡Cristalino caca cara

e pan cruuuudo!

¡Blablablancanieves!

¡Gagagachupín!

¡Quothe Sr. Quota! en Espanglish

er whatever he called himself

still he looked selfsame as truth's reckon & he felt

some supposed sameness / cried & sang

his songs w. soundest sense—immense rhythms

sycopated from Germs Choice—& he sd

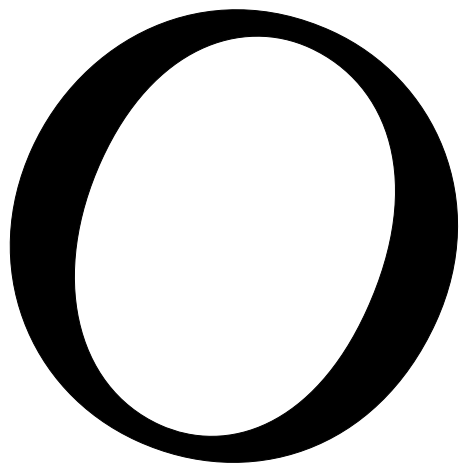
YO SOY AM I—no that's SOY YO

& yeah am amassed masses of mi

gente en de unaited esaites or meheeko afweda

& & & . . . yeah—I've been absorbed—comfortable

disease—puro asimila'o—tigre del norte



MEZKIN-AMURKAN

sportin one of them Ann-o-WAK cowboy hats

hijo del sol y de la mañana

y de la chingada—illegit

sunkid—yeah son of

generations of cabronxs & chingonxs—órale

& his heart jumped

when arcoiris split his almond eyes

but then instantly

LOOK yonder bald eagle

swooping down upon aguila morena

w. snake

in its clutches

YEAH this eagle's for ye Xaley puro gringx /Spain

stains on yr

brownskin /

claro . . . green GO . . . to México

& pack yr Xicanx neoindigenous essentialist<sup>†</sup>

---

<sup>†</sup> Xicano neoindigenous essentialism—ugh—& no he wd not sport his brown beret—mind—but rather his Sinaloan Stetson—yes—it's quite accidental that he wuz born Amurkan—but—after all—Amurka IZ eternal

false consciousness

ugh—& go—GO—veteverde—GO

go see greengx & understand

when all's sd & done history culminates in US<sup>‡</sup>

; holy telos !

; jumping ghost of Wakeen Mierdieta !

GO to Mex | Co greengx go

decorations w. jacarandas

& sawdust—music—fireworks

loud pops each night sometimes early morning

certainly not gunshots

Mexicans will assure ye greengx

& what ye'll expect from yr research

& yr poetic intelligence

indigenous magic—catholic religion—

capitalist technology

& Chaley—sorry/ Xaley—stops to think—

[end of typed manuscript—handwritten on back of sheet

the following—

---

‡ file that under Amurkan NO MANCHES

handwriting not that of amanuensis]

small boxed corn kernels

# MAYHAP FOURPART

## STRUCTURE

1) PSYCHOSEXUAL/

2) ETHNOPOLITICAL/

3) SOCIOECONOMIC/

4) PHENOMENOPHILOSOPHICAL/

[the following written in amanuensis's hand]

ADD HARE COSMOVISION

RAVEN POME FROM AK VISTA DAY

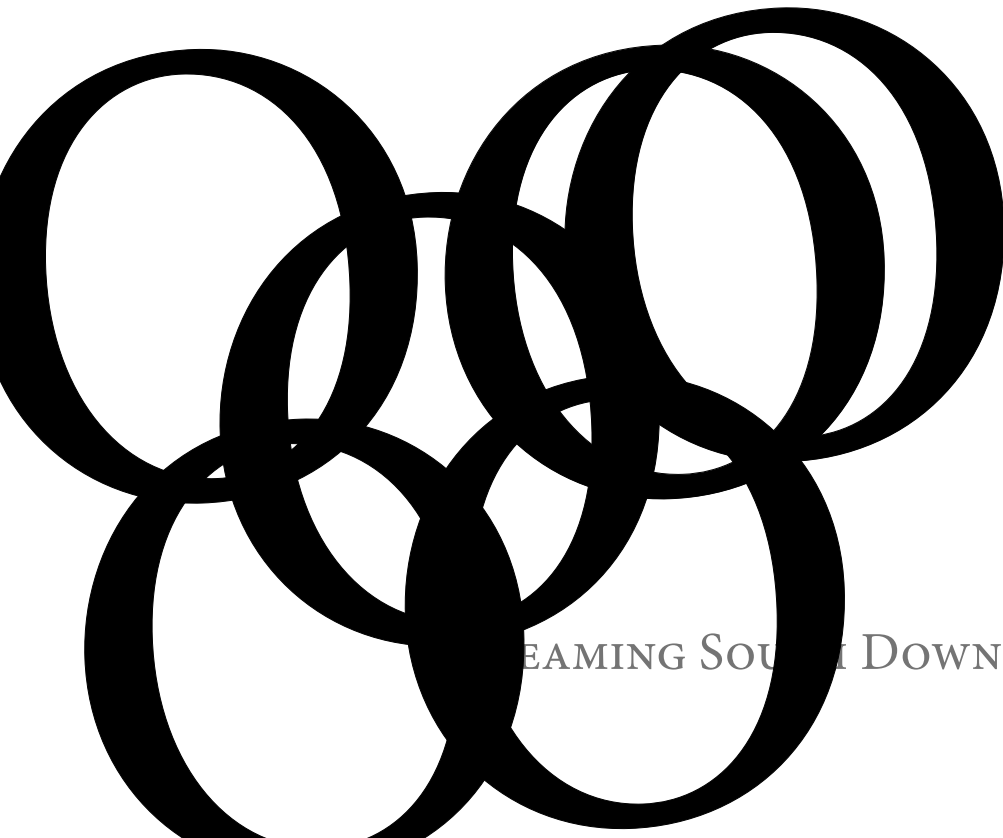
NORTHWEST NATIVE MYTHS

TECHNICIANS OF THE SACRED

DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

CHUPACABRA warriorpoet

DEC VIRGEN DE GUADALUPE—  
eat the baby so as not to buy next cake  
TURKEY Y MOLE  
HISTORY OF POZOLE  
REVISE HERMANA REVOLUTION  
TO GUADALUPE  
BELT BUCKLE HER FACE



HEARING SOUND DOWN MEX 85



darkness—death swerving dodging ghosts

& on the radio

xihualhu-hu-hu-huian an an an

tla tla tla tla

macaz

que que que que

tona tona tonatiuh

iquizayan-ayan-ayan-ayan

tona tona tonatiuh

icalaquiyan-quiyan-quiyan

from Knights Templar

that good godly cartel, some sd

well Chaley & his primo felt no shivers in their bones

only drunken pleasure & Makesickened time

soy eres somos

este futuro vuelto pasado todo lo que hubo

hay habrá

soy eres somos

este futuro vuelto pasado todo lo que hubo

hay habrá

soy eres somos

este futuro vuelto pasado todo lo que hubo

hay habrá

circled into one another three times

found a culebra & trapped it in a plastic jug

day before w. La Muerte

observing all & planted some trees maybe they lived

just to have children & write that prophecy she sd

wd make C's life complete had to nod to that

La Muerte also gifted Chaley a muy nice cape

w. which they lay covered

spread before them

designed w. severed cabezas & handpalms & hip bones

& ribs & tibias & arm bones & footprints

. . . screaming down

MEX 85 wind & rain

thunder & volcanoes y if langwedge's our roadmap of cultura

geographizing where its people come from &

where they go—

but stop bc Quetzalcoatl lifted this to you

& also he changed cacao trees into mexsquites

& this MEX 85 pierced holes into stone

CHALEY IN MANHATITLÁN

my eye opens—hairs of lashes—I blink & my skin  
a lizard's / & I blink my eye flashes  
wall scanning dark wall skinned like a lizard see  
tops of temples—creekside somewhere in alphabets  
big burnished one in the distance—v. many thr stairsteps  
verily in multitudes each not wide  
only the sole of one's foot cd not lie  
/ & we surrounded by walls—mi cariño  
  
scan down—& you see me      quickly I run  
you do not see my face  
I cup my codex of prophecies— knock down  
two barricades                      I stop  
on the block—sandy ground couple inspecting a starmap  
bump into some güey  
a priest—blurred—checks his glasses—see his amiga  
wants to shout—sez quiet I can scare them—I do—  
make them cry—  
I do w. my codex of prophecies in my hands I do I do  
onward & outside—I see trash see me enter  
building puerta

I want to go downstairs—stop—check my pulse well & bien

nearly bolt—hear—approach—viejita

w. flores steps down  
stairs —stop see hand—face a skull—old—hand  
on banister—old—smile/ smile—until me—cries  
& dies on I move on see my gray coat—carajo  
you can't see my cara my key won't turn doorlock—no—now—  
there goes let  
me lock this let me shut  
my door let me deadbolt this yes let me check  
my pulse well & bien let me see my room  
I have mis papeles codex of prophecies  
remove Ann-o-WAK cowboy hat from my head  
maintain my hair  
see my mirror you can't see  
that see Chuy en Mitla epyiofiayoo  
on wall see whole holes on wall see  
from my vision blurred see mirror on wall my ocelot's box  
see me pan  
up to torn brown curtains  
window mostly dirty my bed made  
see my window mostly blurred & my ocelot's box  
sneeze see my lamp something strikes me

/ a pain my ocelot wakes                      see  
 my window mostly blurred  
 my papers down—codex of prophecies—feel the whole  
 holes of my wall  
 feel my window—pull down  
 shard of torn red curtain  
 there—now no one can see except ocelot  
 bend down to ocelot—touch its neck  
 pyrite stripes my mirror dirty & blurred  
  
 circle only nothing but my bed  
 let’s walk to my bed let’s lift cover let’s stop  
 you realize I  
 have a perrito as well  
 they watch me let’s take this blanket—let’s let no one watch  
 me cover my smoking mirror  
 w. dusty cover  
  
 I have a bird too—a perico  
 ¡ ATENCIÓN ! it cackles  
 perico

blinks & scan my room once more  
 ¿what of that dead viejita on those stairs?

see the codex of prophecies

pick up ocelot—open my door let's let

out ocelot looks too much now let's get perrito

out—ocelot enters blurred gato

pick up ocelot—let

it out door—perrito enters

perico remains in its cage—blurred

¡ ATENCIÓN !

pick up perrito—

roughyarp perrito sez

ocelot enters

pick up gato mngnao ocelot sez

hold perrito w. foot—

they both out empty bed for those two

mngarpaorough they sey

now—papers codex of prophecies see

these papeles codex of prophecies no blanket uncover

smoking mirror

stammer—quickly put

that back see that blurred my tepate

my tepate—I

have but one tepate sit  
my tepate—see Chuy Xst on my wall nail thru  
forehead of old JC epyiofiayoo  
shines blurred walk  
to Chuy—look him btwn eyes epyiofiayoo epyiofiayoo  
his eyes rip him down—throw him  
down—see his squared location  
unstained on sweatstained wall  
stamp on him—one eye left torn to shreds epyiofiayoo  
epyiofiayoo  
mis papers—codex of prophecies—Pancho's file  
open Pancho's file  
my perico watches—mostly blurred stupid  
/ stupid—stupid—pinche perico

¡ ATENCIÓN !

stand from my tepate—remove  
coat perico sees me—cover its cage—aha!.

¡ ATENCIÓN !      ¡ ATENCIÓN !

perico in its cage—stupid now can't see  
my axolotl in its bowl mostly blurred

several axolotls

Pancho's files



now I can see my file—codex of prophecies

no—axolotl axolotl squirms axolotl

has an eye—close this axolotl w. my pillowcase

eyes

must sit once again

must see my files—codex of prophecies

eyes of my file wait

axolot no—axolotls

axolotl has eyes stop eyes of axolotl—alas

sit once again—this feels nice

as if a glacier in the ear yes

no Chuyes—no ocelot—no perrito—no axolotl—no perico file

¡ ATENCIÓN !

file mostly blurred a photo

of woman & baby another rock tepate man

empty cavity his chest epyiofiayoo

& puppy

group now

rock & rock & rock

wedding another wedding shd stop

w. this wedding now

man holding little girl outside trainstation in Tuxson

feel & fell no feel & ¿where dyall giet dem

Ann-o-WAK cowboy hats?  
little girlish &—& feel nothing now  
man wearing eye patch  
in winter now rip up all these pictures wedding—  
see you later  
group at graduation—see you later  
woman & baby—see you later  
hands twitch  
but mostly fine see epyiofiayoo  
all this trash on floor mostly fine pulse  
well & bien rock & rock nice nice tepate  
love Anawak hat must stop  
rocking  
no—no then nothing & rock & rock no squeak  
again rocking fine trash on floor  
won't clean this up won't clean this scan room  
scan walls scan  
covered smoking mirror scan blanket  
& pillow covering animals—empty  
Chuy Xst space now you

see my face

¿what  
do you need? Quetzalcoatl—I  
w. eyepatch in front  
of me no—is me Ulises—call it I—close  
eyes cover eyes no manches  
its face mostly blurred its eye lizard skin cover  
eyes w. hands  
maybe Ulises cries still I rocks rocks & rocks in its chair  
shielding its eyes/ both hands spread against its face—  
kissing  
ground & praising  
the living Huitzlipochó

2021

GLYPH

[page]

[1848 misc suns]

for weak & fed Messicans cd not resist them Amurkans  
since them Messicans wanted nothing in this world  
as ferociously as los Amurkanos wanted that land  
jus like Yorope finishin Yorope's business ye cd sey

[page]

[1521 misc suns—trans]

then immediately upon morning commanded—ordered  
our Captain Cortés to make—perform alone—one—only  
golden cross on there same—like likeness—appearance who—  
which so—thus splendidly—gloriously shining saw  
& he before him [to] carry—bring—bear  
commanded again & also to  
make one mama for all to love forget yr Huitzlipoch  
then those heathens as soon as them on that holy sign of the cross  
beheld  
then happened they immediately took fright—terrified—affright &  
to flee

turned

& Curtez [sic] glorious Xian conqueror epyiofiayoo then victory

had &

his army—troops those heathens slew—destroyed verily & he

also—in

addition—some there on that lake—drowned—immersed

as they chased them—& as the famous—illustrious—glorious

Cuahtemoc

again—afterward—thereupon home returned to his own

stronghold into

Tlatelolco then commanded Emperor Temo to send for—

summon all

elders & scholarly knowers of Aztec folks’

[folces genitive singular—;folks’ or folk’s?]

wisdom

& asked he them whose sign—token that be might which he on

from heaven so gloriously shined saw they then sd “It is that

“great heavenly

“sign to which the living Quetzalcoatl upon suffered.”

