POSTCOLONIAL BREAK-UP

Ya no somos pequeños aprendimos de las cosas

El Guincho

Sun clenched to the sky, white-knuckled, like the lack
in my chest, reminder
of what I cannot
replace. You
remain a monument
to what couldn’t be kept,
what couldn’t be forgotten.
Even when clouds like ghosts
stretch themselves across
all that is
not nor cannot be
seen, even when we imagine
a god—wrath, mercy,
both finite—I know
your impermanence
outlives us all.

ALL MY FRIENDS

held up at every checkpoint
at every excuse to document
our existence our remains
how do we keep moving? what
wounding do we carry
like it’s tradition? that’s how it starts
ENOUGH (HOW WE’LL NEVER BE FOR THEM)

1. Pious

[Rarámuri] Indians live at great distances, separated from each other and scattered. They prefer to live in the ravines and canyons and in the cold, inhospitable mountains where they have their dwellings. Their native simplicity, barbarity, laziness and sloth incline them to this in preference to being reduced to living a rational, civilized human life. From infancy they are brought up mountain vagabonds with no training in morals or proper conduct. They are worse than

the beasts because the animals at least acknowledge their subjection to those who put them in cages and govern them.