

HIKURI

(PEYOTE)

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## HIKURI [PEYOTE]

ISBN: 978-1-946031-70-9

Library of Congress Control Number: 2019956460

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HIKURI

(PEYOTE)



A todos aquellos que han  
gritado poemas premonitorios,  
y que por sus ideas o  
alucinaciones  
han sido condenados:  
paranoicos  
esquizofrénicos  
visionarios  
mal-pensantes  
rebeldes.

For all those who have  
shouted premonitory poems,  
and who have been  
condemned as:  
paranoid  
schizophrenics  
visionaries  
despised  
rebels

Quéntase con verdad del peyote,  
del peyomate y del hololisque, que  
si se toma por la boca sacan tan  
deveras de juyzio al miserable que  
los toma, que entre otros terribles  
y espantosos phantasmas, se les  
presenta el demonio y aún les da  
noti- cias (según dizen) de cosas  
provenir...

Juan de Cárdenas,  
*Secretos maravillosos de las Indias*  
(1519)

It is said, truthfully, that when peyote, peyomate, and hololisque are ingested, they cause the wretch who eats them to lose his mind so thoroughly that, along with other terrible and frightening ghosts, the devil himself appears to them and (it is said) tells them of things to come...

Juan de Cárdenas,  
*Marvelous Secrets of the Indies*  
(1519)

EN ESTA PROPULSIÓN DE NERVIOS /

¿Qué ves,  
en el lugar que pisa tu cabeza?  
No más que calaveras en retoño

ENTRA EL CENTRO GRAVITACIONAL / ESTALLA

Para volver a la locura  
el alma grita / crótalo  
repiqueteando con cascos de caballo /  
corcel de un bandido que se roba el tiempo y  
combate cargado de anémonas y bombas  
POR UN VIAJE-----DESORBITACIÓN  
Las naves que exploran el espacio  
no vuelven;  
vuelan hasta perder el infinito...

Para perder, para ganar  
la Confusión  
que es el principio

Abro ventanas que limitan órbitas  
y busco la ciega luz que yo genero  
en este lugar deshabitado en que estoy  
de soledad dando de  
tumbos  
entre petardos a quinientas mil

a mil quinientas semanas por segundo / o en la  
negrísima luz resplandeciente / en el Océano Negro



IN THIS PROPULSION OF NERVES /

What do you see  
where your head treads?  
Nothing but skulls blooming

ENTER THE CENTER OF GRAVITY / DETONATE

To return to madness  
the soul howls / rattlesnake  
clacking with horse hooves /  
steed of a bandit that steals time and  
goes to battle with bombs and anemones  
FOR A TRIP———ESCAPE VELOCITY  
Ships that explore space  
don't return;  
they fly until infinity is lost...

To lose, to gain  
the Confusion  
that is the beginning

I open windows that delimit orbits  
and I search for the blind light I emit  
in this deserted place where I am  
rootless  
staggering around  
through firecracker staccato at five hundred thousand

to a thousand five hundred weeks per second / or in the  
ebony light blazing / in the Black Ocean

de mi pecho:  
donde una muchacha triangular y esférica  
me declama sus versos  
cantándole al crepúsculo de una ciudad distante y  
yo la escucho  
desde las nubes rojas que bajan de la carretera  
para clavarse en las montañas / y en este viaje  
cada neurona me platica un sueño

MEDITACIÓN DEL CRÁNEO ROTO / Sombra  
se agranda en la cabeza y  
perfora corazón / y gira  
entre relojes que adoquinan calles

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Corriendo por los cordones de la infancia  
una muchacha se quiso escapar  
de quienes la llevaron al manicomio de La Rumorosa /  
era en el barrio del Camposanto lleno de obreros,  
como mi padre / esa mujer será mi amante /  
disfrutaremos del amanecer en cada tarde

ii  
Jalando una fábrica pasa mi padre con  
una lentitud que enreda nudos en las piernas  
y renqueando, cayendo en hoyos cada rato,  
un periódico despintado de sudor entre las manos o  
una cajita negra de muerto para llevar sus alimentos /

ii

Mi madre es quien se levanta a despertar al mundo / con  
sus ruidos de trastos toca la batería para Charlie Parker /  
Desaparecen las alas de mi espalda que

of my chest:  
where a triangular and spherical girl  
recites her verses to me  
singing to the dusk of a distant city and  
I listen to her  
from the red clouds that exit the highway  
to devote themselves to the mountains / and in this trip  
each neuron tells me a dream

MEDITATION OF A BROKEN CRANIUM / Shadow expands  
in the head and  
ruptures heart / and revolves  
around sundial paved streets

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Bursting through the barricades of childhood  
a girl wanted to run away  
from those who took her to the madhouse at *La Rumorosa* /  
it was in barrio *Camposanto* populated by laborers  
like my father / that woman will be my lover /  
we will revel in the dawn of each afternoon

ii  
Yoked to a factory my father goes by  
with an agonizing slowness that congeals in his legs  
hobbling along, falling in holes every so often,  
a sweat smudged newspaper in his hands or  
a little night-black box to carry his lunch /

ii

It is my mother who gets up to wake the world /  
with her scrappy racket she plays the drums for Charlie  
Parker / The wings that lifted me above the landfills


me hacían volar sobre los basureros  
donde juego de día / y sólo miro la cara triste  
de mi padre, queriendo recordarse /  
Está oscuro / Esto sucede en el cuarto donde duermo,  
que es la casa de todos / mi madre  
mete unos panes en la cajita que se llevará su esposo /  
mañana le quitaré esa comida tosca, y en su lugar  
le pondré unas margaritas  
que me puedo robar del cementerio /

!!

EMPIEZA EL CREPÚSCULO EN LA MEDIA NOCHE

/ ¿Qué? /

SE ESTÁ RETORCIENDO EL HORIZONTE / ¡Qué! /

Esa sirena

que penetra espiral por mis oídos

!!!! quién !!!! trajo !!!! esos !!!! buitres !!!! uniformados

!! que pasan desfilando sobre el  
cuerpo / ¿oooooooooooo! /

trrrrrrr-rracatraco la metralla y

sale aire en vez de sangre

Ando en el mar que mis fantasmas

rocían

sobre la tierra / LA RUINA ES EL REPOSO /

ESTOY RASGANDO LAS ESFERAS

QUE CIRCUNDAN MI ESPACIO / Mi circunstancia

es Otra / Seré sí / Seré no /

He sido el mismo nunca y convulsiono

cargando pesados mazos

para romperme los candados / el único

infinito verdadero es el presente

where I play all day vanished  
off my back / and I only see the sad face  
of my father, wanting to be remembered /  
It is dark / This occurs in my bedroom  
which is everyone's room / my mother  
puts some bread in the little box her husband carries /  
tomorrow I'll get rid of that coarse food, and in its place  
I'll put some daisies  
that I steal from the cemetery /

!!

TWILIGHT DESCENDS AT MIDNIGHT

/ What? /

THE SKYLINE IS WRITHING / What! /

That piercing  
siren spiraling into my ears

!!!! who !!!! brought !!!! those !!!! uniformed !!!!  
vultures!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! that go marching over the  
body / 20000000000! /  
rat-a-tat-tat the machinegun and

air rushes out instead of blood

I walk through the sea that my ghosts  
sprayed  
across the land / RUIN IS REST /

I AM TEARING APART THE SPHERES  
THAT SURROUND MY SPACE / My circumstance  
is Other / I will be yes / I will be no /  
I have never been the same and I convulse  
hauling heavy hammers  
to shatter my locks / the only  
true infinity is the present

LOS OJOS EN PROYECCIÓN ILUMINADA  
reparten instrumentos musicales  
por los manicomios / VISIONES EN SONIDO

SERPENTINAS VOLANTES LOS CANARIOS, son  
rayos que rozan azul en amarillo / ¿qué  
es la Belleza? / esos pájaros  
entran al humo de la producción y sale  
un ENJAMBRE DE MOSCAS ZUMBADORAS que  
timbran las quebraduras en el alma

LAS MANDÍBULAS

endurecen

atornilladas en los huesos húmeros

SALIVA AMARGA

(si éste es el sueño de la Realidad; ¿qué  
caso tiene dormir? LOS OJOS CANSADOS VEN y  
hacen de día toda la noche

LOS OJOS AGOTADOS PENETRANTES

UN PENSAMIENTO SUPERSÓNICO

EN LA GUERRA DE NERVIOS, PERO QUE

NO SE REGISTRE EN LA COMPUTADORA

La vida es viaje y

sólo nos encontramos en trayectos

SÚBETE AL TREN DE LO DESCONOCIDO

PARA SACIAR LA VIDA y

visita la Luna

antes de que la traguen los coyotes

C A M I N A

y sólo confía en el movimiento

Cruza tus propios precipicios

sin dejar de conocer las celdas

donde agonizan los poetas

que han encontrado la distancia

en el centro de sus corazones:

EYES THAT PROJECT LIGHT  
distribute musical instruments  
in the madhouses / VISIONS IN SOUND

FLUTTERING STREAMERS THE CANARIES, they are  
lightning bolts that blur blue into yellow / what  
is Beauty? / those birds  
enter the smoke of the production and come out  
as a BUZZING SWARM OF FLIES that  
rings in the fissures of the soul  
JAWS  
stiffen  
clenched on humerus bones  
BITTER SALIVA  
(if this is the dream of Reality, what's  
the point in sleeping? TIRED EYES SEE and  
turn day into total night  
INTENSE EXHAUSTED EYES  
A SUPERSONIC THOUGHT  
IN THE WAR OF NERVES, BUT ONE THAT DOESN'T  
REGISTER ON COMPUTERS  
Life is a trip and / we only  
find ourselves en route

BOARD THE TRAIN OF THE UNKNOWN  
TO SATIATE LIFE and  
visit the Moon  
before the coyotes swallow it up  
W A L K  
and trust only the movement  
Traverse your own abysses  
without disowning the cells  
where death approaches poets  
who have found a distance  
in the center of their hearts:

EL MANICOMIO DE RODEZ  
está en tu casa y  
EL HOSPITAL DE SANTA ISABEL  
organiza redadas en los plenilunios

Paso por las calles como un Charlie Chaplin epiléptico...  
Cientos de policías sin uniforme  
haciendo registro de los ciudadanos,  
a gritos, a golpes: ¡AQUÍ ESTÁS TÚ!

