two translations of love poems transcribed from a partially destroyed codex portion removed from the hot hilly poor & dry Mexteca & now owned by some bald Bangladeshi guy named Sarowar who lives in a studio apartment in Corona Queens just up the street from the local rent-a-Mex / May-June /
MS 60666c-6 / Codex Mojaodicus 44:79 / corrected typescript sent to Marina Malinshay / signed & dated 15 November / along w/ typescript Marina includes notes for Cortés in order to explicate passage references / clearly a propaganda piece intended to glorify the Caste-llenos who pose as chosen Xian Yropeon natural exceptions to all indigenous Messomurkans / as old world to new & various distorted reflections

CANTO FLORIDA
—UKASA—
XOCHICUICATL

“to be CAXTILLAN" / epyiofiayoo /

first conquer first-world conquistador

Hernán our conqueror hero sez
“he recibido piropos como bizpocho / papacito /
“neenyo lindo y cosas asee /
“la verdad es que el pueblo is like very ciega / see

“soy I’m so intrEPido / un guerrero Yropayo / bueno: es bien
“importante que tu condicION FIsika estAY bien / bueno:
“estoy pendiente de esas cositas cabrOoOna“

bueno: ¿ye treat yr Malinshay like a real sweet conquistador do ye?
¿& how? digo:
“I’m un hombre who yearns for my soul’s sensual fulfillment
“senyora / I’m not
“a man w/o belief in abnegation of bloodrushing desires / so deep my
“desire & muy
“mucho much of wine… & yes gold godamnit…
“& song / all that yea / donya… epyiofiayoo”

such prophecies spouting from Chapultepec spring
& them dumps from distant lands / sunriseward
perfect* palefaced caballeros of the Quixtiano faith†

w/ their markets enslaving Amurka
simultaneously unmaking & imagining Amurka
& w/ Amurka depending so on those trade markets why clear to see
that

¡yes! ¡their gods were good! ish

& Amurka’s gods of moneyed maxcatzitzinhoan
just another sacrifice for their so-called better god’s appeasement
just another sacrifice not even their god’s greatest or ultimate
sacrifice / chingao

...—zalcoatl—Huitzlipocho—Tezcatlipocho—Tlaloc Tlalocatecutli—
one gods & neither—Ciuaacoatl—Xicomocoatl—Teteoinnan—
Tzapotlantenen nor Tlaltecutli amo teutl y teuatl yn ihujcaatl amo
teutl—‡
now that’s some logos over mythos see & so many now
manipulated & marginalized signs

* added by Cortés in margin
† interpolation at margin:
who perfected products & services
changed & exchanged at everfaster
rates / & w/ knowledge to design
& create value efficiently
market it effectively
& to be becomingly true
‡ Cortés crosses several lines here dealing w/ ritualistic human sacrifice & flower warfare
& not stories of Amurka but stories of Amurkas
& not Amurkans but Amurkans faberized fables
down to this then / yes down to this then
one official argument sung legitimate
draped all over this newest transatlantic world*
entire realms of machinery manufacturing
goods & elites from nons—that distinction
we from them
those w/ guns & those w/o
from focusing close as possible
to zeroes w/o falling in the pit & everyone
has its place specialized & hierarchized & reproduced
legitimately thru violence...oppression
rained veins of these Amurkas...

but listen our conquistador: "jes' 'cause it can happen that everyone
"at some time fries a couple of huevos or sews up a tear in a bolsa
"we do not necessarily say that everyone is a cook or a tailor ¿do we?†

& further adds:

"two greatest
"inventions of the our Yropeon human
"mind are writing
"& money—common
"language of intelligence tontos
"& the common language
"of my god's self-interest."

* interpolation at margin:
one quadrant of the esphere
found fortune / another fell close /
& the other two squares
secluded & determined
themselves thousands of years
in technology / literacy
necessary political organization
infrastructure/ economic development
defense / machinery & discipline
& yes a conquest-or like Hernand Curtez* to whom conquest
of knowledge went also w/ conquest
of power—& of markets & yup god holy epyiofiayoo

he axed† his Messykin‡ audience via Marina
their preferred genre—“Gentle Cabrones /
“¿myth or argumentation?”

