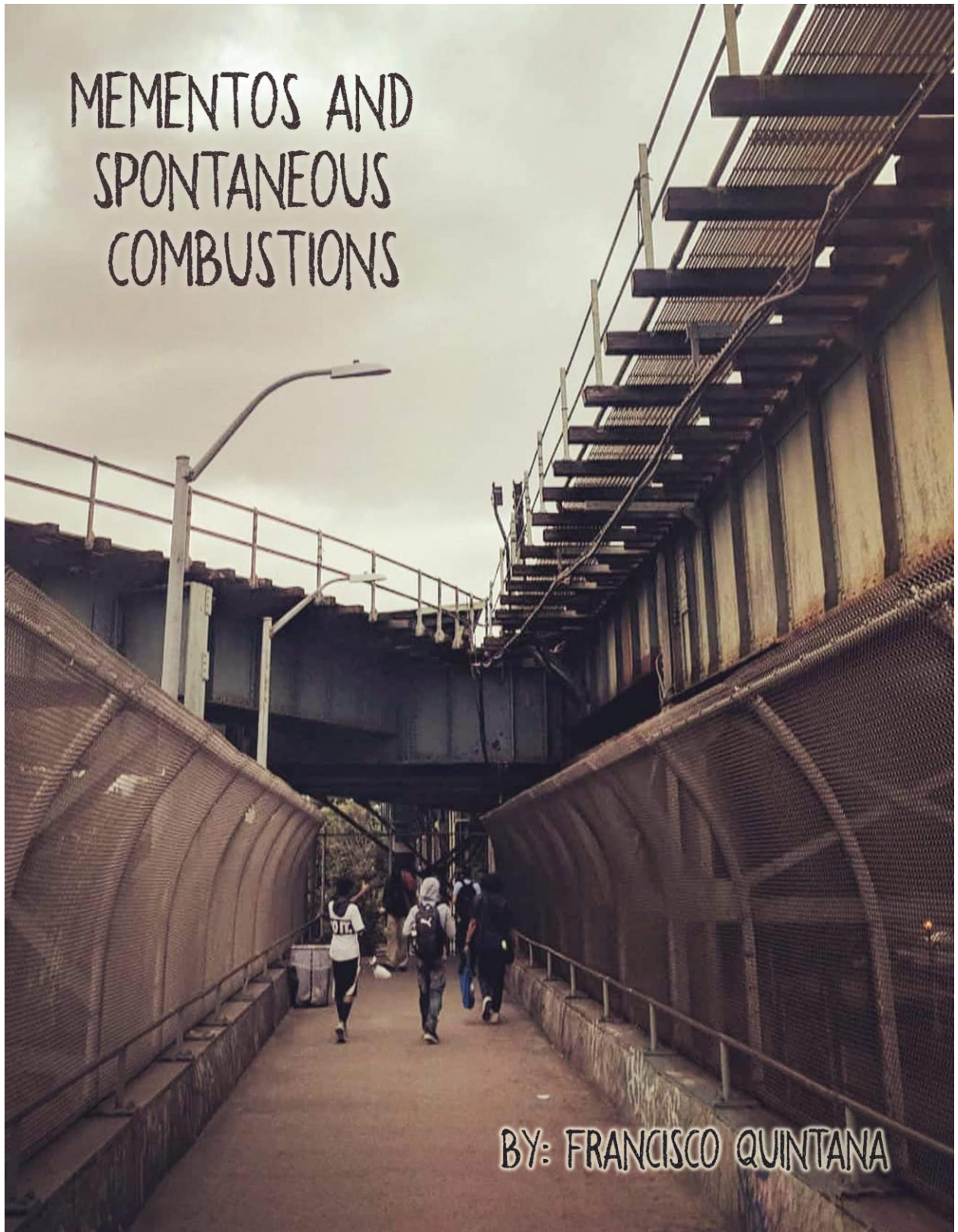


MEMENTOS AND SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTIONS

BY: FRANCISCO QUINTANA



Mementos and Spontaneous Combustions

Francisco J Quintana

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To family; both of blood and choice. You are the salt of earth in a world that has more questions than answers. I love you all.

**"When there's nothing left to burn
you got to set yourself on fire."
Stars - Your ex lover is dead**

To the boy who wrote about molotovs

I.

Puño arriba;
A fist clenched during a dismayed
National anthem;
A heart, stricken with sorrow

I too, wrote in a half burnt
Bonfire, that you go home
Whenever the world is about to end
And purgatory is a thing to experience
In the flesh.

That, to give another warmth;

Shared fever, is not a selfless
Act if it saves you from hypothermia.

II.

To the boy who wrote about molotovs:
When they said burn it all,
You didn't know about grief
Or longing for half forgotten
Memories

You were me;

I was you
Was I you ?

Did the fire look beautiful
As it ravaged

Everything in it's
Beaten path

.

Modern Prometheus:

Was I a mirage?

That you blew from dust; a night you were feeling lonely, half hoping for
a broken man & found

Afraid in a coastline piled up

With piles and upon piles, piles on top

Piles, piles upon piles

*piles =meaning bodies

Bodies meaning naked.

