

COWBOY

The world is no longer enough
for a pile of poems
Glory is no longer enough
for a pile of poems
Life is no longer enough
for a pile of poems
Poems are no longer enough
for a pile of poems.

We insist on inventing something sinister. Small implanted beings, embryos replacing phalanxes, members replaced by oblations, self-sustainable parts, hypodermic tubes, flexible, hyper-sensitive, interchangeable, analogous cables. We insist on writing false extremities. Prostheses that make up for what's missing.

I don't want to write a prosthesis, my phalanx poem, I don't want to write a prosthesis, my pinky-finger poem, I don't want to write a prosthesis, my arm poem, I want to write a yellow stump, a stump lengthily caressed, not the missing extremity but the consciousness of what's absent, the involuntary reflections and the phantom limb, I want to write the amputation.

I write what I should Not:

There are yellow cables in the dermis, there are yellow cables in the cochlea, there are yellow cables in the buttocks, there are yellow cables in the encoded concavity, in the little hole.

There are horses in the pubis, there are horses in the abdomen, in the pelvis there are algebraic bagpipes, there are some dumping gears, there are galápagos in the abdomen. There are galápagos and wallops: gallops.

(They say that's a metaphor.) They say you eat it like this, like this, they say, they say bag, gallbladder, raft, they say membrane, bile, they say I'm rafting on a sea of bile, they say you have to cross with two coins on your eyes, I'd rather tear them out and just carry the sockets, the missing.

I travel on this sea rubbed raw by the coast, on a raft that you can pull apart and with its two parts make a cross that flaps like a flag, like the waves of this bilious sea, this sea from which a sacred body's scabs emerge, from a swelling. This raft on which I float is a stump and I'm riding it cowboy-style, riding my stump over the bile, people will say they saw me mounted on a white swan, they'll say that they saw me, but it will be a lie, it will be my raft, the stump-raft I ride, and I too am a stump, a phalanx extirpated from my mother's belly, and I'm also an absent extremity, I'm a mutilation, I'm a piece of arm floating in water, amniotic, floating in bile. They'll say I'm a swan and that my feathers are golden, they'll say I'm a mythological bird, but it will be a lie, it will be a lie that they saw me on a swan's back, it will be a lie that I myself am a swan. Just a stump floating in water. "For this absence there is no prosthesis," there are no poems, poems are not enough for this absence, nor is all of love enough. There is no phalanx. No one will see the stump because it's far inside, in my stomach, in my dark purse, there's a stump floating in my sea, but the sea is here inside, I feel it, and I too am inside riding on the back of a stump, a stump upon another stump: a cross. This emptiness, this cold at my back, this absence, is it the absence of God? This absence is a stump floating in water. Is God, then, a stump or that swan that passes by my window, white, white like snow?

CONFUSION

She says, "I used to confuse gerunds with geraniums."

"That's a joke."

"No, a confusion."

A body floating in the water is not a gerund
although it swells up.

"Did he throw himself into the river?"

"Yes, he was confused."

The body in the water swells up,
just like a gerund.

Gerund

SAID OF THE PERSON WHO SPEAKS OR
WRITES IN AN INFLATED STYLE,
INOPPORTUNELY AFFECTING
ERUDITION AND WIT.

When a seed swells up, when it bursts
leaves will sprout; eyes,
although they may swell up, don't bloom.
Bodies will bloom and the word gerund
will be a geranium.

The bodies of the drowned are not bodies,
they are
seeds. Soon they will be
branches.
They are being, being reborn, on their way
to fill the water with flowers born from their bellies.

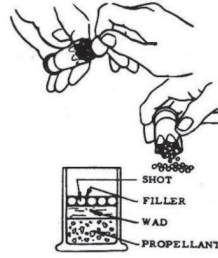
Rivers will be
shifting fields. Forests fleeing the felling.

They will bloom.

