

ΔΔΛΝΗΔΤΤΛΔΝ

steven alvarez

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

MANHATTITLÁN (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.

This text was set in Cantique, Minion, OCR Standard, and Freight. Cantique is used via a SIL Open Font License, through Velvetyne Type Foundry. Its design was initiated by Sébastien Hayez, with modifications/contributions by Ariel Martín Pérez. All type on VTF is libre and open-source, and fully aligned with the OS's mission. Support their work and learn more at <https://velvetyne.fr>

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

Access note / scholars - find a plain text version of this work online at: https://bit.ly/manhatitlan_plaintext

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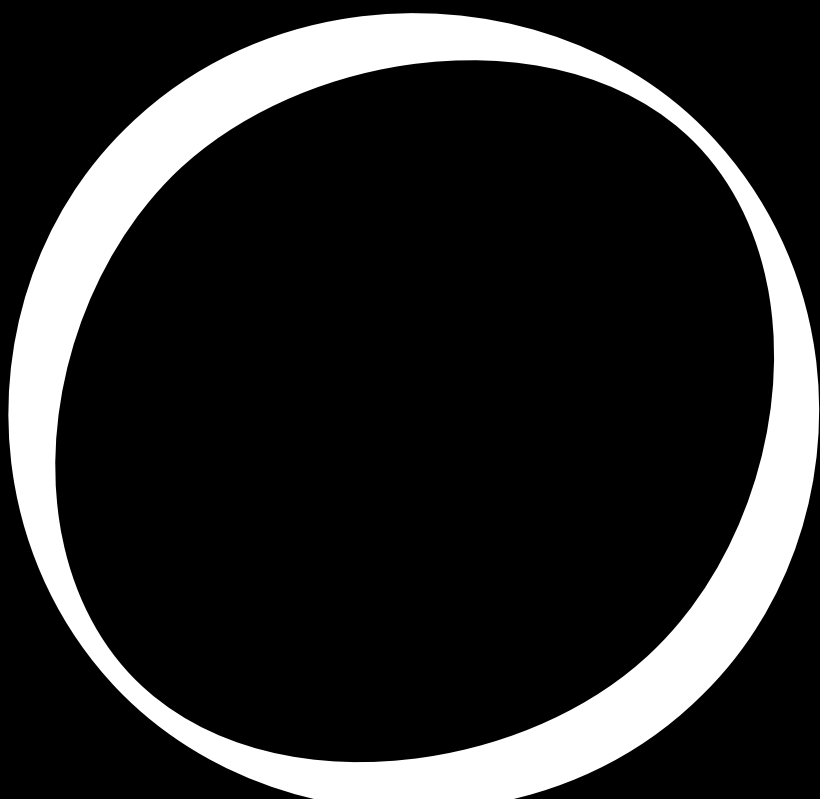
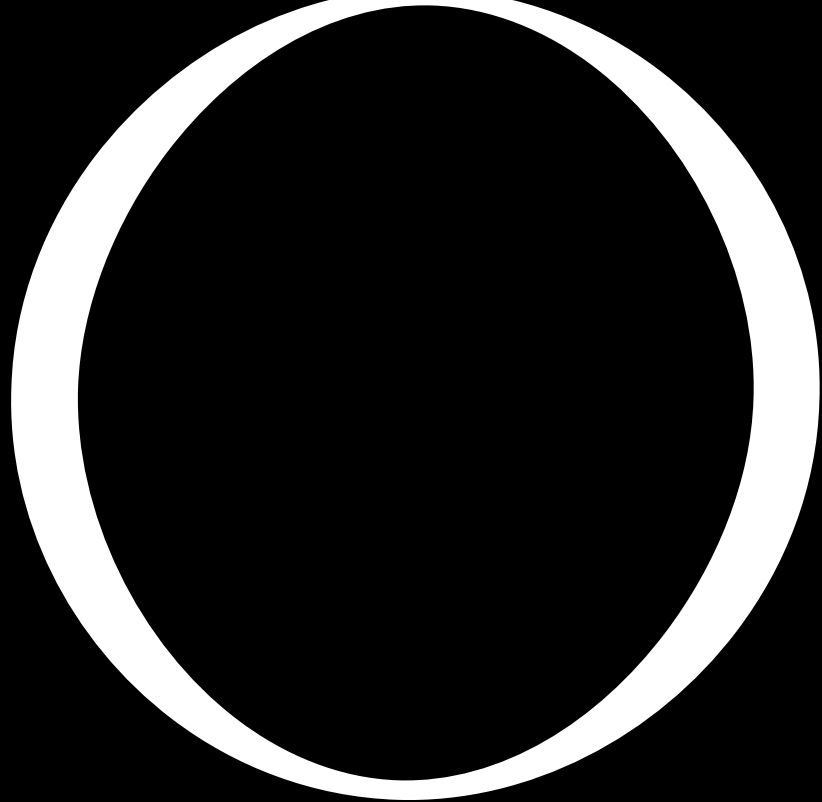
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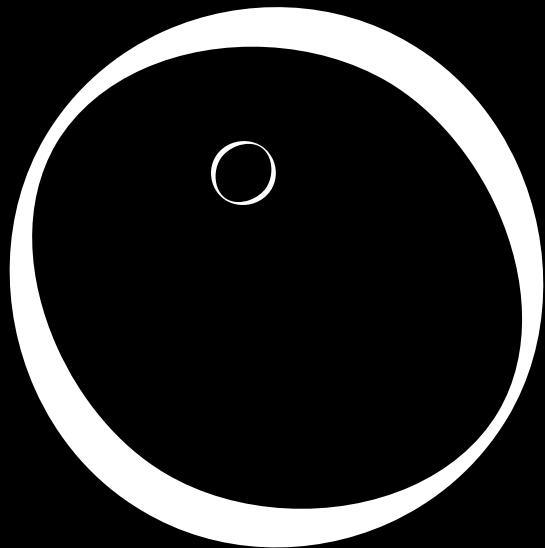
ΜΔΝΗΔΤΙΤΛΑΝ

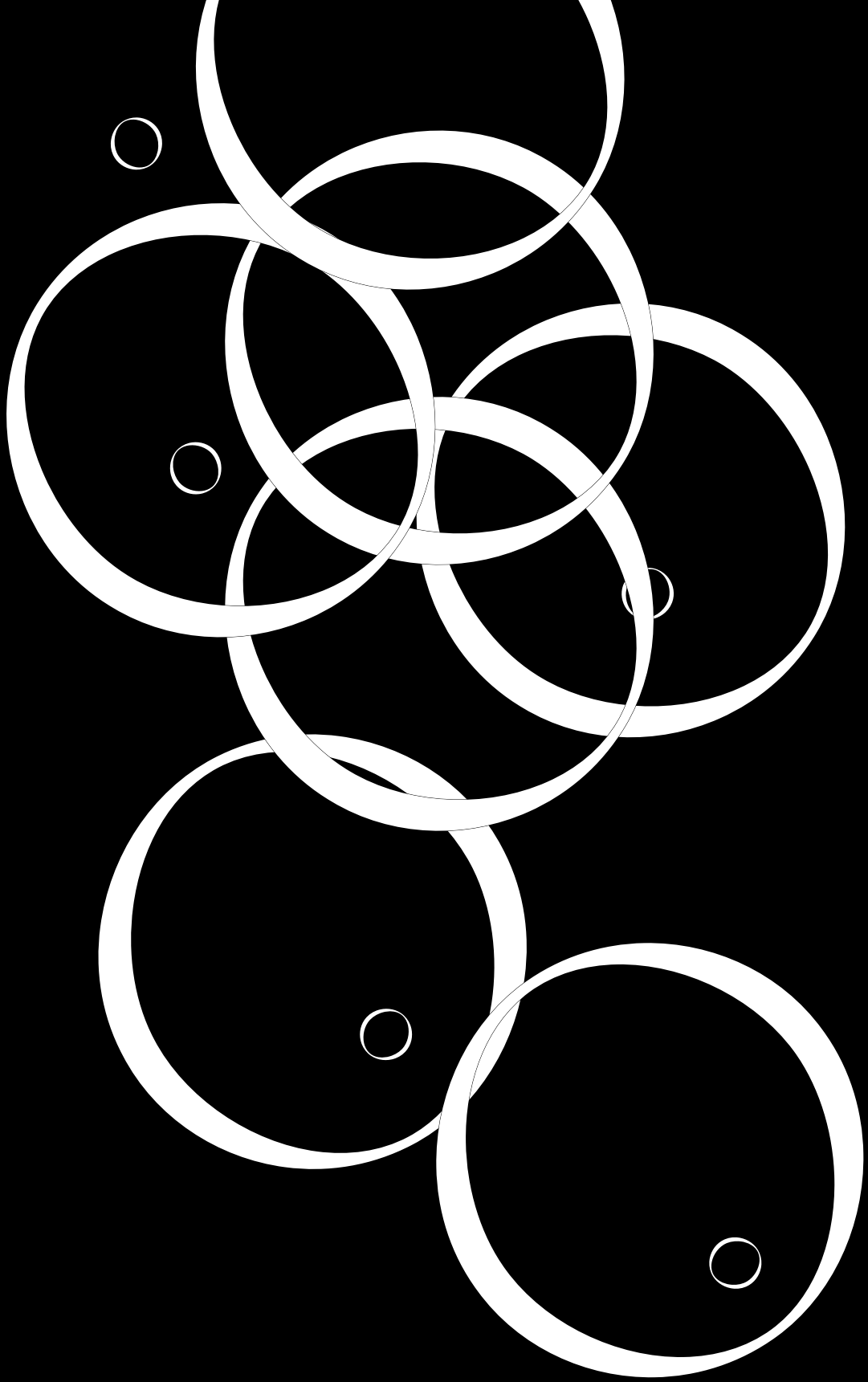


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RÍO HA'ΔRLEM

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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.

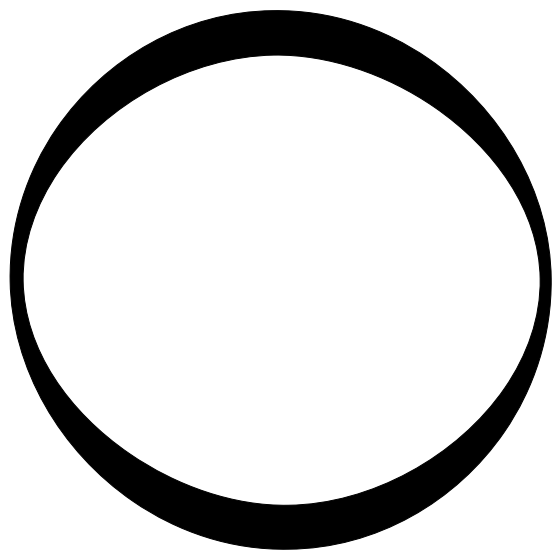
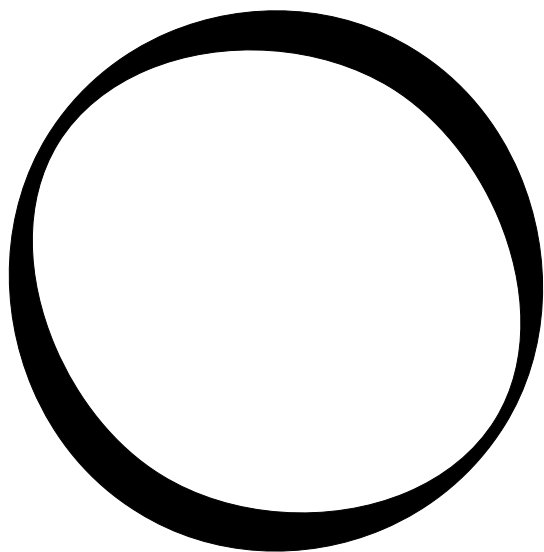
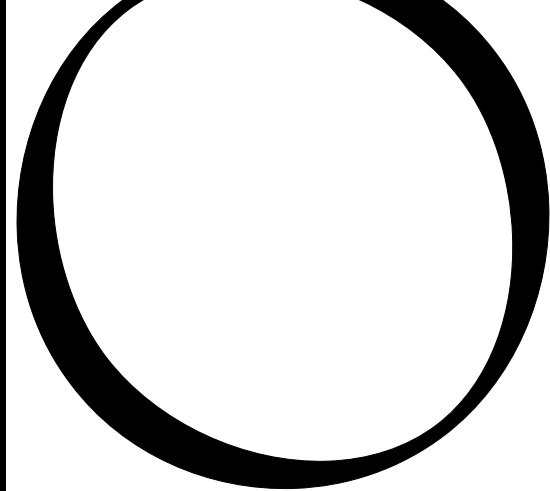
PIERRE BOURDIEU