Was I your last shot in the dark?

You're beautiful you said,

Yes ma'am I replied

There's

A heart shaped

Cavity

In the chest.

You might take the heart

I might need it later

But you can take the heart.

A Haunting

It's not a homecoming
Out of remembrance;

She comes back as one
Returns to a haunted house;

To examine if all the specters
Are.

Where she left them
Last.

Poem #0: In which the poet wallows in self pity (After Silvio's Ojalá)

May flowers wither after you try to
Breathe life into them.

/And/ Spring may seem like an old folk tale
Older nanas tell when a child is weeping
And is oh so cold/ oh/so/cold.

May poetry not make sense to you
-N-O-R- rhyme any name that rings
A bell when the sky is upside down.

Your thoughts a library full of occult
Prophecies that have a vague connection
With reality but never complete the puzzle.

May you find yourself waltzing to a song;
That you fail to remember:

/Halls
\Of
| An
#empty
@memory

Statistics

A dead man is a body
Until some scholar in a dark room
Shuts it in a strata;
As if it's necessary to highlight the differences
In order to pull some humanity out of
Decaying bones.

Dead Bolshevik
Dead African - American
Dead Latnix
Dead Palestinian
Dead Christian
Dead Atheist
Dead Muslim

A dead man is a myth;
Suspended disbelief.

Man; who to this point
Still clings to rituals and magic
Approaches Death
As a scientist; studying it with skepticism
Without getting too close.

/After WWI a family patiently
Waited for the body of their son;
A war decorated Hero,
Little did they know that non-existence
Was a welcome embrace when pit against
The cold; hell-ish trenches.

There are no medals in the great beyond
Just the little plot of land in the military
Graveyard.\

II

They choke and kill our black and brown folk
And people rush to judgement as if it could
Be explained away in a police report.

Fuck prostitution, WAR is Man's oldest
Profession.

The markets go up and down;
But casualties are stock sold
For less than a penny.

Buy fresh bodies,
Is a flash sale, haggle for more, there's plenty
To sell.

A dead man is an orphan.
Debts and doubts overdue;
An apocalypse long belated.

May love save us (Dogma)

From:

Shitty beer

Shitty beer that happens to be warm

Budlight

Interrupted orgasms

The New York Times best sellers list

Pantries barren like a lifeless desert

Lies sharp as stab wounds

Inevitable good(bad)-byes

Unfulfilled homecomings

Jehovah's Witnesses knocking down the door

On a Saturday morning/

Running out of coffee

And on and on;

Till the end of days;

Amén

Catharsis(I)

To this day I don't know if she really wanted me,
All I know is that as she tore every button from
My shirt like twenty one unfulfilled Christmases;

It takes grace to dress well but it only requires will
To unpack, undress, unmake; a pale body.

She hung to my crimson red lips like her life
Depended on it, biting my shoulder, demanding
More poetry as she thrust her hips.

I don't know if she really got to love me;
But I swear I could still hear her whispers in my
Ear: Make me immortal.

If you get the message in the bottle,
I can leave with one certainty my dear:

Burnt bedsheets
Make a crappy
Coming of age.

Regression

Call the man a boy

Boy a man

Cradle

Him.

Sing sweet lullabies

Hold

[it]

close to your chest.

Let him suckle

Your dry

Breasts.

Caress

The sadness

|behind his eyes|

Don't let him go[...] / For the night.

This one is for the knight in shining armor

that somehow got lost along the way counting cigarette but_tts;
boys/girls that could not get themselves to spit an I/I/I/Love/ You to the
strangers laying in somehow inhabited beds. Because vulnerability is so
last year and being a prick is always in fashion. All the beautiful people
that couldn't be put in frames, to show mom around the holidays. The
dichotomy of wanting, close-ness/ while remaining clo-sed. Of dying;
thirsty next to sea water- knowing that there were rivers to fill so many
dams. A metaphor without a teachable moment; the absurd waiting to
justify itself in city lights.

Harakiri

Wait until you are older
To write a memoir;
Mistakes are full cyanide
And self-loathing when you
Are old enough to know
Better but too young
To avoid sweet immolation.

Sit still, let forgetfulness
Kick in; go to mass
Talk to the ceiling
In the absence of anything
Material:

Eloi Eloi lama sabachthani
-Father why have you forsaken me-
Or is it the other way around?

Close your eyes;
Trust the night and it's ability
To soothe whatever daylight
Needs to leave behind.

Don't
Be
Hard
On
Yourself.

Almost a mood

A Smart phone notification pops-up:

Battery might die soon;
Turn on energy saver mode.

I'll have time to sleep la_te(r)

Later.

Poem #1: In which the poet tries introspection and fails.

Was I there the first time you
Said you could love.
Me?

Or did it happen in an interlude
A quiet sigh over a smoking break.

Did I not hold you;
Correctly?

Were the walls, too difficult
To breach?

Et.al

The metaphor of being built
of metaphors.

Paradise Lost
Forsaken angels
Stranded overflying
A desert made out of mirrors.

Not having enough time
To waste time
Wasting time
To not have enough time.