¡----->ESCUCHA EL SILENCIO  
EN LA RUIDOSA NOCHE QUE SE CALLA!

*NEJE RAWÉWARI HÍKURI GO'ISHIMA /  
PIRI MU ORÁA EYENA ATZA*

Se ha roto la vieja talega de los pensamientos /  
*Rahualegareguru*: 100 arañas *chavochi*  
inyectan ponzoña en los ojos de Dios /  
*Neje ke Chavochi jú* /

Los extraños-conquistadores (*Chavochi*) dicen “tara-  
humara”, no saben decir rarámuri, los pies-corredores,  
gente que viene de donde *Rayena* (el Sol) es devorado  
por el mar todas las tardes / Los cantos *Wikaráriame* y  
*Nawajíríame* son para la felicidad donde se expresan  
espíritu y cuerpo / cantos y danzas en el *Tutuguri*  
y el *Tónari* / iluminaciones y respeto con el *Híkuri*;  
borrachera, bromas y carcajadas con el *Batari* /  
Asambleas de tribus para determinar la justicia social  
e individual / REUNIONES DE RE-CONOCIMIENTO /  
y los vecinos viven a tres, cinco, hasta diez kilómetros  
de distancia (las “ciudades” destruyen la autonomía de  
los individuos) / se puede vivir en cañadas, cumbres,  
mesetas, desfiladeros, playas de lagunas o ríos / cada



THE RODEZ ASYLUM  
is inside your house and  
SAINT ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL  
stages full moon raids

I cruise the streets like an epileptic Charlie cHaplin...  
Hundreds of plainclothes police  
frisking citizens  
screaming, punching: HERE YOU ARE!

¡—————> LISTEN TO THE SILENCE  
IN THE DEAFENING NIGHT'S HUSH!

*NEJE RAWÉWARI HÍKURI GO'ÍSHIMA /  
PIRI MU ORÁA EYENA ATZA*

The old sack of thoughts has torn open /  
*Rehuallegareguru*: 100 *chavochi* spiders  
inject venom into the eyes of God /  
*Neje ke chavochi jú /*

The alien-conquistadors (*chavochi*) say “tarahumara”,  
they don't know to say *rarámuri*, the- running-feet, people  
who come from where *Rayena* (the Sun) is devoured  
by the sea every evening / The songs *Wikaráriame* and  
*Nawajíriame* produce a happiness that reveals body  
and spirit / songs and dances in *Tutuguri* and *Tónari* /  
enlightenment and respect with *Híkuri*; drunkenness,  
jokes and laughter with *Batari* / Tribal assemblies to  
establish individual and social justice / RENDEZVOUS  
OF RE-COGNITION / and the neighbors live three, five  
even ten kilometers away (“cities” destroy individual  
autonomy) / it's possible to live in valleys, peaks,  
plateaus, canyons, on the coasts of lagoons or rivers /

quien duerme en el lugar más adecuado: árbol, cueva, cabaña semi-cueva, pasto (la LIBERTAD no es un concepto hueco relleno de mohó en la cabeza) / En las habitaciones: intimidad libertaria: —En las reuniones: comunión solidaria (todo esto es real y cotidiano) //// No se deben construir grandes edificios sólidos porque atan y separan, encubren a los sanguinarios ////

Todas las ciudades  
son una serie de círculos concéntricos  
que conducen a un corazón de acero  
sin palpitaciones /  
Esta es una verdad que repite el rito del *Híkuri*  
(biznaga poderosa del todo, del bien-mal)  
que enseña el *Sipiáame*, quien aparece en la vereda  
por la que voy buscando la salida de *Basiware* /  
En las aglomeraciones de gente y casas  
nadie conoce a nadie /  
Todos los aparatos electrónicos controlan la vida ajena /  
Han metido una célula fotoeléctrica en mi cabeza /  
*ówima néwaré* /  
la debo expulsar / *Ne Rayena ga'ra támera*  
*mapu tumuje rijimátima* /  
El anciano *Sipiáame*  
me enseña el silencio comunicable  
e invoca por mis antepasados *rarámuri* / Debo danzar  
en el tiempo de *Rayénari*,  
cuando sale *Rayena* pintando de luz el horizonte //

Atravesé la cámara oscura de la mente y vi:

----->Un gran llano cubierto de Conceptos inertes  
incitando la gula de los buitres.

----->La Razón por callejones sin salida  
repartiendo manuales  
a borrachos zarandeados de frío

each person sleeps where it suits them: tree, cave, cabin,  
grotto, grass (FREEDOM is not some empty concept  
moldering in your mind) / In bedrooms: anarchistic  
intimacy:—In rendezvous: collaborative solidarity  
(all of this is real and common) //// Don't build big  
solid buildings because they constrain and isolate, they  
conceal the bloodthirsty ////

All cities  
are a series of concentric circles  
conducive to a cold and pulseless  
heart of steel /  
This is a reality reiterated by the rite of *Híkuri*  
(powerful bisnaga of the all, of the good-evil)  
taught by the *Sipiáame*, who appears on the path  
down which I'm searching for a way out to *Basíware* /  
In the agglomerations of people and houses  
nobody knows anybody /  
Electronic devices monitor an alienated life /  
They've implanted a photoelectric cell in my head /  
*Ówima néwaré* /  
I have to get it out / *Ne Rayena ga'ra támera*  
*Mapu tumuje rijimátima* /  
The ancient *Sipiáame*  
teaches me communicable silence  
and calls upon my *rarámuri* ancestors / I need to dance  
to the beat of *Rayénari*,  
when *Rayena* rises and paints the horizon with light ////

I crossed through the camera obscura of my mind and I saw:

----->A great plain covered in motionless Concepts  
provoking the gluttony of vultures

----->Reason roaming dead-end streets  
handing out manuals  
to drunks quivering in the cold

- > Los Estados en un cuarto de tenebras jugando al pókar
- > La Estupidez en un trono de espuma consistente
- > La Ciencia con gafas negras sobre un LTD negro regalando autógrafos
- > La Justicia chalaneando en la subasta del año
- > La Conciencia petrificada frente a un televisor
- > El Trabajo graznando en las cabezas de todos

*Rayena norawa bukéréma /  
 Iwigátima Chavochi mukuwáame orama /  
 Híkuri ku'wima——Híkuri norawa / Arajuco——Arajuco*

Yo Yúmari solitario  
 dancé llamando la salida del Sol / *Neje awí, Neje awí* /  
 Rayena en mis ojos círculo blanco resplandeciente /  
 queda una marca vital en mis neuronas /

*Gíteso ne ku'wima / neje ówema jú /  
 Ne sébari rewérama / ESTARÉ LISTO PARA RENACER...*

## SALTO DE LÍMITE

Ya no hay más ciudad-luz  
 que aquélla por donde pasen  
 yin-yangs iluminando  
 con  
 poesía-danza-escultura-música-cine-pintura

- >States playing poker in a tenebrous room
- >Stupidity on a consistently frothy throne
- >Science wearing dark sunglasses leaning on a black  
LTD signing autographs
- >Justice haggling at the annual auction
- >Consciousness petrified in front of a television
- >Work squawking in everyone's head

*Rayena norawa bukéréma /  
 Iwigátima chavochi mukuwáame orama /  
 Híkuri ku'wima——Híkuri norawa / Arajuco——Arajuco*

*I Yúmari alone  
 I danced calling to the sunrise / Neje awí, Neje awí /  
 Rayena in my eyes a blazing white circle /  
 it leaves a vital mark on my neurons /*

*Gíteso ne ku'wima / Neje ówema jú /  
 Ne sébari rewérema / I WILL BE PREPARED FOR RE-BIRTH...*

## JUMP OVER THE EDGE

Now there's no more city-light  
 just that spark over there where  
 illuminated yin-yangs go by  
 with  
 poetry-dance-sculpture-music-film-painting

que descarna el alma  
fotografía que no detiene el tiempo

Si algo queda de Espíritu en Europa y USA  
se remuele entre dientes maniqueos  
plantas eléctricas lanzando  
millones de kilowatts a los cerebros  
y los tentáculos se extienden  
a las Ciudades-Capitales