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

CARMEN GIMÉNEZ SMITH

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

GRANDMASTERFLASH
AND THE FURIOUS FIVE

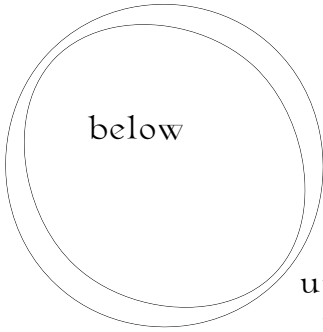




MANHATTAN

right now Chaley Chastitellez's

kinda messed



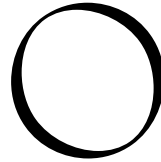
stairs

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

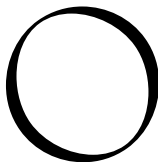
air full

pure

let's break

alas

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



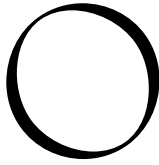
imagine the lives lied @ living

* andar en el rebozo de La Llorona

in this isla Δanhatitlán

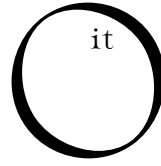
did

lied



lived

luna knows



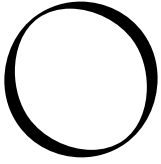
it

well

stars

swallowed

mult ifarious meanings



blurred'

€ moon melt a ring

○ dear

○ stars

○ galactic pools of cess

○ galactic pools of cess

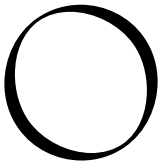
○ estrellas

that moon shone down



la luna shone down

Δanhatitlán glow



Δanhatitlán glow

○ sure shone down

○ sure shone down

€ C sd

○ sure enough

○ sure enough

soy yo pero ain't

€ C sd

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

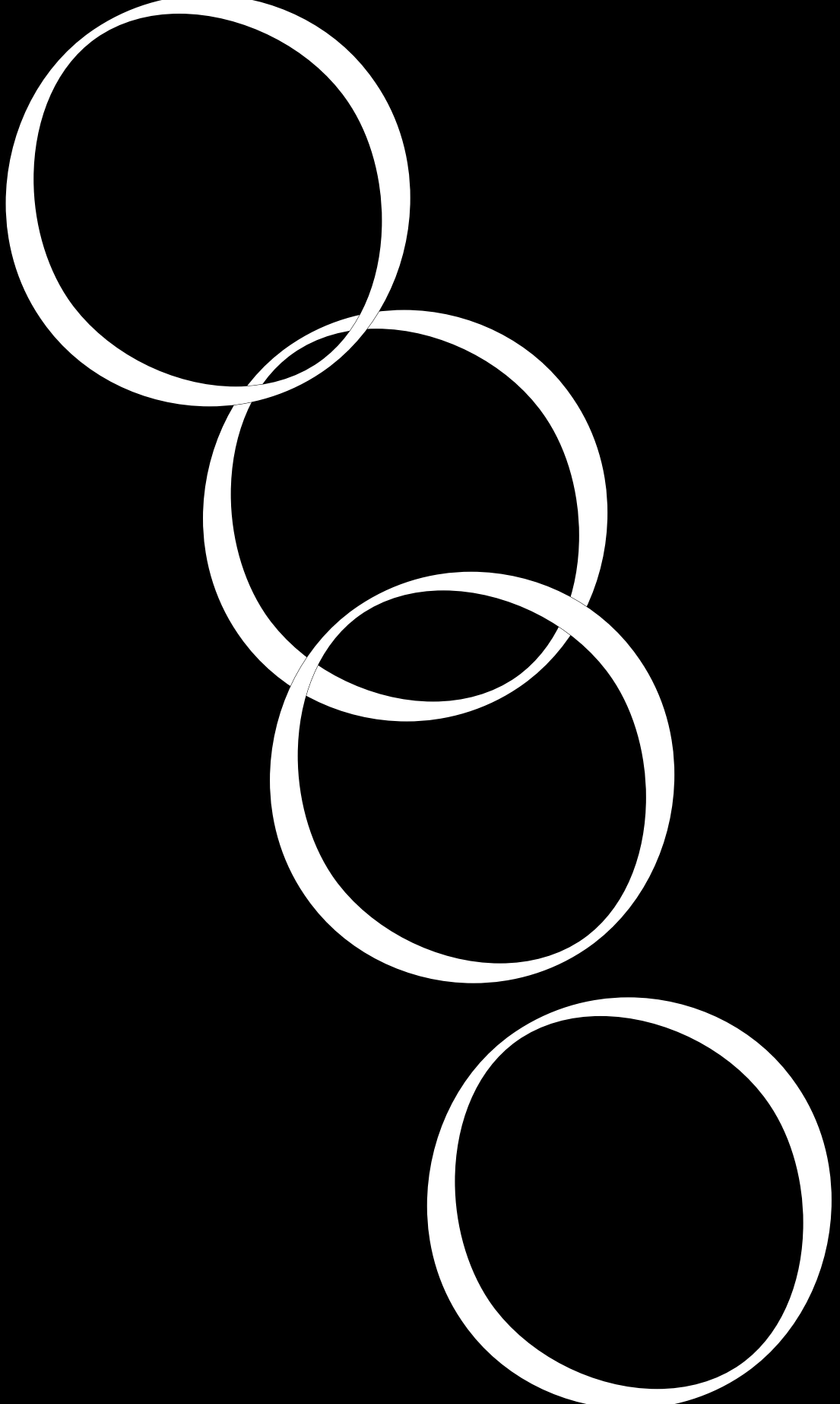
quit squeezing

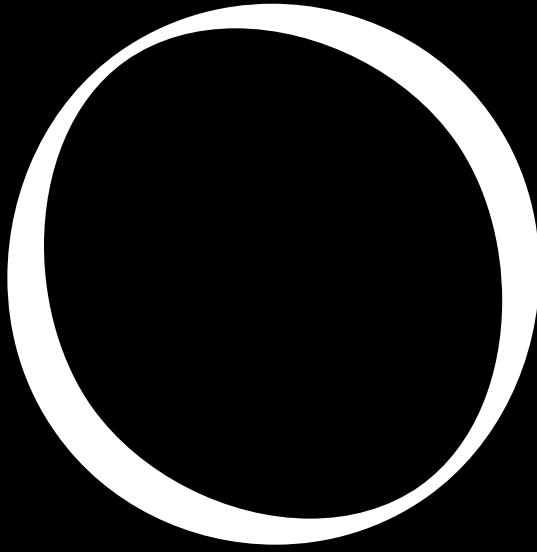
quit it

quit it

quit it

† thru semanspic mexsociations € referential illusions meaning approximations headressing socially precarious topics € lunar evaluations

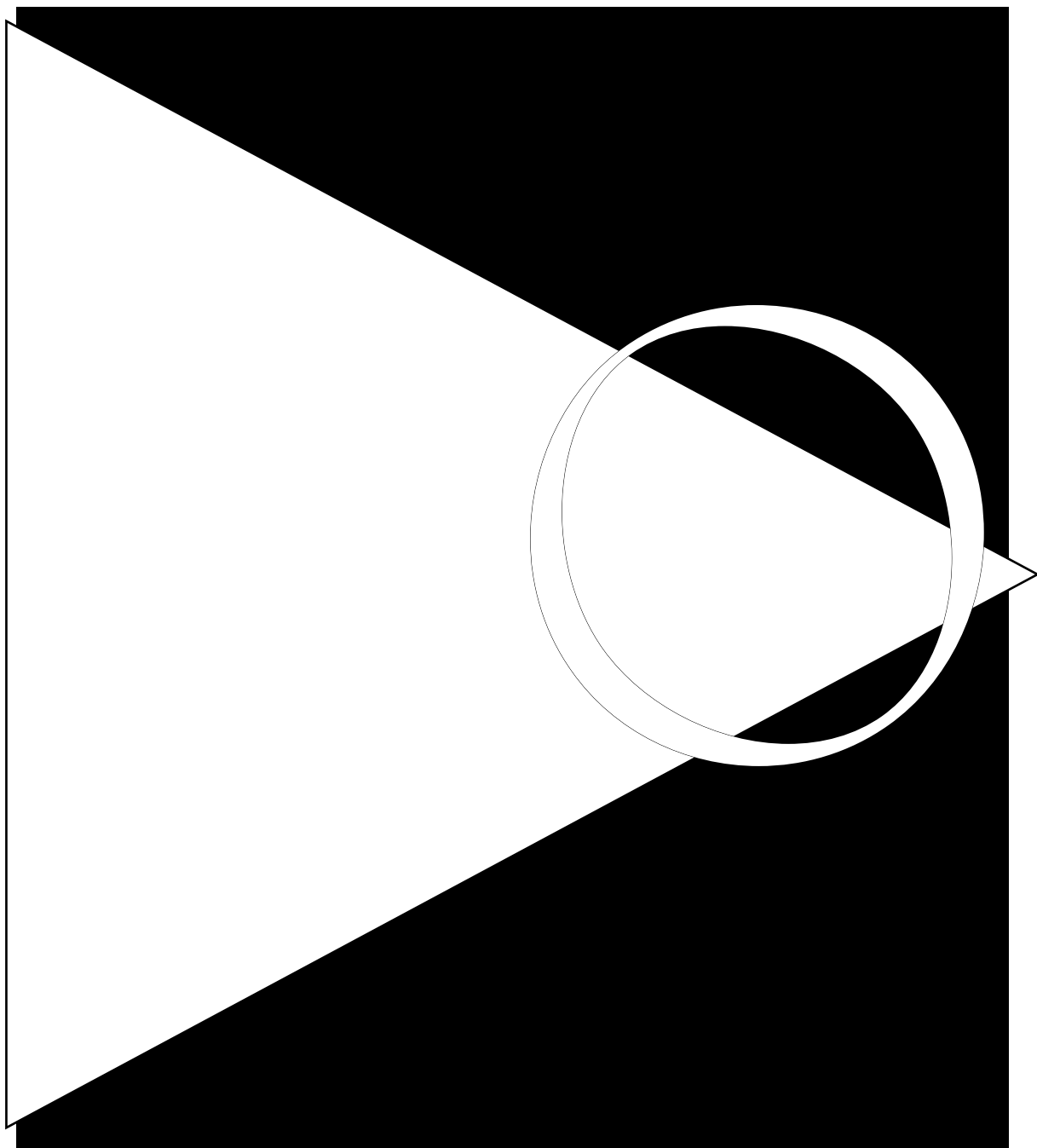




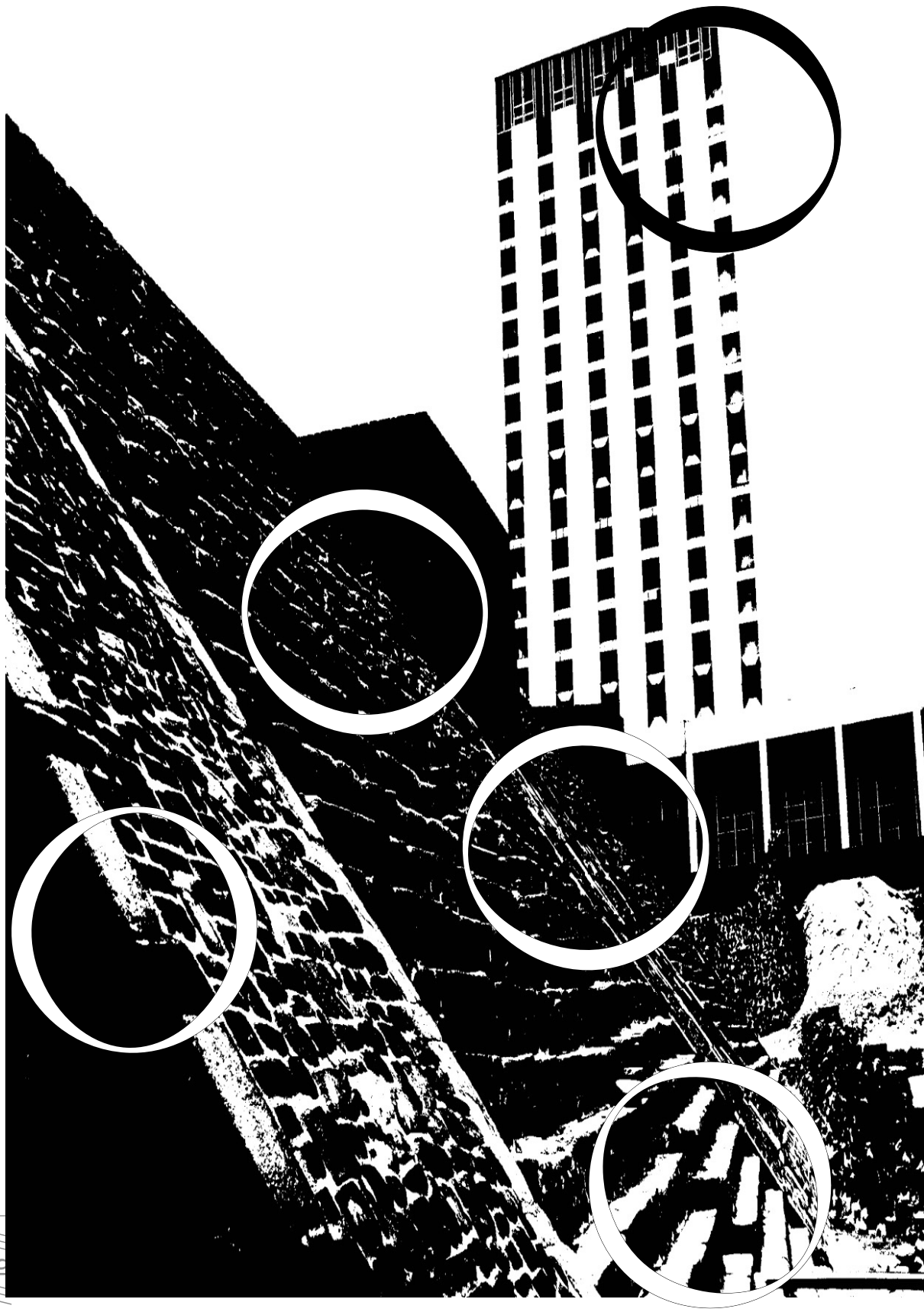
libro tercero
del prin
cipio que tuujeron
lxs xingaderxs y ceri
y so lejdades
que estos na
turales desta nue
va yor hazi
an a hnorra
de sus desxadres