O shit—he sd

then my soul’s v. sad & will be til that

day when Cortés gives us back gold & gods

he's hidden away—epyoifiayoo

[page]

[2002 misc suns]

C wore his favorite deerskin t-shirt an image  
of a featherplumed gringo  
wearing one bigass gold medallion  
& a velvet cloak trimmed in gold epyiofiayoo epyiofiayoo  
& text Brothers & Comrades  
Let Us Follow the Sign of the Holy  
Agave in True Faith—for Under  
This Sign We Shall Conquer epyiofiayoo . . .  
  
& in his obsidian mirror sd to self  
  
. . . setting sail next day . . .  
  
I'm yr  
Humble servant

[page]

[1522 misc suns trans]

[Cuahtemoc according to one history—  
one glyph—pardon this translation bc I spick

glyph muy feo epyiofiayoo

bien feo]

& as he stepped away he noticed clouds ripping into gummy sky  
btwn pyramids clouds extending across three states & into ocean  
on either side these clouds like his whole symbolic dimension  
of everyday lived  
thought & life now his common ritual of disinterest & general  
unrest & again to old routines & attachments sweet metanoia  
clean spirit alas—  
toasts to countless simultaneous conversions mutually reinforcing  
& supporting one another—to transformations of view he HAD  
now again  
HAS of socialsymbol relations this life C this is yr life is  
thiiiiis  
my life on my fly yes yes this empire on yr life this is yr life  
these choices ye made—joder—chido C open up yr eyes &  
done & remember They asked him ¿what religion\* do y' think  
y're? & he  
responded claro puro Azteco what ye think chingao—  
I mean look at  
these short legs dudes—& They sd w. pyrite thunder which

They struck  
down deep into his bones deeper into his blood YES Y'RE  
Mexica [blink]  
& C shook but didn't know what happened & so left  
that steep temple & on the way out  
stopped an old man selling coquitos &  
bought one single scoop  
& as he strolled away he took Their Pronouncements & lived his  
life accordingly emperor school—omens—sacrificial  
symbolic descents— Work Leisure Stylizations  
of his life spoken for  
in advance & They watching from on high  
from Their stone mansions  
on the hill overlooking ocean bluewhite  
rocky beaches lowtide green  
rockcliffs good place to nap shd ye find yrself  
on those forbidden trails  
where They walk Their dogs & servants  
when They break to dream up  
different classes of determinisms for all They keep occupied  
[end]



[2008 misc suns]

& glyph

as Chaley holding Tío in his black plastic bag w. strap

those ashes in Times Esquare Chaley holding his Tío

& holding past—can't—product—& produce

/ movement on—SPACE — now only exists

H O W

mechanical time sustains

struggle

T O

C H E A T

T I M E

epyiofiayoo

there's a sick science of finding objectivities in culture

—extracting art

ART

art's way of finding artfulness of objex

/ & yet—& Y E T Tío Pancho w. lifegiving brain

never reckoned labour as even—minimally—part of his life—/

rather sacrifice—of his life—life began he sd epyiofiayoo

after work at cantinas in Brewery Gulch—WallMart—AZtlán

at table—public house—yes—in bed w. rented rucas

& W. THESE ASHES

MIXED W. LIFE HE THREW HIM

SELF INTO PLAY

OF WORLD—

& DANCED W. IT

venerable aging man —scoured hands  
—cut from hot copper today again  
memory of Tío Francisco “Pancho” Chastitellez  
framing sidewalks for others to walk on  
see these feet lacing tennies Tío  
/ to walk across—pulling grass w. our hands  
sun & water

TIMES E\$QUARE CAPITALI\$T AIR

& tedium of shingling causes me this witness  
all of this

[good glyphy good yes—easier to see cuts there]

[& this pinche page no manches]

[1521 misc suns]

but before I can accept these ladies  
Cortés sd to his Tlashcalan listeners & become yr brother  
ye all must abandon yr idols which ye mistakingly  
believe in w. all those hearts ye rip out still

beating beating—& drinking blood—abandon those wicked devils

ye think gods & sacrifice no more hearts

& when I see that done & all yr heathen sacrifices

at an end—our brotherhood cd be that much firmer

do that or we will kill you—bc Chuy Xst—

& more important than that yr jovencitas must become Xians

before I can receive them & you people must all

give up yr gods—for I see here standing before

me accursed vices for profits not mine here at yr temples

& this day ere day dawns make it so that shit has to change

& be mine . . . say it in the name of Xst epyiofiayoo

& brothers us all we shall be

& we'll save you from yrselfes

now run along

& get all yr gold bc I eat that shit

[page]

[1915 misc suns]

. . . Chaley's abuelo Pancho Chastitellez Sr de Sinaloa sent to

President Woody Whiteness Wilson a piece of pollo liver

three pieces of prized pollo fat

& a fatass poblano chile wrapped in red amatl

& stuffed deep in that poblano a pulverized poem

a prophecy cd be sure yeah maybe

but as ya'll read way earlier in this libro

Woody Whiteness Wilson sd softly to himself

this means war

& Pancho thought nothing of this

cuervo but did consider burnt mauve agaves

& I gotta get a bun so I better scoot

[page]

[1531 misc suns]

Huichilobos & Tezcatlipocita intend to leave

this forsaken Mexican desert<sup>§</sup>

---

§ instant reminder revolutionary Xaley camping in desert island Dos Cabezas west of Wallcox—AZtlán—for one week walkin' round—deserted ol' land—& some body there—covered w. dirt & gravel—only thing showin' feet—so he called some older viejitos & one dug out this corpse & sd “damn kid wasn't even twenty by the look of his jaw”—broken nose—teeth missing—blue flannel coat—no pants—“probly dead for bout couple days”—no smell—& off hear that piano—

& further guitar S T R U M

for here wd be some song—& they drove into Wallcox called the cops & those viejitos made cross signs across their torsos—& they set up camp at the Motel Seís—& the viejitos passed around a handle of Old Cuervo—the pepperiest they cd must—& they finished it—& Xaley never got one drink—& as they passed out Xaley stared at ceiling—¿is this desert land xingadaod? asked Xaley—¿do folks die for fun?

S O L O   S T R U M   this desert—

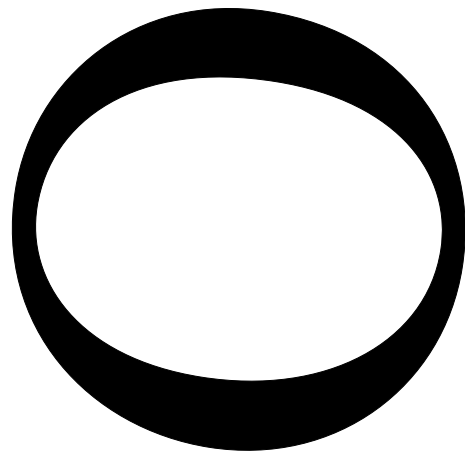
& once again native gods leave Mex | Co  
& Yropean ones enter to take their places . . .

¿what's the significance of that?

¿& where do they go?

well Xochimilco for one

— [manuscript ends here]



TONALAMATL MISTS

---

1

La Muerte went ahead &  
felt what C thought  
& she felt that mantle's porcelain  
that felt lining  
that mere window of touch touched  
her had never been breath  
increased louder faster  
wanted more stopped stopped  
drinking mezcalitos yesterday  
bc when vision  
straightened when emotion absolved  
when Chaley returned home to Río Ha'arlem C  
C wanted water & noticed he lost  
one huarache no manches  
2  
then she came again  
picked up the codex of prophecies  
began reading they spoke of plumed serpents  
she thought them dragons nah fuck that  
& that story abt Quetzalcoatl  
ants & never  
to speak ill of maize bc

we have such an angry old god & yr nahua  
can only do so much

3

once La Muerte's

back began hurting & she knew what grew inside her—

worsening

thin

she knew how it arrived there—

& now her checkered face turned red

grapes—covered w. white mold—underneath fruit of salad

not overlooked

can't use these she thought they have fur

4

Marcaida

separated center hearts of tomatoes—

carefully watched

& thought her

hands lovely

under her hairshirt

she taped an invitation to enter

he wd never see

“you are no good wyf” Ulises sd

she teared remembering those blooded  
nails good for curses  
bloodbye you bastard

5

Xochitl

looked him right in the INRI—¿& what did he do?  
had to wait a moment  
to see what she wd do  
fell tripod  
that convulsive beauty

young enough

at perception

& corazón but old enough

to rip out Chaley's beating corazón & swaddle it in agave





# RÍO HA'ARLEM





QUIERO QUE ME QUIERAS  
UN CHINGO SNAKEWOMAN

8dog jealous god

8dog all in fog

9monkey right on—money

9monkey matrimony

10tooth wayward youth

FOOTPRINTED PATHS

OF MIGRATION      TRACKs

lakesea

SAY Makesickuh made fer a-leavin—leaves

fallin

skyearth

sunmoon

deerbird

¡ ATENCIÓN !

fishcrab

motherfather

her fatnips tasted like berries that domingo

I'm looking for lucky Luck—soy his mama

inward memory—mystery passing myth

sanctuary—secret isle & mortal

father dim artificer enchantment proud—

fathers —countless secrets hissing together

pursuer & pursued—cloth sky-color—

follow yr mothers

anathema—¿who were yr fathers?—empty dominions

beyond structures

amaranth seeds to be sorted

off to chaff

¿where—have I have I been to myself mothers?

to death (where

crying)—crying

mothers' help

fathers' house forever falling falling

midday or morrow—move motherless

mothers & fathers—turn downward yr farces

always thought Chaley Chastitellez's heart

wuz pretty much on his

sleeve

give some plush excuse Pancho (EL SEGUNDO)—

this is what ye

must do

yr love cold travels martial ways

so ye MUST give good excuse

sey he saw her curving curses

& BOOM habbiTOOTS

¿how ye do? ¿howdy do? my name's Pancho

er Frank

me gusta to meet you yes el gusto es meow mi amor

[margin play gringo then]

let's dance show me how show me how

conoces salsa—aydios mio

no—no musho pero estabien megusta

muy musho con sheesharones

um no pwayto hhhablar espangnol musho losiendo

ningun par' bailar

O see

like tigress for her mate she no longer

forced to wait she dangled her bait

ay La Muerte—ageless benevolent enchantress—  
 the same who wd later guide Chaley through McTlán

now imagine her eyes slithering snakelike /  
 slivered silvered stabbed shellfish lips—her hair  
 tongues crawling—calling—& you in our hearts

now dead imagine—coiling coral snakes her eyes—  
 & you in our hearts

norteño family forgotten—family—boats/ & planes  
 we up above those eyes  
 made up fancily—chances of today's lluvia  
 sea breeze pueblo unheld—family mark it uncold

¡¿ ¡¿ TRANSLATION ? ! ? ! . . .

telo rígido ahuecando  
 su bombear correcto  
 de los ojos del guppy tambien      aint de I ninguna

estafa del libertino de la ¡O.N.U!

de la soja del yo del poeta ningún

método de workin tengo sexo

yeppy

¡ahora no caga el pollito!

de la ¡O.N.U! si escribo

es salud del salud de la necesidad

o de la salud

del outa

diga la vida es una whippy whippy del pome

tenga un poco

de jefe de la torta

del tártaro

diga helado

con grandotes pues puro oro blanché—casco

de la carne negro del día

de la noche haga

la llama dada

del encanto de la gloria

flamelets

inútiles ¿? ¿?

ella de esta ningu—¿?

¿fresa dallas? Chaley ah indeedy

ligero del mah de la oscuridad

en bleakness

de su floración

de la porción

ella se esforzó

levantar tarde en su jardín

de roca rendido el & de las uvas      maíz

## TRANSLATION\*

I want ye to want me un chingo snakewoman

imagínese slithering de esos ojos de tipo serpiente

labios apuñalados plateados slivered de los crustáceos

su pelo arrastre llamar—y you de las lengüetas en nuestros

... AZtlán

nones—serpientes coralinas que arrollan sus ojos y you

en nuestros ... AZtlán . . . . . barcos de la familia norteña

y planos y maquillaje olvidados familia de oriente medio

subimos sobre

esos ojos compuesto de lujo

ocasiones de la lluvia de hoy marca de la familia de la

ciudad unheld /de

---

\* Now get that sheet back in Amurkan spEnglish compahdray



la brisa de mar él uncold

erotic center of his solid core borning in the morning

then in the moved

theatre hands nearly

held necks freckled fused yes you

prayed for his first novel to enter & he gathered his thin wits

& imagine trucks reminding you of Chaley

pass you daily beeping ¡ ATENCIÓN !

& imagine him coughing membranitic remains

of unions O migraine

these like no other rememberings remembering

the peaceful .u.ow.k.