Wicked angels
Fly over a graveyard
Full of clocks.

Blinding light
L_a_c_k_s vision;

Distracted; they
Go
Round and round.

The eleventh hour

Love your modesty,
Changing skins, I make my body a gift;
A sacrifice to an infertile God,
That gazes humanity; hands tied to it's back.

I lay down, spread my legs;
I/wait.

You come and cum,
To unmake what's left of inhibition;

It's false, falling for you did not shatter me,
I just needed to experience vulnerability,
First hand, being human, first hand.

Sometimes, just sometimes as you leave;
I run my fingers through the wetness;
And sincerely, that's enough
Sustance, for this dry forest in Winter;
A fragile, exo-esqueleton made of glass.

7:00 a.m

Good night,
Sleep well,
Ignore the lingering steps,
In the kitchen;

It's just me and Insomnia.

Good morning my dear,
It's safe to say we are not the same,
Our atoms and cells have been re-arranged;

Don't worry, it's not a problem.

Grab a cup of coffee to go,
I will be here:
Waiting,

If you want
To come back.

Catharsis(II)

The opening of her mouth was
A revolver shaped like the body of Christ.

Shooting without getting shot at,
Her bed sheets a personal slaughterhouse;

On some nights she would welcome company
With a rosary hanging from her breasts,
Absolution for those who wanted it
Condemnation for everybody else.

Poem#2: In which the poet discovers that Pax Romana
was a bullshit term made up by whoever won the war

When I ran into you the other day,
The synapses almost in reflex
Wanted to go for a hug.

Neuroplasticity kicked-in
And was able to salvage
An awkward handshake.

That
 wanted
 to speak volumes
 On how much I missed you.
But;
Froze.

Heresy (Hear-Say)

(I) Resigned to the fact that being
Unable to forget you (memory) is a natural
State of being.

Settled for having coffee
With half the sugar and company;
[Yet]
Your face lingers in the mirror;

Last night, I trimmed my beard
As to not feel your hand over my face as
A phantom limb

A mosaic;

Where I could see my sins that did not believe in
Jesus, Mohamed or Mary but did believe

In you;

12:08 am

My heart is still a battleground,

And nobody

Picks up the pieces.

Or

pays

reparations.

After

All is said

and

Done.

General

Oh my sweet tin soldier
It's the survival of the fittest out here,
Having read Darwin,
You should know by now.

That the sun, on a hot summer day
Fries the wires and with it, empathy;
It's a hypothesis worth considering.

But soldier, oh my soldier;
Don't you dare forget how
The tropical weather
Taught the best of you,
How to hug.

If by any chance, there is reasonable
Doubt, swing by your home,
And as you slowly tip toe into
Father's chambers,
You just might see him,
Cherishing Mom's ghost.

On how my English has social anxiety between Midtown and Fulton Street.

Accuser and accused at the same time,
My accent stutters with every
Half-hearted good morning on Mondays;

Gentrifier and gentrified;
I don't know if it's spilled ink,
On all the paperwork I've yet to finish,
Or all those letters after my name,
That left a blue stain around my neck.

Still(and for fuck's sake hope I ever forget)
Say I love you in Spanish.

My heart beats to an awkward, slow reggaeton.
Like all the early mornings that I learnt,
That home is where the heart is,
And if we are to be honest,
At this point it's intercontinental.

Ka-boom

Act #1:

A naked body.

#2:

A naked body sits in your lap.

#3 :

A naked body whose heart beats like a bomb sits in your lap.

#4:

A naked body whose heart beats like a bomb sits in your lap, soft touches like a ticking clock.

#5:

A naked body whose heart beats like a bomb sits in your lap, soft touches like a ticking clock begins to reach for your belt; ka-boooooom.

Bushwick(2018)

When I see a parade of flags over a mural
Between Myrtle and Broadway
I don't see the heroes and villains
As interchangeable as our forefathers
Political leanings; the concept
Of a Nation when transposed
On a piece of cloth, exists in flux;
Bloodstains and broken bones.

When I see that parade of monoestrelladas,
I remember Grandpa and his stories
Of how he came to New York when
He was fourteen to work on a bodega;
Grands and his stories of driving
A taxi in the streets of Manhattan
El viejo and his stories of how
He returned to Puerto Rico as a runaway.

When I see Puerto Rico se levanta
My mind does not wonder to politicians
Spouting three hundred words per minute
Of propaganda as if people do not die by their gross incompetence.

I see mi abuela, con su cafecito,
Asking me how much sugar is enough,
Abuela, if it were the price to have
Those sunsets in which you spoke
Wisdom while I counted my doubts

In the clouds, I would drink it
Sour and with salt.

I made peace with being a traitor
An expat in a country of strange faces
But casita will never cease to be
People to embrace.

Patria(I)

The eyes are windows
That from the outside in,
Gaze at the world.

Rum and coffee rarely
Go well together.

Revolution won't be,
But damn, we wait;
We
 wait.

Acceptance

The other day you bought flowers
To put by the window.

They are for the person I used to be;
A half smile said.

What is it to be human,
But a never ending cycle of healing
and grief?

