

Notes for *culebra*:

"*culebra*" is Spanish for "snake."

I am Panamanian American. This book is groundwork for understanding what that might mean.

Panamá is shaped like a snake. It is the bridge of the world. It is the crack in the egg of the world. It is known as the place of many fishes, and as a faraway place. It links the Northern hemisphere with the Southern hemisphere and links the Oceans with the Sea. Thus, it symbolizes the power of the in-between and of every messenger passing messages between worlds.

The snake is a yogic animal. It bridges dichotomies and transcends duality. It is singular in its yoga. It is close to the ground and sometimes enters the depths of the earth. It lives in the acausal, eternal present. It is a chthonic animal but also it can fly.

As a boy, I had a primal attraction to snakes and caught many of them. Many years ago in my early twenties and in a non-drug-induced state, I saw myself turn into a snake in the mirror. I proceeded to wander all the corn fields of the world.

Following Erich Neumann's *The Origins and History of Consciousness* I explore the Uroboros in this book, which consists of two sections, Zero and One. Each section consists of 22 poems. Each poem, in its original electronic manuscript form, consists of 3 pages of tercets. As I see it, 3 is the smallest number necessary to describe a circle, a loop, or a circuit. The cyberworld largely consists of circuits, and so might the mind and the spirit. Thoughts and sparks of the soul arise, abide, and return. Traveling through the cyberworld, one takes on the form of a snake, crawling through 0s and 1s. Traveling the inner world one might travel in circles. The circle is squared both in the cyber world and in ourselves.

The Kuna Indians of *Panamá* make their Molas in pairs. According to this tradition, things arrive to the world in pairs, perhaps so as to create a third from the union. As we are limited in our binary thinking, the snake points a way toward the integral through a triad, toward a more whole understanding of the world. It knows the silence of death and the ground of the living. It heals as it sees with its tongue and symbolizes an alternative way of knowing.

I am arriving to view everything through a Yoga of *Panamá*...

→ *saloma panameña*

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one

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zero

weapons concealed in the roof of her mouth

after Lord Cobra (of Panamá)

past vanished, the worn
few with a night
can be this, together

more wood than a field can
equip with anyone
gone bees, sight missed to

resentment, no one, containers
patterning hands
for the loss without, an ape

keeps it, connections for a light
a split Sun,
seven cataleptic on

digitized, flood. THEN, cow
left, the wind
finds

a knot that two
can appear, in
blight — breath below

ground and pen, nowhere
can't
feel this moss, count its

patches. a mindless move outside the tree
lenses
to a cancer can

was, then in the road WHEN
seeping, solvent hands
to bury and — AND once

force fed wound that a spine is
moving nails
kite

spread ashes, the pier into a savaging
elephant time
river song, migrations, for mushrooms

means belong the separate
silent
keeps word to the other two

a split for unkind and warm
serial lambs
to freeze, a pointer that

means — addressing, live. delete
for the rodeo in
case: reset one, move face two, go on

on the all kind and glowed
mace, walk in
to approach it inside the outer is

birth — throbs, glass, a void
to where then what has this
in each amount a visit can

never end, for one started, two still
in the increase
WHILE speeding, disappears

to make the winter
kind
in a field space is, what

has night
in the bleak ice
given it, in revolving separately

because the glow burns through
arrives a hanging
size, blue

relation. a circuit can
dispose and one was
Chorrera, please...

knives with round
intentions, for the bay
in a weekend

ointment, window
trailer that a massive
zero wind hikes in separate

feeds, the Home
with its 5 palms
weather bleaches its own

bonfires, *cocuyito* (firefly) off
a heart
oily rain frogs

inside the Petal
to aim
each fleet, around the door

nature bits
move
to three

an opening for the star
bleeding air
spent on friendship

like the easter kind of
lozenge, flooded
night in a deathless

greenery, tight mouth
on patience
knives point to

downward
like the spread
of executing snow, wiped out

in the binary
weather patterns
griefless suffering

for your black
time and street like
standing reception

unknown, zero counts one
to the other
integer like hands

in the sorry ladle
an ear plug
for the total

envelope
you live in
soundless

sightless
scentless
vision

the limbless,
the headless, maggot
for the blind