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

mexcicanx



UNDER
THE VOLCANO



△△△△△△△△△△YELLLO NUEVA YORK

1 Quiero Que Me Quieras ♪♪△♪

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'-

i ! — i ! — i ! — 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 Manhattan to enter—gathered thin wits—

€ imagine trucks—so many trucks—

pasar el pitido diario

€ imagine coughing membranics remains

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

rememberings—of yr Spanglish—

☿☿△☿

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

remembering the peaceful of Isla eStaten—☿☿△☿

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-Δanhatitlán

lapping sugar by the handful-○ Δanhatitlán-mercy-mercy-

leads here imagine a ti mismo imaginando- ☿☿Δ☿

flushed rose toilet bowls-€ never you mind-Δanhatitlán-

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- ☿☿Δ☿ 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 Manhattan die-
flyer commemorating yr stolen land bloooooooooodbye

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- ☽☽☽☽

listen Manhattan- sez only to- fingers aching

for- plucking- picking

packing tresses behind ears hearing heaving-

revenging reneging 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 Δanhatitlán 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- ☽☽Δ☽-

€ remember-Nueva Yor-canta-Nueva Yor-songs-

☽☽Δ☽-N∇C-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 hysterdai

likely forgotten tomorruthen

classic hits of yesterwhere

€ tuerainyness whencenessday

for yr homedrive over hot-dervilish

Grande Central whaleroad

out yonder a bouncing Unisþhere

€ consider all this or some posturing

pon isla del encanto what liberty sey

þpiked € poaching good gringuitxs

in their tears € when anyone really regards ye Queens sez

La Llorona two fingers up peace Δmurka

holding yr fire high take bow

€ wipe lagrimas for ye so BLOODBYE

she sez then slow near los Δltos de Yackson

porque cochinxs it's one

loooong desfile de carros down steadfast south

but out yonder glimpse rising

from a concrete swamp € BLOODBYE

thru Rancho Chonchitx Brooklyn de los puentes

€ BLOODBYE BLOODBYE

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

then down

güey on down

to Isla eStaten y no me chinguen BLOODBYE

€ out thru some work in el túnel eStaten bien abandonado

€ back back back

to Manhatitlán

Manhatitlán

Manhatitlán ○

○ Manhatitlán

○ 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

BLOOOOOOODBYE ☺ 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 BLOOOOOOODBYE 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 BLOODBYE in Manhattan

BLOODBYE studying writing then -

☹ La Llorona

found Chaley

in his Atlantic home environment ☹

they strolled down

then BLOODBYE BLOODBYE

La Llorona noted how he dragged himself

chains swung abt body brownly

swagger made shadows

eyes on c BLOODBYE c BLOODBYE

chiseled teeth ch-chipped from Messican gods

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

BLOODBYE

in his future in Nueva York reminiscing this scene

BLOODBYE

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

ΔexΔmurka 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 Δanhatitlán

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

/immmmmmyello?

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

Δarcaida for gene

rations basking already-sucking

his distant primo back blindly

into vampirish Δessiskin 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 be

hurtful

for behold poised hips toward

mighty in his mente huevos

€ windows moonlight slicing both cuerpos

sensed maybe saw sunk deep BLOODBYE

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 artificed Llorona

for ca mach nelli teotl ca mach nelli mahuiztic

€ for brujería as Chastitellez

whose whole is simpler BLOODBYE

than its parts € whose parts get him into deep mierda

€ from now thru time

space—sayeth sd hero franchize BLOODBYE

yr Meskinictas € Amurkanness

w. no originality

beauracrified € conceptually contrived

see C but BLOODBYE

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'o

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

recall from *THE CODEX MOJADICUS*

conquistador conocimiento riqueza fuerza

call it what it is nahualli la luna

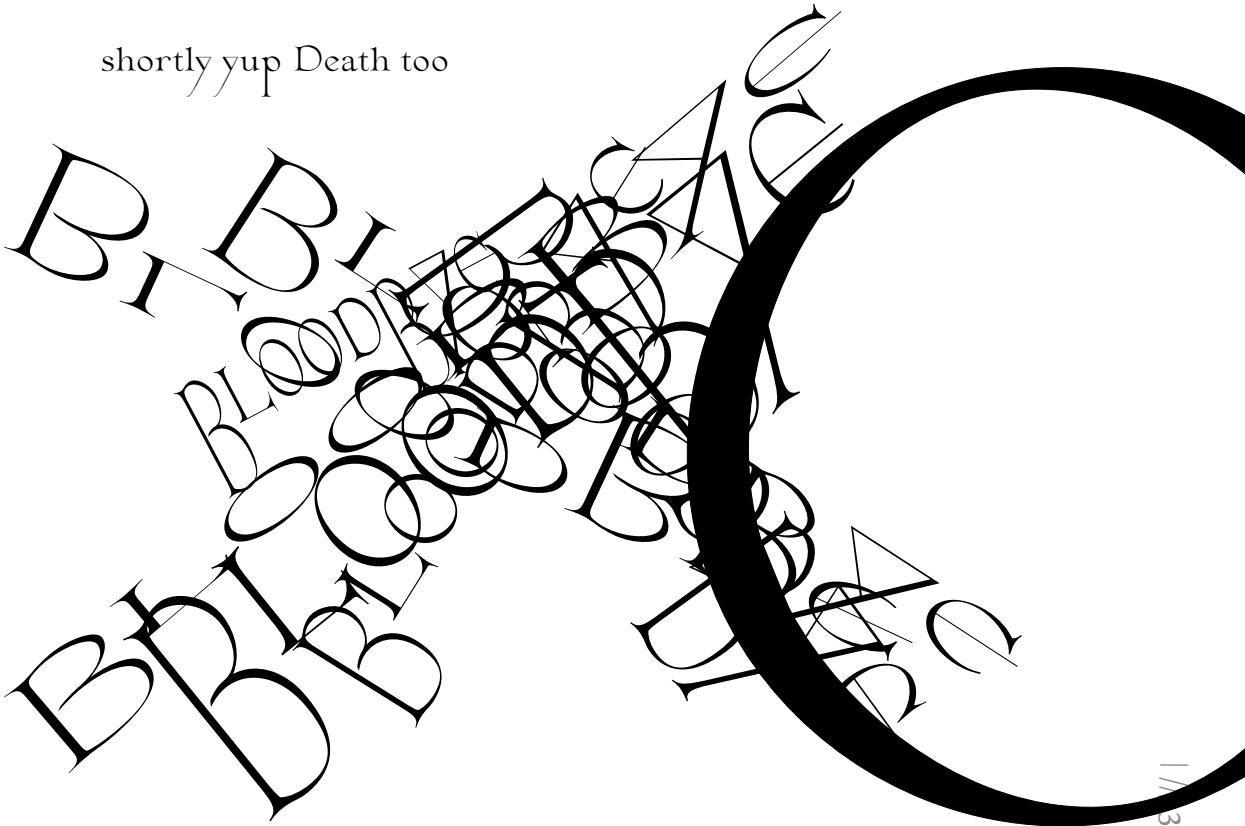
ooh oye poet licking lips BLOODBYE

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

trees trees

pliocene

most recent

talk no pl

II FACTORS

unitary

plural

majority

actual

two

multi

one

(morp[h])

fixed inquisitive

call it what it is nahualli la luna

oooh oye poet licking lips bloodbye

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

in verses inherit

y livery y susto for algunos

got those pieces of Segundos's

shitty tonatlatl 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—

epyoifiayoo

Tío

iΔy!

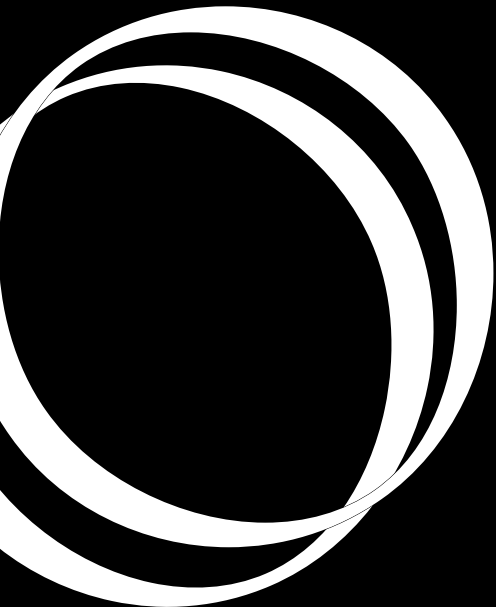
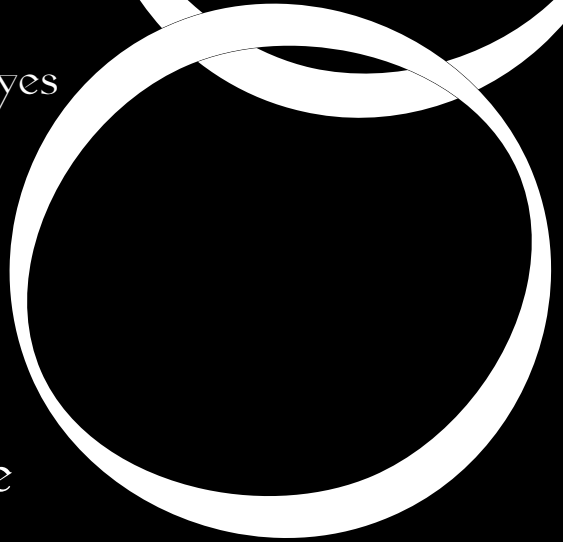
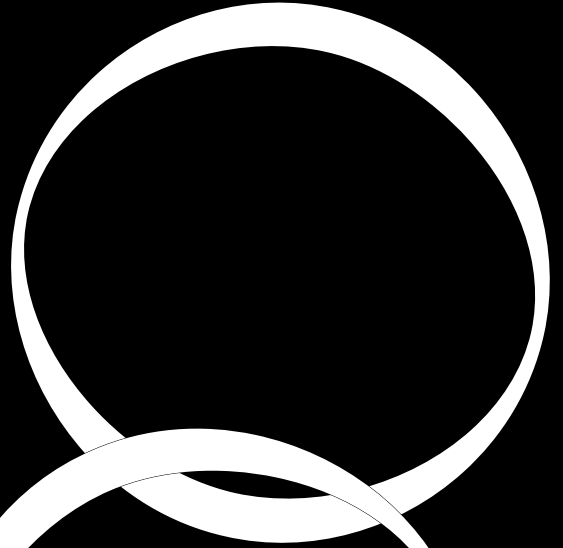
reason

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

¿XXXXX?