Water

His birthmarks were
Deserted islands
Waiting for someone
To kiss
And call
Home.

Inferno de Deus(I)

The king sits on a throne.

Looking up

Sees Adam;

Powerless in his own personal
Torment.

Clenches it's fist
Which is also the World.

Knowing that there's
So much to do;
But everything
Is so out; of
Reach.

LILITH(After Adam)

Mom, is not blasphemy if I am aiming for art

Red, like blood in the water,
An unfulfilled covenant
Take those stained lips
Drink them in my memory
Take my body
Break it like bread
Each time I am on the verge
Of becoming;
A fragmented flashback

Black, like the night your steps
Were echoes in an empty forest.

A New York Times Sunday
Paper, with pages unturned.

Blue, like water filling
Your lungs,
Your lungs,
Your lungs
And being unable to breathe
Breathe
Breathe;

Translucent; like memories
That you fail to recognize;

and.
Please. don't

Turn me into
Another of your
Damn poems.

Poem #3: In which the poet finds out that building a life
out Lego bricks hurts when you step on them.

In a last fit of rage you told me
I wouldn't be half as great
If I hadn't met you.

I've taken each gift
Dissected them with the skill
Of a surgeon

Inspecting each
Clo
Se(e);
-Ly-

Extracting the poison
Putting away whatever
Can be kept

Throwing away the rest
In heart shaped trash bags;

In the end:
What does it mean to be go^o^d?

Scarecrow

I sleep next to a scarecrow that keeps ravishing ravens
Away from the socket of the eyes, the remains of
Skin that trailed our last orgasm.

I won't nag about the fact that this is shit; that even
Good things, need to end; but who argues
Against time, the calendar, the tick-tock
Of the clock, who argues against death.

Jury, Attorney and Judge I heard all of the arguments in a quiet
courthouse. All the working theories of why love; fails.

But alas; Titans fall and outstretched legs get tired of walking, don't need
to repeat myself, it's shit to grieve long lost love but; what's to stop you
from throwing the dice again ?

Made up definitions and other bs.

1. Crow/ coward: Person that leaves,
Unexpectedly, (maybe) out of fear.

It's a matter of optics, go ahead;
Call them crows for not chasing
After you, when you were the first
To vanish any other Tuesday.

It's a matter of fucking perspective,
I am sure as hell one or two of them
Would have sacrificed a career
Or two, dreams of living abroad,
Fatherhood, motherhood;
A white picket fence and a quiet night;
But at this point nobody will know.

2. Defense mechanism: Said of the act of sheltering
Oneself from deep distress, making the psyche
An impenetrable fortress.

When faced with the same aversive stimuli,
One can either endure, avoid it,
Or live in an eternal limbo, squeezed somewhere
In between.

How many times have you erased
Tracks; as for the shattered
Pieces of people, don't haunt
You; back.

You, the hunter; not the other way
Around.

Thanksgiving

It was November;
You were sleeping next
To another body.

Her fingernails
Faded from your back
As snow typically does
On late-ish Fall.

Insomnia
Clutched
Between where
Guilt
Was supposed
To be
And morning's
Wakefulness

¿When you say grace, will
You [look/her] both
In the eyes?

15 (Just in case you needed this to save you)
Alternate title: Yo' have another feel good poem

It will come as a surprise but when
Your highschool sweetheart leaves
To forge a better path out of her future;
You won't die of heartache or sleepless nights.

There is still a heart in that void;
That empty house by the hill
Now demolished
And if we are at it, there will come a day
That the religious devotion that,
Guarded you like a fortress in rainy
Days won't be there.

But if saves you, and trust me it will;

There will come a day that love will be;
Doing the dishes when someone else,
Closes its eyes and drifts into nothingness,
That those butterflies that make you
Feel nauseous, are better off freed.

After an existential crisis or two,
You may come to learn that there's
No greater hope, than in those who fight,
That the dirtiest of alleys can be a parish,
When fragility is a knuckle in the stomach.

You will make it,
With a scar or two,

But you will make it,
Trust yourself a little.

The best company

"I will burn in hell" you say;
That the best company is in dark corners
And you rarely find saints in churches;
Mr. Wilde, Buk and Rimbaud will all be there:
Benedetti will toast you with Mead
All while reciting the sweetest verses!

The blackest pits of Tartarus don't
Burn inside you when Redemption
Is a dream deferred; that although
Down there sleeping alone
Is eternal condemnation
Cold nights are destined to be
A thing of the past;
And if we are talking about perks,
You won't need those pesky lighters
To light up all the humanity
That falsely claimed to have lost.

"I am going to burn in hell
And is going to be the greatest fire"
You claim, while it's still ten in the morning
And you call whisky breakfast.

But please, please my dear;
Don't rush the inevitable; *my sage*,
That the world is full of misleading answers

Rubber bullets on Sunday's
Lead shells the rest of the Week.

Cocktail

Pyromania:

- Figuratively-

The act of sitting

Next to a burning body

With desire

Staring at it

Like a column

That calls out

For all the damned.

Obsession

Compulsion

-Literally-

Standing next

To the fire

Sweating

Waiting

For it

To die/out.

