the skull of the sea shines in the andean páramo
in the middle of a pack of trees an arcane song
announces the birth of night

-pampachamuni apullay uyahuanquichu, manachu?- 

i have heard the sweet madness growing in your blood just like a
cetacean wallowing in the vine of stars

-[the night will protect us from this insectivore nightmare]
tukuy yawar ninchis quespín kaiku

-[we belong to the wind and its ancestral desires]
tukuy yawar ninchis quespín kaiku

-the remnants of an andean constellation kissing the skin of rhinoceri-
-the remnants of an andean constellation kissing the blood of rhinoceri-
-the remnants of an andean constellation kissing the ashes of rhinoceri-
-the remnants of an andean rhino kissing the blood of constellations-

Ñawpa pachapi

-the remnants of a constellation bristling the wind shatter the
andean night-

because at night I get up to see if you’ve reincarnated from the
dust in my hands
pampachamuni apullay uyahuanquichu, manachu?
because in exiled nights I rise to see if your blood lies once again
in silence over the constellation of trees and the desert in its
death throes agonizes in my skin
pampachamuni apullay uyahuanquichu, manachu?
we will return to the wind and its psalm in the throes of agony
that day by day feeds our words
_pampachamuni apullay uyahuanquichu, manachu?_

-the remnants of a constellation bristling the wind thread the memory of our children in the song of night-

freezed fireflies hatch from our tracks lick the face of trees as bodies attached to the nectar of the rocks release a prophecy

_¡tukuy yawar ninchis quespin kaiku!_

-the remnants of a constellation bristling the wind break the andean night-

our days have returned to the red chord of the conch shells  the breath of the sunset flooding with babbling electricity this andean land  we will say again our prayer of forgetfulness

_¡tukuy yawar ninchis quespin kaiku!_ thinking about how to wound a bird’s flight or the warm flesh of the andes and to yell  
without hatred— behold here who forgets you while dying behold here who blasphemes on your land behold here who now asks you to sink your fingers in their eyes serenely  caress their nerves and fill you with rage  eden is death galloping in the damp horizon sprouting from the womb of those trees you taught me to love

we are the mud

where nobody will sink their hands...
a reading from the book of the andes or the song of
the indigenous scar

ancestral period 3021 the night still hasn’t hatched over the wild
tar of the ocean nor the wind has changed its warm plumage
-my-leprosy-siblings-they-all-sleep-they-all-forget-
while I walk away from the ruins of the urban
insectarium I hear mother sing machinehead against
this bullet-ridden faithless sea, which is my heart

inside my brain rustic sounds age its skin

insects’ wires and melancholy prevent
us from hearing the singing of the
stars

Pachakamaq in this páramo city the aurora of our dead
scars like a mother-of-pearl coral in the chest of those
condemned to collect mutilated conch shells in the
albino deserts where the eternal dream of a god is a

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1 there is no poetry here, close your eyes little one don’t look at your father don’t follow his
shadow nor his worm-eaten song there is no poetry here, we’ll hear in its arrival snort in its
blood thirst in its footsteps there is no poetry here, only the violated flesh growing in the
middle of the andes my grandmother was raped my mother was raped my siblings were raped
what did you expect then from this raped poetry Pachakamaq knits the sea that
brought you death knits the god that brought you forgetfulness Pachakamaq over
this, your violated land, now no one prays your creeds or attends your rite Pachakamaq
we’ve all been raped but not all of us enjoyed it
it was the century when the blooming lotus in the womb of god sheltered the deserters of autumn then I walked hapless among violet clouds full of scars, pestilence and dust embracing blind and joyful angels I saw god spit over the wings of the outcast that went ahead of me and everything was getting confused with the night and its pollen how painful that now no one misses paradise snatched from birds that now no one [misses the fishes’ forgotten paradise]

[Once tar of madness dyed our faces]

¿can you hear? ¡can you hear! it’s the memory of insects howling Elí, Elí, clama sabactani? Elí, Elí why do you forget us in this aphasic páramo city where nothing belongs to us more than this millennial barefoot hunger

Ignited by your song we will gather fruits and forgetfulness in the confused streets from the Comité del Pueblo destroyed by the night we will run under the trees of San Juan searching for our oxidized apus you will see us burrow near La Chorerra Pachakamaq a new disease dwells in our dna we are infected with civilization urbanmadness cannibalism isolation chaos

Pachakamaq Ama yapa puñuychu Pachakamaq kanwankani Yanapay!!!