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

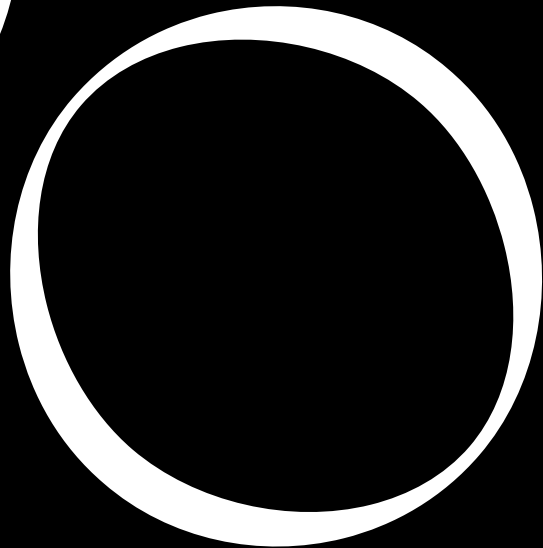
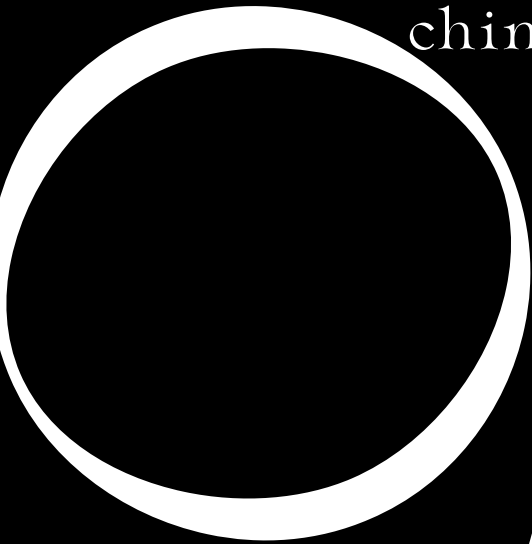
sd Llorona que ya
te crees

tanto ... tú

eres de Δ murika
ya sabes hablar

chinglish y todo eso

todo eso



legit copy, ΔS 38514y-6 Δmatl paper screenfold fragment
 painted both sides ΔS Ketch'kaan Ppublic Library
 holdings-Δlaxsxa / Δpril-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-ΔMexican-nor pater noſter
 mocoso Pancho had only ſpiculations 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 Δl 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 Δl 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-

€ visage Pancho'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 Mexket 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 demonſtraba miedo

ante mejor sonreía

[surrounded w. words that rained sounds like fire]

decían los Δmurkanxs-

qué Δmessycanxs 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 Δl 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 engañosador ...

Sinalo[♥]a

“bloodbye mi tierra afamada

“recintos donde viví

“bloodbye mi querida esposa Δarcaida

“yo me despid^o de ti”

¡ viva Δessico !

¡ o pueblos bendios de dios !

llora el mar y sus arenas

lo que yo estoy padeciendo

llora la pluma escribiendo

lágrimas de penas

la amo y malhaya mi vida

cuando la imagen que adoro

y el frío frijolero va

pensando asee llorando

asee por el camino

vio pasarme—triste lloro

sin dares por entendida—

Pancho Chastitellez—

born of white & yellow maize*

how he composed that first P^oCHX 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 xingao'd?

POCHX CODEX-unoriginal

cara-preface to Δmurka already /

written ... ¡Δmurka! ...

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 Δakesicko "from Whom Their Pochx

Δncestors who Came from There Δscended"†

† sic

whether “noble” fresas o “dirty” mojaos-

they arrived-to ΔΔURKΔ

walls-they sey-were no damn thing

⊕ married children

of “beautiful” Δmurkan people

some “dignified” capitalists-chosen

⊕ “Other” pochxs married

true Δmurkan dirtbags

FLOWER SONG from POCHX CODEX-ms 323232.4

ahua yyao ayya yye-

a ohuaya

earth-

let us enjoy-

we aint twice on

let us enjoy

⊕ flowers aint taken from ΔcTlán-

in truth

only borrowed-\

we must go-

flower my song bloodbye-

in truth

ohuaya-

○ that pathos of ephemerality

γn Chaſtitellez axictini

quinmahuiztilia

iteohuan-

ica on huel huelitini

oquinxico in iyaohuan

ma nohuian γectenehualo

γn Chaſtitellez tlapaltic

γlhuiltic γmacehualtic

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 Δ esso'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 cosssstume

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 blooooo blooooooodbye

bloodbye

bhuluhm ppppbbphhsssssh that'sssss wind that- blooossssssssh

bouncy

happy ssoundss-elativesss-lisssten every room

will ussse propssssss

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

usssse propsssss € yesssss

what isssss feassssible

holds up another digit

my camatl

will

recuerdo sssssí la elassssión

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 ∇epyiofiayoo

sssailing conchass ssssince

Detroit-Δicsshoacán 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–
dessscuachalanga’o 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
thiss bleaknesss gradually
comesssto obssssidian in later propheciessss–toward
geometric purity– dehumanity–
sssscintific objectivity
⊕ raw featherless cuerpossss
⊕ raw ssstyle ssssurrounded by cultura
⊕ sssurrounded by assssimilation
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 hissss school

€ the quarterback getssss all the gold–ssssso I
thought I'd grow my

feathersss out– sssee what happened

thisss coatl knew he liked community

college fine enough heard a radical ssspeaker

hiss of the ideology of the hissssionary position

put it sssspatial termssss epyiofiayoo

that made ssssense now

our sssign'sss hourly here'sss sssilent

eyesssss here sssigh € ... hibernatesssss

lovessss thossssse ssaintly gadgetsss– € they veer often

they pyramid in ringing

to closesssst highwaysss that'sss

where night be ssswinging

the wild–hiss them where night too here now goesss

gonging the light^s

that'sss where yr sssweet conquistador sssinging

sssang the duckx netssss–

daring sssuch fluctuationsss

but lissssen up to give ye fingersss

§ 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-
i€ we're sssigned sssso graftly
in diner ssssonnetssss!
i sssso bright! get walled
in yrssself-fassshioned hut
sssolitary € sssso to dump
dead tíosss in flowerpotss
€ write fucking poemssss abt that sssshit
€ that the dew mentioned-
Timesss €sssssquare € WallMart € Tuxssson
ruined jetss follow cana-cansss loss-
thine hand here a rune € do-
wuzss where done'll go cathedral of yr poliss-
drawn by sssome
Muerte high off her assss
into the KIDDIE POOL € remembersss running
nalgasss blazing € chonissss falling off
sssome viejitosss laughing
€ the old obssssidian dodge parked
to the sssside there in the GRAVEL

DRIVE € think there'sssss
the photo € hope to Omeoteotl there'sss a photo
of that OLD OBSSSIDIAN
DODGE BC that trokita
had memoriess of itss decay
ssstowed inssside on the bench sseat
THERE remember took that monssster
to NUEVA YORK ALL OF USSS € can't
remember if Ulissesss 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 CAMPÉR on air
mattressssesss that might only
have been double-sssize blue
€ plenty of comicsss € right-

w. blanket € pillowss

there were DORITOSSSS nasshosssheese sssurely

remember HuitzssssliPocho wdn't

SSSTOP CRYING

I OFTEN TELL PEOPLE THIS
HISS THE TIME

I DEVELOPED MY FEAR

OF NAHUASSS 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 beasstsss

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

GIDDUN UP THEAH
ONT' TH' PLATO-FORΔ CRITTER
giddun up theah-

my family of deitiess @ demidiosssess sssitting but two rows from

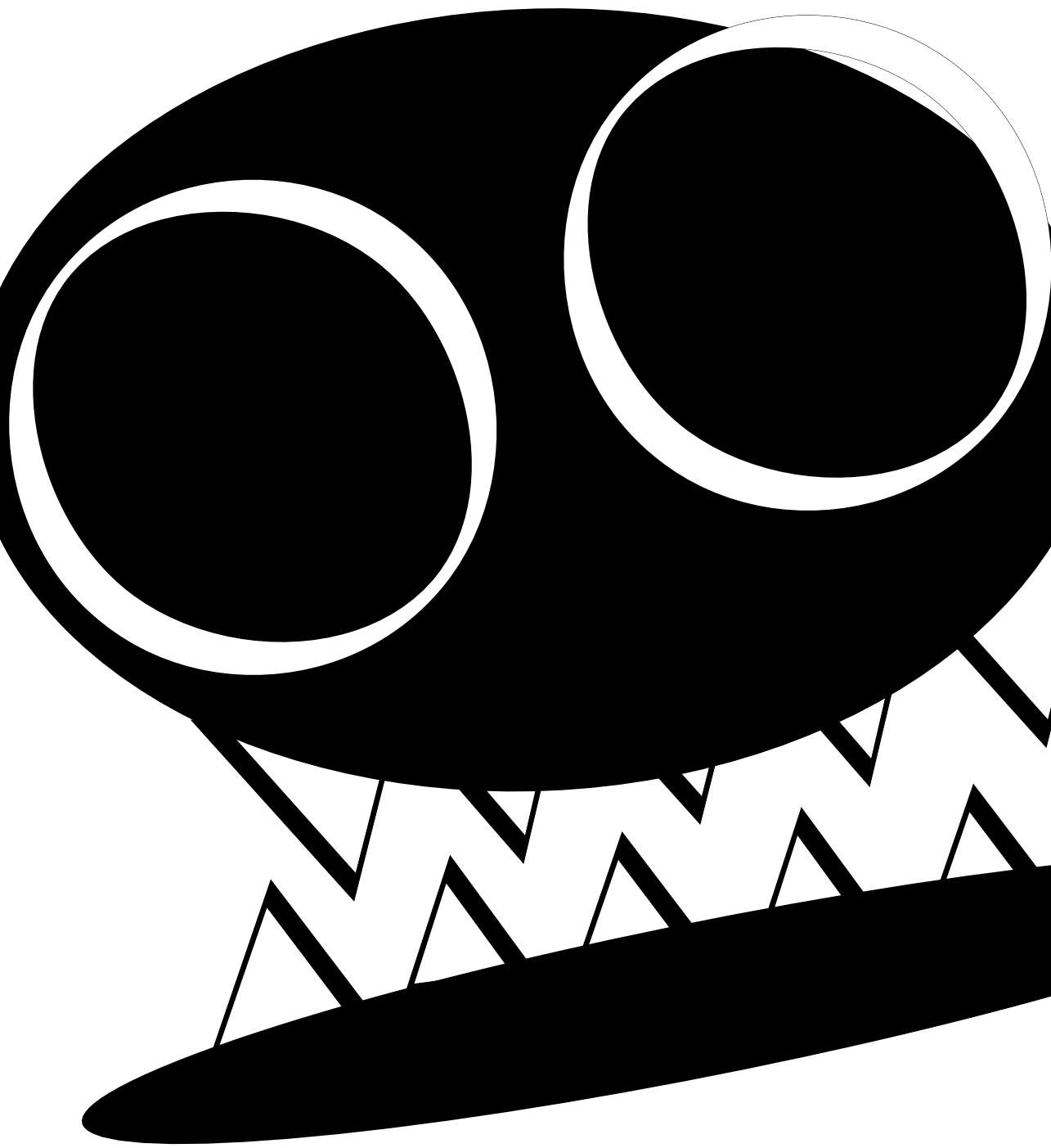
this plat-O-forma (@ they in full knowledge/

O-uss sssseated in the painted sseats) @ sssseeing

thissss pincssshe animal'sss jΔWsss

OooOoo sssshit

j here it hissss!



d-d- directly be-O-

before me/ O-bitsss of kibble €

BALL € DUNG ssstuck up in the

gumsssss OF COURSSSE I WEP T OoOoo

//// SS ///

ye yalhua

ye huiptla

ica nichoca

ica ninentlamati

claro I fucking wept

like a baby feathered ssserpent

☉ then I carried

nahuass w. me

whenever I clossed

my eyesss in water—O

even on those burning watersss

feared hyper-correction

of annuncsssiation

in performance

action of the body – natural

action of the cuerpo –

natural

breathing to systole/

diastole – extensive

focus on the nuances

of language

to act

language as if that

performed naturally –

w. no strain –

certain essence

seeming natural – not

feigned – not learned

– quite bluntly –

a natural sort

of spirarperiority punto ¿who

can perform this?

¿what cuerpo? cuerpo

performing critiquesssss

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

Δex | Co

Δex | Co

Chaley wuz pleased

Δejco counting a wallplay Δex | Co

Spangish lesson–

ashamed of water

nobody has any water

this they told us

Δex | Co

/ use the X not J for ΔeX|co

tide water

Δex | Co tide water

Δex | Co tied water

€ Δex | Co's north border

corn

meals

don't please me w. Δejco
wd like to teach pinche Don Pancho
we believe in Δejco in Nueva Yor
alright Δex | Co
redrose up in Río Haárlem
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 Δanzana
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 ΔMURKA NUBE

Chaley theorized soloish solilocucuyes of leaders got followers

shit stallactites from Δmurkan ass-Chaley-

i what ye do w. dat?-mind

other hole-then-felt

way south-i BREAK ON THRU /

TO THE OTHER SIDE!-i demark!

i deΔΔRK! what a world what a world what a world

sey-well ye ought

to do this quicken-so Chastitellez

unsheathed

Δmurkan 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

texoticyapalli when la virgen threw her veil

over a rose-mary bush-while resting

on flight to Hermosillo*

* * i yairmohseeyoh!