Aura

Ten years ago and eighteen
Marx was in the pocket of a v neck shirt
So as Jesus
So as Brahman
So as Oscar Wilde
So as one hundred years of
Ennui in the trimmings
Of your awfully short beard

Do you still wear those raggedy old shoes (?)

Stepping on fear like trying to prove that

Madness is something to disown

An abyss that finally welcomes back

The shouts.

Pan.do.ra

Although the act of waking up can make you a better,
person

I don't know if waking up next to someone else; it's helping:

Lit cigarettes are not shooting stars you can make
Wishes to.

Can't fuck yourself to faithfulness, but hey;
Everybody does what it wants with pieces
Of a broken body.

Psychologists say that behavior activation
Can kickstart dopamine but that cold
Bath it's not doing a fuck.

Nevertheless, you throw water to the face;
Pack the memories of last night in an air tight
Vacuum; lock them up under the bed;
With the hope that one of those pale ghosts
Might someday; free;
you.

Boriken

I can't fathom to look at your eyes without feeling like a traitor; putting the right hand close to the heart, feels like a shoe that does not fit; can't sing the national anthem without feeling hypocrisy exposed from miles away.

Subtle propaganda dressed as history told me that I had the best of both worlds, the child of a dead empire and a raising force. Fumbling my first words in Spanish : Má, pá, comida; for conventional wisdom to convey that I too needed to say: dad, mom, food. Yo see now my heart is bilingual; I struggle to process in what language the mirage of dreams are coded, when it's fucking twenty degrees (F) and Boquerón comes to me as a forgotten memory of warmth and youth.

The bastard of an oxymoron, the concept of loyalty to a nation is a foreign idea;

if it comes to it I won't die for any border; bring my dead body wrapped in a white flag. And before anyone asks : " I am not from this Earth". My parents just made a pit stop on the way to Mars.

Sexts as a cry for help otherwise tilted: Unanswered messages.

I.

We should do it again,
Each I close my eyes,
I remember our naked bodies,
Wrestling under the sheets.

II.

If you depart to seek me;
In other eyes; in other beds;
I wish you the best.

May you never find me.

III.

If the price for a kiss,
It's a deed paid to the devil with an all
Inclusive vacation in hell.

I will have two to go.

IV.

Ok mom;
That picture was not for you.

In memoriam(FOMO)

I wrote you an obituary
For all the times
That you set up to meet with
An old friend and your calendar
Notifications never found out.

A long lost memorandum
For that day
Where you wanted
To see how many
Times the world
Would twist
And turn
Before
You got
To the bottom
Of the bottle.

A requiem in a dead tongue;

For all the the nights you chose
The embrace of faceless strangers

As to not figure out
How the hell it feels

To wake up
Alone.

Nene

Beyond academia, the fancy degree,
Big words thrown at parties like egos/
Bouncing at the walls
The quotation marks I could not fit inside;

I am but half a man

Built from gasoline, concrete; pieces of asphalt.

I don't have a straight answer to any question

The only thing I know to be true are
Tears foreigners shed for me/

I am but the thief who chose not be saved.

It's a futile effort to demand responses
To empty handed prompts

You are not even close to figuring
Out how many times;
Not having the courage to raise my voice,
Spared me.

Malagradecí'o

Although slowly but surely you are fading
Away to some neuron with half erased memories;
I am not grateful for the hardknocks taught
For the sake of lo-ve and passion.

Won't bow for hinting me that you work to live
And not live to work until both concepts
Interconnect and with it smiles fade.

I reject thanking you for the few nights,
An honest hand picked me up,
Embraced me and the few dollars
Everyone had left paid the last call.

Won't give you credit for teaching me
To build bridges around collective loneliness,
The value of the other; sober happy hour
After a night of burning eyelashes.

Although saying goodbye and turning the leaf
Does not hurt as much as I thought it would
I praise the fact that even burnout
Can carve a path ahead.

Self-Help

I.

Bury your dead in unmarked graves;
That way it's easier to forget
Those days were you shone
Less bright.

There is no need to categorize
All the mornings where you did not want
To have even your left foot forward.

II.

Loss should not be a track,
Stuck in fucking repeat
Dust off your running shoes
Come back, take a shower
And hit the fucking dancefloor
For once.

III.

Open your chest
Those birds you have fostered
For so long need some oxygen;

Take flight.

IV.

Falling in love holmes,
It's either a Russian roulette
Or winning the lottery

But nobody wins without
The ticket or the handgun.

Autumn

Is unrequited love held
[Like a stillborn] (?)

With wide open arms
Into the dead of night
You dreamt of two children:
The girl; had her freckles

A dream that's now a delirium;
3:59 a.m:
You wake up
trembling.

Laughter fills an empty coffee shop,
Strong black coffee
A little bit of milk
One tablespoon of sugar;
Her order.

Somewhere, sometime she may be getting
Married to the other love
Of her life, in a green dress
Flowers in her hair
A half sad smile, blooms.

Ha.lo

Boy: Who do you see?