Paranoid insects devastated by the sea walk illuminating the sidereal aurora of their wombs with nightmares in their skin they clamor observe the street prophets! naked chest ancestral beggars urban buddhas full of green and fresh light in their hands the chaos
burns naked and drunk they know what love is and its cancer
and e a n
may their love bite the exhausted cold of this páramo city and
wake the madness of the birds
Year 5522 (—andean calendar—) trilling of atoms burns
the páramos from the cosmos   dust from stars creates a
beautiful acephalous storm   rhinoceri wander in the andes
Year 5522   I still remember your feet atop the ashes of
a language I never understood   poor are the beings that
have mutilated their tongues within the smell of the sea

—don’t ever drink from the hands of the trees-don’t
ever drink from the hands of the trees-don’t ever
drink from the trees-don’t drink from the trees—
someone whispers a dream of albino scarabs
-Homo faber-   old men planted at the back of the ocean’s
knee   old men desperate impoverished shouting a long period
of droughts and resurrections from the fissures of their veins
-Homo faber-   Year 5522   your feet bare and warm elongating
in my memory   Year 5522   the remains of our skulls don’t
even work to breastfeed a flower   without a doubt we are the
precarious dust that sinks furiously in the stretch marks of
the sea   Year 5522   you remember the andean city where we
crossed one another   that pale monotone breeze caressing
our lips   can you remember those rhinoceri searching for
the chant of the fog in gangrenous rivers   Year 5522   it never
cost as much to cry as it does now that I remember your scent
while I hear the night’s violent dance ascending and a herd of
rhinoceri runs freely in the andean páramos   none of them is
our son none of them belongs to us   Year 5522   I remember the
archaeology of insects   I remember the anthropology of birds   I
still remember the silence of the sea foam breaking against my
chest   I remember the Andean city where we left our shadows
burnt   where rhinoceri wander but none of them knows about
our names nor about our prehistoric blood flooding the trees.
listening to Radiohead as I remember your smile each time I talked about god

To Belles Perennis

Play ►

I cradle your head’s white flower with the same fear that I would feel holding the universe in the palms of my hands – I cradle your head’s white flower like a delicate and innocent mischief a kid has built with the pollen of his faith on an autumn night – I cradle your head’s white flower thinking of the days when your fresh scent will be a panther escaping towards a reddish neurotic sky – I cradle your head and its flower with the same clumsy unease of a devastated god that would play with the birds of his heart waiting for a compass-less sea to sprout from his chest – I cradle your warm head as if we were the only inhabitants of this world who don’t have a place to escape to and retract constantly to the rain – I cradle your head’s mestizx flower over the city and the sun is a broken black sparrow tied to your name

STOP •

zillions of terrible and beautiful stars falling in my mind like harmless fruits/ it was our temporal belief: let’s build the sea, the flowers and the silence every morning/ the sunsets don’t hurt anymore as you supposed/ sunsets filled with a drowsy melancholy and long walks on narrow golden streets/ I used to be scared of your hands and their warmness/ I confess to you: my bones are less heavy since you’ve left and it’s hard for them to fill with light/ a delirious sun melting over a people’s melancholy/ ancestral insects come back home daily with faith and delirium/ the sunsets don’t hurt anymore as you supposed/ what hurts is that insects stubbornly ask for you on Mondays/ the city grows with the same dexterity that humans have in feeling lonely on Sundays at six
seventeen in the afternoon/ it didn’t rain today and the sunset brought no news/ the gentle meadows of your eyes burning in my blood/ I repeat to you/ the sunsets don’t hurt anymore as you wrongly supposed/ now it hurts more to see god sitting in the living room drinking coffee and listening to Patti Smith until dawn/ god unbathed in pajamas around the house dragging his pain from the bathroom to the kitchen from the kitchen to the bed hurts/ god unemployed, with allergies, swearing never to drink or pet the neighbor’s cats again hurts/ it hurts to see his tiredness/ the little interest he takes in life hurts/ but I’m not telling you this for you to worry/ god is strong and I’m with him/ every day I bring him a chocolate/ I sit him in front of the computer, hug him, we watch malcom together/ until one of the two of us falls asleep/
So then we started to think about everything except the horizon

Everything was already too far away even suicide remained for people younger and more joyful than us

Then it was necessary to place fear under the skin so it could find a moment of peace we began to get older... without fright one day we stood up and the sun was not heavy anymore

The night seemed too huge to us and we decided that it was better to stay home let the world shyly go blind

The streets -like little prayers that we didn’t want to utter- began to seem more and more deserted to us

-How we needed to assume the day after the massacre of time- Our bodies were left bruised after forgetfulness We never again shine under the tongues of birds It was old age that had begun to destroy our souls

It was old age Without a doubt

But we continued to convince ourselves -between us- that it was still possible for us -and we deserved- to be immortals that we could achieve it by reading some book or another

[In that time the blood was heavy and warm And the wind was our best friend]
We walked with our last book
-the one that cost us love-
along the thinnest rails of consciousness
as if wanting to take the dust left behind
by the train we didn’t dare take
And we remembered that morning
when we lost love in the sewer
and we had to get used to breakfast

coffee and silence

coffee and distance

because that, too, was a part of loving

We got divided
one was the poet and the other the dead man who carried the poet

We aged, yes we aged
like stars that no one ever saw, much less named

And we began to die...
But we were still drunk and on drugs

on drugs and drunk

and still we didn’t give a fuck about the world