YO VIVO DONDE MI CUERPO ESTÁ——  
Mi domicilio exacto son los sueños y  
camino en la dirección en que me inclino /  
EN CIUDADES OSCURAS  
las ventanas de casas  
son ojos  
abiertos de fantasmas dormidos  
y los murciélagos chirrian su desgano al Cielo

¿Has visto la luna resbalar  
en los labios de los desesperados?  
BALAZOENELOJO

## P R E C I P I T A C I Ó N

(no preguntes si empezamos de cero)  
DONDE TODO SE ACABA  
el Todo está naciendo

that scrape the soul bare  
photography that doesn't suspend time

If there's anything of the Spirit left in Europe and the USA  
it's ground to bits between Manichean teeth /  
    power plants transmitting  
    millions of kilowatts into brains  
and tentacles reaching out  
to the Capitals/Cities

I LIVE WHEREVER MY BODY IS——  
My front door opens into dreams and  
I walk in whichever direction I please /  
IN DARK CITIES  
the house windows  
are eyes  
alert to sleeping ghosts  
and the bats chirp their indifference to Heaven

Have you seen the Moon trickle  
over the lips of the desperate?  
BULLETHOLETHROUGHEYEBALL

F R E E   F A L L

(don't ask if we're starting from zero)  
WHERE EVERYTHING ENDS  
the Everything is born

Encuentro miles de espejos que se empañan y  
la imagen de éste que mira está quebrada

SERÉ LA LLAGA DEL MUNDO  
ángel negro de nuestra oscuridad  
serpiente emplumada  
abogado del diablo

desperté hablando: TODOS LOS POETAS SON EL MISMO

EN ESTE INFIERNO	(Vallejo)	corazón apaleado
in this hell	(Ginsberg)	santidad ulcerada
in der heisigen hölle	(Hölderlin)	visión escarnecida
dans cet enfer	(Rimbaud)	carne pudriente



I come across thousands of cloudy mirrors  
and the reflection peers back fractured

I WILL BE THE WORLD'S ABCCESS  
black angel of our darkness  
plumed serpent  
devil's advocate

I woke up uttering: ALL POETS ARE THE SAME

EN ESTE INFIERNO	(Vallejo)	thrashed heart
in this hell	(Ginsberg)	ulcerated saintliness
in der heisigen hölle	(Hölderlin)	scorned vision
dans cet enfer	(Rimbaud)	rotten flesh

que no se condene más a Pound con dedo roto,  
se equivocó en política igual que Mayakovski /  
asesinatos  
manipulados en la trastienda del Poder Político y  
los poetas incendiados  
porque se hiciera verdad LA VIDA NUEVA / ellos  
no fusilaron a ningún inocente  
ni dirigieron el pico de los zopilotes  
(nunca se hizo la UTOPIÍA verdadera,  
por la que se inmolaron al poema)  
y la culpa que les quedó ya está saldada

SALIERON DE LA OBJETIVIDAD  
dejando mensajes  
que serán descifrados por los seres libres:  
*se ha roto la barca del amor...*  
*he tratado de escribir el paraíso...*

no more wagging broken fingers at Pound,  
he was politically mistaken, just like Mayakovsky /  
assassinations  
manipulated in the backrooms of Political Power and  
the poets immolated  
because they actualized THE NEW LIFE / they  
never executed the innocent  
or oversaw the pecking beaks of buzzards  
(true UTOPIA was never achieved, which is  
why they sacrificed themselves to the poem)  
and now their enduring offenses are absolved

**THEY BROKE FREE FROM OBJECTIVITY**

leaving messages  
to be deciphered by free-spirits  
*love's ship has foundered...*  
*I have tried to write Paradise...*

¡AQUÍ!      debemos hacer el      ¡PARAÍSO!

En Supercarreteras alucinamos  
para poder seguir viviendo, Víctor,  
construimos la bomba anti-neutrones  
que deja la vida en pie  
derrumbando edificios asfixiantes /

otras máquinas trabajan por todos

para que el tiempo nos eleve  
del gozo  
al Arte  
al gozo / y  
el sentido HUMANO gobierna sin gobierno

/ EL MIEDO EN EL MUSEO DE LA PRE-HISTORIA /

/ EL MIEDO EN EL MUSEO DE LA PRE-HISTORIA /

LAS RUTAS QUE SEGUIMOS

ESPIRALES SIN FIN

HACIA EL AMOR TOTAL

HERE!      we should make      PARADISE!

On Superhighways we hallucinate  
in order to carry on living, Victor,  
lets build an anti-neutron bomb  
that leaves life standing  
demolishing suffocating buildings /

new machines working for everyone

so that time raises us  
from joy  
to Art  
to joy / and  
HUMANity governs without government

/ FEAR RELEGATED TO A FORGOTTEN RELIQUARY /

/ FEAR RELEGATED TO A FORGOTTEN RELIQUARY /

THE PATHS WE TAKE

ENDLESS SPIRALS

TOWARDS TOTAL LOVE

SOL ALUMBRA QUEMANTE / RENACE EL AMOR

y al atardecer, sin lluvia,  
un arco iris  
con mil tonos de verde  
que brillan  
parpadeando

En la Zona del Trópico de Cáncer

de noche entre la selva de pinos  
en tus ojos, Ruth, veo que orbitan  
diminutas estrellas  
y entramos en otro firmamento (Himmelszelt)

SCORCHING SUN SHINES FORTH / LOVE REBORN

and at dusk, without rain,  
a rainbow  
with a thousand shades of green  
that shimmer  
twinkling

In the Zone of the Tropic of Cancer

at night in the pine-tree wilderness  
of your eyes, Ruth, I see miniscule stars  
orbiting  
and we penetrate another firmament (Himmelszelt)

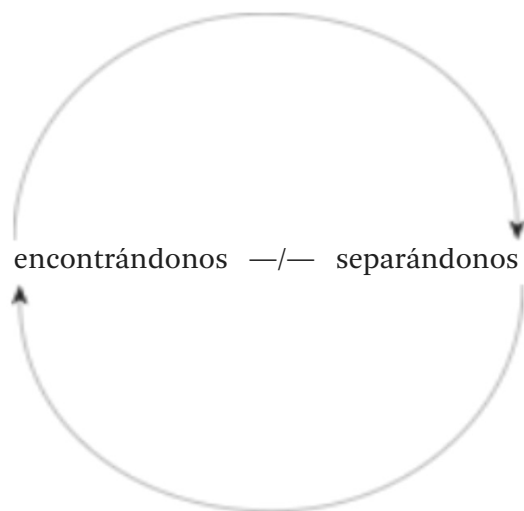
## ME CONVIERTO EN AGUA

mezclado con el agua /

mientras navegas  
al mar de tu memoria

para ver a una niña de paisaje *naïve* (...)  
también en mi cara hay rostros viejos

enamorados que se fugan / fugacidad que se enamora



## LUNÁTICOS LIBRES EN PLENILUNIO

dos gotas de rocío sobre una seta  
son las lunas  
de los espejos que guardamos



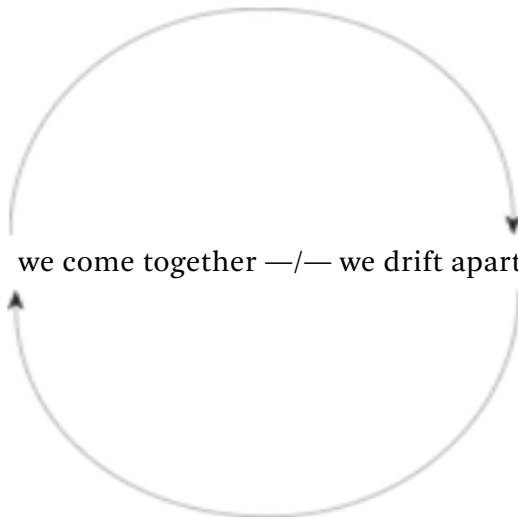
## I BECOME WATER

mixed with water /

while you sail  
the sea of your memory

to see a girl from a *naïve* landscape (...)  
there are ancient traces on my face too

lovers that flee / fleetingness in love



## LUNATICS LOOSE UNDER A FULL MOON

two dewdrops on a mushroom  
are the silver moons  
of the mirrors we maintain

TÚ FEMENINA-MASCULINA  
YO MASCULINO-FEMENINO

prendimos los horizontes

MUTUA E N V O L V E N C I A  
de viento abrazado con el viento,  
pero en titilación  
de nuestros tactos

D E L I R I O

caminatas por calles de la noche  
dejando un resplandor en las pisadas /  
llega el amanecer  
lloviendo besos /

subimos en autobuses sin horario  
SIERRA ZAPOTECA  
entre olores  
melón mango guayaba  
sudor y confusión de lenguas  
durmiendo  
hacia lugares donde escapa el tiempo /  
en precipicios  
sin números ni manecillas

YOU FEMININE-MASCULINE  
ME MASCULINE-FEMININE

we ignite the horizons

MUTUAL E N T W I N E M E N T  
of wind embracing wind,  
but in the trembling  
of our touches

D E L I R I U M

walks through nocturnal streets  
leaving luminous footprints /  
sunrise arrives  
raining kisses /

we board wayward buses  
SIERRA ZAPOTECA  
amid odors  
melon mango guava  
sweat and confusion of tongues  
sleeping  
towards places where time has broken loose /  
chasms  
without numbers or hands

Trópico de Cáncer

la alquimia en las pupilas  
transmutó  
los climas / y miraste en verano la ciudad nevada

A V E S  
que dejan señales en el aire

(nos despedimos con todo nuestro amor)

y ahora  
RELOJ o AVIÓN  
quedaron abolidos  
por la ternura que nos dimos  
(.....)