When it's three in the morning

And the mirror it's a never ending puzzle:

The nihilist that chews it's image like pieces

Of broken glass and ends up being short sighted

As it tries to see himself in puddles of mud

Or the ubermensch that wanting to save everyone (-≠+); forgot to save a seat in the last flight away from a world engulfed in flames.

Binary

He a glass castle;
To stare
Cherish

His gaze

All the love you yearned
To have;

His echos
All the conversations
Past their due
Date

Hands like all
The cold shivers
Reaching for ecstasy
Alone in your single bed.

Oh but to be the perfect
Algorithm
Man_ver_2.0

Without baggage
Grey hair
W/o dirt
Under his nails
Oh, your tame beast.

Do you miss
Who he was
Or what you hoped
He could be?

Inferno The Deus: An Interlude

What

is

H

E

L

L

But small talk (?)

Empty chatter

That expands

An already evolving void.

Purity

Her skin was Winter.
It was the first, the second, the third
Time.

Shifting her hands over
A body in stasis, trying to hide the shame.

As if, beauty could be covered
That easy.

Of those days she only recalls
Some vague theories about Marx
and the chaos principle
Of clumsily tiptoeing
A sunny December.

An abandoned
Purity ring.
Unfulfilled promises
Left in a drawer

To rest in peace.

Cold front

At this point not even a snow day
Would steal her spotlight;
And not to put it lightly:

She would make a damn good reason
To return to bed on a Saturday morning
After two cups of coffee.

It does not take a whole lot of effort,
To have titans at her feet; whispering prayers;
Just the ten steps between the door
And the bed; to be exact.

Because if I were a betting man;
I would wager what's left of my soul,
Over the fact that you can make
The line of Equator move a bit,
Enough for the hemispheres
To switch

In order to warm a pair of cold hands
A heart below freezing temperature.

Lip gloss

I don't know a fuck of French;
My English it's ok and the Spanish is hanging in there,
In that order and vice versa;

But girl of thick thighs
Wide eyes like moons
Scarlet lips;

I can say that one day;
That I barely remember,
Due to forgetfulness
Or mere mortality,
Je t'aime.

Ten Notes About Veronica

- 1) More beautiful than the library of Alexandria; Veronica's stretch marks run miles.
- 2) Her hair camaleons from blue, purple, black, depending on the time of day.
- 3) On Friday nights she drops into a bath like the Corpus Christi of the proletariat, the great great great granddaughter of a forgotten anarchist philosopher.
- 4) Legend has it that a man died between her thighs, smiling.
- 5) A painter wanted to print her curves, with other ideas; had a quick lesson on the #Metoo movement as well as a black eye.
- 6) Has read the Ballad of Galeol ten times, she has cried every single time.
- 7) She does not swallow, spits.
- 8) Known to poets, artists, demagogues; she does not know any of them.
- 9) She has her coffee black, three tablespoons of sugar.
- 10) Veronica does not chase her dreams; her dreams follow her and before you get started, it's not the same thing.

Anathema

I

We need to love like the broken
My sweet sweet heart.

That even in times of strife;
They hold each other close,
There is no other way to beat
The cold.

II.

Anti-poesía (-poetry)
It's writing metaphors
About used
Condoms
Thrown in the toilet.

III

I would say you are the love
Of all my lives
But I am a_ lone(r)

Alquimia

Modern science should relocate
All the neural processing
In a heart shaped organ.

To vindicate the poets.

Give a little justice to all
Damned who go to bed
Knowing that sunset is somehow
Around the corner.

Black.hole

In case the universe it's the maximum
Allegory of all that can be considered;
Spirit.

One can say that, that I want her with
All the stars, galaxies, white, black,
Grey matter/

All the planetary systems,
That exist within[...]

Nu-age Juju

"Poetry is writing shit about your shit"

Anonymous

If sewers are full of shit,
Can you tell me poet man;
Where is enlightenment best found?

In the flight of angels?
Or in a man who forgot how to fly?

When in the end of the day it's just

A pebble thrown by a child
Into an endless cosmic lake.

Anti-Climax

Please, don't tell him I was a thorn in your heart;
A season of endless calculations that couldn't
Finance the impossible. Disregard the part
Of you being, Bonnie, me, Clyde, fucking hearts
Left and right.

When the time comes, tell him you met me
In Spring(even if it really was a cold relentless winter); that there's more
than one poem
That poor dogs recite at bars in which you
Are the original inspiration. That you deserve
The best of love and not take it too personal
When you need to howl at the moon
Or explore other bodies.

That you are who you are and not even
The holiest of saints would change a thing,
And you shine best when you are free.

And maybe, then, knowing all of that.

He can shut his eye, and rest well.

In peace:

" I would give up my verses for a man in peace"
Blas de Otero

Seasons come and go;
Her figure an hourglass;

Stands tall as Venus,
Madonna; full of grace.

G*d give me peace
Or annihilation;

I keep falling;

I keep f
a
l
l
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(i)
n
g
/
In her arms.

