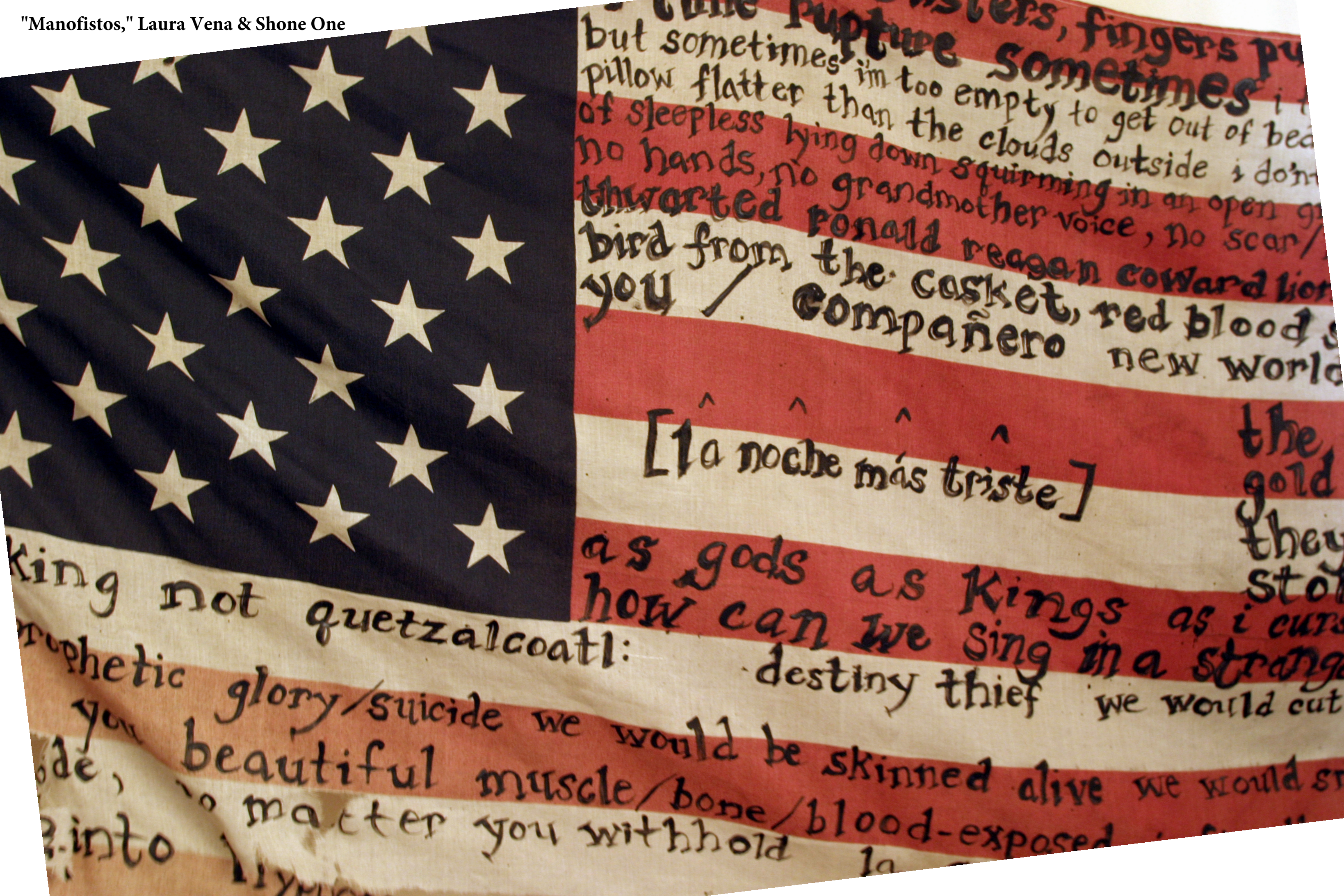


"Manofistos," Laura Vena & Shone One



but sometimes ^{in too empty} ^{to get out of bed} ^{no hands, no grandmothers voice, no scar/}
pillow flatter than the clouds outside i don't
of sleepless lying down squirming in an open g
no hands, no grandmothers voice, no scar/
thwarted bird from the casket, red blood s
you / Compañero new world