Tropic of Cancer

the alchemy in your pupils  
transmuted  
the elements / and you saw the summertime city covered in snow

B I R D S  
that leave traces in the air

(we say goodbye with all of our love)

and now  
CLOCK or AIRPLANE  
remained abolished  
by our tenderness  
(.....)

Cuando tocas el agua  
desde tus manos va creciendo el mar

SIN EMBARGO (HAY MUERTE)

la hora en punto está pirada

el unicornio traspasa una lanza azul  
y puede ver  
que el Sol pierde su brillo

/ de día / lloran golondrinas de acero  
con sus alas en nubes claveteadas

When you touch water  
the sea swells from your hands

NEVERTHELESS (DEATH EXISTS)

the time frame is fucked up

unicorn run through by a blue spear  
and it sees  
the Sun lose its shine

/ by day / steel swallows cry  
with their wings in studded clouds

/ de noche /  
quedó revoloteando en la pantalla la paloma de níquel

las ruinas de (esa) razón  
se esconden  
debajo de pelucas  
que piensan por sí solas

Mi mente dicta estruendos  
que atraviesan de rayo  
LA FERIA DE LA MERCANCÍA

Marcado por el tedio. Qué importa cuándo empiezan  
las cosas. Qué importa si van a terminar. En la mirada  
surgen sucesos que se esfuman.

Estoy en el territorio de los desquiciados. Barrio de  
ladrones, prostitutas, adictos. No es nada... Lejos, muy  
lejos de aquí ..... calles  
con robots que anhelan hallar sus alter egos en revistas,  
libros, películas... Y aquí... AQUÍ no es más que un  
último rincón del mundo.

¡BUSCO LOS LUGARES QUE NO EXISTEN!  
mi generación lo ha probado todo



/ by night /  
the nickel-plated dove still circling on the screen

the ruins of (that) reason  
are hidden  
beneath wigs  
that think for themselves

My mind commands thunderclaps  
that strike lightning through  
THE FLOW OF COMMODITIES

Stark tedium. What does it matter when things begin.  
What does it matter if they're going to end. Evanescent  
events emerge from the gaze.

I am in the territory of the deranged. District of thieves,  
prostitutes, addicts. It's nothing... Far, far away from  
here ..... streets with  
robots longing to find their alter egos in magazines,  
books, films... And here... HERE is but a distant corner  
of the world.

I SEARCH FOR PLACES THAT DON'T EXIST!  
my generation has tried everything

Araña Funcional teje su red  
nido de alimentar a conformistas /  
los nunca vencidos están FUERA  
de la realidad ————— de la vida  
o girando...  
de manicomio en cripta en manicomio

Bebo el licor más amargo. Tras el ventanal, grotesca,  
la anciana ebria manotea frente a unos monos.  
Ella les da la espalda sobándose una nalga.  
La escena sucede en el mismo lugar donde,  
ayer, el hombre esquizofrénico charlaba  
entusiasmado con la columna  
de cemento

cavando vacío en el vacío  
voy a la Zona de Desastre  
navegando en mi poema  
por las venas del mundo

vida de paria

poema de los piratas

para los gatos negros

para las tribus nómadas

para los genios utópicos

The Practical Spider weaves its web  
a nest that nurtures conformists /  
the unconquered are OUTSIDE  
of reality———of life  
or rotating...  
from madhouse to mausoleum to madhouse

I drink the bitterest liquor. Behind a large window, grotesque,  
the elderly alcoholic waggles herself in front of a few apes.  
She turns away from them, squeezing an asscheek.  
The scene transpires in the same place that,  
yesterday, the schizophrenic chatted  
enthusiastically with a column  
of cement

excavating vacuity from vacuity  
I'm going to the Disaster Zone  
sailing my poem  
through the veins of the world

pariah's life

pirate's poem

for the black cats

for the nomadic tribes

for the utopian geniuses

para los pulsos sin reloj (...)

Estoy con los seres muertos en las causas perdidas

////////////////////////////////////

VEO SUS ARAÑAZOS

de desesperación

marcados en la Nada /

y en el grabado

BÓVEDA CELESTE

se quedan transparentes

sus huellas persistiendo /

huelo esas ropas sucias

de sudor de polvo y sangre

como si apenas hoy se destrozaran

las amapolas de sus ojos /

son seres reales

s u r g i e n d o

de muchas destrucciones

que d e r r u m b a n

estatuas palacios catafalcos y

los patíbulos

que hacen los gobiernos

for the irregular heartbeats (...)

I stand with the dead in their lost causes / //////////////////////////////////////  
////////////////////////////////////

I SEE THE SCRATCHMARKS  
of their desperation  
etched into the Nothing /  
and in the engraved  
CELESTIAL SPHERE  
their persistent traces  
remain transparent /

I smell those clothes soiled  
with sweat with dust and blood  
as if just today the poppy pods  
of their eyes were ruined /

they are real beings  
r i s i n g u p  
out of immense destruction  
t o d e m o l i s h  
statues palaces catafalques and  
the gallows  
that governments erect

nothing else is perennial UTOPIA s e e p s i n —————>

Espíritu que se destruye en  
el objeto / la posesión es aire / abismo

La vida se hace trozos  
rompecabezas en el sueño

engaño en la finitud  
claustro de pensamientos

Tiento esa oscuridad. ¿Qué  
hago aquí?———¿Qué quiero?

Lo dejé todo. Atrás se quedan  
signos y cosas / ataduras

voy a la incertidumbre con certeza  
de terminar incierto / INCANDESCENTE

las ciudades me esperan con

Spirit destroyed in  
object / property is air / abyss

Life shatters to pieces  
puzzles in a dream

deception of finitude  
cloister of thoughts

I feel my way through that darkness. What  
am I doing here?———What do I want?

I abandoned everything. Signs and forms  
remain behind / restraints

I go into uncertainty certain  
of ending up uncertain / INCANDESCENT

cities lie in wait for me with

sus trampas  
He roto el odio, la venganza  
y medí los kilómetros del miedo

¿Qué hay más allá del centro?  
Me dejo conducir por mi ansiedad

Detrás de mí se van quedando  
velocidades de luces apagadas

En u n i v e r s o s interiores  
La Eternidad e s t a l l a

y el alma toca lumbre con sus  
llamas

no existen muros no hay abajo  
ni arriba

Infierno y Paraíso esta Conciencia  
Otra Razón que no es razón. Silencio

oscuridad clara / azul / claridad oscura  
abre la herida puñal invisible... / ...

¿Qué pesadumbre...? ¿Por qué? ... ESTOY  
///partículas del polvo son planetas



their traps  
I've worn out hatred, vengeance  
and traversed kilometers of fear

What is beyond the center?  
I let my anxiety lead me

The speed of lights extinguished  
fades into the distance behind me

In interior universes  
Eternity explodes

and my soul touches fire with its  
flames

walls do not exist there is no below  
no above

Hell and Heaven is Consciousness  
Another unreasonable Reason. Silence

clear darkness / blue / dark clarity  
open the invisible stab wound... / ...

What grief...? Why? ... I A M

Toco en puertas de sombra / .....  
..... Nada.

ni el sueño vidente de la vida queda / Q?

/// particles of dust are planets  
I knock on doors of shadow / .....  
..... Nothing.

not even the clairvoyant dream of life remains / Wh?

estamos jodidos  
todos ustedes

*Ta' Rafel Cabrera*

we are fucked  
all of you

*Ta' Rafael Cabrera*

—No hay otro espacio más grande ni más pequeño que éste en que ahora estamos, tú y yo. — Rodeados de neblina — Y la noche que se acerca no nos dejará ver ni las sombras. — Mar de San Francisco, el mismo en que Isadora Duncan tuvo las primeras visiones de su danza... — ¿Y a qué has venido? ¿Qué buscas? ¿Dónde naciste? — Nací en un país sin nombre de país. Yo soy Oso-Venado, está escrito en mis collares... *Sapiáame Mereílo Rawéwari* — Siento frío — Fuertes vientos soplan la brisa sobre nuestros cuerpos, no podemos ver el mar, pero lo oímos en todo su portento. Mi rostro se estremece como un hielo sensible...

Caminemos abrazados, quiero sentir tus senos en mi pecho, tu calor, tu palpitar y el mío... la suavidad de tus labios en mis labios...

ciudad

mukuwáame

orama

por el filo de las banquetas voy contigo bailando  
Te nombro con amor / no necesito llamarte /  
tu nombre está marcado en la Stella Matutina

———There is no space bigger or smaller than this one we are now in, you and I. ——— Surrounded by fog———Even our shadows will be obscured by the approaching night. ———San Francisco Bay, the same in which Isadora Duncan had the first visions of her dance ... ———What have you come to? What are you looking for? Where were you born? —— —I was born in a country without a name. I am Bear-Deer, it's written on my necklaces ... *Sipiáame Mereílo Rawéwari*———I feel cold———Strong winds blow breeze over our bodies, we can't see the sea, but we hear it in all its wonder. My face shivers like sentient ice ...