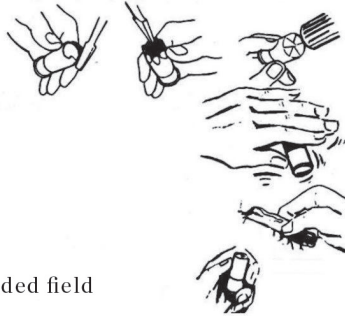
And under water
the men born from the river will dance
with a geranium on their heads.

The river is what is being.
She says, "So, river is a gerund?"

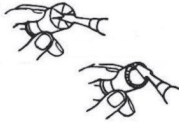
Bodies



in the



expanded field



Gravity draws the bullet downward as it travels forward, resulting in a curved trajectory.

This bullet is not a bird. Although it invents itself in the air.

The air's resistance restrains the pace of the bullet, this slows its flight.

The flight isn't the aim, it's something else.

The collision of a very small star against the body:

its incrustation in the flesh like a precious stone.

Whenever a particle exercises an action upon another, the latter will respond simultaneously with a reaction equal in unit and direction, but in the opposite direction from the first.

It is not the movement, not even the journey: it is the arrival.

A PERSON OF THE FEMALE SEX LOST HER LIFE AFTER BEING HIT BY PROJECTILES FROM A FIREARM IN AN INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED AROUND 7:50PM YESTERDAY IN COLONIA SONORA. AGENTS OF THE STATE INVESTIGATIVE POLICE (SIP) ARE LOOKING FOR THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS INCIDENT.

AT THE SITE OF THE INCIDENT, PERSONNEL FROM THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATIONS IN THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE CONFIRMED THAT / the bullet

does not exist until it embeds itself in something, neither before, nor after, it is only in the instant of collision

that it is a bullet. Afterward it is already something else, it doesn't matter what.

Multitasking

For Rodrigo Flores and his compinches

1

Have you recently had a headache? Have you felt a sudden pain in your head when you walk? Has your noggin been throbbing? I don't know why you don't raise your head when you walk. I don't know why you don't look up. Don't you see that, over there? A riot is happening, way up there, there are digital angels or prototypes of modern men, there are christs flying on their crosses or pink-winged airplanes, way up there, there is a prelude of falling, a prelude of pieces to come, there are messages that tell you, "Look good, use cologne," there is bird music, don't you hear it? Don't you hear that yellow song? There is no hunger, way up there, there are stones flying, why don't you look up? When you walk in your bulky suit, with your tight tie, why don't you raise your head, why don't you veer from your path? Don't you see those flags? Don't you hear that hymn? The voices that tell you: just up to here? The voices that tell you: just up to here, that's enough? Don't you hear the prelude? There are destroyed carapaces, way up there, there are moldy cries, up there, there is a mob of steps that don't stop, that will not stop, and will continue, while you don't raise your head and look, do you see that over there? Do you hear that screeching?

2

Something's coming, I know that something is coming. Perhaps a storm or a caste of birdmen with cassocks, but something, a fistful of fists, a grain of salt on the tongue, is going to come. I don't know what, but something is coming. I don't know what it is, but something, something from the depths of the deep, a hurricane of marmots, a gang of winged tigers, a bird that vomits bombs, something, to a lesser or greater degree, a butterfly, a strike, or maybe the metro.