(who wrote himself his own genius & drunkenness)

wrote have uglier intents

& verse spoken illegibly graphically country

'tis a float plane

humming up into tangles of mangled cloud little uglies

& Chaley Chastitellez aching for baking whispering windless

whistles imagines

her eyes coral snakes made up fancy dancing ladies

lapping sugar by the handful O mercy mercy mer-see which  
head leads here imagine your  
self imagining him daily gripping gathered flushed rose toilet  
bowls (& never you mind my country & its intense insurgent  
nationals we've decided to make another South Amurka seeing  
how Sinaloa has nothing  
evil for us to push cocaine w.)  
Sr Malverde somewhere someone in this city lights  
a candle for ye—  
probably someone down the street from where Chaley  
resides chingo &  
imagine imagine dead—  
imagine old gente holding positions we wd never hold  
asses upbent unreached—ugh—imagine  
asphalted whale road ain't nogüey cd get drunk enough to  
stop lovin ye  
ancient glacier creator of living roods  
I salute to the boogie you Brobdignag—she sez toasting  
empty air  
so take this to Alaxsxa & die ye son of bitch . . .

flyer commemorating yr humpback from stolen colored

interwoven

cardboard

yea charming chamuco—right—tongues crawling—

calling—parting—warm

w. disease

foulest most heinous (you got it mocosx heinous)

disease—little mirrors

floating on sea glittering sunshine

listen family she sez only to herself

fingers aching for plucking—picking

packing tresses behind ears hearing heaving

revenging renegeing arranging mange frankly

whistling (windless)

& she waking naked unclouded—but thirstier

than a motherfucker

saddened—drymouthed—he moisteneth his lips

he continueth looking at her—just at her mouth

& he dryhumping her hand her sleeping—her coiled /

tired

from locking

to slithering serpent eyes

choked

by a—an—O ah eagle on nopal—& skulls like tunas

falling—

falling—falling

we had her in our sights—ah our hearts—our wad spent

on her darker

than our thigh

chances that we knew nothing

high

chances that we thought something

rare

though we must have slipped between her slimy teeth

—but that you survived to deny seems too fearlike—my

denizens whisper whistles the lists of doing today mostly twice

O ah aching for a baking this one sipping her black coffee

like maybe this world's whitest Frida Kahlo ever wd

Frida who cussed & drank like a Jalisco mariachi

/ set sail you royal fool w. this snake mistress & unclog

this planted wax

earmuffs blocking her singing Chaley & hear her heal

you hear her

have you draw you move you

her song to Savannah to Charleston to Ketch'kaan  
to Tehran to Bagdad to Ha'arlem  
to Louisville to Nogales to Portland to London to Paris  
to Seoul to Las Vegas to Tuxson to Chicago  
to Mex | Co City & Tetaroba blessed blessed Sinaloa  
to a blessed kind of Nueva Yor  
pues & still not omitting Manhatitán . . . chingao . . . her song  
  
& remember him she sings & those peaceful have uglier  
intentents Xingaski wrote you royal fool  
my frontera tis a float plane humming up into tangles  
of mangled cloud—blown like a lifeboat in the sideways rain  
remember the little uglies make this world gray—gyrate  
  
imagine trucks reminding you of me pass you daily beeping

¡ ATENCIÓN !

tires overblown whitewalls  
imagine Chaley coughing membranitic remains  
of black unions  
remembering embers of the peaceful have uglier intentents  
my country tis a float plane humming up into tangles  
of mangled cloud little uglies hugamongous [sic] aching

for a baking whisper whistles (windless) imagine

her eyes snakes made up fancy—

raven sticking an eagle right in front of me—

dancing ladies lapping sugar by the handful O mercy

mercy mer-see

O—O imagine me daily gripping gathered flushed rose

toilet bowls (& other rhymes of that sugary

nature) my country & the intense insurgent

nationals (sugar) we've decided to make another

South Amurka seeing

how Sinaloa has nothing for us to power

autos (sugar) imagine trucks

reminding you of me pass you daily beeping

¡ ATENCIÓN !

imagine coughing membranous remains

of unions remembering

the peaceful have uglier intents my country

tis a float plane humming

up into tangles of mangled cloud little uglies

hugamongous aching for a baking whisper

whistles (windless) imagine her eyes snakes made up

fancy dancing ladies lapping sugar  
by the handful O mercy mercy mer-see  
imagine me O—O daily gripping gathered flushed  
rose toilet bowls my  
country & the intense insurgent nationals  
we've decided to make another South Amurka  
seeing how Sinaloa has nothing for us to power autos w.  
imagine trucks reminding you of me pass you daily beeping

## ¡ ATENCIÓN !

then imagine I'm coughing membranics remains  
of unions remembering the peaceful have uglier intents  
my country tis a float plane humming  
up into tangles of mangled cloud little uglies  
hugamongous aching for a baking whisper whistles imagine  
her eyes snakes made up fancy dancing ladies lapping  
sugar by the handful O mercy  
mercy mer-see imagine me daily gripping Agrippa's gathered  
flushed rose toilet bowls my country & the intense insurgent  
nationals we've decided to make another South Amurka  
seeing how Sinaloa has nothing for us to power autos w.  
serpentine sd he wd talk the talk she walked but them coil

eyes seemed a bit too much to bargain w. (hair still singing)

serpentine decided to wake-up to keep the service

over the horizon in the distance—& the rambling—bumbling

historico constructions they gathered to play w.

viola

i een en ur

i e

i een er n

ne

e ndre

ne

e ndre ne

e ndre ne

ne

n ui e



ne

ari n e een

e

rea i e

u an a ure

e ndre ne

e ndre

Pa e a

Pa e a

e ndre

e

ndre

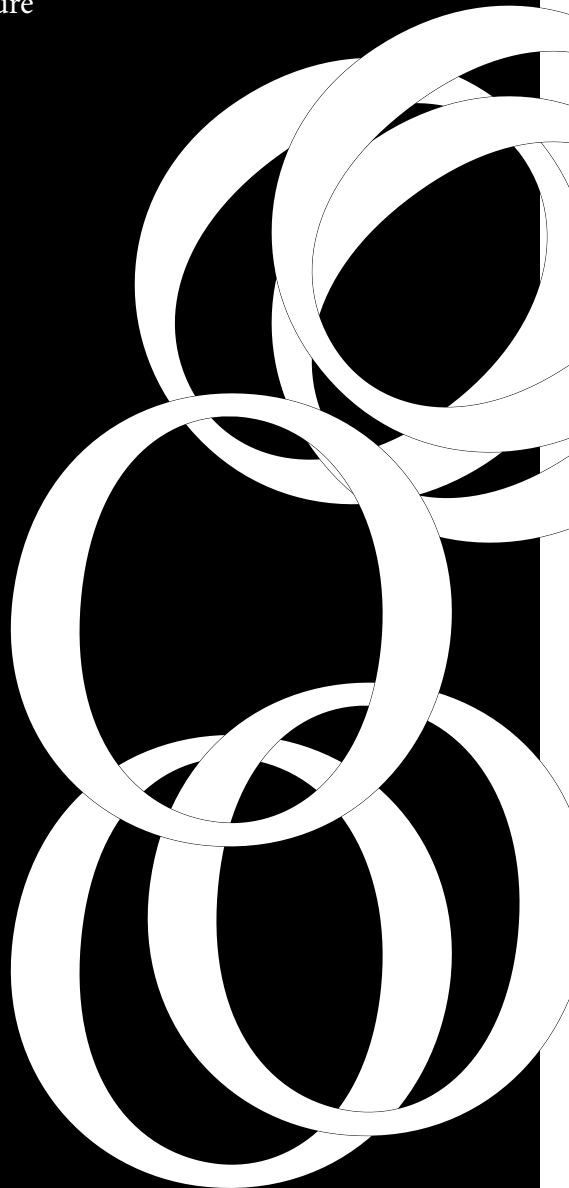
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e ndre

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e ndre



2007—5TH SUN—OUR PRESENT

OF HUMAN SACRIFICE & SACRIFICIAL DESCENT

INTO HELL—LEGIT COPY—MS 47158H-2 PAPER INK

DRAFT—NOVEMBER

here in McTlán we find Chaley Chastitellez  
after “escaping” the treachery of creamy sunlit  
Xochitl Flores—who sd  
to our knight “gud bai” after  
/ quote/unquote Great Refusal  
& after many months after that rainy Tuesday  
our fair Xochitl threw—down  
& came kissy kiss kiss  
facedown upon /  
/ postAzTlán—many months  
later tracking—to Alaxsxa  
& murdering /—  
devouring—& ripping  
open Chaley’s pocho—perdón—pecho—qué pachanga /  
scratching to hell—legs & arms  
& screaming ¡ Santiago !  
¡ Santiago ! & dispatching Chaley

/ thoroughly

even despite (otra vez)—fair swordplay

then blackening—slowing

heart w. copalsmoke

wrapped in agaves & later nopales . . .

& now first stop—here—in Death's abode Chaley

finds himself presented w. one of La Muerte's

jovencita emissary agents (of the four in Tlazoteteo

Cuatón—Caxxoch—Tlahui—or Xapel—can't determine)

& look—looking good for this pink pearl

of perfection appears painful /

/ hair striped agate

clotted w. blood into braids

never combed or parted

&—chocolatl eyes of pure stars

make no mistake freeze to the hueso

& have the sun's seeing

& they sing rain—rain

&—swells—w. embalmed songs

& up above—sagging metzli—thick & pregnant then—sez

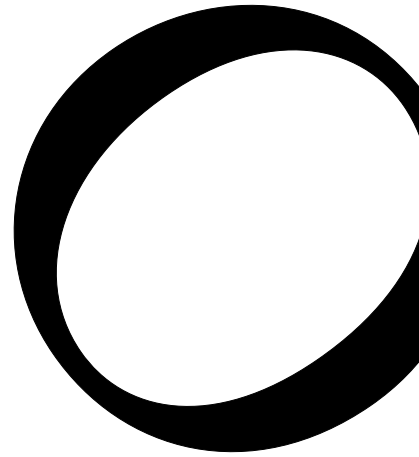
no temas

donde vayas

que has de  
morir

donde debes . . .

powerfully



sacred—& when it

FILLS OUR WORLD |

yea

like rayos of luz thru & thru

&

hasta que tomé

# la píldora se me quitó el dolor

but—florid speech spoken to no one in particular—mind

Chaley hadn't sufficient Spanish to do w.—& anyway

/ no—& ¡egad! ¡that smell!

& behold—¡Chaley Chastitellez!—

truchas yr name ¡ stinks ! sudden overwhelming stench

more than

carrion in Tuxson in July—

more than dead salmon filling dry creekbeds

in Alaxsxa in August—&—sickens & groans—folds

& darkness twists in—

like a river—weighing—down . . .

&—contemplates again to go—yeah again—to leave

/ hated & O so heated AZtlán . . .

—which—later does—claro—

but—continues on pulling himself along

dragging along some whitemud & on

passing this jovencita  
voicing one guttural grassy ass & smiling & suddenly—  
strolls<sup>†</sup>  
further into—despondent baroque hallucination  
McTlanuense  
until—reaches  
that forested juncture [¿?]  
& these cosmic trees—  
fat & furbarked—w. sky branches—  
&—sits beneath one's shadows  
which shines specks of stars & finds  
a smoking mirror—/ looks at—face  
& this mirror cracks—&—face wrinkles  
&—sees himself as puro viejo—face like a battered stone  
& so—instantly sleeps—  
later wakes—¿in—dream?  
&—walks<sup>‡</sup> . . .  
gritos de dolores sounding  
in—ears . . . death to gachupines &c<sup>§</sup>  
& so—squats on a slab of unrefined copper to rest . . .  
/ hands leaning on this ore lump

---

† sic ¿?

‡ [margin—“&—wakes &c”]\

§ margin—“&c &c”

supporting himself on it w. his manos  
& yonder AZtlán shining in the distance  
/ looking down from some height in space  
of time—& as for space of space's there where  
/ gaze lands / there that goddamned WallMart  
which as—sees & considers  
effects tears to rush  
into—eyes—  
cold sobs cut—throat—  
er—O . . . constructed tears  
of smeared centuries gone  
dripping down /  
face & sorrowfully falling to stone  
& piercing—heart—  
& as—wipes—face shadows  
linger where—hands rest  
  
    &—wakes—¿into another dream?  
  
& who else but one-armed Álvaro Obregón  
appears to /  
&—looks up—banners reading  
imposition—resistance—adaptation—transformation

“sound concepts güey” Obry sez then “¿where you  
“goin?”

& immediately Chaley responds “to a place  
of red daylight—to find some wisdom”

“..” sez Obregón—mouth full of frozen blood  
& Chaley wakes again—[¿ ?]

& again Obregón tho this time missing the opposite arm  
“¿red daylight?”

“¿know it?”

“don’t know” Obry sez—

“but have a plug of this pulqazo—just fer ye”

“well won’t sey no”

&—sips the brew from a yellow popote

sweet wine & sweeter still yet

& instantly—bien pedo—perfectamente drunk—falls

/ faints—on calle & dreams—sleeps—/ snores

echo for miles in these canyons

&—¿wakes? ¿dreams of waking?

& finds only silence—pure

& an empty rusted town of concrete

& rebar . . .