We could roam in each other's arms, I want to feel your breasts on my chest, your heat, your heartbeat and mine ... The softness of your lips on my lips ...

city            mukuwáame            orama

dancing down the edges of the pavement with you  
I name you with love / I don't need to call you anything  
/ Your name is inscribed in the Stella Matutina

Besides, I know the True Name

(no se escribe)

corazón eterno etéreo

corazón

Lo sabemos

la VIDA abunda huele ——— nuestro planeta  
es grano  
del inmenso infinito Mar del Universo /  
pueden caer todas las bombas  
y seguiré de espalda con la muerte /  
LOS ASESINOS PAGARÁN ——— COMO SIEMPRE

rápaco shi be'arí jipe jú

¡ V Á M O N O S !  
aunque lleguemos a otra oscuridad  
que es esta misma



(it is not written)

eternal    ethereal    heart

heart

We know

abundant LIFE stinks ———our planet  
is a speck  
in the infinitely immense Sea of the Universe /  
every bomb can fall  
and I'll still turn my back on death /  
THE MURDERERS WILL PAY———AS ALWAYS

rápaco shi be'arí jipe jú

¡ L E T S   G O !  
even if we end up in more  
of this same darkness

los triángulos <sup>o</sup>s n <sup>i</sup>s n <sup>i</sup>f n

e e a  
p r p t u l triangles

por círculos de vida

voy y vengo / soy

centro, circunferencia,

área de afuera adentro /

la línea que se curva

cerrándose y abriendo

I come and go

around circles of life / I am

center, circumference,

outside area inside /

the line that forms an arc

closing itself and opening

ojos atónitos pendejos  
de contemplar  
signos escritos

sobre la cáscara terrestre

metido en un avión  
que sigue la línea curvada por el tiempo

Veo  
escrituras hechas y deshechas  
por los seres VIVOS / EROSIONES  
de viento que ruge y acaricia /  
de agua que brama /  
de animales que pasan  
triturando la yerba el polvo las semillas / y  
objetos  
de penumbras pesadas

dumb-ass eyes astonished  
staring at  
signs written

on the terrestrial crust

inside an airplane  
that follows time's curved line

I see  
writing scrawled and scratched out  
by LIVING beings / EROSION  
from the caress of raging wind /  
from howling water /  
from animals that move through  
trampling grass dust seeds / and  
objects  
of impenetrable shadows

cuadritos áridos en las ciudades / y  
el mar tiene texturas  
que por fracciones de segundo eternamente cambian /  
lagos

espejos de la luz del Sol  
por un instante /  
pliegues de cordilleras  
que expresan los cambios  
prolongados y lentos /

signos  
con los que nadie se propuso decir nada

poemas iluminados  
que se entregan al viento  
viven ———vienen ——— vivirán  
en lo que acaba sin retorno



barren blocks in cities / and  
the ocean has textures  
that for fractions of a second change forever /  
lakes

mirrors of the Sun's light  
for an instant /  
rumpled of mountain ranges  
that reveal slow and prolonged  
changes /

signs  
with which nobody intended to say anything

visionary poems  
that surrender themselves to the wind  
extant———emerging———they will exist  
in what irrevocably ends





Soy el fantasma que aparece y desaparece en las ciudades

————— ayer y mañana es HOY —————

a donde viaja la mente jala al cuerpo

He dicho mis visiones———y sigo el  
trayecto que no acaba en  
cada momento noche  
y día ————— la maravilla de ocupar  
un espacio que todo lo cambia

EXISTE siempre /  
Soy nada y soy / me moriré de Vida,  
ácido que rocía en el polvo / nube /  
crepúsculo extasiado siendo efímero / nada / nada /  
nada /

I am the ghost that appears and disappears in cities

——yesterday and tomorrow is TODAY——

where the mind travels the body is dragged

I have spoken my visions——and I continue the  
journey unending in  
each moment night  
and day——the wonder of occupying  
a space where everything changes

IT EXISTS always /  
I am nothing and I am / I will die of Life,  
acid splattered in the dust / cloud /  
enraptured twilight ephemeral being / nothing / nothing /  
nothing /

*neje rawéwari Híkuri go'ishima / piri mu oráa eyena atza*

*neje rawéwari Híkuri go'ishima / piri mu oráa eyena atza*

*neje rawéwari Híkuri go'ishima / piri mu oráa eyena atza*



*neje rawéwari Híkuri go'ishima / piri mu oráa eyena atza*

*neje rawéwari Híkuri go'ishima / piri mu oráa eyena atza*

*neje rawéwari Híkuri go'ishima / piri mu oráa eyena atza*

me extendo en el reposo móvil

.....

y alcanzo a vivir más de lo que alcanzo

.....

por/en densidades de nervios

ENTIDAD DE LA MENTE

I occupy an itinerant resting

.....

and I manage to live longer than what can be managed

.....

.....

by/in densities of nerves  
ENTITY OF THE MIND

el gato negro, tendido,  
sueña con la humedad de San Francisco,  
es hembra y se llama Sinclair

rodeado de neblina  
el puente *Golden Gate*  
está flotando

flotando

the black cat, stretched flat,  
dreams with the dampness of San Francisco,  
she is female and her name is Sinclair

surrounded by fog  
the Golden Gate Bridge  
is floating

floating

## PASAN movimientos de aves planetarias



movements of planetary birds PASS BY

## LOS ARTISTAS SE MUEREN POR ADELANTADO

y muy borrachos, José Lobo,  
nos sigue la agonía de Pirosmay. Muy ebrios  
la ciudad se pierde / por tus cuatro pinturas:

Una:           “La desnudez de nuestra  
                  lucidez verdadera”  
                  (tinta negra sobre papel blanco)  
                  Desnudo femenino / angustia en la boca /  
                  Los ojos  
                  sin pupilas abarcan las mejillas /

Dos:           “El otoño y el río se unen  
                  en la victoria del polvo”  
                  Cuatro huevos quebrados. Una figura humana  
                  muestra pánico. Otras, remembranzas  
                  lejanas o alucinaciones / Los huevos se han  
                  roto, y adentro  
                  se ve una oscuridad profunda,  
                  inacabable / hay un vacío que se extiende  
                  detrás de las paredes.

Tres:          “Cansado de que pienses que  
                  todo puede ser explicado”  
                  (tintas: café, negro, rosa sangre / sobre papel blanco)  
                  La figura humana se forma al salir de una  
                  explosión, o se queda en ella para desaparecer /  
                  misterio y terrorismo / la explosión es ave grande  
                  / gorrión o alondra que abarca el cuerpo humano,  
                  sus alas son  
                  el estallido.

## ARTISTS DIE IN ADVANCE

and wasted drunk, José Lobo,  
we're accompanied by the agony of Pirosmani. Inebriated  
the city is lost / in your four paintings:

- One: “The nudity of our  
true lucidity”  
(black ink on white paper)  
Female nude / grimace of distress /  
Sightless  
gaze beholds the face /
- Two: “Autumn and river come together  
in the triumph of dust”  
Four cracked eggs. A human figure  
exhibits panic. Others, remote  
recollections or hallucinations / The eggs  
have broken, and inside a profound  
darkness is visible,  
immeasurable / there is a void that extends  
behind the walls.
- Three: “Tired of you thinking that  
everything can be explained”  
(inks: brown, black, blood red / on white paper)  
The human figure forms emerging from an  
explosion, or it remains inside and  
disappears / mystery and terrorism / the  
explosion is a giant bird / sparrow or lark  
that contains the human body, its wings are  
the blast.

Cuatro: “Olvidamos el nombre  
del objeto preciso”  
(tintas luminosas: negro, amarillo, azul, rojo, café)  
Esta es el ave de la imaginación,  
si dices algo más, matas el cuadro...

y la ciudad se pierde, José Lobo, y la ciudad se pierde

Four:                    “We forgot the name  
                              of the exact object”  
                              (vivid inks: black yellow, blue, red, brown)  
                              This is the bird of the imagination,  
                              if you say more, you kill the painting...

and the city is lost, José Lobo, and the city is lost

cadáveres de insectos calcados en paredes

dead insects traced in walls

ya lo viste todo...?  
coágulo sanguíneo en  
un canal /  
ataque al corazón  
por las tijeras /

los niños  
sobre el Océano  
conde  
nan el bloqueo /  
las extrañas señales

los restos  
arden



have you already seen it all...?  
blood clot in a  
canal /  
heart attack  
by scissors /

the children  
on the Ocean  
con  
demn the blockade /  
the strange signals

the wreckage  
burns

el viejo pistolero  
se hizo  
las montañas  
de la Luna  
a tiros  
disfrazado de muertos en la mina  
para vivir sobre lomas de azufre

the old desperado  
made  
mountains  
on the Moon  
with gunfire  
disguised as dead in the mine  
so as to live on mounds of sulfur

se avecinan los tiempos  
de artistas contra el sonido  
casa de dolores  
fuego al dormitorio de sus hijos  
CARNE DE ACERO

the era of artists against  
the sound is approaching  
house of pain  
fire to their children's bedrooms  
STEEL FLESH

los ángeles lanzan  
un autobús de muertos  
sobre este poema

the angels hurl  
a busload of death  
over this poem

por barrios pobres  
LA MADRE BRUJA  
no sabe cuántos son sus hijos  
sólo cáscaras  
por una copa  
navegan rumbo a  
pleno centro  
de equinos salvajes...



throughout poor *barrios*  
THE WITCH MOTHER  
doesn't know how many children she has  
just husks  
in a goblet  
they fly towards  
the very heart  
of feral horses...

los vidrios

no tenemos

puertas cerradas

we windows

don't have

closed doors

reventar remoliendo nervadura

reventar remoliendo nervadura

reventar remoliendo nervadura

rupture pulverizing nervature

rupture pulverizing nervature

rupture pulverizing nervature

¿Qué ves  
en el lugar que pisa tu cabeza?...