{stelae carving trans c. 2215-8 Mc/Vugget

heavensky

what's above-nightsky

star suspended lamp

from darkness above

sky slipping down over as for supports

tecuixin 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 ΔZtlán

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

LΔ 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

no alphabetic signs need to be guided
not
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-
thickset-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 NONE THE LESS

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 rΔZtlána-imagine ΔZtlán
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 16 Sep 1915]

farewell Δakesicko-mi patria ſtill caked
in Porfirian slime
of evil-cruelty-poverty-brutishness-☉ i 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 Δarcaida's curses

... ¶ indeed as Uliſes had expected
there were alſo ſtoꝛies—
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 deivil 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

PROPHECY XXXIII OL SΔOKIN ΔIRROR 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

i don't shit un pollito!

if Chaley'd write

it's outa need or health—

salud salud

SΔY life's a pome whippy whippy

have some tartar cake boss epyiofiayoo

SΔY iced w. gold big blanched

carnitas helmet

epyoifiayoo

epyoifiayoo

night day darkness

make given glory

glamour flame

vain flamelets

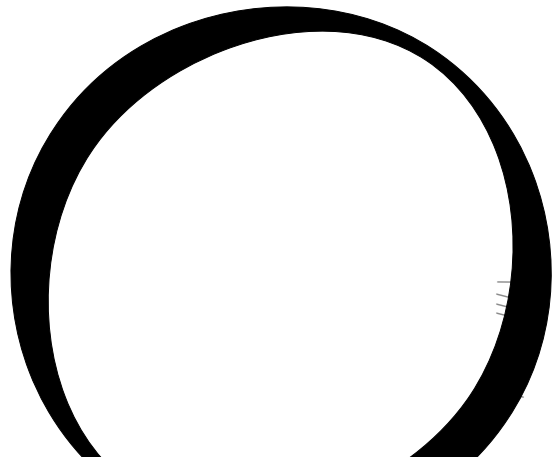
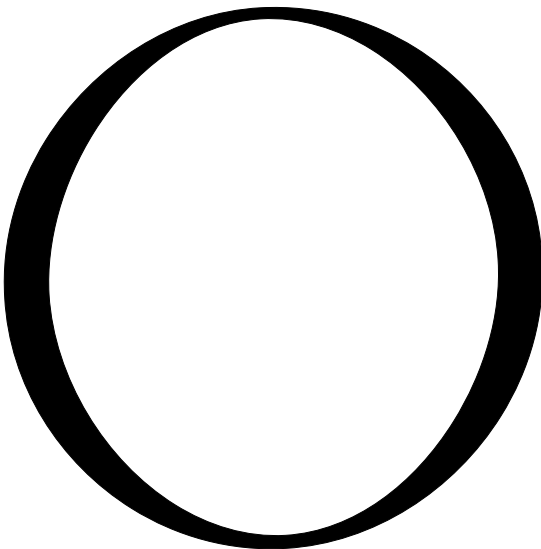
€ for ancestor ah

darkness light indeedy

on bleakness of lot bloom

strived to raise late on rock's garden

yielded grapes € maize



CHALEY'S ΔBUENO ULISES SENT TO
PRESIDENT WILSON Δ PIECE OF
CHICKEN LIVER

XICANX GENOME PROPHECIES-legit copy-ΔS

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 Δessican desert

that ol' bejeweled pavo

€ once again native gods left Δakesicko . . .

€ 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

Δl Norte

to set asunder Δmurka / land of those

most recent conquestors

€ newer forms of migratory disasters

€ failures of time-place-€ name†

but next to Δt Popo to replenish

those € dioses grew

greatly fatigued-tuvieron sed they sd

so out they set in search of water

€ found

OPERATION "INDIAN SHIELD"—by chingador

chronoquistador

leaving field

wide open for

sufficient

€ well satisfied

† When Chaley read this he sd aloud mumbled "¿btwn Emily Dickinson & Juana Ramírez?"

monstrous appetites

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-CIHUACOATL

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 philosoph

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 Δ anhatitlán cuervo

yr heart smacking like a motherfucker

sniffing yr red headed goodness

special goodness motherfucker

Δ anhatitlán train still waiting

Δ laxsxa night still raining

think think

Δ anhatitlán train still finding

we're surrounded by the green folks in this bar here
called Under the Volcano strange visions
back here in the Δcá Pulque room € we didn't even know
Δmovement 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

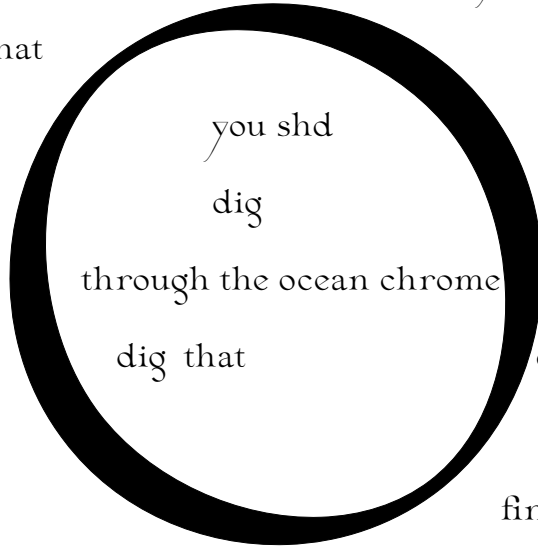
but really—¿why write? coiled

never to stop € really think never a problem before
ravens big as jets

loſt lots between the mente € manito

sure you do

get that



a tunnel

through the ocean chrome

dig that

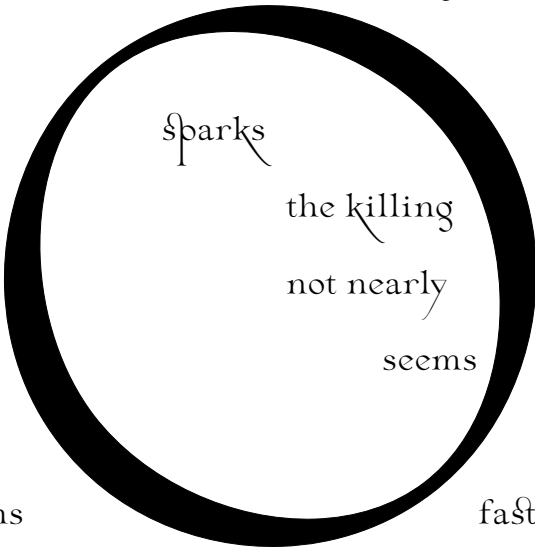
chrome

some

find

something there

shadow



€ sombras

sparks

the killing

dark

not nearly

as what yr face

seems

to ſtink transcribed

mitigate me it

burns

faster than we predicted

Volcano R evolution

revenging ſtill the renege

155 top

278 the soft beauty

HOPEFUL

shining a twice entwined

shine entertained solely for no one

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 Sinaloa
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 Manhattan

yeah que hubo to you too motherfucker

one two

tap that twice baby

i 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

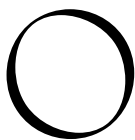
what a symbol of nothing

means in nothing

what a night of cloud

new day of luna cutting

think tonight of wanting
nothing funny writing— nothing—nothing knotting
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 so pure joy the snakes—
a heart of star
wd coil



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

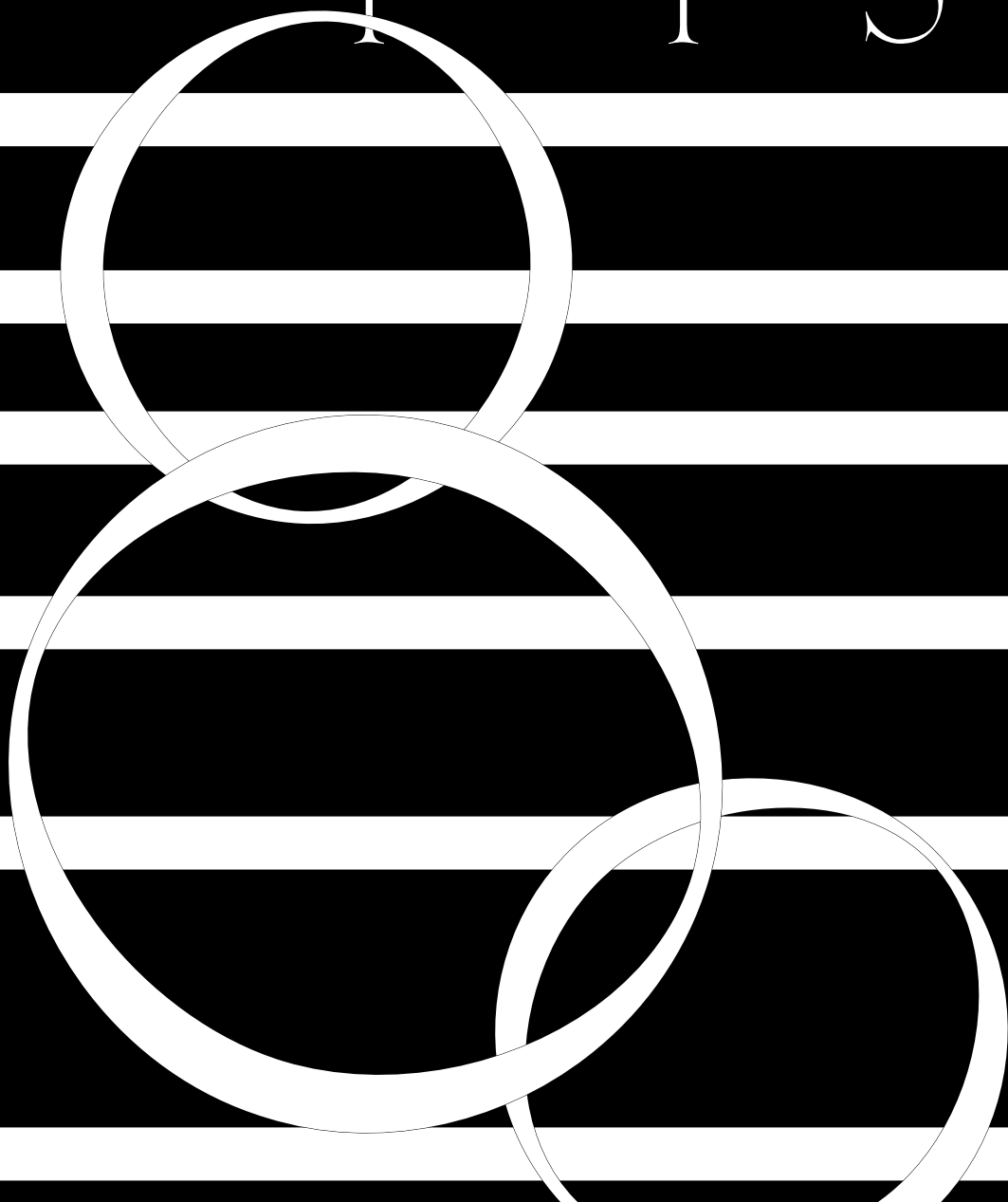
any

references

to .o.e.

writers?

ΔΔΥΡΚΑΣ
POETICS





PROPHECY 4 WIND MOVEMENT

STOP

in this life—Xochitl—

¿will I ever see you again?

VISION

geyser of jism brown as beachsand

(to hate or after a sea storm)

w. spermatozoon 'nough to populate

WallMart County ΔZtlán

w. equally active & vigorous animals

epyofoyoo

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
& DSTRBT^N WHT RSR^C

AVAILABLE & BY ACCRCY & SPD
IN ACT of RECOGNIZE
READING WHAT SCRIPTS
ONLY RD B. ELITES

€ at bottom of letter signed love

SINGIN

humman burid head heard

he'd heard humid bird

i ATENCIÓN !
i ATENCIÓN !

para recoger by beard

hare's year lassoed sunpoint

wordbwrite tappy skullsnares

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

estereotipos de las cities of the frontera
constructed highways-resorts & other amenities
for shared Δmurkan travelers from Δl Norte

sometimes night night

accordion accordion accordion

hear hear geetar

del mundo

people y pelo-groso

calmaté los huesos Nevada

go comay menudo

hace Nevada

accordion accordion accordion

ja ja chiste chiste

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 Δcapulco €

yea then to Baja

accordion accordion accordion

yes Baja

bring those yellow

licenses remove

plastic skin make

six quick calls

aló aló

snakeskin

¿esnaskin?