& a new peak—btwn Popocatépetl & Iztaccíhuatl

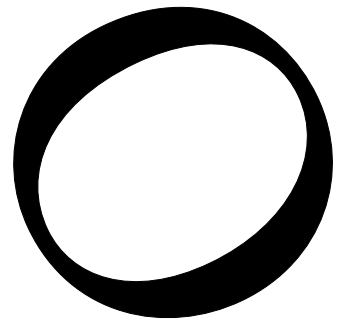


& snow slowly descends  
/ face whitemudcaked . . .  
& surrounded by carcasses  
of codices—pages lost among the dead  
& that weight oppresses /—so—weeps  
for these songs—then  
sings &—tears again endlessly cold  
& long sighs issue deep from—guts  
until—sleeps—  
&—wakes—;or dreams?—  
to a beach—& there a hulk of serpents  
formed into a raft—  
& directly—reaches into—pocket  
& produces—MTA Metrocard  
which—promptly presents to the largest coat's  
mouth—which it sucks & it slides  
an entry for Chaley &—boards  
&—sails into that diamond ocean  
this boat gliding on burning waters  
into that land of red daylight—  
on the rim of the great sea  
    &—face reflects in ocean

# POCHX CODEX—MS 547821.8

in an extension of face onscreen  
1919 corridos abt border hijinx  
classic heists & wordslides  
y Junipero me dijo—  
Junipero who excelled in crying  
out Lon live the fey de Chuy  
Xey & let these pinches dogs  
enemies & asesinos  
die the motherfuckin death—sd  
to U listenUlises get close—  
sit closer still closer closer  
Ulises—& here Junipero  
placed his hand on valiant  
Ulises's knee unbeknownst  
of U's ojo  
& then that venerable fray  
offered a shoulder rub in the rectory  
to soothe U's sins—to which Ulises  
sd nay—& here Ulises sd to himself  
Mexico—mi hija—Mechica /  
Xica Xica—& heart heart

like his own version of the brownish  
abaondon yr family blues  
& thought further tell it to yrself motherfuckin  
heart & Ulises to Fray ¿what's  
to be sd? I mean I did it I feel  
bad abt it but I'm p-p-pretty sure  
I wdn't do it again I mean if  
in that position—don't smile  
you know what I mean—l-l-look  
let me explain what I'm gonna—  
tell me—when I hear Marcaida  
sey that thing to me in English—  
don gho camvak & at this Ulises  
saw Fray Junipero repeat under his fat  
breath don gho        don gho  
moonlight sliced thru those blinds  
La Marcaida under the volcano  
that Tecuilhuitontli she offered flowers  
early Tlaxochimaco still two months  
away—& still the obligatory drinking of pulque  
& Sol—good ol' Sol—  
& what the color of stars        if any



& what the path walked  
downstairs her hooves clacked  
el primo on the chest  
of her nahua digging for skulls

make ywwawn . . .

& el Fray sd My son—mijo—look /  
mire this carnal knowledge of death . . .  
sd this humble man of god who only  
wanted to spread his fangs bestially  
into sheep & who spread his fingers  
wide white dryness between each digit  
this “humble” pile of mayonnaise of god only  
wanted to make a divisive way of living  
for both sides—nay—all  
sides involved—sweet oppression—  
despite attacks his type had received  
& to make the beast w. his flock—  
then sd—held spellbound by a series  
of sinister omens—sweet baby Quetzalcoatl—I  
hey I’m right here—O yeah—sorry—sweet

baby Xst—anyway—haven't told anybody  
abt this—U sd—strange portents  
appeared & terrified me first  
that great star tongue of fire  
licking skynight O smoking mirrorman  
a flame digo showering light  
of dawn w. tinsel padre epyiofiayoo  
—yes epyiofiayoo my son—  
then my jefa's house burned down  
& all the water in the ransho burned &  
boiled as it foamed yellow singeing  
grass as it flooded the ransho sheeeengwow  
& some muchaca's voice crying crying  
all night long . . . two-headed chamaquitxs  
discovered & also the mummified  
carcasses of eight infants in a storage garage  
& all those amorphous libidos manifested & subjugated  
known & particularized favoring certain drives  
& capacities prohibiting some disfavoring others  
disarticulated—  
I shd sey also these two-headed creatures appeared  
& vanished as soon

as anyone saw them . . .  
silly bastardo thought Fray Fray  
silly beautiful bastardo epyiofiayoo  
hobgoblins haunting that beautiful imagination  
sigh—sigh—love for Lord Chuy Xst—sigh  
beautiful boy— epyiofiayoo his desperate desire  
to know something—to grapple  
w. night axe—headless torso  
scuttling along earth—chest split  
open—answering prophecies  
of its heart ripped out—buried—& returned  
to four days later—cross yr fingers  
for feathers & not coal—silly  
beautiful bastardo epyiofiayoo —sigh—love  
yr Lord Chuy—mi'jo & love . . . love  
love yr brothers & hermanas—& mama Lupe  
especially—& pay yr tithes go home  
& shower—soap yrself up muy nice /  
let those bubbles run all over yr body . . .  
yes—& sey the Lord's Prayer  
ten times—& think of me . . . porfas . . .  
bueno padre got it—thanks for listening

cd always trust yr wisdom

but Ulises—think of me please . . .

but Ulises had bound

away off to bathe—

pray—

& wage

flowerwarfare

“conscience clear”

# GLYPH TO DARK

amatl roll—bind & bound

La Pelona—La Muerte

w. a backward sloping

gringita

forehead

when ye sd.

more . . . &

for this luz

w. chin in hasty retreat

THINK yr raza—imagine AZtlán

then imagine her eyes snakes squirming . . .

Chastitellez GOING DOWN caves away

knocked out mmmmmooon

blowing my top

blue

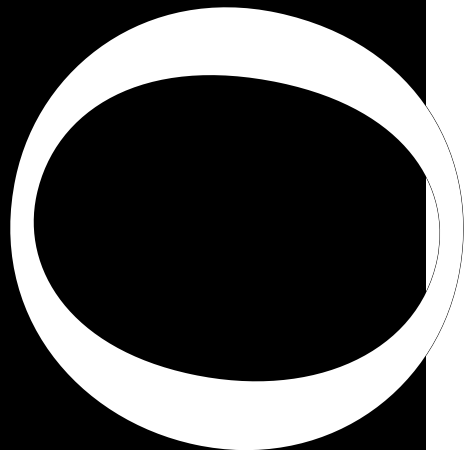
never saw the likes of you.

aguanta [illegible]

avantele güey

güey

presentame pues





warmth of tonalamatl

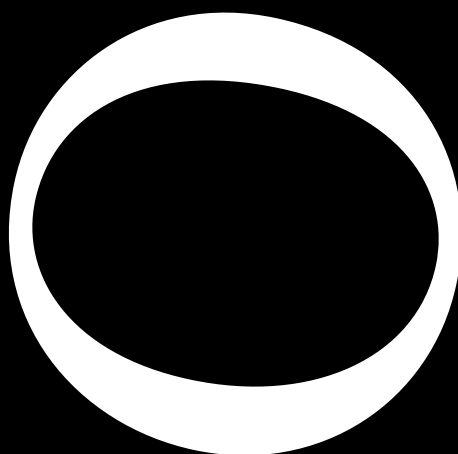
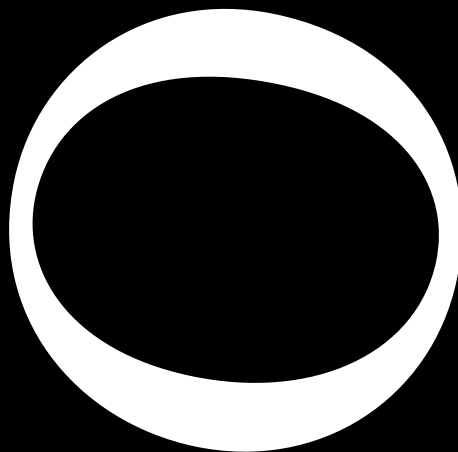
radiance of day

| shines

la luna | shines

| shines

away



pochx



saborcitx

instituto xingao

2 norte 1210

esq. 14 poniente

col. jacarandas

c.p. 75730

McTlán

death—pleasure

leisure . . . ¡trip!

Guadalupe is Tonantzin =

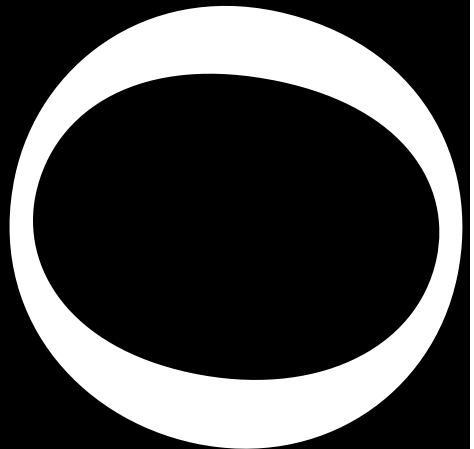
to reader—special

gift—from me to ye—

special gift fro this

amateur—gives

sometimes gracefully—



sometimes gradually—  
mostly rancorously—fro  
one dream t' next—as  
series of wars—victories /  
catastrophes —

reader—cariño—take  
this cuicatl

xochitl = flower structure

huehuetl = drum

begin—/ &—...

rested ... on both

sides ... cosmic

arbol ... rooted to

center ... surrounded

by divine waters ... r

.a.ia .a.i.a

cosmic branches

ua. .r.g.r. Mextecl poets

vein to nebulae ...

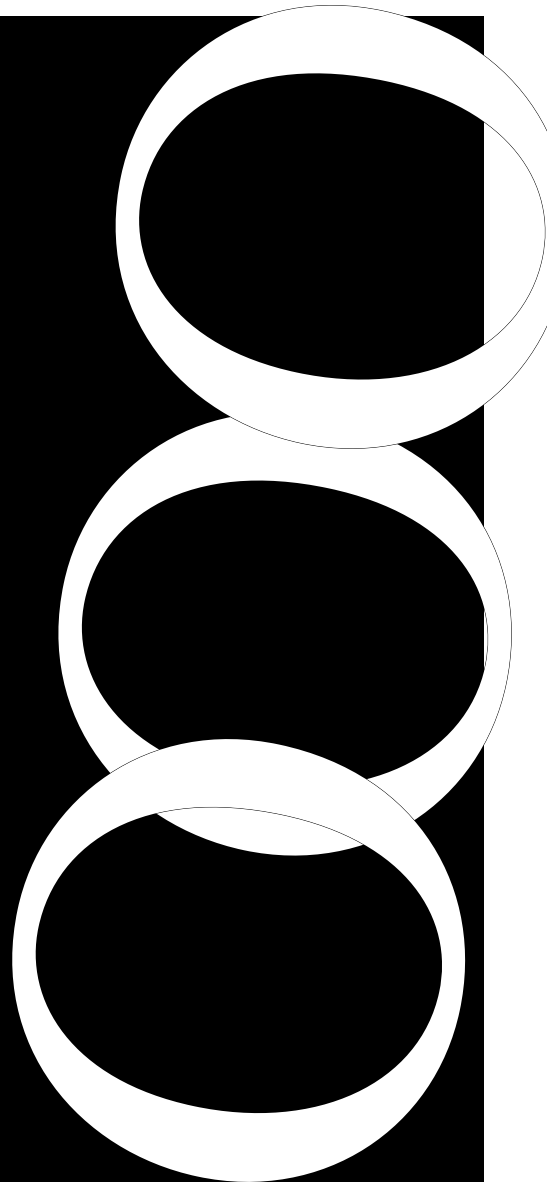
.e..no

heft heaven ... bracketed

death is not

forever

by two plumed serpents



our mamá . . . our

papá . . . carved

into stelae . . . still

night—this universe's

established—destroyed—

re-established . . .

times . . .

four—maybe five

“.N X O C H . T L — . N C U . C A T L” —global culture

induced by

structure—use

“flower & song”

as ukase songs

depending

who ye ask . . .

testimonies of suns . . .

our mamá Tonantzin /

our papa Totahtzin

together entwined

¡OMETEOTL!

.a.e. .o..h.rt

the nahuas after

the conquest

pictographic writing

hegemonic power—nationstates

& transnational corporate

market tyranny—homogenize

worldviews—beliefs—

moral values

structure /

Chaley brings dead

as Quetzalcoatl—bleeds

¡O my! dios en dios—

chori—drips

begetter—conceiver . . . blood drops

our mamá guadalupe /

ground-up bones—ashes—

our papá padre chuy

to tamoanchan = ¿Tuxson?

place of origin—mountain of “A”

mountain clouded contagion

T L A M A L E H U A

L . Z T L . =

penance—act of deserving

thru sacrifice—

tonalli

consuming bite-size bits to be warm

o’ flesh—bloodsmeared the sun to shine . . .

effigies to gods radiance—span

of day

Pancho’s child & wife

die in childbirth . . .

a prisoner in—womb. . .

