

## APELLIDO

Their dramas are cast like stone that shatters its blood for irreparable impact. The shards fly into the eye and wash it to ruin with lost grains and gutted ancestry. There will arrive no last recovery, only a solo act of última[te] memoria[], strong willed morsel of solace that scratches sand from bone, then moves on to pitiful dénouement.

Lament is this word because it cannot end. They claim citation from fathers' fine-grind bones and nourishment through mothers' s[our]ed milk. Along a long claim of links, brittle and rent, we heat and forge an alloy, mixed mettle, bent to shape as needed: chain.

Our name, they say we say, was carved/curved as if to mingle lost dust with golden water. They walk on, glance over our shoulder, wary, as we place one unbooted foot, then the other, as far as the road **as long as** the road can curl their shadow.

## JUXTAPOSITION

They will know this

way as feigned  
rock  
planed by grit  
force to rough  
grain poured as  
soundless sandsss . . .  
lesson plain as dark  
for bright: slither  
rope of long water coiled  
horizon, light —  
                  ;quiet! sssh:  
*careful* breath of  
unsheltered  
daughter/son: así plein  
in [hollowed/lleño] aire  
sight un⊙  
suspended  
bridge hands out  
a cross divided stretch  
x over  
y/like  
plus minus {±}  
zero is to absolutes like  
paper=papel is ≥  
dried parched  
mojado whet ache→  
petrified

by  $\sum$  arid winds

**HYMN N° 6:07**

Because they are who we are,  
they cannot beg  
at the mouth of the city.

But they claim its earthly substance,  
shirred entrails of its belly,  
carved bones of its body.

They are its criss-crossed river,  
wet and clear at the farthest edges,  
dry and empty in its murky center.

Too many times have they pinched it,  
twisted its sunburned skin  
until it hurt as if fresh or open.

Too many times have they wandered it,  
swerved to pass and left  
it drifting right in its own twisting plot.

[ . . . ]

The turn on a heel is subtle,  
a wary about-face that pulls pure want  
out from under meager need.

Then out roars some born-wretchèd bellow --  
Stark sputter held tighter than the waning call  
that won't, won't . . . surrender.

Hunger kills.  
Thirst obliterates.  
Longing goes on and off and on again.