What do you see  
where your head treads?...

EXISTENZ

DASEIN —— HOLZWEGE —— SEIEND —— HOLZWEGE

su excelencia  
su majestad  
su serenísima  
su santidad

reverendo Hölderlin  
no puedo ni debo dar respuesta

das Leben suchst du, das Leben suchst du, suchst...



EXISTENZ

DASEIN———HOLZWEGE———SEIEND———  
HOLZWEGE

his excellency  
his majesty  
his serene highness  
his holiness

revered Hölderlin  
I can't I shouldn't respond

das Leben suchst du, das Leben suchst du, suchst...

/ crótalo repiqueteando con cascos de caballo /  
corcel de un bandido que se roba el tiempo y  
combate cargado de anémonas y bombas  
POR UN VIAJE —— DESORBITACIÓN  
Las naves que exploran el espacio  
no vuelven;  
vuelan hasta perder el infinito...

/ rattlesnake clacking with horse hooves /  
steed of a bandit that steals time and  
enters battle with bombs and anemones  
FOR A TRIP———ESCAPE VELOCITY  
Ships that explore space  
don't return;  
they fly until infinity is lost...

H(AY) MUERTE!

DEATH EX(IS)TS!

rota la vieja talega de los pensamientos

roto el mar,

el firmamento /

Que se caiga el Sol

y Dios con él ///

HÍKURI

antorcha que no quema  
corazón vegetal Sipiáame  
el mundo palpita en estertores

the old sack of thoughts is torn open

the sea is shattered,

the firmament /

Let the Sun crash down

and God with it ///

HÍKURI

torch that doesn't burn  
vegetal heart Sipiáame  
the world throbs in its death rattle

HÍKURI fuente

adentro de mí mismo /  
no me sacia — volar,  
danzar sobre desechos, /

Tónari — Tutuguri /  
y el tiempo...

KUIRA  
KÓRIMA ——— KÓRIMA  
KURASI  
KURASI  
HÍKURI

la otra mitad que soy no existe

HÍKURI

intocable (cavernas espíritu cadáver)

pantera pequeña: gato



HÍKURI spring

inside of myself /  
doesn't satisfy me———to fly,  
to dance on the debris,

Tónari———Tutuguri /  
and time...

KUIRA  
KÓRIMA——— KÓRIMA  
KURASI  
KURASI  
HÍKURI

the other half that is me doesn't exist

HÍKURI

untouchable (caverns spirit corpse)

petite panther: cat

¿pero qué hacen las suaves garzas blancas  
entre el ganado?

oscuridad cruzada por luciérnagas  
oh  
lluvia de estrellas  
que alcanzo con mi tacto / al interior del alma /  
resplandor  
en grietas / ¡y tan lejano! /

¿pero qué hacen las suaves garzas blancas  
entre el estiércol?

## MEDITACIÓN DEL CRÁNEO ROTO

HÍKURI

but what are the delicate white egrets doing  
among the cattle?

darkness traversed by fireflies  
oh  
shower of stars  
that I can reach out and touch / inside my soul /  
sparkle  
in crevices / yet so far away! /

but what are the delicate white egrets doing  
among the manure?

MEDITATION OF A BROKEN CRANIUM

HÍKURI

KÓRIMA

/ NO CHAVOCHI /

iwigátima chavochi mukuwáame orama

ni objetos ni conceptos

HÍKURI ————— KÓRIMA

secretos por los que soy humano / y seguiré /

la trayectoria del Sol que a diario es otro

/ soy nómada /

no construyo polvo asfixiante

pirámides o rascacielos

MEDITACIÓN DEL CRÁNEO ROTO

lo que escribo en el aire

vale más / por eso escribo aquí /

y aún me deshago de esta poética

en trizas de holocausto

que a nadie pertenece /

yo me daré un premio literario

por lo que nunca escribo ¡palabras!

¡cinismo carcajeante!

KÓRIMA

/ NO CHAVOCHI /

iwigátima chavochi mukuwáame orama

neither objects nor concepts

HÍKURI———KÓRIMA

secrets that make me human / and I'll follow /

the trajectory of the Sun that becomes other every day

/ I am nomadic /

I don't build asphyxiating dust

pyramids or skyscrapers

#### MEDITATION OF A BROKEN CRANIUM

what I write in the air

is worth more / that's why I write here /

and even as I cast off this poetics

in fragments of holocaust

that belong to no one /

I'll award myself a literary prize

for what I never write, words!

ridiculous cynicism!

las ciencias tienen razón  
¿de qué me sirve? —————

la otra mitad que soy no existe

la otra mitad que existe no soy

me largo en el próximo tren desconocido  
¿y... de nuevo?

the sciences are rational  
what good does that do me?———

the other half that is me doesn't exist

the other half that exists isn't me

I'm leaving on the next train to the unknown  
and ... again?

el Nombre Verdadero no se escribe



the True Name is not written

*neje rawéwari Híkuri go'ishima / piri mu oráa eyena atza*

*neje rawéwari Hikuri go'ishima / piri mu oráa eyena atza*

# UNA LLAMADA DESDE AL COLECTIVO INCONSCIENTE

## Una conversación con José Vicente Anaya

*“Hola! ¡Le agradezco esta conversación sobre su proceso! ¿Puede presentarse, como gusta iniciar?”*

Soy José Vicente Anaya Leal. Nací en una pequeña pero antigua población de Chihuahua, México, llamada Villa Coronado (antes se llamó Río Florido, como es el río que cruza todo el pueblo, y que fertiliza esa zona desértica, convirtiendo a la región en un paraíso agrícola. Mi nacimiento fue el 22 de enero de 1947, el día más frío de ese invierno cuando la nieve se estaba convirtiendo en hielo. Soy el más chico de mis hermanas y hermano. Cuando tenía tres años de edad emigramos a la frontera norte, a Ciudad Juárez, y después a Tijuana, Baja California; por lo que mi infancia transcurrió en una vida fronteriza, bilingüe y bicultural.

*¿Por que es poeta?*

Estoy seguro de que nací poeta porque mi padre y mi abuelo paterno tuvieron una gran imaginación y nos contaban cuentos, tanto los clásicos, como los que ellos inventaban. De tal modo que ellos contribuyeron a abrirme el camino de la imaginación. Además, padre y abuelo tenían muchos libros, de tal modo que yo y mis hermanas y hermano desde la infancia leíamos muchos libros. A partir de mis diez años de edad leí a casi todos los poetas románticos y modernistas del idioma español (que estaban en el librero de la casa); y por esto me sensibilicé y escribí poemas con rima. De ahí en adelante desde la escuela secundaria, yo seguí comprando libros y leyendo poetas.

*¿Cuándo decidió que era poeta? (y/o: ¿Se siente cómodo llamándose un poeta? ¿Hay otros títulos o afiliaciones que prefiera?*

Recuerdo claramente el día que escribí mi primer poema a los diez años de edad. Fue un poema de amor dedicado a una bella niña que me encantaba. Pero mi primera reacción fue de sorpresa y duda (me sorprendí a mí mismo) sin entender cómo de mí había surgido ese texto. Primero no creí que era yo el que lo había escrito, pensé que

## A CALL TO THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS

### A Conversation with José Vicente Anaya

*Greetings! Thank you for talking to us about your process today! Can you introduce yourself, in a way that you would choose?*

My name is José Vicente Anaya Leal. I was born in a small, old town in Chihuahua, México, called Villa Coronado (earlier it was called Río Florido, the same as the river that runs across the town and which fertilizes that desert area, transforming the region into an agricultural paradise). I was born on January 22, 1947, the coldest day of that winter, when the snow turned into ice. I'm the youngest of my brothers and sisters. When I was three years old, we emigrated to the northern borderlands—to Ciudad Juárez and then later to Tijuana, Baja California; consequently, I was a border child: bilingual and bicultural.

*Why are you a poet/writer/artist?*

I am sure that I was born a poet, because my father and my paternal grandfather had great imaginations and they told us stories—classics as well as stories that they invented. In this way, they helped open the path to the imagination for me. My father and grandfather also had a lot of books, so me and my sisters and brother read a lot throughout our childhoods. Beginning when I was ten years old, I read almost all of the romantic poets and modernists in the Spanish language (at least those on the bookshelf at the house); that is where my poetic sensibility came from and I began writing poems that rhymed. From junior-high on, I continued buying books and reading poets.