“WE WANT MYTH malinche: queremos los meethos malinxex”

& “WE WANT NARRATIVE claro que HELL YES” & lit copal singing

“ohuaya  epyiofiayoo
"ohuaya  epyiofiayoo  epyiofiayoo
“y ahua yya o ahua yia yiaa
“ohuaya ohuaya  epyiofiayoo”
fine / so to forge
La Conciencia ($) de La Raza ($)($) in the smithy of nuestra alma...

so Cortés blessedly axed§ his vision lady Lupita
a vieja de compa Chuy for inspiration / la ruca
born from this side of his pyrite pirate noggin he rolls out w/ :
“here’s one myth fer ye brownies: yes / Amurka existed / awaiting
“her blessed Yropeon conquerors / patiently waiting
“& waxing primitive waiting / waaaaaalteeng / & so my generous
“Yourope shared
“our vast & better knowledge to fill Amurka’s
"deficiency in knowledge & grant Amurka humanity / yes Amurka
“patiently waiting for centuries to reveal / according to my vision
“here itself to that first Yropeon who came
“to touch her caress her / seduce her & to…”

* sic
† sic chopped cross X
‡ sic
§ sic
¡BANG! ¡BANG! ¡BANG! stinky supremacy

¡vámonos! ¡vámonos güey!

& Marina Malinshay sez "right tu crees muy muy &
"that’s abrupt but consider
"& fancy that—fancy trajectorized cultural myth product
"Hispanx ($) hat worn shorn
"& those torn brown britches & SING

"Non.

"*Faber is sapiens too
"not a secret / no / & you’ve not
"done either try them Meester Conqueror. *But a quarter
"really hadn’t got there it’s there own fault we had to… yr kind sey w/o
"reading—they sey—como dicen—
"erased languages
"supplanted images w/ calculated combinations
"of writing w/ the what folks
"wd sometimes call archetypal symbols
"tho w/o alphabets included
"going straight from eyeball to brain
"w/o verbs spelled out for our browneyes
"to our image knowledge of images gathered
"for however long…generations /
"la madre of whole statements
"of picture arithmetic & letter
"& still all beside the point
"read these fruits of yr own
"tyrannical labor you bastard"
—& here I must stop here I must further interject / the poet writes / 
& here I write this bc so much propaganda makes me feel stinky—
icky stinky supremacy fuck that shit

Carajo: nay / read this sr. Conquistador CABRÓN:

  We are a product of 500 years of struggle: first against slavery /
then during the War of Independence against ethSpain / then to avoid
being absorbed by North Amurkan imperialism / then to promulgate our
constitution & expel the Phrench empire from our soil / later the dictatorship
of Porfirio denied us the just application of the Reform laws & the people
rebelled & leaders like Villa & Zapata emerged / pobres / just like us…

  We’ve been denied by our rulers the most elemental conditions of life
/ so they can use us as cannon fodder & pillage the wealth of our country /
they don’t care that we have nothing / absolutely nothing / not even a roof
over hour heads / no land / no work / no health care / no food or education /
nor are we able to freely & democratically elect our political representatives
/ nor is there independence from foreigners / nor is there peace or justice for
ourselves & our children…

  Thanky Lacandón /
hindsight 20/20 but history never stops—

& their demise those here first for all everyone knows
their demise patterned under Aztec / Spanish / Mexican / Texan
Dutch / French / British / Russian / & Amurkan chains
& these Amurkas bathed always in blood
& true history always aware / we can sense /
but we sense ourselves seeing history surround us
into powerlessness represented in todas maneras
& our sweet conquistador replies
“clearly yr inferiority complex implanted
“this second-half of this previous century
“no me chingues poetvomit”
& our poet w/ history before / no longer translating w/ Marina Malinshay /
yeah & the accumulation of riches
& death technology for Amurka worldwide after responds
didn’t much help much of this world
from wanting freedom / defined
as nearing Amurkan geopolitical voice & dependent authoritarian regimes
built from material deficits of freedoms for profits
one spiraling vortex of doom wrapped in a flour tortilla mass-produced arepas*

yeah / like Yoonaited Estaits wd
permit... pinche herida abierta indeed—
guácala great white conqueror ye make me retch—

“hey hey easy now” sez Cortês “take it easy”
& poet: ¡Quetzalcoatl! ¡strike this bastard down! ¡tornado! ¡tornado!