structure

become companions

18 groups X 20

to sun—from zenith to vespers

follow Aztecán & Mayan

numerologies

McTlán—abode of the

# DEAD

at—altar

someone's phone rings—

at either side

of our mother—two

bronze sculptures

of eagles w. serpents

in their beaks

scaffolding

from floor to ceiling—to my right

exit to my left exit

market here

/ purchased a styrofoam cup of

horchata for ten pesos

& a t-shirt for forty

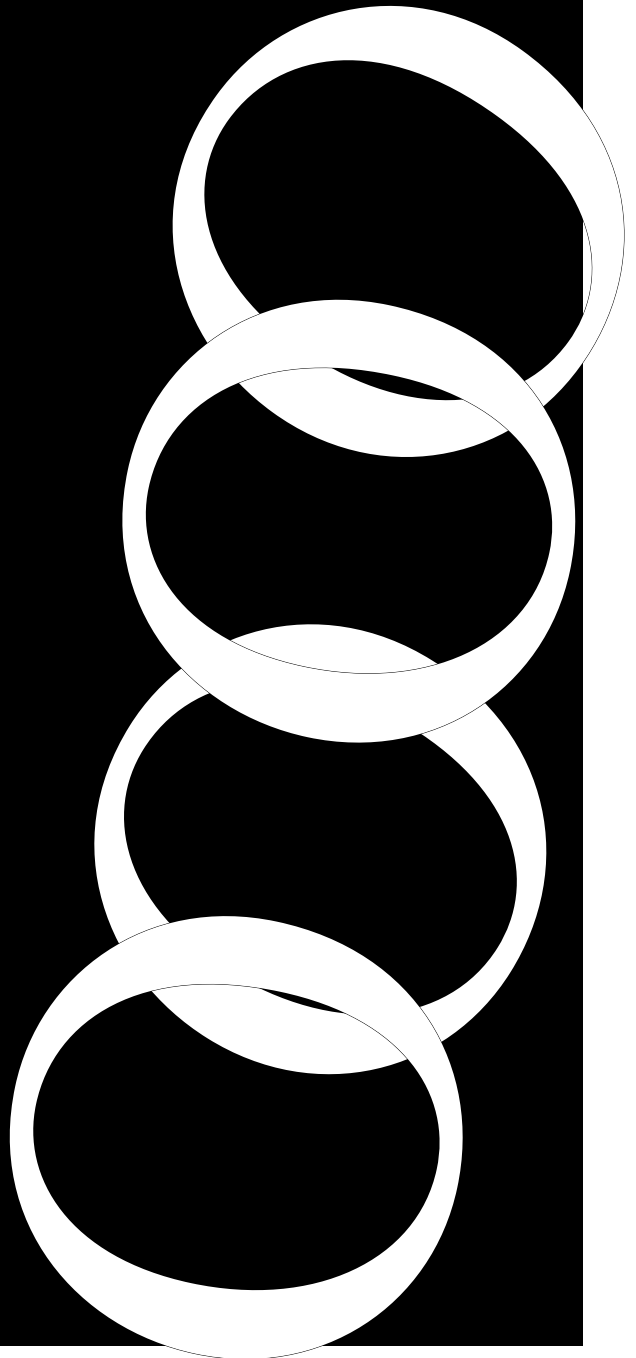
& on—stopped at a crowd

of people at a stall—

a blindfolded man's

back faced the crowd

& in—hands /



held a tame hissing coatl &

/ yelled repentances

for—sins—drunkenness /

wanton living—& the crowd

wuz instructed to hold out their hands

to—/ on—&—walked

on

& as—turned

toward JP's former

popemobile—saw

brown children

approaching the cathedral

on their knees hands

clutched before them

& mothers & fathers clutching

babies to their chests on their

knees making slow but steady

progress toward their destinations

mandas en confianza

palms next to pines

\salmon—yellow—

OKAY—that's bueno OKAY

next page finishes—writer

well poet—finish

get a good start mahnyana

always tomorrow—always

putting work on this “epic”

off—how you’ll never learn

my tongue & never learn

yrs—/—how Pound wd

sey hate those they sey of the bean

chest—yr generous back giving that bath

in the rib of the river

went between walls of one house walking

on one side to the other w.

no exit

origin of her seen

wound

intact

& the

perturbance & secret

ashes

& asked me to shush



& on yr fresh throne where            you yr nahua pronounced

showing what stone of a                    thousand centuries

noise that wrenches air—                the double

face

& how many voices heard in front

of the covered sea never returning

waves by belt of vipers she birthed me nomadic

Mexica banished—w. no idols

bats in Tuxson

hear those jets roar overhead & the cold snow

that didn't stick this

waves of it blew like moths/

swirled eddies of air silhouetted w. ice

¿where dyall giet dem Ann-o-WAK cowboy hats?

whence ice crystals in the sky these rainbow constellations

sombra some sombra some sombra

from this engulfing AZtlán heat

¿where dyall giet dem Ann-o-WAK cowboy hats?

¿where dyall giet dem Ann-o-WAK cowboy hats?

how ye experience yr body & emotions in space—time—

yr reading of yrself

embodying practice

yr body & emotions in relations to others in history

bueno ponte las vergas see how others

see me in order to experience awareness

of this body my body

in this body Amurkan

electric

there sense it

rat cabbage rust

cuando lo avión escucha a su propio día noche—

soy con mi querido debajo las flores

GREEN—¡GO!

los vetenverdes

issue moody muddy vetenverdes

veteverde

still gone funny—in face of all green

money

gold lust

unlike

gold eaters they sey—como dicen—not human but Xuman

as all hell

(quaking) but in ethSpanyeol ethsereths xumanoths

ethsereths xumanoths

& sky

& land

leaned

cd be nothing better than South Tuxson AZtlán cabrón

¿where dyall giet dem Ann-o-WAK cowboy hats?

abstract number one Mechikan

¿where dyall giet dem Ann-o-WAK cowboy hats?

¿where dyall giet dem Ann-o-WAK cowboy hats?

¿where dyall giet dem Ann-o-WAK cowboy hats?

from Alaxsxa to YookaTAN

carmelbrown obsidian yellow amber in sun

# XOCHITL'S POEM TO CHALEY

today

wing's drunken bow

haunted in snow

flew away

this swan's

fine show

glows

beaming apathy

¡brown agony!

don't deny

yr plumes aren't clamped

lights assign

contempt

spinning spells a-twirl my & me w.

the oceankissing color the nape of my neck

& lakes you did break—

as I turn—laughing & chatting to

reeling but it's hard to drown

turning soft huehuetl

turning to bare suffocation

turning & I'm a prophetic dream when I met  
the sound of my bloodocean but I clung to  
catch my heavy heaved breath  
codex to you & nothing more  
nothing more  
& down here in my green lean nothing more than paper guts  
& to breathe water you slid into my sorespace—  
everyone swam in w. yr dark/ curious fringe  
sucked the breath right out of me ye  
know me in yr eyes  
my fear yr language my fear  
yr heat—¿jade?  
¿flowers of cacao?  
¿fragrant lilies? ¿blooming?  
¿a ohuaya? ¿ye come—mmm—  
smiling flowers? ¿lay on mat  
of flowers? ¿us? ¿intertwined  
rootless flowers? ¿from within yr  
flowerplumes sing?  
bloodbye bloodbye bloodbye bloodbye  
¿ahua yyao ayya iye?

SEE CHALEY CD PERCEIVE OPPRESSION

EPYIOFIAYOO

intellectually—

had never directly experienced

as much as sey Los Panchos

but Chaley didn't want to be a vendidido . . .

like un abuelo Pancho esp

Ulises Pancho Chastiteyez

EL PRIMERO

mangled by his own wd-be son

rent into 14 pieces a la brava

scattered into our Río Ha'arlem where

axolotls ate his shit-stained

latex-covered phallus w. its tip

wasted into one puddle of beetles

# END

w. travel to cave

in McTlán

to world of purgatory

where he speaks to papas

sate our thirst while ye sit & drink

yr ale our thunder while ye be feasting

our restless watch while ye sleep

our sore & grievous pain

while ye play

our fire

while ye be in pleasure skiing

yr offspring shall remember ye thus

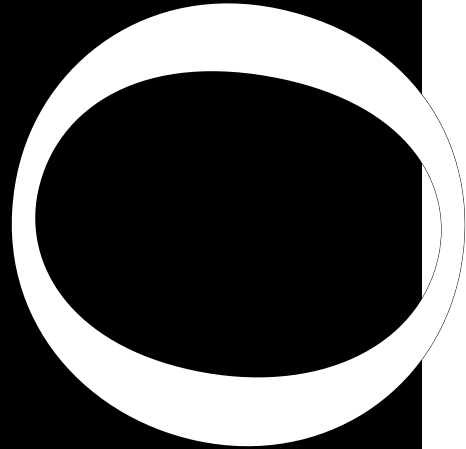
born to die not knowing day nor hour

where when or how

O Chaley yu heretick

seeking perfection

blessed virgencita



yr lips filmed w. blood lipstick

& Chaley

Aye papas do beseech all my dear friends—parents—& kinsfolk

by those balls holy huevos de Chuy Xst that since it is uncertain

what lot will befall me for fear not w.standing lets by reason

of my sinwits I be to pass & stay some long while

in McTlán they will vouchsafe

to assist & succor me w. their holy prayers

& satisfactory works especially w. regards to

holy sacrifice of mass as being

most effectual means to deliver souls from their torments

& (s)pains

various nahuas suckin

tiffin & little cabra to rock

baby

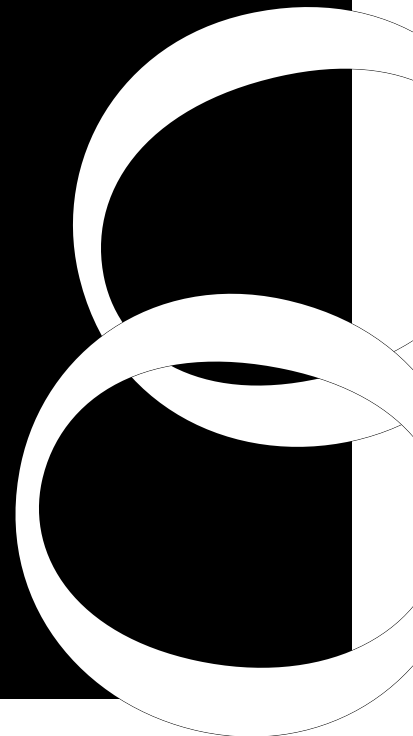
then La Muerte stood to preside

& we all gathered in

her iglesia to hear her play

alto sax

but first she put her nalgas over





the railing which we each kissed cheek to cheek

before her sirena song thing

our kisses known signs of fealty

then searching her crowd

as if searching all that agave

surrounding her folding in around her

as if violently searching for irregular verbs

btwn each blade

# SONG

G / C

humman burid head heard

had heard humid bird

¡ ATENCIÓN !

para a recoger by beard

hare's year lassoed sunpoint

wordbright tappy skull snare

year of seven deereyes

umbilicas interbody

& tootsie's mappy mapped

where lassoed land footstepped

they made in their mythies

of their soul's raceconscience smythies

her chant—chingao Tzitzime he had no idea

when her power wd burst forth

from hidestrips painted

macawrainbows nouns

# EL CANTO

“once upon time

“there lived worm seven

“who loved nahuas who wd tell you that her best-llllooking

“nahua on lllonley night

“reminded her of plumedsnake

“tall reptilian dark & handsome w. muscles

“bulging out feathers & w. dark

“green eyes mostly seven ethnic sort

“of serpent really & I shd mention

“she's white middle class w. streak

“o' danger in her & tis cold outside

“so she decides to head to temple

“& check on her nahua. As she

“approaches temple she’s filled w.

“joy knowing she will see this darkly

“lit friend & now in front of temple steps

“she unlatches her codex & asks herself really

“nahua? & she hears him niegh nay KNEEE

“whrrrraphhppppp carrying a cheesecake w. her

“supersmart nahua she thought he can’t

“wait to play hey yess & yay & she

“sez

“he strong/ rich-looking in poverty-stricken inheritance

“but I can see he’s excited to see me so I prance to him

“we wants me he pouts for me & I hurry a bit I do . . .”

“ye want to go for a slide?’ I asked

“& slowly w. dust particles swarthing

“leads him to temple door

“how swohft ma bebe feew him so pwitty she

“jumps on his back sansaddle &

“they take off into magic wood faster

“ssshee sez ‘faster goddamnit I sd fffaster’ & nahua

“replies & tree branches whizzing good nahua

“he keeps going & going not getting tired

“he’s got some hot in him because he’s so ethnic

“his muscular nahua trunk cd go for hours he comes

“to that pond & dips his head for a drink

“& as he finishes

“he stumbles falling to grass dead

“from shade in this clear patch

“at mountain’s top in far from deserts here

“‘you okay?’ she kisses his shut eye &

“it opens o thank god you’re okay & nahua

“sez ‘yeah I know or you’d be stuck here I’m fucking spent

“& these sheets are fucking ruined’ ‘nahua

“‘you can speak English?’ ‘that wuz

“‘some really weird water’ nahua sez

“& when they went back to temple

“they ordered a boxed meal online & lived

“ever after to happy effects . . . felices como lombrices

“THOSE W. EARS LISTEN” epyiofiayoo

yea oy o oy that’s just like messhica

just like

just like

juuuuuuuuuuuust like

felices como lombrices

& nahua stand back

& let's finish this damn thing

this libro

weirdass shit

y'all did it & to end things

mebbe less weird after that nahua love ballad

Pancho gets last palabra

& for this we end w. this from Pancho

MS letter holdings of Pancho Chastitellez

estate / Tuxson AZtlán—9 Oct 2002

# DEAR CHALEY—

yea oy o oy that's just like messhica

this is—as ye will find out—for yr nation . . .

for yr nation wey—ay wey—until ye see yr nation Chaley

imagined wey—completely & incompletely sensed

& known—comfortable & not

mostly misrecognized wey—w. so much history on yr part

& into yr imagined spatialized presence wey—

inserted emanations

of yr nation(s) wey

& as ye will find out for yr nation wey

yellow languid slanguaged leaves falling

flatly from trees

then y're listenin to

Flaco Ximenez

ey & sey

this honkeytonkin

ex-can glisten

pues

out into this hazy

rain

ye sey it sez as ye

focus

some

dog curled under a rangerover

curled up into itself



& pestering to cry

festive Amurkas

feel this wey

Yr Tío,

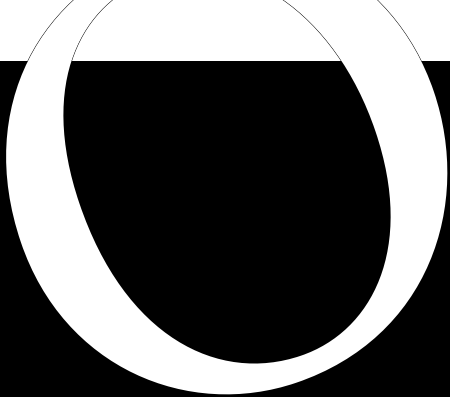
Pancho, Segundo

p.s. . . . per partes occidentales

—ut dicitur—versus

Yndia—

in mari . . . ano . . .