[la noche más triste]

king not quetzalcoatl:
as gods as Kings as i curs
how can we sing in a strange
destiny thief we would cut
glory/suicide we would be skinned alive we would st
beautiful muscle/bone/blood-exposed
matter you withhold
into

manofistos / el amante guerr[ill]ero
#1

pueblo blisters, fingers puncture, no sense of time
rupture

sometimes i think i can control the weather but sometimes i'm too empty to get
out of bed the american dream pillow flatter than the clouds outside
i don't stir them the audacity of sleepless
lying down squirming in an open grave, no lifeless water, no hands, no grandmother
voice, no scar/hope, earth crisis not thwarted ronald reagan coward lion flips us the bird
from the casket, red blood scream *tú?* / compañero

new world expired ^ ^ ^ ^
[la noche más triste]

the gold they stole from men as
gods as kings as i curse that day / how can we sing in a strange land

?not kin, not king, not quetzalcoatl: destiny thief

we would cut cortéz down

in a blaze of
prophetic glory/suicide we would be skinned alive we would smile at each other as they
flayed you beautiful muscle/bone/blood-exposed i finally see you / guerrillero in-
side, no matter you withhold la sangre-silencia speaks &when i look into

hypnoteyes
i think i hear your breath: *window, mirror, or compass?*
[lung whisper]

we feel our hearts drop out
we
feel the city fall is she the one
you loved i mean betrayal comes
in all forms of
cosmological shipwrecks
you see: the divide
: narrow rivers of words
i say we are many we speak in
many tongues and with just one:
two. the love in language words
seeps only from the most brutal
act of
re/evolution

the pueblo blisters, fingers puncture no sense
of time rupture sometimes
but sometimes im too empty to get out of bed the american dream
pillow flatter than the clouds outside i dont stir them the empty
of sleepless lying down squirming in an open grave, no lifeless water
no hands, no grand other voice, no scar/hope, earth exist
thwarted Ronald Reagan coward lion flips us the
bird from the casket, red blood screams do
you / companero new world expired

[la noche más triste]

the gold
they stole from me
as i curse that day
how can we sing in a strange land
destiny thief we would cut cortez

as gods as kings
we would be skinned alive we would smile each
beautiful muscle/bone/blood-exposed i finally see you
no matter you withhold la sangre-silencia habla
i think i hear you
we feel our hearts drop out we feel
loved i mean betrayal comes in

?not Kin not King not quetzalcoatl:
in ablaze of prophetic glory/suicide
as they flayed you
guerrero
& where i stole, beautiful
thing whisper into no matter
the cit Window mirror or compass?
fall
all forms of cosmological shipwrecks you see: the divide
speak in many tongues and with just one

manofistos / *la malinche alphabets*
#2

de tu/de tu pelo se cae(n)

cicatrices.
hiccup.
bigote de niebla.
olvidos.
semillas de granada. [color sangre: **my blood i give him**our blood]
your summer / smother.
blue. [pale infection]
lumbre / lumbre / lumbre
[inhale] [cardiac arson / conflagration] [carga!]
orphan apologies.
la malinche alphabets. [**punch me stab me kick me condemn**]
broken. pen / pistola / poeta.
treachery-numbed.
little shrugs.
blaspheme. [**the little fish that grows in me**]
splinters que me pican.
swap meet tesoros.
miniature labyrinths.
trenzas.red, gold, black & green
madreearth. [original mestiza: figura divina / slut]
años de profunda muda.
“conquest” whisper. [a puzzle / a girl / a liar, “traitor”**survivor**]
delicatelucha.
un grito herido. [**i speak weapons, i love**]
finger tangle.
sacrifice. [**my lips, my abdomen, my pueblo, my name**]