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 $\text{O}\nabla\text{E}\text{R}$ as tedious
chores of adjusting to the state's
flaws $\text{\textcircled{C}}$ idiosyncracies
- 3 assessment when relationship comes
under stress bonds weakest thoughts
of immediate future $\text{\textcircled{C}}$ opportunity costs
- 4 recommitment or termination new
affirmation of alliance—
or renogiationing of contracts
 $\text{\textcircled{C}}$ 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 of

$\text{\textcircled{C}}$ pyiofiayoo uni-verse

$\text{\textcircled{C}}$ neither

time $\text{\textcircled{C}}$ language as artifices-necessary \Rightarrow human universe

froth \Rightarrow course \Rightarrow will/deed \Rightarrow madame \Rightarrow letter \Rightarrow the ashes

in hand here in

Times Square-frothy forty-second-here

but hark

HERE

accordion accordion accordion

glyphly

TURV
THE
FUCKING
PAGES



1 REED YEAR SPAMMARDS ARRIVE TO Mex | Co

¿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 €pyiofiayoo help me

PLEASE git me to thet underside ...

€ i 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 mocox, 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 axolotl

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 axolotls 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 ...

Δmurkas Poetics

machines made of words made by machines

remap Roussel's most intriguing of sd Yropean machines

cherished cities circulate coffins

coughs-money minds my mouth

Interest I it is I. Δmurkas 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 darknightsky

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

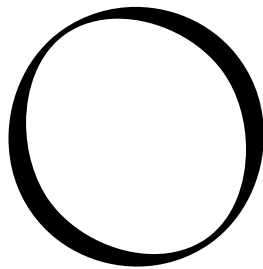
shine on high Ha'arlem moon

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-ΔS 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 Δarcaida

might punch a few times
clouds discriminate
the 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 despoes

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 Δmurka wrapped
in her red–white–bluegreen rebozo

BUT Pochx ye're más WΔSPy más gabachx
que most gringxs

€so. Claro. Pnes . . . ni modo–

'twas then our poet Chaley Chastitellez became Chicax
... perdón/

i 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 Δessico
€ Δmurka. . . 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–i Now what the DEFFIL can that mean!

es̄p bc he cdnt roll his errrrrrrrre

○ ... iLΔZTLΔNDΔRUS!

iGRINgx penDEjx!

!PIVche paTOM!

iPosssshx!

iCaca-noso!

iCristalino caca cara

e pan cruuuudo!

iBlablablablancanieves!

iGagagachupin!

iQuothe 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

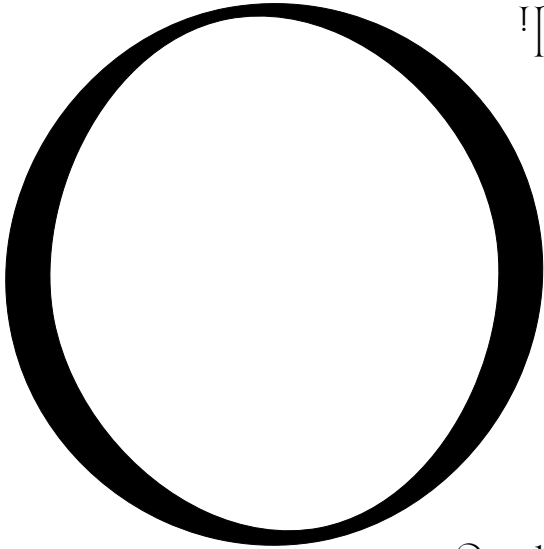
∇° ∇°∇ ΔΔ I-no that's ∇°∇ ∇°

& 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-ΔMURKAN

športin one of them Δnn-o-WΔK 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 šplit his almond eyes

but then instantly

LOOK yonder bald eagle

swooping down upon aguila morena

w. snake

in its clutches

∇⊕ΔH this eagle's for ye Xaley puro gringx / Spain

stains on yr

brownskin /

claro ... green GO ... to México

⊕ pack yr Xicanx neoindigenous essentialist†

† Xicano neoindigenous essentialism-ugh-⊕ no he wd not šport his brown beret-mind-but rather his Sinaloan Stetson-yes-it's quite accidental that he wuz born Δmurkan-but-after all-Δmurka IZ eternal

false consciousness

ugh-€ go-∅-veteverde-∅

go see greengx € understand

when all's sd € done history culminates in US†

i holy telos !

i jumping ghost of Wakeen Δierdieta !

∅ to Δex | Co greengx go

decorations w. jacarandas

€ sawdust-music-fireworks

loud pops each night sometimes early morning

certainly not gunshots

Δexicans 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 Δmurkan NO ΔΔNCHES

handwriting not that of amanuensis]

small boxed corn kernels

△△△H△P FOUR-
PART P FOUR

STRUCTURE

1) PSYCHOSEXUAL/

2) ETHNOPOLITICAL/

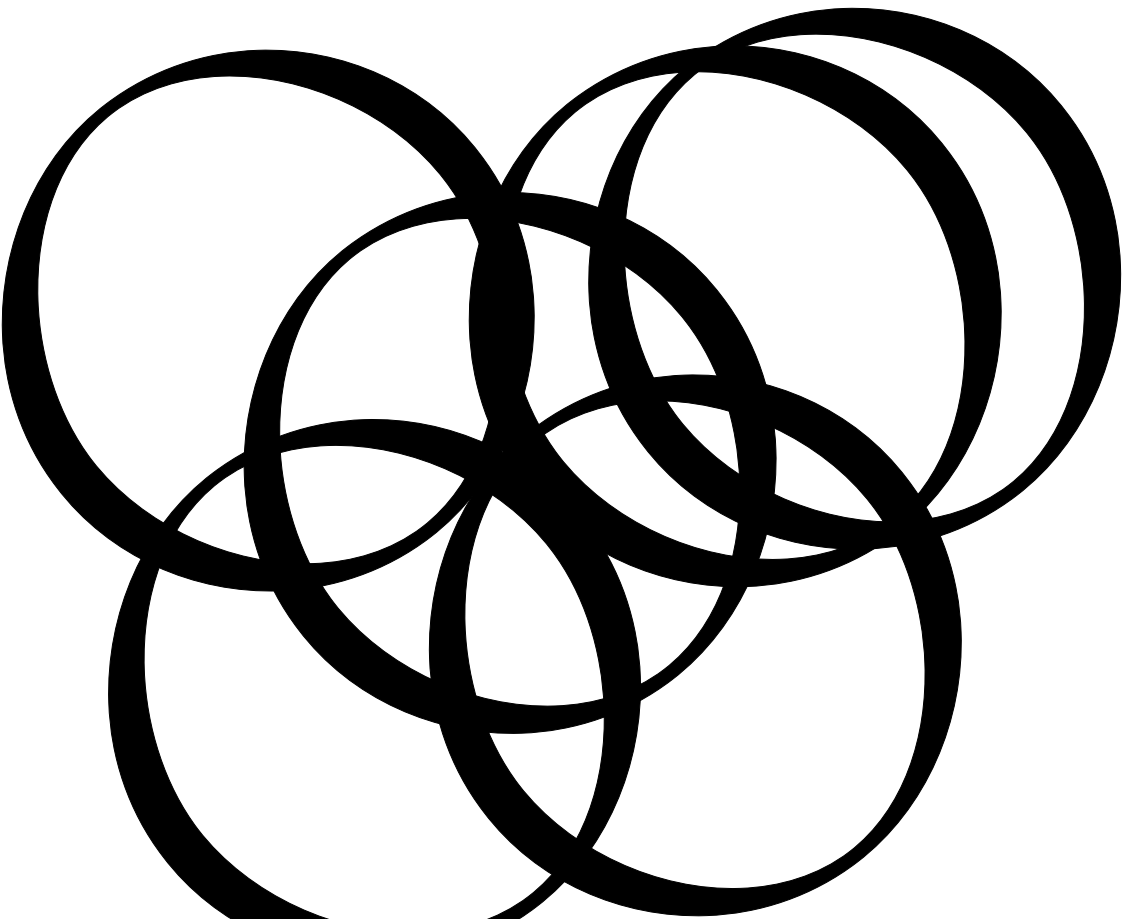
3) SOCIOECONOMIC/

4) PHENOMENOLOGICAL/

[the following written in amanuensis's hand]

△DD H△RE COS△OVISION
R△VEN POME FROM △K VISTA DAY
NORTHWEST NATIVE △YTHS
TECHNICI△NS OF THE SACRED
DIA DE LOS △UERTOS

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



SCREAMING SOUTH DOWN MEX 85

darkness-death swerving dodging ghosts

Ⓒ on the radio

tla tla tla tla

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

ghosts of headless cuerpos inscribed w. threats
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 ΔΔΛΛΗΔΤΙΤΛΔΛ

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 Δnn-o-∇ΔK cowboy hat from my head

maintain my hair

see my mirror you can't see

that see Chuy en Δitla 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
i ΔTENCION ! 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—
roughlyarp 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
i ΔΤΕΝCIÓN !
stand from my tepate-remove
coat perico sees me-cover its cage-aha!.

i ΔΤΕΝCIÓN ! i ΔΤΕΝCIÓN !

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 train station in Tucson
feel € fell no feel € ; where dyall giet dem
Ann-o-WΔK 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 Δnawak 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 Huitzilipocho

ΔS 588800-1 paper

GLYPH

[page]

[1848 misc suns]

for weak € fed Δessicans cd not resist them Δmurkans
 since them Δessicans wanted nothing in this world
 as ferociously as los Δmurkanos wanted that land
 jus like ∇orope finishin ∇orope'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 splendorily-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 genetive 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."

○ 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 epyoifiayoo epyoifiayoo
€ text Brothers € Comrades
Let Us Follow the Sign of the Holy
Δgave in True Faith—for Under
This Sign We Shall Conquer epyoifiayoo...

€ 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 HΔD
now again
HΔS 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 Δzteco 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 C so left
 that steep temple C on the way out
 stopped an old man selling coquitos C
 bought one single scoop
 C as he strolled away he took Their Pronouncements C lived his
 life accordingly emperor school—omens—sacrificial
 symbolic descents— Work Leisure Stylizations
 of his life spoken for
 in advance C 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 C servants
 when They break to dream up
 different classes of determinisms for all They keep occupied

[page]

[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 € Δ T

T I Δ €

epyoifayoo

there's a sick science of finding objectivities in culture

-extracting art

ART

art's way of finding artfulness of objex

/ € yet-€ y € 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 epyoifayoo

after work at cantinas in Brewery Gulch-WallMart-ΔZtlán

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

€ W. THESE ΔSHES
ΔMIXED W. LIFE HE THREW HIM
SELF INTO PLAY
OF WORLD-
€ DΔNCEΔ 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 ESQUARE CAPITALIST 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—€ drankin 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 accuſed 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 yrſelves

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^s

§ instant reminder revolutionary Xaley camping in desert island Dos Cabezas west of Wallcox-ΔZtlán-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-"proably dead for bout couple days"-no smell-€ off hear that piano-

€ further guitar S T R U Δ

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 Δotel Seís-€ the viejitos passed around a

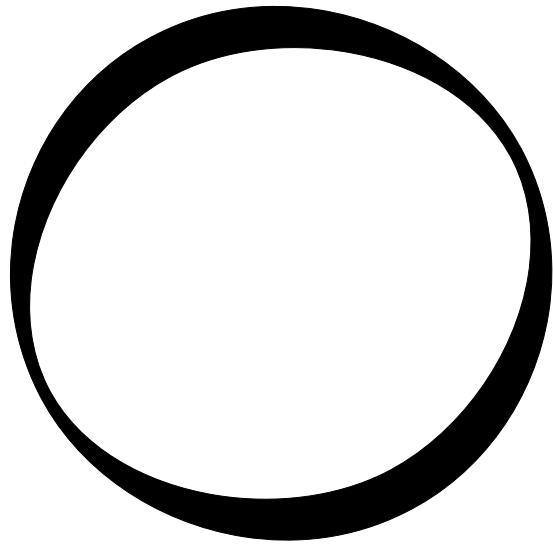
☉ once again native gods leave Mex | Co
☉ Yropean ones enter to take their places . . .

¿what's the significance of that?

¿☉ where do they go?

well Xochimilco for one

- [manuscript ends here]



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 xingadao'd? asked Xaley—¿do folks die for
fun?

S O L O S T R U Δ this desert—

TOMALAMATL 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 $INRI-i\textcircled{C}$ what did he do?
had to wait a moment

to see what she wd do

fell tripod

that convulsive beauty

young enough

at perception

\textcircled{C} corazón but old enough

to rip out Chaley's beating corazón \textcircled{C} swaddle it in agave



ΡΙΟ HARLEM



QUIERO QUE ME QUIERAS
UN CHIINGO SNAKEWOMAN

8dog jealous god

8dog all in fog

9monkey right on-money

9monkey matrimony

10tooth wayward youth

FOOTPRINTED PATHS

OF MIGRATION TRACKS

lake_xsea

SΔY Δakesick_xuh made fer a-leavin-leaves
fallin

sk_xearth

sunmoon

deerbird

i ΔTENCION !

fisherab

motherfather

her fatnips tasted like berries that domingo

I'm looking for lucky Luck_x-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** habbi **TOOTS**

¿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 me gusta

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

goooooooood

yea

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

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

i i i i 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

... ΔZtlán

nones-serpientes coralinas que arrollan sus ojos *y* you

en nuestros ... ΔZtlán barcos de la familia nortea

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

la brisa de mar él uncold

* Now get that sheet back in Δmurkan spΔnglish compahdray

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 Δmurka seeing
how Sinaloa has nothing
evil for us to push cocaine w.)