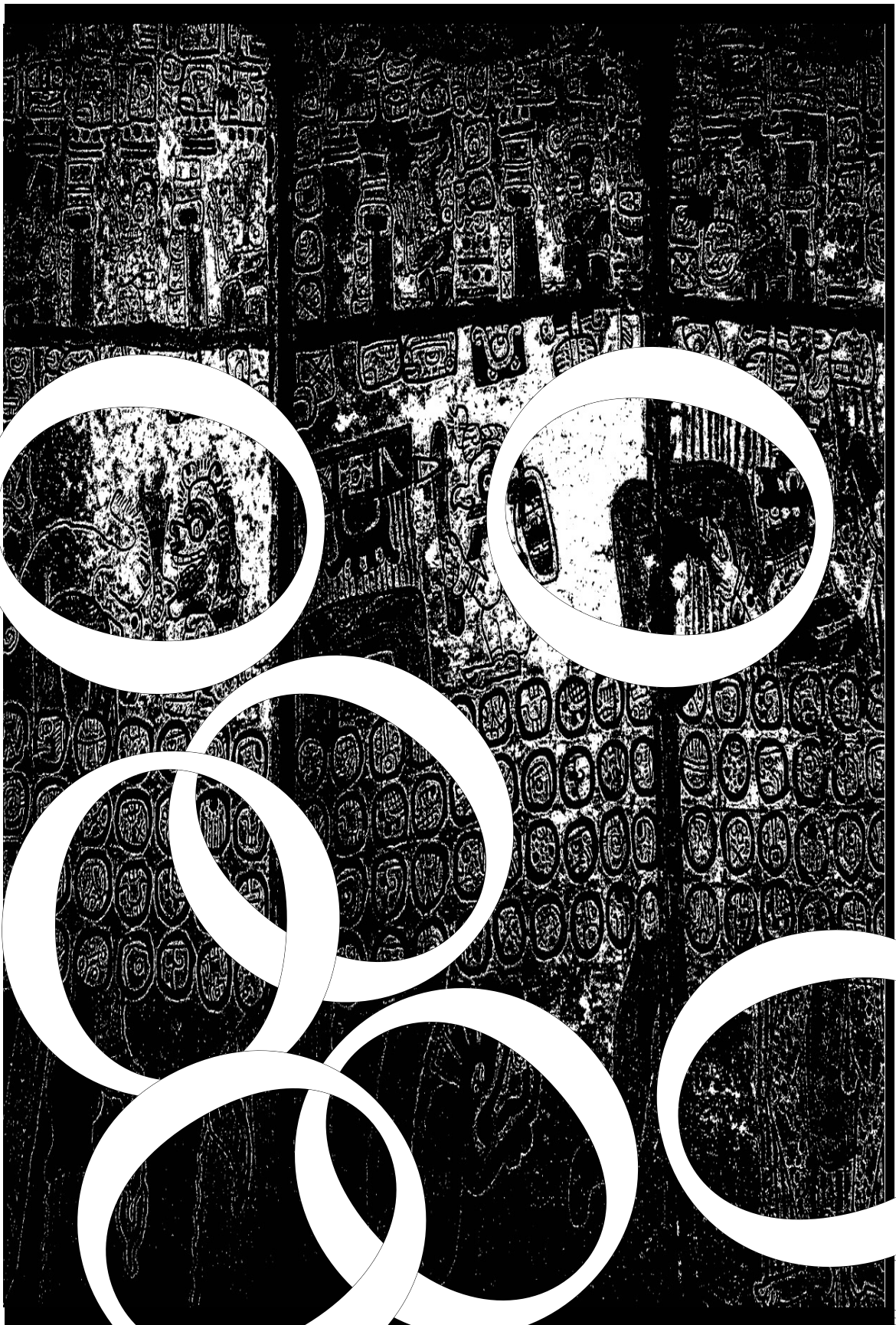
N I C A N

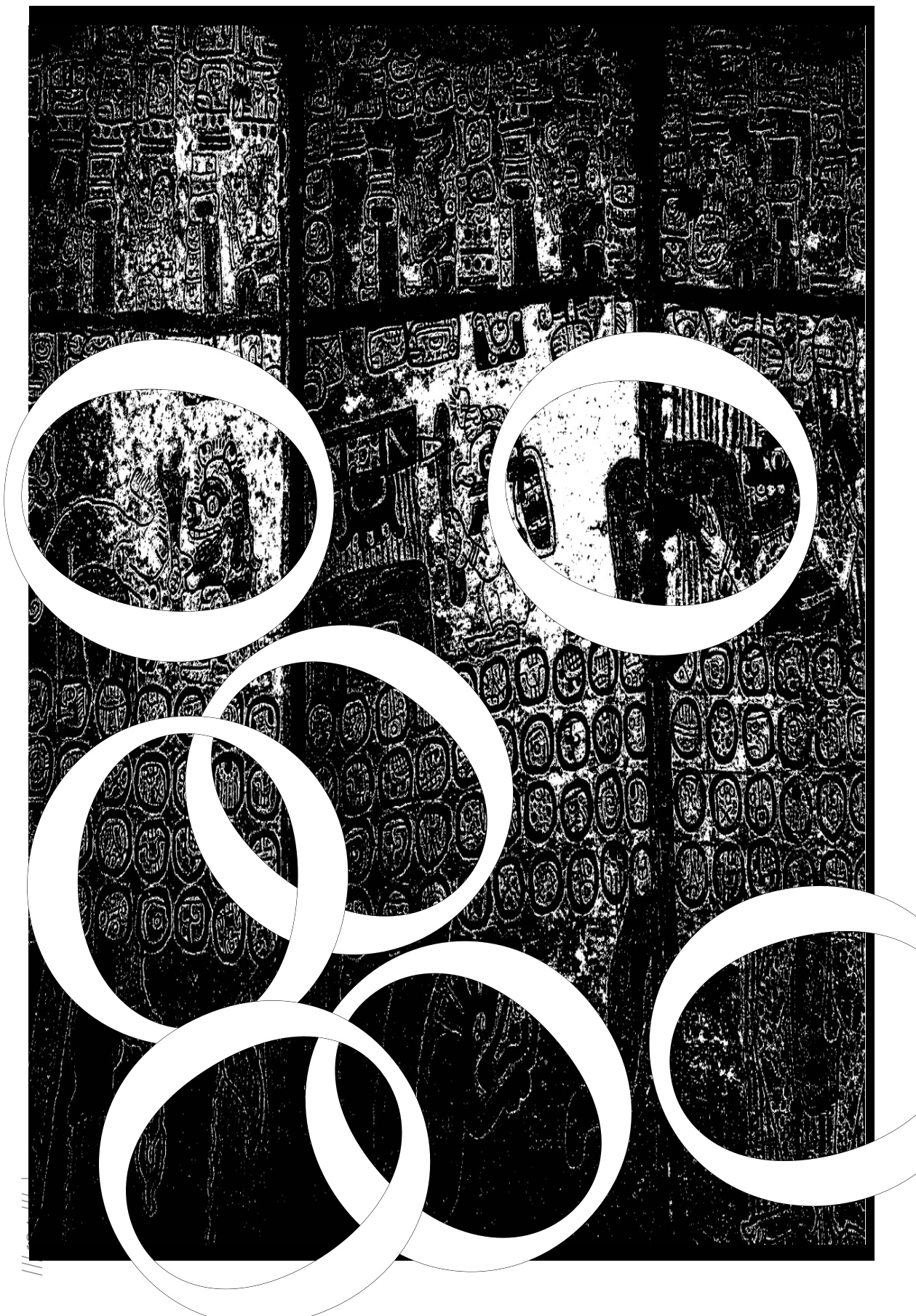
T L A N T I C A

I N C J E Y

A M O S T L I







*Manhatitlán* first became my vision when travelling through Puebla, Mexico in 2008, composed in notebooks, then later via Microsoft Word, modified with the visual tools I experimented with on that platform. As part of a larger project, I paired original photographs with poems, while also modifying visual parameters for text, playing with font sizes, also configuring the cinematic effects of turning pages. The turning of the pages, the shape, but using and exploding the borders across layout spreads, across pages with each turn, and then of course the various sizes of fonts and images I intended to use. I was learning about the geography of the page, verse projected as formed content, and the space of epic temporal movement. The product I had there, created with a single digital platform, I thought, stood on its own. Waiting to be discovered. Waiting. Waiting.

Reader, I waited for nearly 13 years. Reader, the *Manhatitlán* as you have in yr hands has adapted bc of this radical experience I have had with the Operating System, where the tools of publishing and design have re-envisioned what this book has become. I learned to use InDesign, and the design here is my own, as I learned to use the platform, and also gained from some “happy accidents.” The calculus of the book, what I could imagine, gained from what I learned with OS comrades, and also with the experience of learning along with Liminal Lab colleagues. As one who didn’t come to writing through an MFA program, the mysteries of the trade of writing have remained just that, mysterious. The OS community has helped me to challenge the misguided assumptions I have had about what I “lack” in terms of my abilities as a writer.

This version of *Manhatitlán* I designed, along with the mentorship of comrade Elæ, became a way for me to become reengaged with my poetry, with the elements of design, and also what I could do to make this old project alive again. I added new images, played with order of the poems, and also added black spaces throughout to offer another layer of textuality. Though this may offer issues of readability, a clean version without the black backgrounds is available as a PDF. Finally, I think what has been the most spectacular addition to *Manhatitlán* is the use of the font Cantique (by Sébastien Hayez and some contributions by Ariel Martín Pérez). This font, for me, has a “codex” feel to it, with flourishes that could be deemed handwritten. As this book links back to my book *The Codex Mojaodicus*, I harkened back to the design in that book, while also challenging my aesthetic in new directions, and Cantique opened several doors of language shape I had overlooked for years.

*Manhatitlán* is “Mexican” and New York City. That said, when I refer to Mexican, I wd mean like ancient, say like a pyramid, or stone sculpture. For the NYC stuff, probably something with the skyline. To mix the images, that would be something like what the book tries to do--modern and ancient, transnational, crossing borders, all that stuff. *Manhatitlán* is this, a transnational poetic project that dismantles the walls of a U.S.-centered America, exploring the poet Chaley’s experiences in New York City deciphering codex scripts and his awakening to the subordinated Amerindian epics of Mesoamerica, which complicated his sense of an American geometry that extended across the hemisphere. The epic is didactic, it is an education of story, narratives woven, earth explained, society too. An encyclopedia, or encyclopoetic synthesis of the myths of the borderlands. *Manhatitlán* is the distances of the Americas, the interwoven epics of people, epics distinct from a European tradition. But a tradition of this hemisphere.

## AGRADECIMIENTOS & DEDICATION

I begin w thanks to the OS for believing  
in this project & the weird shit I write  
& to Elæ especially & all my new friends  
thanks for seeing me during dark days  
y'all made me feel like a poet again  
when I hadn't for many years . . .

. . . & now on this day, this second day of June 2021  
I sit at the foot of my father's bed  
at a hospital in Tucson, my mother at his side

he suffered a stroke two days ago  
he may not make it

I hadn't seen him for over a year  
bc of the pandemic  
I, alone in New York City  
all my family in Arizona

& after vaccinations & the breaking of new days  
I travelled to see them all  
& two days before this fall of Roberto  
I saw him before this fall, for two full days

we took a walk down Main Street in Safford  
one morning  
he wore a sombrero from Sinaloa  
our reflections in windows as we passed empty stores  
our pace slow  
a stray dog followed us for a few blocks  
& my father sd, if yr mom was here  
she cd take a picture of that dog  
w. her phone & put it on the facebook,  
probably find the owner, yr mom wd  
do that

indeed, my jefa wd not do that

& after that walk we drove home  
& he put his hand on my shoulder  
& he sd, it's good to have you back

this one is for jefe Roberto  
to you & for you, Papá

& w all the love for jefa Anna,  
second jefa-in-command big sister Debbie,  
little sister Nancy  
biggest bro Tony  
big bro Freddie

& for los Alvarez on both sides of the frontera  
bc no nopal knows borders  
& anyway fuck all borders  
& fuck the wall y'all

& always for Roberto, & all yr days  
yr thanks are here, Roberto Carlos Alvarez  
rays of light in the cupped palms of my hands  
directly for you, directly to you, Papá

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



STEVEN ALVAREZ is the author of *The Codex Mojaodicus*, winner of the Fence Modern Poets Prize. He has also authored the novels in verse *The Pocho Codex* and *The Xicano Genome*, both published by Editorial Paroxismo, and the chapbooks, *Tonalamatl*, *El Segundo's Dream Notes* (Letter [r] Press), *Un/documented, Kentucky* (winner of the Rusty Toque Chapbook Prize), and *Six Poems from the Codex Mojaodicus* (winner of the Seven Kitchens Press Rane Arroyo Poetry Prize). His work has appeared in the *Best Experimental Writing*, *Anomaly*, *Asymptote*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *Fence*, *MAKE*, *The Offing*, and *Waxwing*.

Follow Steven on Instagram @stevenpaulalvarez and Twitter @chastitellez.

# A TRANSLANGUAGING EVENT

AN OS [RE:CON]VERSATION WITH STEVEN ALVAREZ

*Greetings! Thank you for talking to us about your process today! Can you introduce yourself, in a way that you would choose?*

Steven Alvarez, gentleman & scholar, Dedalus in slouch, Quetzalcoatl in jumpsuit. Born and raised in Safford, Arizona, currently living in New York City--which is more or less the exact opposite of everything I knew growing up.

*Why are you a poet/writer/artist?*

The “why” of the question leads to a story. This is a story about how we come to know ourselves as writers. It’s taken me a long time—first—to even admit that I’m a poet. It’s something I’ve never really been able to do. Not that I had any shame, or anything like that. On the contrary, I never considered myself worthy of the esteem I have for poets, “real” poets, people who are true to the poetry community and the craft in time, dedication, patience, and trust. I’ve thought of myself as more like a “poet in process.” It was sort of like a camino and one day I would hope to get there—one day, at last.

