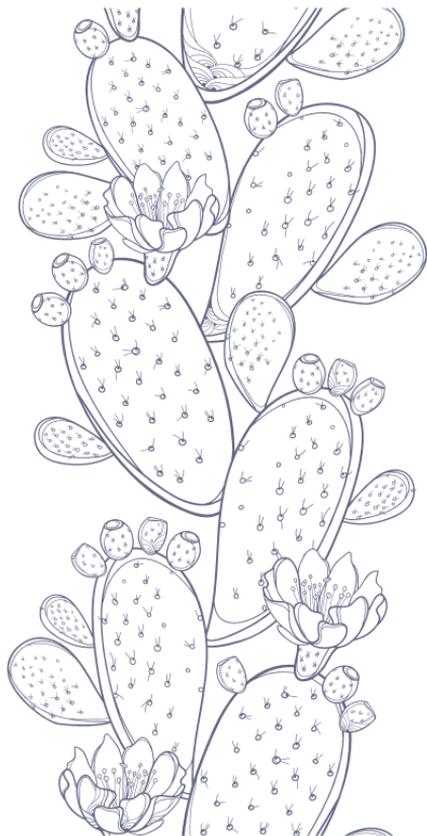
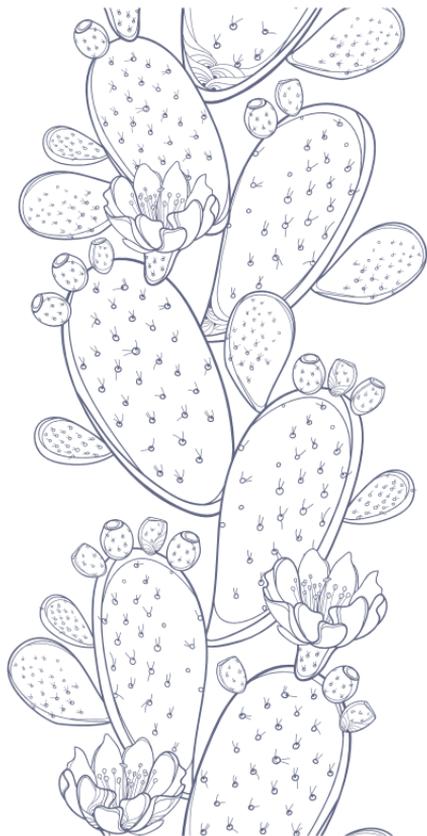


bidzi



km rowe





further me
& ferment me
sangre del tuna
no no nochol me

or put me
in pulque
or taste me with
leche quemada

i am the
colour of
love, colibrí
kissing my

flowers that
bloom bright
and give life
where life

is struggle.

noble nopal
proper formed
paddles and
probably proud

pricking
picky fingers
pardon the pun
but it ain't about

cactme, it
about cactus and
you draw yourself
a purple shadow

on the horizon
to remind me
of you, remind me
of sentimental us.

una mujer
me dijo una vez:

cuídate joven,
al caminar
pasando por el panteón
para no llevar
la noche contigo.

i left a basket
of bidzī near
to her grave
asking for
eternal wisdom

all i got was
silence, but
silence is
everywhere a
myth—i was
immediately
enlightened.

blind morning
slanted light
cold tiles
feel wet
we are
tilted morning
things—things
that creak in
the morning—
we are the
church burning
we are pleasant
sinners—
mourning things
things that lie
things that love
things that linger
for too long
in the kitchen—
feed us fruit—or
sweet nectar of sex
on wobbly kitchen table.

infinite nature
takes the colour
of green & as
it were—i am
green with envy—
parasitic or
mystic—cordial
cochineal &
tatter me
tapete—it is
a labour of love
& the many things
a rug represents—
you clean your
feet on my soul
or you bloom
lazy flower—weave
me or leave me—
the sound of a
thousand looms &
this is how we
tell time here.

this is a poem for us
custom fit—
sweet & savoury
sensual & sensible
garish & guarded
we play pretty plant
people—gardens
green glow—photosynthesis
or i miss mornings like this

soft boiled eggs
toast & butter
salt & pepper

nightstands are
where we place
glassware we
wish to be broken

but better be
breakfast first—though
glass looks prettier
shattered.

i made a shape
of two hands
making the shape
of a bird

fists like little
balls of yarn

kitty paws at me
but she gets
bored so very
quickly

green and earthly
things, cantamos

there was once a
woman & for a
moment we shimmered
like the skin

of a waterfall.

open opportunities
for opuntia, but

the latin name came
later & so i

let her down gently—
magenta fruit & spending

time with lover, time is thick
spent under woollen covers

cuéntame comal y nos
quemamos como copal

if i cook for you
it is love—cast iron

i ring for desire, we kiss,
mouths stained the

colour of cactus fruit.

salt is a season
but don't pepper
me pragmatic

i share my pulse
with the hummingbird
i see only the flower

in front of me, but nectar
to honey—sappy & lovely
this garden can colour me
wild

for if i ain't feral
forgive me, forget me
i peek posthumously

poorly & performingly
into my own forms of peril
the many deaths of me.