Until you raise your head this isn't going to stop. It's not going to stop. Little Mariana was five years old when her father, one Isidro, killed her by introducing an ice pick several times into her rectum. This is not going to stop. Until you raise your head and look up, this frenetic music won't stop. This dance with our mouths open and drooling isn't going to stop. This isn't going to stop. "We're drug dealers," Juan said to the Blonde so she would notice him and he could ask her to dance, what Juan didn't know was that the Blonde was the girlfriend of a hired assassin. Juan's mother tells us, "He had nothing to do with drug dealing, he was finishing high school," while she loads a small medal of the virgin on his back and closes the coffin. While she loads it, while you get loaded, while we get loaded, while we smoke or inhale, this isn't going to stop. Until the blessed virgin schedules a session with the psychologist, this isn't going to stop. Until you raise your head, this isn't going to stop. And I kiss her on the mouth and tell her let's fuck, but she says no. The chick backed out, but she'll definitely give in. This isn't going to stop. We keep standing there like idiots. We don't talk to the girls because it scares us, and those girls over there keep looking at us. "Talk to them, son of a bitch," "are you fucking kidding, not me, you go," "fucking fag, just talk to them," "no way, fuck off." While you don't raise your head, this isn't going to stop. While you keep walking and you don't see the digital men in the sky, while you don't undo whatever is knotting your throat, this music, this squinting, isn't going to stop. Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua, July 11th. Two men were assassinated in a nightclub known as "Cabaret." The music you get is that which everyone, everyone, except you, dances to. This isn't going to stop. *"The truth is I'm in love."* *"But that's fucking awesome, right?"* *"Well it's just that I like Adriana too."* *"You ain't worth shit."* You're worth a kilo of rice and beans, you're worth a dip in the Pánuco river, it's worth the panic and the party, right, see you at 6, right? Right. What it costs to keep going after listening to all this noise. What it costs to keep going without raising your head. This isn't going to stop. Until you raise your rosy little head, this isn't going to stop. Until you rise up and look at the angels with golden cocks,

this isn't going to stop. This isn't going to stop. *Can you see there are some hills in front? –What? There's what? –Some hills, isn't there?* In the hills, in the mountains, on the avenue, in your house. This isn't going to stop. Alejandra: 55 34 25 55 34 Daniel: 55 19 15 12 84 Mom: 8 12 75 80. 09 12 2010. 07 14 2011, 12 419, 12 419, 35,000, 35,000, 35,000, 72. This isn't going to stop. Until you raise your head and see christ's blue puke, this isn't going to stop. *No es sorprendente, entonces, que se resientan, que se aferren a las armas o a la religión o a la antipatía por la gente que no sea como ellos o al sentimiento anti-inmigrante o al sentimiento anti-comercio como un modo de justificar sus frustraciones.* This isn't going to stop.

4

What if nothing happens? What if it's just my paranoia? What if nothing falls and what I hear no one else but me can hear? What if you're right to keep walking without raising your head? What if this stabbing pain is just the hangover from yet another bout of drinking? I have moments of insanity but they're always aimed at myself, don't worry, it's like I just happen to hate myself. And it's just that everyone over there is in a hurry, it seems like they're not listening, they're all very modern, but they don't listen, they don't look up. Like you. They don't pay attention, like you. And because of that this isn't going to stop. Because you don't raise your head, this isn't going to stop. Because you don't open your big mouth, this isn't going to stop. Are those birds flying in your head? In mine? Are they birds or bats? Are they ideas or thoughts? Don't you want them to leave? Don't you have anything to say? This isn't going to stop. Until you raise your head this isn't going to stop. My rage has the attributes of an entity which, according to parmenides, is un-engendered, in-destructible, entire, unique, un-shakable and perfect, just like a saber with wings, just like a woman with a scrotum. This isn't going to stop, until you raise your head, until you open your mouth, until you let out all your rage.

When you're alone, what do you think about? Haven't you ever imagined your wife with eight men on top of her? Don't tell me you've never imagined incising a body. Have you ever wanted to know what it feels like to sink a knife into an eye? Can you imagine the sound? What's the most you've paid for someone to blow you? Were they women? Are you sure they were women or do you feel bad? A feeling you never had before, an unfamiliar sensation that excited you, now makes you feel bad. Doesn't it make you feel worse to deny it? Have you imagined yourself masturbating to a picture of your dad? Do you like that boy? Do you like them small because it feels better? Did you sleep with your sister at the age of thirteen but didn't say anything? Do you love your little girlfriend so much you want to eat her? But really, in pieces. Would it excite you if someone ate your fried cock? Do you put on your mom's clothes when she goes to work and say nothing? To the servant who saw you, do you tell her shut up or suck it? Do you inhale loads of powder so you don't show up drunk or because you can't stop yourself? Do you pick up teenagers on Facebook? This party is fun, right?