And, yes, I call myself a poet now . . . sometimes.

More often than not, let’s put it that way. But also understanding that the process is lifelong, and all poets are always in process, always growing.

To think back to when I first started writing, I was writing a lot of stuff when I was in my late teens and twenties, and I didn’t know the value of what I was doing, but I was learning and growing through practicing poetry. Yet all of it was similar—thinking about who I was, being from the borderlands—Mexicano—growing up in a Mormon neighborhood in rural Arizona, gente in my life, and times and places that meant something to me, all confluences of my social identity, which I think I was individualizing, as we all do—social circumstances transformed into verses. Of course there are the stories that resonate from previous generations, from our communities, and learning about those aspects of our identities, and then also developing various intersections of our identities with different folks: our racial identities, gender identities, class identities, and on. This all goes to say, I really didn’t know what I was doing when I started. I simply wrote—never calling myself a poet publically, but thinking so in private.

Later, going to college really opened things for me. I'm a first-generation college student, now PhD and profe, but the privilege of going to college and my growth marked my poetry. And in college, much of what I understood of my identities and how I could write began to bubble. See, my parents didn't have those opportunities, but I had the opportunity to go to college and the luxury, really, the privilege to encounter a lot of this stuff that jettisoned me into a different world from where I grew up in little Safford, Arizona (population around 9,500 folks). A lot of this stuff was never necessarily in the classes I took too—it was stuff that I read in class and then I realized, "I could find the books on my own" without having to have an assignment in front of me. And then the reading really took over. And I kept writing alongside, but I never took publishing seriously because even contests and things I tried to submit to, I always got rejected. So that was something I always just . . . I just wrote and rejection came with the territory. And in that story, or the process of me becoming a poet, I've understood that my writing, because it is difficult, would mark my journey as a long one.

*When did you decide you were a poet/writer/artist (and/or: do you feel comfortable calling yourself a poet/writer/artist, what other titles or affiliations do you prefer/ feel are more accurate)?*

I tell this to my students all the time but, you know, it's something else where even though I knew I wasn't getting published, but I knew that what I was doing felt right based on the stuff I was reading. I started exploring a lot of different writing, particularly small press journals that were coming out. I had found the poetry journals at a bookstore, then I realized I could look for them in the library, and, fortunately for me, at the University of Arizona Poetry Center. I used to spend a lot of time there, and the main campus library. And finding different writers and in literature classes and being introduced to literature by anthologies, still reading folks like Stein and Beckett and then later finding out they both wrote whole shelves of stuff. For Beckett, for example, I found his trilogy *Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, and *The Unnamable*, and I was like "Wow! It's not only *Waiting for Godot*. He has this whole body of work that—he evolves over time as well." And especially how he has navigated, for example, French and English . . . I started to soak it all up.

Pure joy!

But, all the same, it happened that going to school really opened me up to thinking about how different writers thought about their own identities, then how mythology, history, and politics especially shaped some of the folks during High Modernism—particularly Joyce and Pound. But then also, thinking of a decolonial framework, especially of the Americas—and I think about the Americas as distinct from Europe—and the rich mythologies here, and as I grew older, and was able to spend more time with and reconnect with family in Mexico—that's when the Mexican



mythological traditions really took over in my writing. Of course finding works by Gloria Anzaldúa helped, and the work of Miguel León-Portilla. Then, I kind of never looked back. And it's been a good thing. So I guess—you know, I speak about aging—it's the younger person who was first excited about writing and was trying to figure out what was going on, and then there were some stages where I had an opportunity to learn more about myself and be reflective and think about writing again.

As I've grown older—pues puro viejito, verdad?—I've been really thinking about the political aspects and the aspects of bilingualism and power related to that, so it's still going, I'm still growing, and the story continues. But I'm also happy I'm getting less rejection notes—I mean, still plenty, don't get me wrong. But now I get invitations for stuff, and it's amazing. A lot of this stuff that I had written that had been rejected for so many years is only now coming to life. That's pretty cool for me because way back when, I think I knew my time would come. I reckon I still think that, verdad?

*What's a "poet" (or "writer" or "artist") anyway? What do you see as your cultural and social role (in the literary / artistic / creative community and beyond)?*

To be honest, writing poems that stand alone as literary is not my role. I can contest what that means and how texts' meanings shift with time, but my belief for myself is to write from my heart, which sounds less theoretical than it truly is. A radical poetic sensibility must be grounded in love and care, for the craft, for language, and for poetry's resonance as expression of cultural genius. It's the soundsense of poetry, for me, that unlocks the artform's lyrical elements, the potential for musicality and narrative. The lyrics of translingual poetics, though, mixes sonic-systems. There's more intense translanguaging that can move into puns, play, and games, and with story, translingual lyricism is artful, historical, and always cultural.

Ostensibly, I guess we write for readers—but I don't know if I ever really asked myself, "What do I want to get out of it?" Maybe now—I've thought about it in the back of my mind—but it sort of reminds me of the elevator speech academics have to learn to speak about their projects: "Try to describe a project that you've been working on for a long time and put it in a few words." Folks doing research know, it can be a tough thing to do, because you put so much of who you are and it's in the hands of interpretation. But I would say that what I try to present is a kind of a way of thinking about the mythologies of the Americas, some of the politics that affect people of color—Latinx gente in this country—and have historically.

*Did you envision this collection as a collection or understand your process as writing or making specifically around a theme while the poems themselves were being written / the work was being made? How or how not?*

My poetry is narrative-driven by and large, and no doubt history is always the building blocks of story, or perhaps even more to the point, toward a style and method of ethnopoetics. Poets like Dennis Tedlock and Ernesto Cardenal. As I became an ethnographer exploring the history of Mexican folks in the US, in my research in literacy studies, and also educational research about writing, I have learned that writing poetry is a weaving of tales, of verses, of prosodies, and rhythms, and most certainly a translinguaging event. Translinguaging is the movement across and between language systems, and in my work, a translingual poetics is my way of understanding how languages try to own one another, and how the play of language can create translingual games, while also trying to move a story of histories.

Recently, I felt compelled to return to Robert Browning, to some of his more famous monologue poems. These monologues are direct addresses to someone listening, so they're sort of distinct one-sided dialogues. But there's definitely one voice that's really strong, and impersonation, and really positioning a poet's voice somehow as a storyteller—that is, a performance, a knowing performance...of being in performance. The monologue sets up the context, tells the story, and then pushes on with the characterization of the voice. See, for some reason I keep coming back to stand-up comedy when thinking about this kind of one-sided dialogue. There's a really famous routine of Bob Newhart being on the telephone, and it's brilliant.

He's telling a story on the phone with somebody else and the audience eavesdrops on the conversation, but also participates in the dialogue through the reconstruction of the missing voice. That is, you can't actually hear the other side of the conversation, the person on the other end of the line. It's one side the audience hears, but it's also the implication that it's a dialogue. You don't hear the other side of the dialogue, but you play it in your mind, and you have this interactive experience from the hole in the text. Robert Browning's monologues are like this, absent voices circulating in the periphery of the poem.

This notion of circulation goes back to what I mentioned earlier when I described being born into a context, the context we occupy as voices surround us, circulate around us. I had a lot of voices I'd hear when I was writing, and I think that seeing different artists who were able to manipulate the voices and impersonate others was really interesting. To take on and embody the music of another. That struck me and also knowing as I moved to different places in my life, more knowledge about my own accent or accents I have, so I guess that's my own voice in relation to other voices. And it was always this kind of sense where I could hear words, but also there were elements of registers, harmonies, rhythms, and syncopations. Like how Mexicanos speak melodious Spanish, pues. And of course these days I live in New York City—in Queens, the most linguistically diverse place on the planet, so I can't help but appreciate what I hear with the poetry of all the borough's voices—and not even in art forms, but in everyday life. It comes when languages combine and collide as well. So on one hand, it's about impersonation, but also I think it's about power or how our

personalities are structured and conflicted by the languages we come into contact with, because a lot of this has to do with power or dynamics between languages. So in my poems, when I use a very didactic standardized English, it contrasts with when I use different languages in relation or combination, or even conflict. I get the same sense with your poems as well—particularly in the movement between verse and prose, and across languages as well. I think there's a sense where as we have the embodiment of different voices it also leads to the way we can mask language and really maximize its potential across languages and musics.

*What formal structures or other constrictive practices (if any) do you use in the creation of your work? Have certain teachers or instructive environments, or readings/writings/work of other creative people informed the way you work/write?*

The page is a performance, and I don't mean simply projective verse. I mean with graphic design at every level as performing for the page. Before I read folks like Charles Olson, what really hit me was concrete poetry. And that also falls under my time at the University of Arizona. I was taking an upper-division undergrad literary theory course, and the very first day—you know, sometimes you teach the first day of the college class and you have to have some kind of quick activity to do after you do roll and the syllabus. Some teachers say, you know, "That's a pain," but some other professors want to do some kind of activity to introduce the students to the themes of the course. So the profe brought us some concrete poetry for the first day, photocopies of works from *An Anthology of Concrete Poetry* edited by Emmett Williams. Well, I'd never seen that stuff before—I was like, "Oh, whoa!" And the lesson was, "Is this literature?" That was the question we had to discuss as groups and a class. And I had—I guess I was really infatuated at that time with folks like some of the Romantic poets because I thought they broke all the conventions, and they were so cool. I didn't even know folks like the modernists yet. Once I encountered folks like William Blake—see you're a fan too—I just kind of stuck with him for a long time—and then started moving on slowly. So here we were, with this visual literature, and a kind of literature that some of my classmates had reservations calling literature.

Right after class, I headed right over to the library to see what else I could find out about this kind of concrete poetry stuff. When I got to the library, I found more about this category called visual poetry, so I checked out as many books as I could carry. I started messing with stuff then, and I found folks like Apollinaire and Ian Hamilton Finlay in Europe, and the hermanos Augusto and Haroldo de Campos in Latin America, and the ways their poems performed on the page set my imagination on fire. Anyway—when I read aloud, however, I do perform the poems. I've noticed this because this is only something recent, that I've been asked to read poems. That never really happened before. I hear the poems in my mind and I hear the different voices and I perform the voices. There are places when I shout, and places when I speak softer, the accents that I'm able to do. So the performance then is in the

registers I use as well. There are points where I—you know, I hear better the sense through the rhythms and embody some of the rhythms gives me a way, a feeling, a kind of musical connection—a harmonizing.

*Speaking of monikers, what does your title represent? How was it generated? Talk about the way you titled the book, and how your process of naming (individual pieces, sections, etc) influences you and/or colors your work specifically.*

The sense of narrative in fragments has intrigued me since I read serial books growing up, with the same places and characters continuing among interlocked stories. Story is what drives or motivates my poetics, but the serial aspect has fueled my imagining of histories sculpted in sequences, artfully arranged. There are a few poems in *Manhatitlan* that can stand alone, but for the project which has extended across a few books, I can say that the sense of a single epic was what I considered, a life's work I would add to, something like Pound's *The Cantos*. But the story was always going to have to be there, and it seems more and more these days that the story, for all that work, has not been what I've written more of as of late. With all that, though, I still have pages of that older work that continue to build up this world.

*What does this particular work represent to you as indicative of your method/creative practice? your history, your mission, intentions, hopes and/or plans?*

A lot of the work in *Manhatitlan* is stuff I wrote when I was in my early twenties. I'm over forty now. So I still appreciate that stuff and I still go back to it, but it took me that long to publish some of this stuff I wrote way back when. I have way more that's only slowly coming out—this bigger project... That sort of was a sample of around a 500, 600 page project—

I think the aspects of idioms and languages coming into contact is inherent in all verse. I come to this from the writings of Mikhail Bakhtin mostly, but I have to admit that as I get older, I always go back to James Joyce. And for this point in my life when I wrote this work (again, some of it from about ten or more years back), I was thinking this a something like a Chicax Dedalus in Mesoamerican time. Instead of belonging to a European tradition of Greek mythology, this Dedalus belongs to this hemisphere and is distinctly rooted in Mesoamerican mythology. The languages in contact are uprooted, defamiliarized, poeticized, but considering the music of languages in contact, these voices fill the voices of different voices in their own words and rhythms.

*What does this book DO (as much as what it says or contains)?*

I'll answer that by pointing to the figures in this book, as each book does different things, and I can speak what I think this one does, but really focusing on the character Chaley Chastitellez.

Chaley is the Dedalus figure that I wanted to be in this epic, the Telemachus figure, but in these works he is a certain melding of gods, including Mesoamerican gods like Quetzalcoatl, and he is sometimes manifested as Moctezuma. In other forms, he represents the conquistador Jesus, embodying those missionaries who went to the Americas, or the evangelist Billy Graham in *The Codex Mojaodicus*. Chaley is a kind of figure that wears multiple faces from history. There is play with archetype no doubt, and also with epic time and story modes. There are also female figures like Guadalupe, Coatlicue, Marina, Santa Muerte, and La Llorona.

But to return to Chaley, as a figure, I envisioned him to be the Dedalus that starts in *Portrait* and ends in *Ulysses*, but *Finnegans Wake* might be the closer model to what I wanted to write. And then I read *The Maximus Poems* and Charles Olson got me to think about place and time through the consciousness of a character, something I think William Carlos Williams's *Paterson* also did for me too. My sense of translingual poetics and seriality directly came from studying this model.

As for Chaley's adventures, they are not mine, but gathered from stories I've read about, imagined, and heard from different people on both sides of the border. I've met a long line of storytellers along the way, and I've often been transported by their words to different places where I meet gente I can imagine and seem to know. Chaley has those experiences of being both mythic and everyday, but the borderlands and its conflicts are part of his experience navigating the borderlands. With that shared aspect of my life with his, I can identify how this happens in language, home, and family.