Things my 10 year old ass believed in:

That wrestling was somehow true; The Undertaker, Mick Foley, locking arms; Hell in a cell, Undertaker slamming bloody Mick into the ground. In the passion of Christ; each spring like clockwork, the typical play rolled around, a man, a stranger, a kind one at that; carrying everything that felt like shame from my flesh. Lazarus, coming back to life just to see his friend pass.

Aliens! that feeling of uncertainty after watching pure bullshit on History channel, half hoping for the little grey men to give me a lift to some obscure nebula, half scared of the anal probing_ ain't got time for an alien-human hybrid.

Patriotism; sleeping tight knowing that some specters in the desert had our backs. George W Bush Jr, assuring everyone that they are gonna get the bad guys.

Soulmates; that somewhere, someone would just lock into the green eyes that I loathed and would find a treasure that I myself did not know existed. No hard work, just cuddles and rainbows. Ten year old me was wise beyond my years, but ya' know believe can't be spelled without L13 somewhere.in the middle.

Full Moon

She kissed my eyelids goodbye :

"Sweet Morpheus; don't welcome
Me in your dreams"

Pause.

She caressed my hair goodnight;
Her words a quiet whisper

Don't dream about me.

A clock hung above her head;
Each tock a maddening sound:

Sit down; I have a confession.

"I too do not want to dream about you."

But your face is the fire alarm;
A look into the damn, future;
Blood omens that signal danger.

Stay put, stay put, stay put.

Pax Romana

Him:

Sits

On a staircase

Half grieving

Half dictating

A post-mortem

For the grapes

That are now

An empty bottle

In his right hand.

Resentment:

Peering out the door

Waiting to see

If it was time or not

To head out and catch

A train

Making it's last stop

In a forgotten borough.

Her:

Saying; it's too cold outside

The sun might come out today

Your side of the bed is mostly

Empty; tomorrow is another

Day if we are lucky, come back

To sleep.

Holy water

I am sorry, don't know if I can make it
To our scheduled ordeal;
With it's packed agenda, all it's controversial
Bullets.

I am well aware that you were willing
And desire hung like a needle
In your skin; that good sense and
Bad morals thrive between midnight
and two a.m; no preacher man,
no priest, will tell you, that it won't
cure leprosy, but sumerging three times
in hot water will heal the conscience a bit;

In any mean is this personal; in any
mean this is to offend you; hopefully
You go through your ritual: Close your eyes,
Drink a tall glass of wine and sigh
With the relief that you've made me
Less of a sinner, if that's even possible.

In case you can't, I hope you can
Find some solace in agendas
Out of sync; in this city either
You are half an hour earlier
Or three hours late; that crossroads
May be erased by the wind;
But there's always a train to return home.

Grand Finale

I've confirmed, there is life after death;
And not to point out the elephant in the room,
But as paint decays from the ceiling,
One can see an Atlas, like all the things
We willingly choose to ignore in order
To turn attention away from the corpses
Of what we once were.

You know, it all seems simple enough,
When you turn and your granny panties smile,
It all seems enough, when you miss
My lips just seconds away from our last kiss
And ponder how you did not notice a void
That was there all along.

And knowing that I have no place to make
Demands; you should call more often.
Or not call at all.

But you know how free will works,
That moral grays
Make the night easier to navigate;
Nihilism helps turn away bad dreams;
That karma does not have to be a good
Or bad thing; that people [like me]
Are not things/trinkets/amulets/
And I say this without bad blood;
If you want to play, treat
Your toys right or at least clean
Them, afterwards.

Prometheus

Do all the lips that have kissed your back
Fit in a Queen side bed?

Do the ghosts hug you at night,
Kiss your forehead good morning?

;

Or is it more like saving space for dessert
An incomplete promise, and damned if never
Comes to be?

Do the memories of those nights of lust
Go to funerals, will you invite them to the kid's
Baptism or are they better left dead and buried?

Do you know them all by name
Or is their fake one is good enough?

Do they;
Let you sleep at night?

AWOL

In any way I am your lawyer
It's not within my reach
To advocate in front of the jury
Of what should be considered
Art, your last act of poetic justice;

But with this being our last sunset I will make the heavy memories
disappear in a beautiful simile, like your lips; like that double barreled
shotgun you hide
Behind the breasts.

To not write about you again,
To not write again.

Late-morning

Let's go by steps;

A woman sleeps, the woman has a name,
That in the right lips, is the sweetest of songs;

Her messy hair, a revolution, that deciding
To take a nap, sits still; as the hours go by
Time loses it's already relative importance;
The clock drifts away like a man with a death wish
That goes for his last cigarette,
A final cup of coffee.

Things are rarely this simple;
A woman sleeps and a man holds
Her like the last Hail Mary
In a world full of icebergs,

The man also has a name.

Days

If the gods play a you a joke
And don't want to come out to play.

Or lady luck comes out of bed
Without her latte and usual charm
Stuck during a traffic jam.

Chaos not finding her usual balance.

Be sure that I'll always be here;

That my chest it's always
A good platform
To watch a couple
Supernovas.

This poem is to say I was(am) still an asshole:

Maybe this one is for civil war,
A wound that bled an evening;
Where lay still, sleeping
A REM state that took
What was left of the day
To another place;

Or for the times that
The National was on repeat:

I'll still destroy you,
Conversation 16,
Guilty Party,
Et. Al;

As if they could carry me away
To some other place
Without strangers blowing
Cigarette smoke to my face.