*When did you decide you were a poet/writer/artist (and/or: do you feel comfortable calling yourself a poet/writer/artist, what other titles or affiliations do you prefer/feel are more accurate)?*

I remember clearly the day that I wrote my first poem. I was ten years old. It was a love poem dedicated to a beautiful girl that I was enamored with. But my first reaction was surprise and doubt (I surprised myself), I didn't understand how that text had emerged from me. At first I didn't believe that I was the one who wrote it,

tal vez era uno de los poemas que había leído en los libros de la casa que me lo había aprendido inconscientemente, y decidí re-leer todos los libros de poesía para encontrarlo, fue en vano, en ningún libro estaba. Entonces acepté que yo fui el autor de ese poema, e implícitamente me acepté como poeta. Hasta hoy día esa es la forma en que he escrito toda mi poesía.

*¿Qué es un poeta, de todos modos? ¿Cómo percibe su papel cultural o social (en la comunidad literaria/artística/creativa, y más allá)?*

Estoy convencido de que como poeta soy un médium de la sabiduría universal, como si alguien (¿Dios? ¿El Inconsciente Universal?) me pidiera que a través de los poemas informe de las visiones que se me presentan.

*Cuéntenos sobre el proceso o instinto de mover estos poemas (o en general, de su obra) desde entidades independientes hasta un corpus de obra más grande, ¿Cómo y por qué sucedió su libro? ¿Qué le animó a completarlo? ¿Tuvo problemas?”*

Como antes dije, mi poemario “Híkuri” surgió de manera espontánea. En ese tiempo yo estaba viviendo en la Sierra Tarahumara (Rarámuri) de Chihuahua porque al ver una foto de mi abuelo materno, Jesús Leal, noté en su rostro rasgos de rarámuri. Entonces decidí ir a vivir en el territorio de mis antepasados, mis ancestros, y así empaparme de todo lo que ha sido esa cultura (danzas, peyote, idioma, cantos, leyendas, historias, vida cotidiana). Viví muchos meses ahí. Luego hice amistad con el shaman Osé Mereílo, quien me inició en el ritual de comer peyote. Después, en un instante, se me presentó todo el poema “Híkuri” que fui escribiendo poco a poco, tardé más de un año en terminarlo.

*¿Qué estructuras formales u otras prácticas restrictivas (si las hay) utilizó en la creación de su obra? ¿Hay algunos maestros o ambientes de aprendizaje, o textos u obras de arte de otros autores que hayan influido en la manera en que trabaja/escribe?*

La estructura, el lenguaje, la formación de palabras y los sucesos se fueron formando por sí solos. No fue un trabajo racional, pre-pensado. Le permití a mi pensamiento que fluyera sin control.

I thought maybe it was one of the poems that I had read in the books around my house and that I had learned it unconsciously. So I decided to reread all of the poetry books to find it, but it wasn't in any of them. So then I accepted that I was the author of that poem, and I implicitly accepted that I was a poet. To this very day, that is how I've written all of my poetry.

*What's a "poet" (or "writer" or "artist") anyway? What do you see as your cultural and social role (in the literary / artistic / creative community and beyond)?*

I am convinced that, as a poet, I am a medium of universal wisdom, as if somebody (God? The Universal Unconscious?) asked me to report the visions they present to me via the poems.

*Talk about the process or instinct to move these poems (or your work in general) as independent entities into a body of work. How and why did this happen? Have you had this intention for a while? What encouraged and/or confounded this (or a book, in general) coming together? Was it a struggle?*

As I said before, my book *Híkuri* emerged spontaneously. At the time, I was living in the Sierra Tarahumara (Rarámuri) of Chihuahua. I had seen a photo of my maternal grandfather, Jesús Leal, and was struck by his Rarámuri features. I decided to go live in the territory of my antecedents, my ancestors, and learn everything about what the culture had been (dances, peyote, language, songs, legends, history, daily life). I lived there for many months. Later I befriended the shaman Osé Mereílo, who initiated me into the rites of eating peyote. Afterwards, in an instant, the poem *Híkuri*—which I had been writing little by little—presented itself to me in its entirety, but it took me over a year to finish writing it.

*What formal structures or other constrictive practices (if any) do you use in the creation of your work? Have certain teachers or instructive environments, or readings/writings/work of other creative people informed the way you work/write?*

The structure, the language, the formation of words and the series of events were formed by themselves. It wasn't a rational work, thought out ahead of time. I let my thoughts flow out of control.

*¿Qué significa el título? ¿Cómo surgió? Cuéntenos sobre cómo tituló su libro, y si específicamente el proceso de nombrar (poemas, libros, secciones etc.) influye y/o matiza su obra.*

En lengua rarámuri o tarahumara “híkuri” quiere decir peyote (también en lengua huichol). Y la palabra por sí sola expresa todo lo que se sabe o se ha dicho sobre esta biznaga poderosa, alucinógena.

*¿Qué represente esta obra particular para usted, como indicativo de su método / práctica creativa? De su historia? De su objetivo / sus esperanzas / intenciones / proyectos?*

Para mi es un poema del que no hay antecedentes en la literatura, y desde este punto de vista es todo novedoso. Además, es una especie de llamado al inconsciente colectivo.

*¿Qué hace este libro?*

Trae un nuevo lenguaje que debemos atender.

*¿Cuál será el resultado ideal para este libro? ¿Cómo podría incidir en el mundo, y cómo su presencia como objeto tangible posibilitará su rol creativo en la comunidad y más allá? ¿Qué espera para este libro y para su práctica creativa?*

Este poemario (desde su primera edición) a tomado un camino propio, a manera de ser una entidad que toma sus propias decisiones. Y seguirá los caminos que lo habrán de conducir a sus destinos.

*Hablemos un poco sobre el rol de poesía y comunidad creativa en el activismo (social y político). ¿Cómo interactúa su práctica/obra/proceso con las condiciones del “Capitalceno” (o las condiciones del mundo actual/capitalismo/cambio climático/ etc.)?*

Mi poesía es una entidad sumergida en este nuestro tiempo, igual que estamos los seres humano.



*Speaking of monikers, what does your title represent? How was it generated? Talk about the way you titled the book, and how your process of naming (individual pieces, sections, etc) influences you and/or colors your work specifically.*

In the Rarámuri or Tarahumara language, “híkuri” means peyote (in the Huichol language as well). The word by itself expresses all that is known or can be said about that powerful, hallucinogenic biznaga [cactus].

*What does this particular work represent to you as indicative of your method/creative practice, your history, your mission/intentions/hopes/plans?*

For me, it is a poem that has no literary precedent, and from this point of view it's entirely novel. Furthermore, it's a sort of call to the collective unconscious.

*What does this book DO (as much as what it says or contains)?*

It bears a new language that we should attend to.

*What would be the best possible outcome for this book? What might it do in the world, and how will its presence as an object facilitate your creative role in your community and beyond? What are your hopes for this book, and for your practice?*

This book (since its first edition) has taken its own path, as if it were an entity that made its own decisions. It will follow wherever its destiny leads it.

*Let's talk a little bit about the role of poetics and creative community in social and political activism, so present in our daily lives as we face the often sobering, sometimes dangerous realities of the Capitalocene. How does your process, practice, or work otherwise interface with these conditions?*

My poetry is an entity immersed in these, our times, just as we human beings are.

## HÍKURI (PEYOTE) TRANSLATOR'S AFTERWORD

JOSHUA POLLOCK

José Vicente Anaya's poem *Híkuri (Peyote)* was born of a sort of nomadism and has gone on to take a nomadic path itself. Anaya finished writing it in 1978, and it was awarded the Plural prize in poetry two years later, in 1980, but it didn't find a publisher or exist in book-form until 1987. Since this first edition, published by Universidad Autónoma de Puebla, it has seen five subsequent Spanish-language editions (one of which was published in Costa Rica), and has been translated into French (by Florence Malfatto). Despite its status as a landmark of countercultural Mexican literature, *Híkuri* was largely ignored by critics and cultural commentators until 2016, when a volume of critical essays about it was published—*Caminatas Nocturnas: Híkuri Ante la Crítica* (ed. José Reyes). *Híkuri*'s energy continued to move through Anaya's creative work as well, expanding into a trilogy that includes the books *Peregrino* (2002) and *Paria* (2011).

As the nine-year gap between writing and publishing *Híkuri* might suggest, Anaya was working in the margins of the Mexican literary scene in the '70s and '80s, and writing poetry that actively rejected the trends of a bourgeois literary status quo which he saw as "complicit pseudo-art."<sup>1</sup> In the mid-'70s, Anaya (along with Roberto Bolaño, Mario Santiago Papasquiaro and many others) was a member of the Infrarealists—a post-avant-garde poetic movement that emerged after the student movement of 1968 seeking to fuse art with life, and which positioned itself against a literary establishment seen as complicit with the governing political party, PRI. In 1977, when Infrarealism dissolved as a coherent milieu and the central members scattered the planet, Anaya left to travel around Mexico for a number of years, winding up in the Sierra Tarahumara, from whence emerged *Híkuri*.

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1 Anaya, José Vicente. "A Vital and Unlimited Art." *Chicago Review* 60:03 (2020).