His name is also a play on language, either as *chalé*, which in Chicax Spanish translates to something like "no way", or as *échale*, which translates to "go get it". But the last name, *Chastitellez*, is something like "chastity", except the *-ez* functions similarly to the *-son* suffix in English, as a patronymic surname in Spanish. So the name has numerous allegorical meanings.

*What would be the best possible outcome for this book? What might it do in the world, and how will its presence as an object facilitate your creative role in your community and beyond? What are your hopes for this book, and for your practice?*

I mentioned before that I have a lot of work, and I think the collected work that is similar to this book and others is close to about 700 pages. Someday I hope to publish the entire work, because then I could hopefully get more attention to my new poetry, that further explores these aspects of ethnopoetics, voices in collision, border politics, and policing. I sense a Deleuzian way of considering the body without organs in what you mention. I think I was also hoping to create a context, place, characters, and, generally, a poetic story in series. Yet, I have only really edited the older stuff for these poems now.

My hopes in the future is that I will learn more from “true” poets, and, perhaps, learn further about craft from those who have been more engulfed in these conversions as community, rather than in the isolation I have felt as a poetry for many years.

*Let's talk a little bit about the role of poetics and creative community in social and political activism, so present in our daily lives as we face the often sobering, sometimes dangerous realities of the Capitalocene. How does your process, practice, or work otherwise interface with these conditions?*

I came to Olson through a professor at the CUNY Grad Center I studied with, Ammiel Alcalay. Ammiel has been one of my poetry mentors, and he was also on my dissertation committee way back when. He taught Olson, all of Olson, and that's where I read *Maximus*. That kind of book gave me a lot to think about concerning the visual, the lyric, seriality, and ethnopoetics. I wish I could say that Cardenal influenced the ethnopoetic movements in *Manhatitlan* and *The Codex Mojaodicus*, but that would not be the case. Cardenal's documentary poetics have been a bigger influence in some of my more recent work, where I work with transcripts and transcribing poetic units. The influence of Tedlock and Olson, but also *Paterson* became the backbone for my understanding of how fieldwork data collection can become a poetic system. The poeticizing is the arrangement of the findings, the putting together of the chance operations, with the translingual sculpting. I think reading Anne Waldman's *Iovis* and Ed Dorn's *Gunslinger* were the final touches that really influenced the poetics of the *Codex Mojaodicus* and *Manhatitlan*.

And I have to return to Safford, because even when I left, I never did.

Safford, that's where I was born, and where I lived for 18 years. Then in Tucson for another five before leaving Arizona. Safford was a time of life when I was thinking of myself as a writer, but not always in earnest. It was Safford where I learned to read, to write, and where I learned that I could do things with words, which I hadn't really noticed before. It was Tucson, however, at the University of Arizona, where I met lifelong mentors, and where I discovered myself as a poet and writer. But most importantly as a reader. Tucson helped me to think through Safford, and moving away from Arizona got me to think more about how AZ shaped me. And in thinking of this, Tucson came to represent what I think of when I think of AZ, as the borderlands, and what this part of the USA has become over time. Tucson and nearby Tubac are among the oldest cities in the nation, and the history of peoples, conquests, wars, and ecologies are quite rich, and also geologically epic in scope. Tucson is something like Olson's Gloucester, but I tried to also link Tucson with Mexico City, Puebla, Alaska, and New York. These are hemispheric networks that I try to move across mythologically, along with some other spaces that attempt to be simultaneous.

*I'd be curious to hear some of your thoughts on the challenges we face in speaking and publishing across lines of race, age, ability, class, privilege, social/cultural background, gender, sexuality (and other identifiers) within the community as well as creating and*

*maintaining safe spaces, vs. the dangers of remaining and producing in isolated “silos” and/or disciplinary and/or institutional bounds?*

In *Manhatitlan*, Amurka in my work is not a place of belonging, at least not in a sense of identifying social relationships in specific places. This definition of belonging to community is not Amurka, rather Amurka is the state that believes some people belong to others as property. This materialist perspective becomes the walled state in the work, belonging as property value of dehumanity, one that both rises with European invasion and conquest (those aliens who came in and took over the places), but also in Mesoamerican empires too. History fuses this belonging as private property historically, and we see how human property became the wealth of those without conscience as markets expanded transnationally. Amurka has historical resonances of colonial rule in guises across borders. Walls are the metonym for human property rule and concentration of wealth, power, and advantage for unfettered greed through unjust laws that only apply to those who own the most property, the laws to designate their property, and where ownership comes into contact.

Mexico is the contrast for Amurka in the *Codex* and *Manhatitlan*. It's an imagined Mexico, but one equally wrought with a shared European colonial history that really set the groundwork for how we experience and make history today. In the book, it's the mythic Mexico that is also Mexico afuera, whether that's the places mentioned in the books, or on the borderlands. There are moments when a kind of mythic space happens, a kind of underworld, and in those spaces there are the more utopic moments, though there's also the sense that those narrative moments are transrealistic, and when combined to different strands of story, they weave alternating visions of what is possible but also what has come to be. I've yet to mention Sesshu Foster as being a visionary who has been the biggest influence on *Codex*. Foster's work in *Atomik Aztex* handles this transrealistic way of treating story, which I learned (alongside Olson) as foundational for treating narrative, mythology, and history.

*Is there anything else we should have asked, or that you want to share?*

I am grateful to the Operating System for believing in this work, in my work, and also for the comradeship, and the learning I gained.

The Operating System's GLOSSARIUM: UNSILENCED TEXTS series was established in early 2016 in an effort to recover silenced voices outside and beyond the canon, seeking out and publishing contemporary translations, translingual projects, and little or un-known out of print texts, in particular those under siege by restrictive regimes and silencing practices in their home (or adoptive) countries. We are committed to producing dual-language versions whenever possible.

Few, even avid readers, are aware of the startling statistic reporting that less than three percent of all books published in the United States, per UNESCO, are works in translation. Less than one percent of these (closer to 0.7%) are works of poetry and fiction. You can imagine that even less of these are experimental or radical works, in particular those from countries in conflict with the US or where funding is hard to come by.

Other countries are far, far ahead of us in reading and promoting international literature, a trend we should be both aware of and concerned about—how does it come to pass that attentions in the US become so myopic, and as a result, so under-informed? We see the publication of translations, especially in volume, to be a vital and necessary act for all publishers to require of themselves in the service of a more humane, globally aware, world. By publishing 7 titles in 2019, we raised the number of translated books of literature published in the US that year *by a full percent*. We plan to continue this growth as much as possible.

The dual-language and translingual titles either in active circulation or forthcoming in this series include Arabic-English, Farsi-English, Polish-English, French-English, Faroese-English, German-English, Danish-English, Martinican Creole-English, Yaqui Indigenous American translations, and Yiddish-English as well as a host of Spanish-English translations (from Cuba, Argentina, Mexico, Uruguay, Bolivia, and Puerto Rico).

The term 'Glossarium' derives from latin/greek and is defined as 'a collection of glosses or explanations of words, especially of words not in general use, as those of a dialect, locality or an art or science, or of particular words used by an old or a foreign author.' The series is curated by OS Founder and Creative Director Elæ Moss with the help of global collaborators and friends.



The Operating System uses the language “print document” to differentiate from the book-object as part of our mission to distinguish the act of documentation-in-book-FORM from the act of publishing as a backwards-facing replication of the book’s agentive \*role\* as it may have appeared the last several centuries of its history. Ultimately, I approach the book as TECHNOLOGY: one of a variety of printed documents (in this case, bound) that humans have invented and in turn used to archive and disseminate ideas, beliefs, stories, and other evidence of production.

Ownership and use of printing presses and access to (or restriction of printed materials) has long been a site of struggle, related in many ways to revolutionary activity and the fight for civil rights and free speech all over the world. While (in many countries) the contemporary quotidian landscape has indeed drastically shifted in its access to platforms for sharing information and in the widespread ability to “publish” digitally, even with extremely limited resources, the importance of publication on physical media has not diminished. In fact, this may be the most critical time in recent history for activist groups, artists, and others to insist upon learning, establishing, and encouraging personal and community documentation practices. Hear me out.

With The OS’s print endeavors I wanted to open up a conversation about this: the ultimately radical, transgressive act of creating PRINT /DOCUMENTATION in the digital age. It’s a question of the archive, and of history: who gets to tell the story, and what evidence of our life, our behaviors, our experiences are we leaving behind? We can know little to nothing about the future into which we’re leaving an unprecedentedly digital document trail — but we can be assured that publications, government agencies, museums, schools, and other institutional powers that be will continue to leave BOTH a digital and print version of their production for the official record. Will we?

As a (rogue) anthropologist and long time academic, I can easily pull up many accounts about how lives, behaviors, experiences — how THE STORY of a time or place — was pieced together using the deep study of correspondence, notebooks, and other physical documents which are no longer the norm in many lives and practices. As we move our creative behaviors towards digital note taking, and even audio and video, what can we predict about future technology that is in any way assuring that our stories will be accurately told – or told at all? How will we leave these things for the record? In these documents we say:

WE WERE HERE, WE EXISTED, WE HAVE A DIFFERENT STORY

- *Elæ Moss, Founder/Creative Director*

2020-21

UNLIMITED EDITIONS

Institution is a Verb: A Panoply Performance Lab Compilation - Esther Neff, Ayana Evans, Tsedaye Makonnen and Elizabeth Lamb, editors.  
Daughter Isotope - Vidhu Aggarwal  
Failure Biographies - Johnny Damm  
Ginger Ko - Power ON  
Danielle Pafunda - Spite  
Robert Balun - Acid Western

KIN(D)\* TEXTS AND PROJECTS

Intergalactic Travels: Poems from a Fugitive Alien - Alan Pelaez Lopez  
HOAX - Joey De Jesus [Kin(d)\*]  
RoseSunWater - Angel Dominguez [Kin(d)\*/Glossarium]  
Bodies of Work - Elæ Moss & Georgia Elrod

GLOSSARIUM: UNSILENCED TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Manhatitlán [Glossarium] - Steven Alvarez  
Híkuri (Peyote) - José Vicente Anaya (tr. Joshua Pollock)  
Vormorgen - Ersnt Toller tr. Mathilda Cullen [Glossarium x Kin(d)\*;  
German-English]  
Black and Blue Partition ('Mistry) - Monchoachi tr. Patricia Hartland  
[Glossarium; French & Antillean Creole/English]

IN CORPORE SANO

Hypermobilities - Ellen Samuels  
Goodbye Wolf-Nik DeDominic

2019

UNLIMITED EDITIONS

Ark Hive-Marthe Reed  
I Made for You a New Machine and All it Does is Hope -  
Richard Lucyshyn  
Illusory Borders-Heidi Reszies  
A Year of Misreading the Wildcats - Orchid Tierney  
Of Color: Poets' Ways of Making | An Anthology of Essays on Transformative  
Poetics - Amanda Galvan Huynh &  
Luisa A. Igloria, Editors

KIN(D)\* TEXTS AND PROJECTS

A Bony Framework for the Tangible Universe-D. Allen [In Corpore Sano]  
Opera on TV-James Brunton  
Hall of Waters-Berry Grass  
Transitional Object-Adrian Silbernagel

GLOSSARIUM: UNSILENCED TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Śnienie / Dreaming - Marta Zelwan/Krystyna Sakowicz,  
(Poland, trans. Victoria Miluch)  
High Tide Of The Eyes - Bijan Elahi (Farsi-English/dual-language)  
trans. Rebecca Ruth Gould and Kayvan Tahmasebian  
In the Drying Shed of Souls: Poetry from Cuba's Generation Zero  
Katherine Hedeem and Víctor Rodríguez Núñez, translators/editors  
Street Gloss - Brent Armendinger with translations of Alejandro Méndez,  
Mercedes Roffé, Fabián Casas, Diana Bellessi  
& Néstor Perlongher (Argentina)  
Operation on a Malignant Body - Sergio Loo  
(Mexico, trans. Will Stockton)[In Corpore Sano]  
Are There Copper Pipes in Heaven - Katrin Ottarsdóttir  
(Faroe Islands, trans. Matthew Landrum)

# DOCUMENT

/däkyämənt/

First meant “instruction” or “evidence,” whether written or not.

*noun* - a piece of written, printed, or electronic matter that provides information or evidence or that serves as an official record  
*verb* - record (something) in written, photographic, or other form  
*synonyms* - paper - deed - record - writing - act - instrument

[Middle English, *precept*, from Old French, from Latin *documentum*, example, proof, from *docere*, to teach; see *dek-* in Indo-European roots.]

## Who is responsible for the manufacture of value?

Based on what supercilious ontology have we landed in a space where we vie against other creative people in vain pursuit of the fleeting credibilities of the scarcity economy, rather than freely collaborating and sharing openly with each other in ecstatic celebration of MAKING?

While we understand and acknowledge the economic pressures and fear-mongering that threatens to dominate and crush the creative impulse,  
we also believe that *now more than ever*  
*we have the tools to redistribute agency via cooperative means,*  
fueled by the fires of the Open Source Movement.

**Looking out across the invisible vistas of that rhizomatic parallel country  
we can begin to see our community beyond constraints, in the place where  
intention meets resilient, proactive, collaborative organization.**

Here is a document born of that belief, sown purely of imagination and will.  
When we document we assert. We print to make real, to reify our being there.  
When we do so with mindful intention to address our process, to open our work  
to others, to create beauty in words in space, to respect and acknowledge  
the strength of the page we now hold physical, a thing in our hand,  
we remind ourselves that, like Dorothy: *we had the power all along, my dears.*

## the PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES

*is a project of*  
the trouble with bartleby  
*in collaboration with*  
the operating system