de tu.de

tu pelo

me cae



de tu/de tu pelo
se cae(n)
cicatrices
hiccup
gote de niebla
olvidos
semillas de
granada
[color sangre]
my blood
I give him our blood
your summer /
smother
blue. [pale infection]
lumbre / lumbre / lumbre
orphan apologies
la malinche alphabets
[punch me stab me
kick me condemn]
broken. pen /
pistola / poeta
treachery-numbered
little strugs
blasphemy. [the little
fish that grows
in me]
splinters que me pican
swap meet tesoros
miniature labyrinths
trenzas. red, gold, black
& green
madreearth. [original
mestiza. figura
divina / slut]
años de profunda mud
"conquest" whisper
[a puzzle / a girl /
a liar. "traitor" survivor
delicate lucha un grito
nardo. [I speak
weapons, I love]
finger fangle sacrifice
[my lips, my abdomen
my pueblo, my name]
de tu, de tu pelo me cae

manofistos / *navigational lapses*
#3

words to [dis] / arm

alarm you who mumbles in dark blows our cover splits loyalties what are you
becoming i had a premonition esa linea entre revolución y inutil a shipwreck /
suspicion (year 1511, place the vipers) *we took them as slaves we cannibalized*
them

de que tenemos que perdonarnos

sometimes i seek in you shipwreck birds' bones a fortune telling

i carve into your chest seeking treasure

are you with us or against us

if you pour yourself into midnight [martyr] but then in unrhymed sanctuaries jungle loosen
corporatization of pueblo what grows unequal sliding down into earthen graves early with
our (corpses) *a series of massacres* our words / our weapons rest among them
like a bed of bones and you think what could i dream to make this so distant *insurrection* if i
place my fingers here, i will get...this, if i press here...this if i press down the middle,
then it escapes through my mouth / my memory out here sun-bleached or it tainted with
[you] someone gone *mainly women and children* what rhythm do you breathe to i fall into
you they steal the line give me chiapas, zapatistas lovers in dead water

killed in churches

this body will never be safe from harm from
history

manofistos / *historia muerjega*
#4

[a]brazo

"you're bleeding!" you tell me i'm not injured
but in the jungle
i lay in the undergrowth touch my skin take my shoes off throw them in the trees
wait in the cloud forest, zapatista
i wanted to know quetzals, horned guans
what it was like to be consumed i wanted to know you lacandona
not lazy, but the rain
you make a fist keep me warm if only you come back en forma de tortura

memoria incendiar

love-drowned in this body (of water)
i can't find a reflection
but resistencia
echo
precious your eyes, night your eyes, screaming, your eyes ageless now
i'm in your arms somewhere in the water
could we overcome betrayal death disappear and so on and
could we sleep
what histories can i turn to

[puño]

comandante ramona,
our continent bifurcated
war goddess

this america
on the backs of
that america
tu poesia through a barrel

dreams emptied out
capsized
attached / umbilical corded to terror

people of truth annexed
a people, shattered
people of kevlar / thread-bare
bordered people
vulture people / carrion
a people, blood-smattered
people of shells
on the backs of

shipwrecked
of mayhem
of fragment

spirit of cihuacoatl, alive untamed
gente de pañuelos, people of the highlands, gente bordada, zapatistas

quien puede autogarnos

we go out into the world through language.

you are history

what was it you said to me
indistinct flutter days away i still feel
you my fear is without your skin i begin to fail
i could have recalled my blood / venom without
your skin gravity pulls on me directs me i slip away
fade shedding skin shedding my shadow shedding the
recognizable parts of me insurgent days gone i still taste
maize [lips against] my mouth what i've been hiding my child
shadow moves (in me) feels the outside consumes red hot
embers so scarred inside it doesn't even show

i remember the
night and
sometimes

i seek in you
your face i don't see as face but handgun as blades in rotation
marcos / ramón as accessory somewhere i thought i heard you
mumble/humming still it's as if The River drowned you
remember
when i moved you remember you had a future remember we
marched remember you couldn't keep poetry escaping
through each gesture