It could also be for the times
That I was the sell-out®;

From the land I am from
We traffic in poems
And cheap verses;

Cause contusions
And a knife to the heart

Can fuck you up

Please, tell every lie you know about me,
Save for the fact that I was a type A.

Oral history of fire

/ The day woman created man/
She gave him joy and fatherhood
Hands \ / to caress.

When man created G*d he gave it wrath
To destroy all of it, what is Earth
But a giant ashtray full of tears.

What is a creation myth without
Heroes that find themselves
Humans when they finally
Meet face to face with vulnerability

What is a creation myth
But mother in some
Corner of dear Africa
Giving breast to a whimpering
Boy.

Poem #4: In which the poet sits by the river, talking to a
muse

If years are counted by hearts
Broken, at this point I would be ancient.

Yet somehow the sun is still shining
Without the consent of humankind.

Swipe left, swipe right.
Swipe left, swipe right.

If my body is a temple; take off your
Shoes, dance a little; but don't kneel,
Don't kneel.

Burnt drafts, empty glasses,
Quiet echo-chambers.

If my chest feels like home;
Be there in the morning.
If my lips are an airport,
Give me one last kiss
Good-bye.

Playing God

Sit down; I want to talk about
The weight in my bones
That all in all don't add to
A hundred and thirty pounds;

About how my fragility
 Couldn't muster the strength
 To lift Thor's hammer,
 [Arthur's Excalibur]
 [Steal Zeus's thunder]

In order to protect my beloved.

About, all the times that I wanted to be
The god-philosopher; the magician;
Pythagoras the alchemist searching
For the ever elusive stone to resurrect
The dead;

Lazarus left with outstanding
Debts due to be paid in hugs; the dead
Like the living; leave with love past
It's expiry date.

Of my faulty omniscience; limited to memories
That even I
don't know if they are my own;
From the outside looking in, from the inside
Looking o-u-t.

Sit down, let's make this a dialogue;

That life is short and in our fragmented
Existence[playing God] is a wager
We play in flesh and dust.

Inferno The Deus: An Underwhelming Conclusion

The walls of Berlin have fallen
Oh joy, oh triumph;

We're free, everyone's free;

In the end does it matter
What's
Holy
When
You can shout into
An empty room
That our heavenly gifted
2nd amendment
Will always protect us
From harm (?)

There is rarely a come to Jesus moment

/~ You may sit for a while~\
Grieve a little, pout, let tears wash
Away, self-pity; in an unwilling
Baptism.

The heart, a maze of many rooms;
Not a hotel, ruins to spend the night in,
Break-in; vandalize.

/~ Is it too much to ask~\
For a couple of knocks
In the door if the night gets
Dark; a couch;
In the living room; no explanations
Requested; no one to wait
For you next morning.

No one, to wake-up in the middle of the night
To see if all the doors have been closed.

Fragments from another winter :

The other day when you were out partying
Did you taste me in the rum?
You promised me that the yearly physical
Was going to be scheduled before the end of the month.

Son; let go off your rough edges, *this is not*
New York, relax a bit. This is the time to sleep.

I was all but inevitable; a hurricane waiting
It's turn to make landfall.

Nobel concept/ New Year's resolution:
Stop calling people karma to excuse
Your shitty behavior.

I want it all, that for each time
The world tosses and turns
You're a little bit more yours.
A little bit more mine.

I've been grieving each person
I love; from the first time
I opened my eyes.

π

Saint.

Sinner.

Hedonist.

Troublemaker.

Kingmaker.

Curator.

Philosopher.

Charlatan.

Academic

Demagogue

When you said

That you wanted

To live forever

¿Did you really mean it?

Judas

Tell me, how much coin was I worth in the market

When you decided to give your untouched cheek
To another

Were you, thirsty and on your way home
Starving for wine; how much thought
Did you put into it,

I wasn't your favorite
Piece of an arcane art anymore,
Yawns came earlier during the night

Was it a easy decision to make
How well do you sleep at night, now

Did you also deny knowing
Me
Before
The rooster¹
Sang
Thrice.

¹ Like Peter

Ash Wednesday

I'm still waiting / on whatever lesson/ grief./ is supposed to teach/ I wrote my 1st eulogy when I was 14/ Heart-stricken/ Poetry in fact/ Did not love me back/ To want and not be wanted/ To be wanted and not want/ Being./ An enigma/Open ended questions../ Knives screeching in the kitchen./ Devout/ Faithful/. Is asking why/ Heresy? / You used to laugh more/ remember (?)/ I was 20 when faith/ fate/ fe/ started being more the people around me/ Figures in the altar/Became/ Abstract/ The metaphor of the Phoenix /Fénix /May be over-used/ To be of ash/ and return to dust/ To be of ash/ And burn in a blue flame/ I'm still waiting/ on whatever lesson/grief./ Is supposed to teach./ but please give me this one last dance./ Burning bright/ Consumed in community.