ploy me patiently
but pick me early
where i am sweetest
in the morning

topple me
tenochtitlan
no nochtli
no milk of mother

prick your finger
to see if you still
bleed & if you bleed
please bleed with me

callate carnicero
clap twice if you
can hear me, carve
me the meat of the

hapless new day.

make me
monetary

or just pass
through me

settle me
or conquer me

give me
language

a name
a place

tell me I
belong to

this land
i know

i don't.

no i don't belong here
but no one does, we
occupy space rather
clumsily & foolishly

we are a simple
history of flesh
& bone—organs
serve their purpose

and as we eat our
ancestry, we are
consumed by
their dead time

i am empty
you are empty
we are empty
except that we

are all full of shit.

takes shit to grow shit—
farmer says—and we
tail time rhizomatous

subterranean creatures
constantly crawling out
from the muck we create.

last year
fruit came
late

this year
fruit came
early

a huipil
& a machete

she cuts nopal
and removes
the spines

she takes me
she tames me
she prepares me

i am in her
caring hands.

these are slow-moving
mountains making
valley deep

green comes once
a year & we dance
in sunburnt hats

la serpiente
el cactus
el mayordomo

we drink chocolate
in the morning, bread
in shapes of the sea

we kiss the land, we
we hold hands &
maybe you kiss me

subtractions complete us,
here in the smoke-filled
valley.

we have darkened the
skies in our foolish
pursuit of understanding

i understand that i can
grow with or without electricity

we thrive here in the spring
where both love and birds are
things who work polyrhythmically

i've stood here a hundred years
& still from all i've seen—nothing

i know
you know
we know

there are things that those
who don't walk, will
never really know.

pink pitahaya
& a rattlesnake

auntie makes
candles while

lío makes
indigo rugs

bidzī me badly
& paint me a shell

they say there
was a sea here once

still, salty water can
be found beneath the church

a rock turned plug keeps us
all
from drowning & i

can't swim anyways.

don't tell me
to dance slowly

my heart is feathers
without a wing

& i just want
to fly.

feather me
copilli &

bleed me
bidzi

my magenta
heart, my

sangre del
tuna

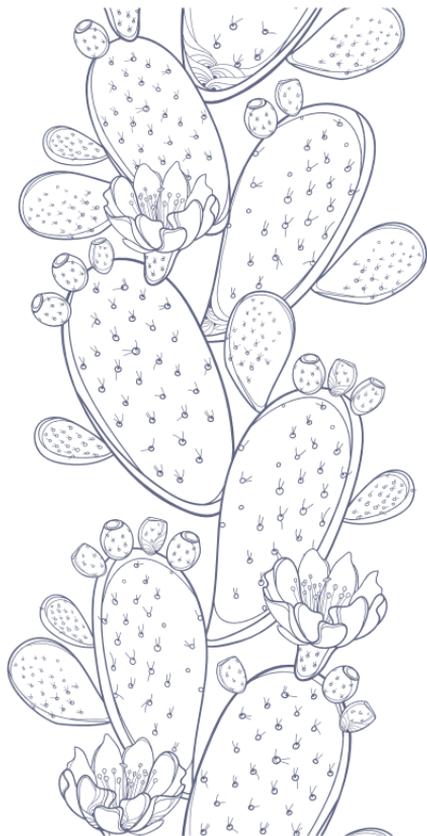
throw me
into the lake

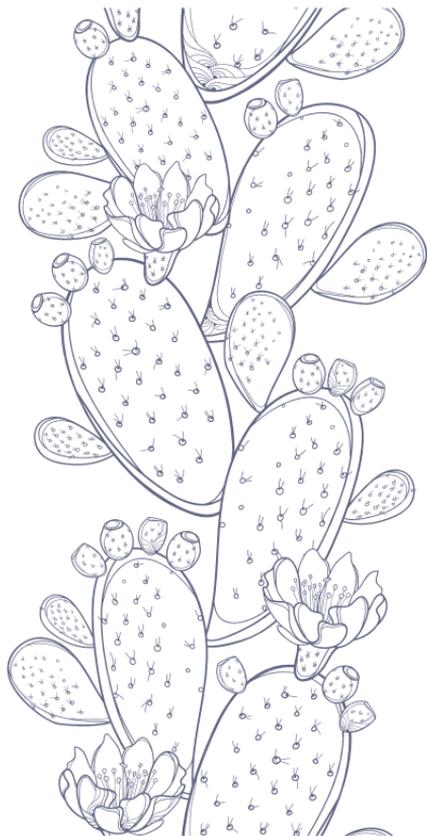
abandon me
martyr me

miss me &
love me.

we stir sand
with our tiny feet
we mix
we mix
we mix
mythologies—
carry us
colonche
drunken
through the
hour, we
count in
grains of
sand—a
mistake made
longe ago
but here we
are carefree
as our skin
inherits the
warmth of
the sun.

busy me bidzi
give me purpose
as you blossom
atop the cliffs
of yagul we burn
your ancient wood
los pajaritos cantan
sus canciones
as we touch
as we dance
as we bathe
in a stone-carved
basin—as we bathe
in springtide rains
we wash one another
naked and eternal
azucenas bloom—& pink
flowers float in jicaras filled
with mezcal—jamaica &
jacaranda—little floral
explosions
we fold into one another—a
hug & a kiss, busy we bidzi.





invisible city press



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