what ghost are you campesino what fever pitch the clutch of
you hollow

must i dream and or always see your face as handgun
your face behind ski masks

your face bordered by jungle and embroidered

esta usted en territorias zapatista en rebelia

press into it something that will burst you open

did you say this no this can't happen to me maybe in the dark
there in the coffin there in the jungle night under the arch of wood
under the canopy of trees can you become he who lives
your destiny in the jungle

there's no place for you in this

what makes me think
i can feel your last exhale on my skin

how / i split history
into / into you



manofistos / *your third kidney, grey*
#5

what was it you said to me indistinct flutter days away i still feel you my
fear is without your skin I begin to fail I could have recalled my blood / venom without
your skin gravity pulls on me directs me I slip away fade shedding skin shedding my
shadow shedding the recognizable parts of me *insurgent* days gone I still taste maize
[lips against] my mouth what I've been hiding my child shadow moves (in me) feels the
outside consumes red hot embers so scarred inside it doesn't even show

I remember the
night and

sometimes
i seek in you

your face i don't see as face but handgun as blades in rotation marcos / ramón as
accessory somewhere I thought I heard you mumble/humming still it's as if The River
drowned you

remember when i moved you remember you had a future remember we marched
remember you couldn't keep poetry escaping through each gesture

what ghost are you campesino what fever pitch the clutch of you hollow

must I dream and or always see your face as handgun your face behind ski mask

your face bordered by jungle
and embroidered

esta usted en territorias zapatista en rebeldia

press into it something that

will burst you open

did you say this no this can't happen to me maybe in the dark
there in the coffin there in the jungle night under the arch of wood

under the canopy of trees can you become he who lives your destiny in the
jungle

there's no place for you
in this

what makes me think
i can feel your last exhale on my skin

how can I split history in two / into you



what was it you said to me
distinct flutter days away i still feel
you my heart is without your skin i begin to feel
i could have recalled my blood / venous without
your skin gravity pulls on me directs me i slip away
like shedding skin shedding my shadow shedding the
integrable parts of me insurgent days gone i still feel
again (as again) my mouth what i've been hiding my child
stomach moves (in me) feels the outside consumes red hot
embers so scared inside it doesn't even show
remember the
right and
sometimes
i seek in you
i don't see as face but handgun as blades in rotation
i am as accessory somewhere i thought i heard you
remembering still it's as if The River drowned you
remember
we moved you remember you had a future remember we
shared remember you couldn't keep poetry escaping
keep each gesture
we find we you campesino what fever pitch the clutch of
your face
i dream and or always see your face as handgun
your face behind ski masks
your face bordered by jungle and embowered
we used en territorios zapatistas en rebeldia
we are it something that will burst you open
it's as this no this can't happen to me made in the dark
we're coffee there in the jungle right under the art of wood
in memory of trees can you become he who has
your destiny in the jungle
we're peace for you in this
and makes me think
i can feel your last exhale on my skin
half now i split history
in me i into you

LA VICTO



what was it you said to me
round fatter days away i still feel
my hair is without your skin i begin to feel
that too i want my blood / venom without
your skin pulls on me directs me i slip away
like avoiding skin shedding my shadow shedding the
irresponsible parts of me insurgent days gone i still taste
your /ix spind my mouth what i've been hiding my child
those moves in me feels the outside consumes red hot
embers so scarred inside it doesn't even show
remember the
right and
sometimes
i seek in you
you don't see as face but handgun as blades in rotation
as a cannon as accessory somewhere i thought i heard you
whispering still it's as if The River drowned you
remember
you remember you had a future remember we
remember remember you couldn't keep poetry escaping
through each gesture
the poet are you camouflaging what fever pitch the clutch of
an arrow
you stream and or always see your face as handgun
your face behind ski masks
your face bordered by jungle and embossed
with solid on territories a spallata on mobile
you say this no this can't happen to me made in the dark
he calls there in the jungle right under the arch of wood
the history of trees can you become he who lost
your destiny in the jungle
you save for you in this
the makes me think
can feel your last exhale on my skin
i split history
it was i into you



LA VICTOR