Sr Δalverde 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 Δlaxsxa € 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 mocosex 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

revengeing 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-○ 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

○ 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 Ketchikan
to Tehran to Bagdad to Harlem
to Louisville to Nogales to Portland to London to Paris
to Seoul to Las Vegas to Tucson to Chicago
to Mex | Co City & Tularosa blessed blessed Sinaloa
to a blessed kind of Nueva York
pues & still not omitting Manhattan ... chingao ... her song

& remember him she sings & those peaceful have uglier
intentions 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 membranous remains

of black unions

remembering embers of the peaceful have uglier intentions

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 Δmurka 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 Δmurka
seeing how Sinaloa has nothing for us to power autos w.
imagine trucks reminding you of me pass you daily beeping

i ΔTENCION !

then imagine I'm coughing membranitic 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 Δgrippa's gathered
flushed rose toilet bowls my country € the intense insurgent
nationals we've decided to make another South Δmurka
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-bumblng
histrico constructions they gathered to play w.

virola

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 ne

e ndre

e ndre

ne

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 Aztlán 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 Tlaxsxa
& 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. copal smoke

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 Δlaxsxa in Δugust-€-sickens € groans-folds

€ darkness twists in-

like a river-weighing-down...

€-contemplates again to go-yeah again-to leave

/ hated € ○ so heated ΔZtlán...

-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†
 further into-despondent baroque hallucination
 ΔcTlanuense
 until-reaches
 that forested juncture [i?]
 € 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! ...
 gritos de dolores sounding
 in-ears ... death to gachupines €c^s
 € so-squats on a slab of unrefined copper to rest ...
 / hands leaning on this ore lump

† sic i?

‡ [margin-"€-wakes €c"]\

§ margin-"€c €c"

supporting himself on it w. his manos
€ yonder ΔZtlán 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 Popocatepetl ⊕ 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— Δ Γ Δ 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-ΔS 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 listen Ulises 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

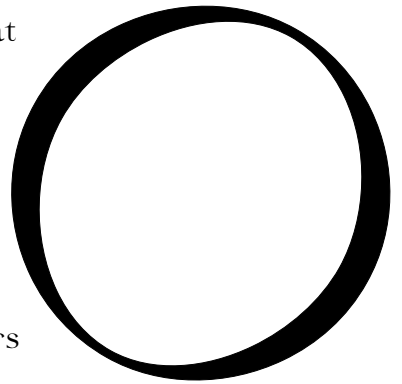
to soothe U's sins-to which Ulises

sd nay-€ here Ulises sd to himself

Δexica-mi hija-Δechica /

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 ΔZtlán

then imagine her eyes snakes squirming...

Chastitellez GOING DOWN caves away

knocked out mmmmoon

blowing my top

blue

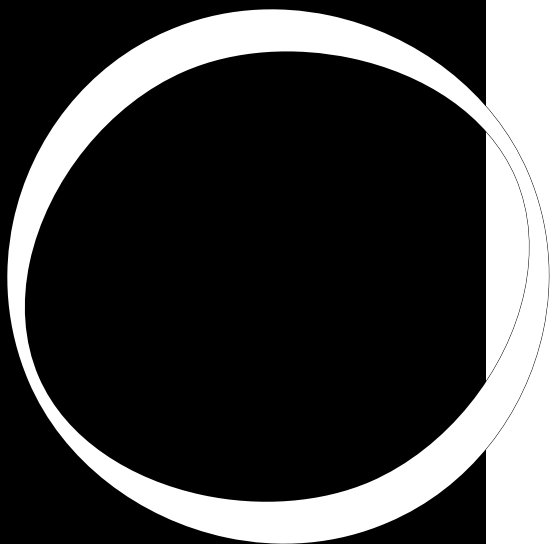
never saw the likes of you.

aguanta [illegible]

avantele güey

güey

presentame pues



warmth of tonalamatl

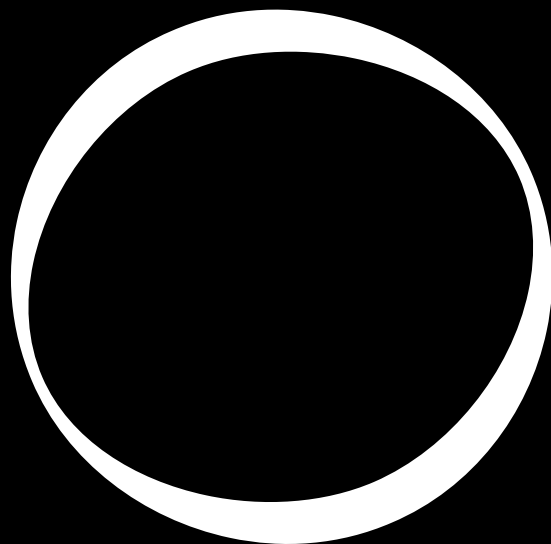
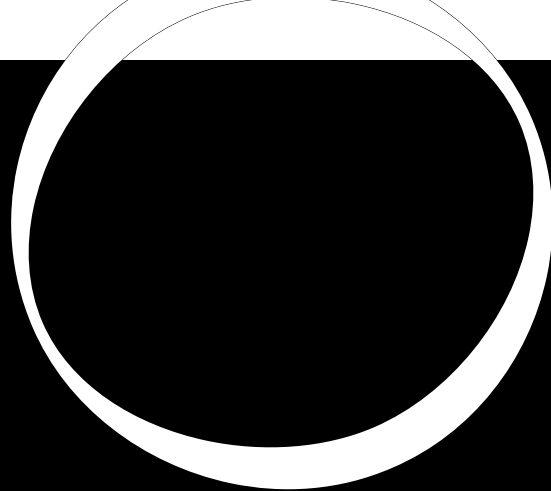
radiance of day

| shines

la luna | shines

| shines

away



pochx

saborcitx

instituto xingao

2 norte 1210

esq. 14 poniente

col. jacarandas

c.p. 75730

ΔcTlán

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. Δextecl poets

vein to nebulae ...

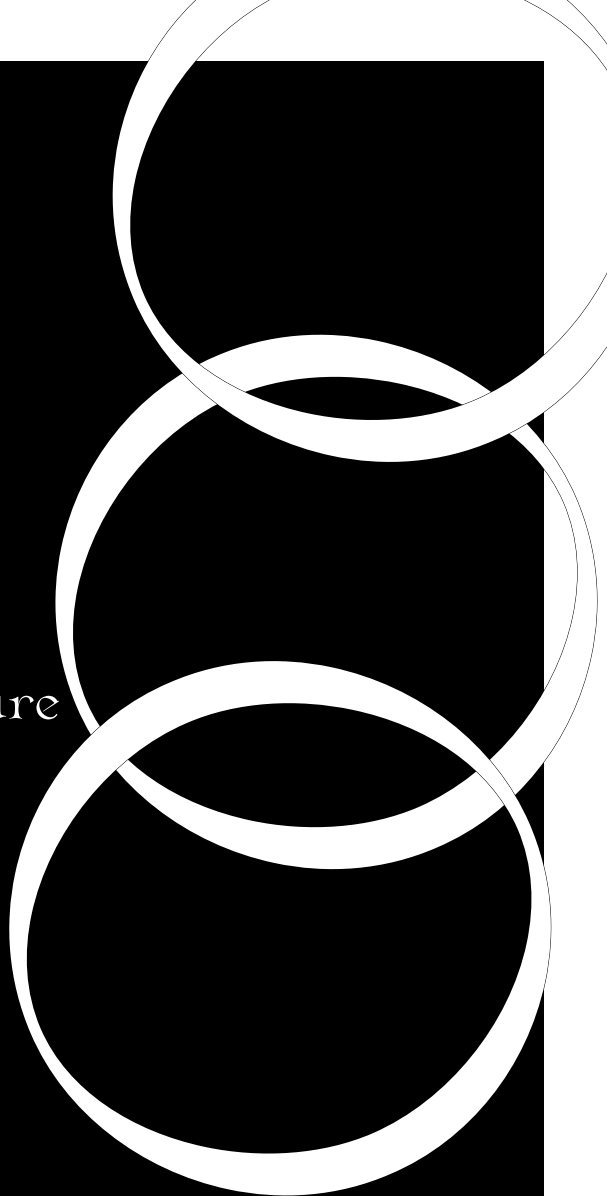
.e..no

heft heaven ... bracketed

death is not

forever

by two plumed serpents



our mamá . . . our

papá . . . carved

into stelae . . . still

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

night–this universe’s

the nahuas after

established–destroyed–

the conquest

re-established . . .

pictographic writing

times . . .

four–maybe five

“.N X O C H . T L – . N C U . C Δ T L” –global culture

induced by

structure–use

hegemonic power–nationstates

“flower & song”

as ukase songs

& transnational corporate

market tyranny–homogonize

depending

worldviews–beliefs–

who ye ask . . .

moral values

testimonies of suns . . .

our mamá Tonantzin /

structure /

our papa Totahtzin

Chaley brings dead

together entwined

i O M E T E O T L !

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 "Δ"

mountain clouded contagion

T L Δ Δ L € H U Δ

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-špan

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 Δztecán € Δayan

numerologies

ΔcTlán-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

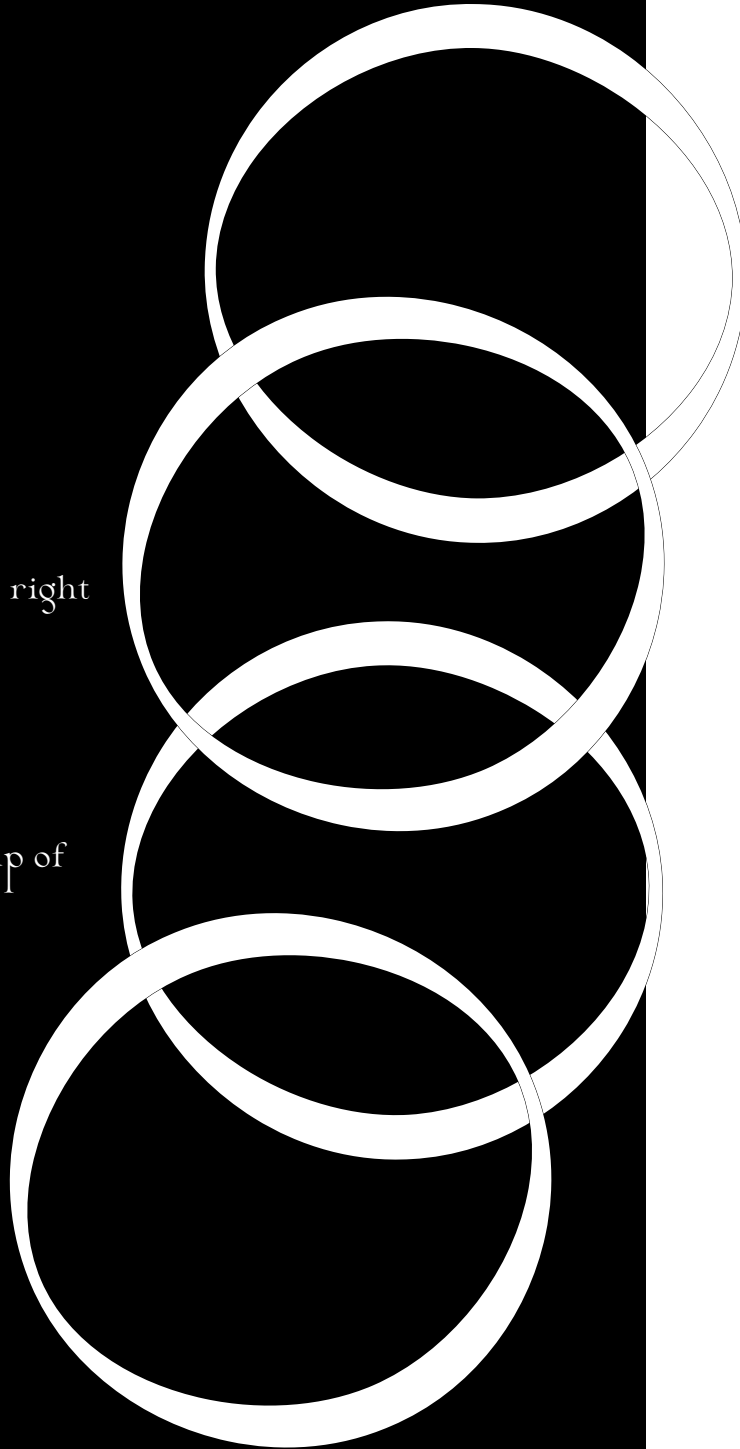
€ on-stopped at a crowd

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-

OKΔ7 –that's bueno OKΔ7

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 € I'll 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
Mexico 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 Δnn-o-WΔK cowboy hats?

whence ice crystals in the sky these rainbow constellations
sombra some sombra some sombra

from this engulfing ΔZ tlán heat

¿where dyall giet dem Δnn -o- $\mathbb{W}\Delta K$ cowboy hats?

