



NOVEL FORMS

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**NOVEL
FORMS
BOOK
TWO**

riot little babies
no time for
disguise—i
cannot helm the revolution—she says
—i haven't got the time—but we burn
our
poems and ash onto the streets;
merry we dance with betty
better brush up on our
strokes—repeat;
no time for pageantry—she says—
we are dancing all the same
like little bois and little gals
into innocence
or be it ignorance
red-lipped baddies
still lead us by their flames.

riotous

little

creatures—save for

and / or

fostering a

new

dawn.

i were fishing out
for compliments the other
day—she said—beauty runs
skin deep—and there

we
were
waiting
for words
to compliment
us or we as
we are 'n
as we
be

come on lil' fishy
come on to me—
hook, line, and sinker
together we make

fine revolutionaries.

tickle under the skin
 or the other ways
that gratitude feels
// warming
 sensations
and she pulls back her hair
 to reveal her eyes
or puts it in braids
 weaving black
strands sitting in
her apartment—somewhere
near to parque santa catarina

i will meet you outside—she says—
under the shade of the tree

don't count your luck
 on coins and fountains
she'll be late—i say—
 if lightning strikes twice—
it will certainly find a way
 to divide us—just you and me.

stagnant and strut it out
a broken crown is crime—
 feel how soft the
softest is—and the moment
 you
 let go of mine
my hand rests gently by
my side—rests gently by
 with no
 mind.

if crowds
 if bars
 and barricades
 if bells
or drunk

or renegades

we shout

we shout

we shout.

talking tattoos
 we ink history
 into skin
i waited for you under
the old tree—dry fountain
 collecting leaves
cracked rock—light tone
of rose—and i forgot
the flowers i bought
for you on a blue bucket seat
 on the metro
i heard your mother asked
about me—quite religiously
bells toll—i whisper—
spectacles, testicles, wallet,
 and watch
while i watch the birds
while waiting for you.

had a friend
 who was an artist
 she painted // she drew
she took a guy home
 from barba azul
fucked him in the bathroom
 told me about it yesterday
while complaining about
how there ain't no good men
 hungover we ate aguachile
blood-red micheladas
 twisting drunk into
the jacaranda purple day.

i ain't scared of you
not even any of
your friends—i fear
the shaking of the ground
and all the years we sink—
the shifting of the valleys
walls—buildings dressed
with caution tape—
but i fear
 i fear
i really
 fear
the politics we've shaped.

make a
 sound
something like a
 bird
and make shapes
 with your
 hands
pause your
 breathe
a moment
 muscles
have a way of their
 own
ya know—and i have
a way of speaking to you
in a way i don't speak to
others—our bodies
 stretching in
the sun—the tongue is
a whole set'a muscles
 that i can't seem
to control.

don't

say

nuthin'

unless it be accident

like mouths

coalescing in the dark

smelling like gin.

i've been waiting
all day—i says—
no flowers//no bread
no sorries—was said
she painted her eyes
and broke her
mirrors//cuts on her
pretty little feet—
she plains them flat
on cold tile—no hug
no kiss—blood ain't
pain—she says—
it wouldn't be remiss
to say—i bleed.for
no man.

ready?

pull your head off

elastic neck

tight and taut

i wrote you a letter—she says

—even though ain't nobody

who writes 'em anymore—

all metro-metaphysical

myopic & real—

I'll reel you in—she says—so

come here lil' fishy fish—feed off

my little words—if i were a fish—i say:

i'd be a worried

rainbow trout.

there ain't no point

in being a revolutionary

in mexico

—she says—all you

get is dead—and later

they will name some

schools

after you.

debt or death

& you

can't choose both—

empty

your future

for the specific

purpose of

education and

promulgate the proposition

the learned ain't got not real

vision—and at best literacy

is a wasting of the frontal lobe

or—angle for my angular &

supramarginal gyrus—she says—

i left love notes in the

margins—for lovers who

cannot read—good thing—i says

we got—we got—all sorts of

poetries.

she ripped her chest open
to reveal an istmeña family
sitting in a circle of chairs—this is
my family—she says—a waterfall
of golden jewellery pouring
down her breasts.

clerk or clerical?

i asks—there

is a

religion

of bureaucracy here.

bureaucrat
bureaucrat
dig me a grave
so that i may know
my life will be saved
that hole—my bed—
shall never be made.

walk tight
the tautological lines
we rehearse to
share with one
another pretending
the conversation

pretending
meaningful.

perfection is a state of
redundancy—or do you mean
repetition—she asks—no—i says—
well maybe I'm unsure—i've been
waiting here for you all day—i says—
i know—she says—you already said
that—all we got
is this fountain full of leaves—
no—knowledge—in the
shape of green—

we stitch something meaningful
between our bodies—but only when
we aren't together do the threads
begin their tug.

dance tonight
revolution tomorrow—she says—
as if cumbia is a bomb—well,

maybe cumbia is a bomb?

we explode into the streets

joy of laughter guiding our

tiny little inconsequential

feets.

invisible city press