& Cortês: “yr literal god adamnic language too
  “poetik pure imaginative literalism yes metiche
  “we have here one lackluster variety of writing
  “relating in ambiguous ways toward truth & beauty
  “pues knowl/wedge
  “& as anyone w/ half a Yropeon brain (& other half who cares)
  “cd tell ye ‘ye can’t have art w/o resistance in yr materials’”

& sweet Marina Malinshay sez
“seaMOAN hell that’s one foul rag & bone shop in yr yollotl hormigo
  “& yet but rather one finely tuned BROWN MACHINE
  “composting * by field poet poet”

* arepas ‘coz this ain’t just one Messican discourse of course
* sic
& yes it’s history as language ain’t something to be understood…

it’s something to be carried out

& up above sun / ugly infected sore—

& finally Hernán sez

“mira gringo yanqui phony / for in one free society
“such as we own policy’s bound to fail
“which deliberately & obscenely violates yr nation’s pledges
“& ethos & treaties & rule of law & that’s conquest’s spirit hombre
“that’s yr Amurkan exceptional conscience jefe
“& that’s a constructed reality
“makes ineffectual an unAmurkan policy
“& in all yr united snakes of Amurka’s historic struggles
“yr poetic Amurka finds its strength in developing
“& applying its principles as entendre
“problem is bubba / too much Messkins & not ‘nough
“Yropeon courage / not ‘nough god here /
“hell then le’s go on & make this blessing / move
“it beaner”

& Marina Malinshay sez “smh”

“mil desculpas” sez some Xicanx poets to these greedy greengxs / conquerors / paisanxs
“this is our land shitface—”

“—call me Great White Lord Marcasite you ñoños” sez Curtez‡
“& give me yr daughters & brazos & I will
“let ye work fer me
“don’t raise yr hands” fists tightened / easy easy—

† pagination resumes after several damaged pages / the following handwritten portion inserted
‡ sic
“meeedhar payasos
“ye’ll use those dimes I pay ye to unscrew some things round here
“& yr pockets & cupped hands to fetch water from muh well
& Payo—er / perdón—one poet Felipe Contenís sez
“¿eres unos de lospyrite ‘ispianics
“o one of dose Hispanic Hispanics who can boss me round
“pochx patón? I—”*

“shutup it’s this flaco OPERATION ‘CONQUISTA ANÓNIMA’
“leaving field wide open for sufficient
“& well satisfied monstrous appetites
“for this mission in Xst for Xst as my
“bridge to gold & slave women & land
“& by my faith these heathens will learn
“of our truest trust in our lord Chuy Xst
“in all our suns & all everafter &/or before”

& all burn history sez all those poets make noise & go silent

god mouth country
mountainwind locality one

perdón: person wood plant
tree

place fish &
dress too

DA / DA / GA / KHA
KA / QA / la / MA
NA / PA / RA / SA

* end of handwritten portion / typed manuscript resumes
† the following composed in glyphs
sha / wa (we wi wu

lives loved in Amurka

footprints thus arrayed
descending ear pendant of cotinga

from heaven feathers fire serpent

netted sash blue maniple of bells

jaguar &

shells

20 jaguars all burned

red jewel

fire serpent turquoisefan

jaguar torch cobweb

braided plumed serpent

w/ w/ jewels

flints

¡all burned!

¡o O o O O my Lord the Flayed One!

epyiofiayoo

epyiofiayoo

Xipi Xipi rah rah RA