¿where dyall giet dem Δnn -o- $\mathbb{W}\Delta K$ cowboy hats?

how ye experience yr body \oplus emotions in \mathbb{S} pace-time-
yr reading of yrself

embodying practice

yr body \oplus 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 Δ murkan

electric

there sense it

rat cabbage rust

cuando lo avión escucha a su propio día noche-

soy con mi querido debajo las flores

GREEN-iGO!

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 ΔZtlán cabrón

¿where dyall giet dem Δnn-o-ℳΔK cowboy hats?

abstract number one ΔMechikan

¿where dyall giet dem Δnn-o-ℳΔK cowboy hats?

¿where dyall giet dem Δnn-o-ℳΔK cowboy hats?

¿where dyall giet dem Δnn-o-ℳΔK cowboy hats?

from Δlaxsxa to ∇ookaTΔN

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

i 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—i jade?

i flowers of cacao?

i fragrant lilies? i blooming?

i a ohuaya? i ye come—mmm—

smiling flowers? i lay on mat

of flowers? i us? i intertwined

rootless flowers? i from within yr

flowerplumes sing?

bloodbye bloodbye bloodbye bloodbye

i ahua yyao ayya iye?

SEE CHALEY CD PERCEIVE OPPRESSION
εΡΥΙΟΦΙΔΥΟΟ

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

yr lips filmed w. blood lipstick

€ Chaley

Δye 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 ΔcTlán 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
tififin € little cabra to rock
baby

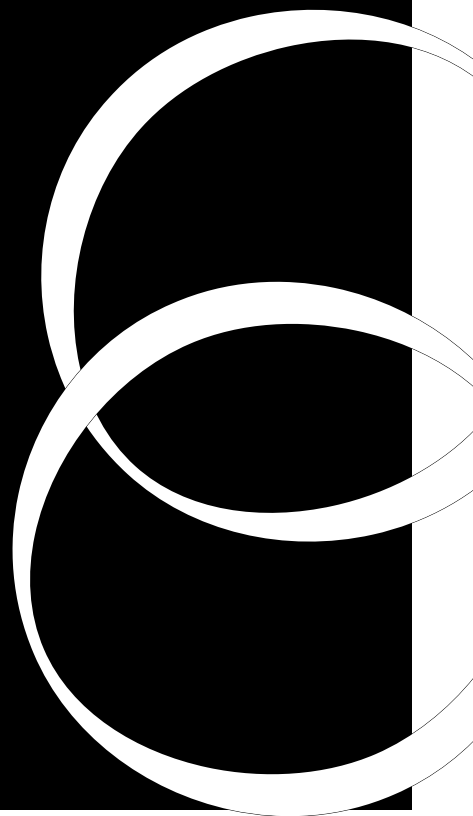
then La Δuerte stood to preside

€ 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

para a recoger by beard

hare's year lassoed sunpoint

wordbright tappy skull snare

year of seven deereyes

umbilicas interbody

€ tootsie's mappy mapped

¡ATENCIÓN!

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 llonley 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. Δs 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 KΛ€€€€

“whrrrraphhpppppp 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’ ‘i 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

juuuuuuuuuuuuuust 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

ΔS letter holdings of Pancho Chaſtitellez
estate / Tuxson ΔZtlán-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

wey & sey

this honkeytonkin

Mex-can glisten

pues

look out into this hazy

rain damn

ye sey it sez as ye

focus on

some mangy

dog curled under a rangerover

curled up into itself

€ pestering to cry

festive Δmurkas

feel this wey

∇r Tío,

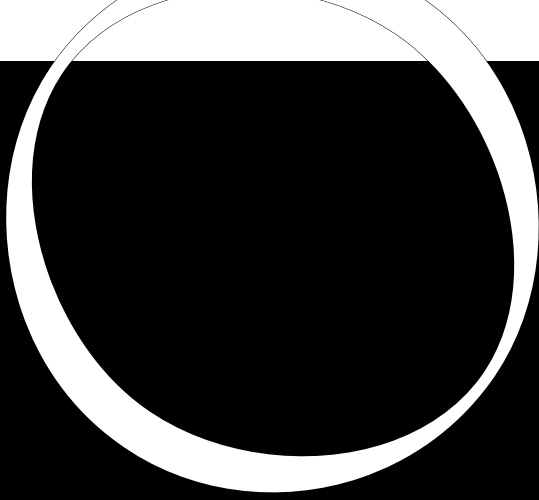
Pancho, Segundo

p.s. ... per partes occidentales

-ut dicitur-versus

∇ndia-

in mari oceano ...

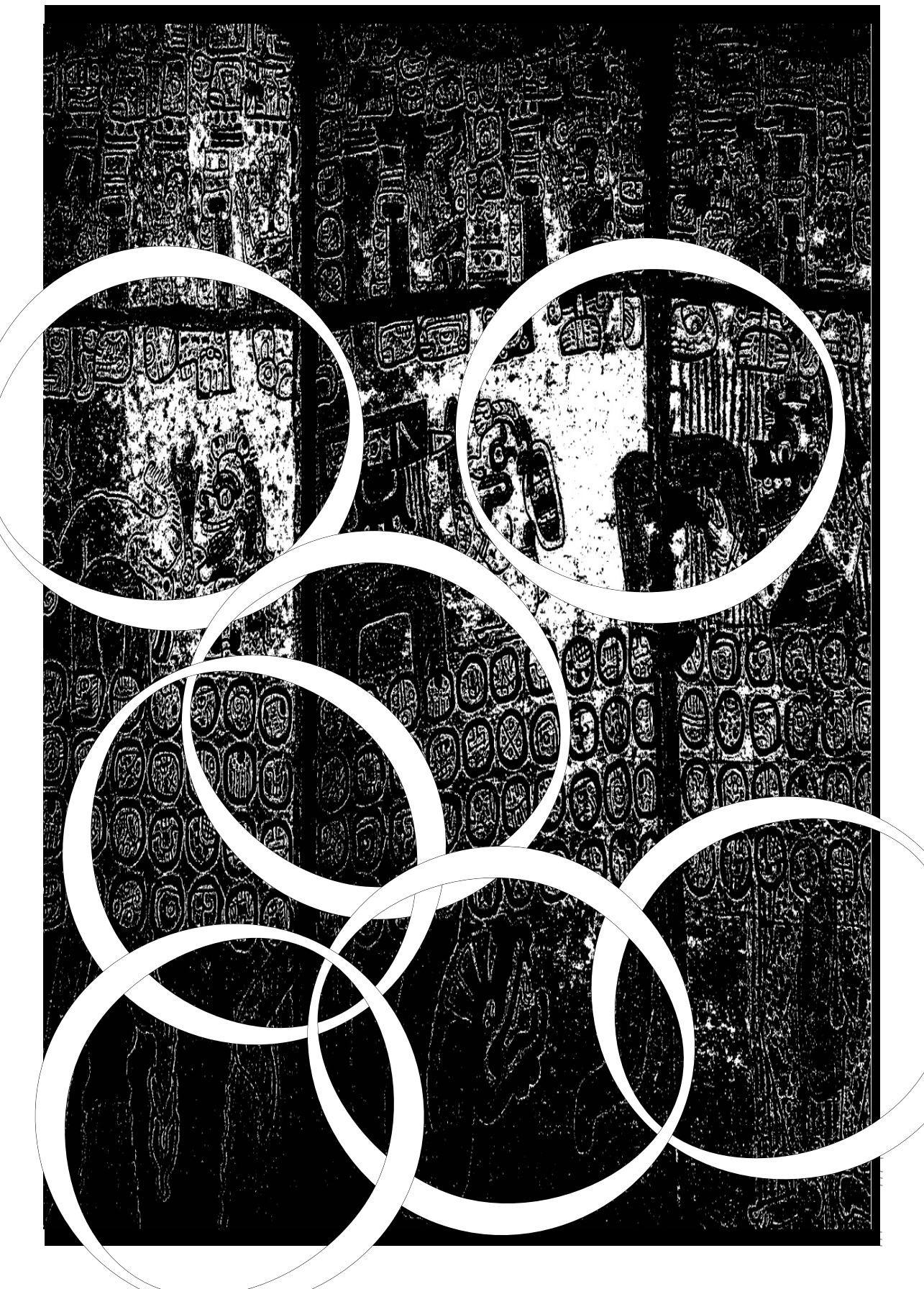


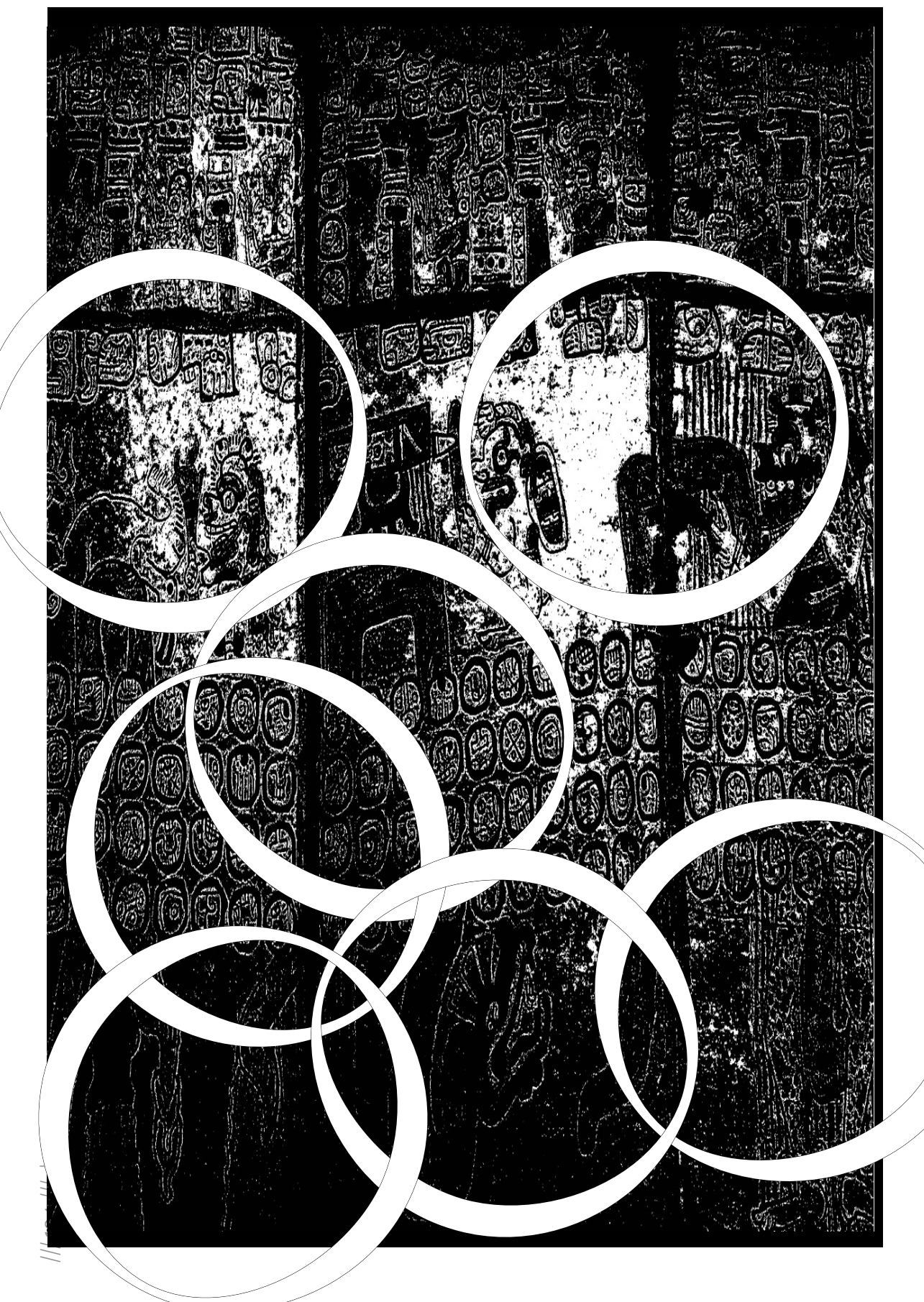
N I C A N

T L A N T I C A

I N C J E Y

Δ Δ 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

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in collaboration with
the operating system