*Híkuri*—the title of which is the name for *lophophora williamsii*, or the peyote cactus in the Rarámuri (also known as Tarahumara) and Huichol languages—retains many elements from Anaya’s Infrarealist writings while also metamorphosing into a complex and multi-genre engagement with the ethnopoetics of Rarámuri cosmovision, ecopoetics, a psychedelic trip report, sociopolitical critique, lyrical verse, &c. In “A Vital and Unlimited Art,” Anaya’s Infrarealist manifesto from 1975, he writes:

THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS IS HERE AND NOW  
in every individual that carries out a humane praxis  
recognizing subject/object, masculine/feminine, negative/  
positive, good/bad; a praxis of love and struggle, where  
self-actualization means creation and destruction within  
a vital essence...<sup>2</sup>

In *Híkuri*, This proposition is carried out by the lyric “I,” which, through the experience of a peyote ritual, has its cranium broken and crosses through the camera obscura of its mind. The “I” fractures (“I come across thousands of cloudy mirrors / and the reflection peers back fractured”) and its poetic voice merges with a multitude of other poetic voices (“I woke up uttering: ALL POETS ARE THE SAME” — Vallejo, Ginsberg, Hölderlin, Rimbaud), and eventually the physical world (“I become water // mixed with water”). The lyric “I” in *Híkuri* embodies the abovementioned “individual” carrying out the praxis of incorporating a varied spectrum of manifestations of being: “YOU FEMININE-MASCULINE / ME MASCULINE-FEMININE // we ignite the horizons // MUTUAL ENTWINEMENT / of wind embracing wind / but in the trembling / of our touches.” Anaya writes the merging of individual and collective, placing emphasis on individual liberty, but never neglecting “collaborative solidarity” in his utopian vision of alternate social formations. Echoing Rimbaud, the “I” of *Híkuri* is an other, “I am nothing / and I am,” “I’ll follow / the trajectory of the sun that becomes other every day.”

The dispersal of the self in *Híkuri* also manifests as an acknowledgement of Anaya’s cultural and poetic antecedents. The individual is part of a lineage, and Rarámuri culture is threaded through the poem in a number of ways. Most obviously there are the

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2 Ibid.

shamanic chants in Rarámuri language, but there are also sections that describe the anarchistic social organization of Rarámuri culture (“tribal assemblies to establish individual and social justice”), and a recurrent suggestion that the modern settler-colonial destruction of indigenous ways of life is a brief dark-age which will end and be followed by a reestablishment of indigenous culture (“RUIN IS REST” or “they are real beings / rising up / out of immense destruction / to demolish / statues palaces catafalques and / the gallows / that governments erect”). The idea of a revitalization of different ways of living against atrocity and hostile civilization is also an example of the poem’s transtemporality. The poem unfolds in and against time, it declares “yesterday and tomorrow is TODAY;” it converses with dead ancestors, places poets from different eras in conversation with one another, rages against photoelectric cells during an ancient ritual, and abolishes clocks and airplanes.

The poetics of *Híkuri* brings in the voices of, and acknowledges its debt to, a myriad of poets—among them Pound, Mayakovsky, Vallejo, Ginsberg, Hölderlin, Rimbaud (“my circumstance / is Other / I will be yes / I will be no”). Of course, maybe the most intense engagement is with Antonin Artaud. “The Rodez Asylum / is in your house...” It is almost impossible to read *Híkuri* and not think about Artaud’s writings, notably his “A Journey to the Land of the Tarahumaras,” which recalls his deliriously dopesick voyage through the Sierra Tarahumara and ultimate disappointment in the results of the peyote ritual. He went seeking magic and transcendence and ended up a cranky tourist/colonizer. (The experience stuck with Artaud, though, and the Rarámuri dance Tutuguri even appears in his final work, “To Have Done with the Judgment of God.”) Anaya’s poem is in conversation with Artaud, and ultimately, in my reading, reclaims the voyage to the land of the Tarahumaras from him.

I came to *Híkuri* for the first time because I was interested in the Infrarealists (and psychedelics), and it called out to me. I was enamored with the poem by the time I got to the “ALL POETS ARE THE SAME” section, and after reading it a few times I started translating an excerpt. I can’t say whether it was due to my headspace at the time or if I just clicked with the poem, but I couldn’t stop. It overrode everything else I was working on until I finished a draft of the whole poem. I contacted Vicente Anaya to talk to him about the translation, and after a brief correspondence he was on board

to try to publish it. Since this time, we've become friends and have hung out in Mexico City, and he has generously commented on my translation and sent me much of his work.

In my translation, I sought to recreate the feeling and intention of Anaya's poem in Spanish. For the most part I stayed close to the source text, but there were times when I diverged slightly to maintain elements of sound or to more closely approximate what I felt was the multisensory experience of the original over the exact wording. For example, translating *Desorbitación* as "Escape Velocity" rather than the more literal "Deorbiting" conveys both the condition of breaking out of orbit and other ancillary meanings of *desorbitar(se)*, like "to get out of hand," "to exaggerate." I did struggle with the phrase *la vida es viaje*, which I translated directly as "life is a trip." The literal translation does the same work as the Spanish in that it conveys both a physical journey and a psychedelic drug experience, but in English the phrase feels much more familiar than it does in Spanish. In the end I decided that maintaining the double meaning was worth it.

Even though I had no intention of translating the Rarámuri text—I don't speak the language, it is not translated in the Spanish original, and Anaya confirmed to me that it isn't translatable in any way that could produce familiar sense—I did seek out the two Rarámuri/Tarahumara-English dictionaries that I could find, which were not of much use as they were compiled by missionaries who had no interest in the rites of peyote. Regardless, learning a bit about Rarámuri culture was a rewarding aspect of working on this translation. The chants infuse the text with music and mystery, and it is magical to hear Anaya sing the Rarámuri parts when he reads the poem (it is well worth one's time to watch video of this online).

After I finished translating *Híkuri*, Chicago Review began the important work of publishing a trove of Infrarealist work and has also become the forum for an ongoing discussion about the legacy of Infrarealism, canon formation, and the mobilization of a collective history for personal gain. The manifesto that I quoted in this note can be found in issue 63:03. I thank them for their support. I would like to thank Elæ / Lynne DeSilva-Johnson and The Operating System for publishing this translation of *Híkuri* and for all of their help getting the materials together. I would also like to thank *Asymptote* for publishing an excerpt of this work in 2018. Lastly, gratitude to Uráyoan Noel whose insights on the text were invaluable.

Unfortunately, José Vicente Anaya passed away in the early hours of August 1<sup>st</sup>, 2020—shortly before this translation was printed. In addition to his poetry, his translations of the Beats into Spanish, his journalism and essays, his work editing numerous magazines, and his role as a member of La Brigada Marilyn Monroe during the Mexican student movement of 1968, Vicente will be remembered as a mentor and friend to many, many people across the Americas. Following his lead, I also stand with the dead in their lost causes.

## A DEFIANT INTERTEXTUALITY

### A conversation with translator Joshua Pollock

*Greetings! Thank you for talking to us about your process today! Can you introduce yourself, in a way that you would choose?*

My name is Joshua Pollock.

*Why do you work in translation?*

My interest in translation comes from a few different places. On a personal level, I love the feeling of getting close the language of a text—particularly a text that does something interesting to me, although there’s something to be said for getting inside texts that turn you off, also. Translation is the closest reading of a text that I know how to engage in, and I’ve always found that the type of close reading that results in translation puts me in an almost-obsessive flow-state that I find pleasurable. I’m also driven by a desire to share the text with others—I worked in bookstores for years, and the urge to show other people the things that affect me sort of stuck around. In many ways, I think of translation as more explicitly political, too. In a time of increasing nationalism and emboldened white supremacy, I sense the importance of amplifying voices from outside of the Anglophone culture apparatus. *Hikuri* is a text that appears from outside of any national context—it was written in Mexican territory, but it consciously speaks from an unsettled, nomadic place. In my more utopian moods, I’d like to believe that translation can do damage to insular thinking and the idea of national literatures.

*In addition or instead of “translator,” what other titles or affiliations do you prefer/feel are more accurate? What other work are you doing in the world these days?*

Translator is fine. I’m also a poet (or maybe just “writer”) and media artist. I write poems and hybrid works. I recently made a short essay-film called “Spectopia” that consists of footage appropriated from unsecured surveillance and security cameras—it has screened at a few festivals. I also raise two children with my partner, which feels like important work.

*What do you see as your cultural and social role (in the literary / artistic / creative community and beyond)? How does this interface with what you do as a translator and/or in your pedagogy?*

I just do my best to juggle everything I have going while I try to maintain old relationships and forge new ones. I think it’s important for me to write work that actively engages with the sociopolitical environment I live in. In my own writing this allows me to turn my political rage and frustration into a sort of fuel. My translation work is about forging connections and chipping away at borders (even if this latter is illusory or grandiose).

*Talk about the process or instinct to move this project into book form. How and why did this happen? Have you had this intention for a while? What encouraged and/or confounded this (or a book, in general) coming together?*

I just really love the poem *Hikuri*, and I want people to read it. I, of course, have to thank The Operating System for making it a real possibility, *Asymptote* for publishing an excerpt, and José Vicente Anaya for writing it.

*What practices or structures (if any) do you use in the creation of your work, beyond this project? Have certain teachers or instructive environments, or readings/writings/work of other creative people informed the way you work/write?*



Oh yeah, all of my work is the product of extensive reading and influence. Most of my work is intertextual, and I'm interested in procedures that put that up front, whether through quoting, conversing with, collaging, or whatever. Many of my poems don't use these procedures, but I'm under no illusion that the linguistic medium I work in is my private, original creation. Language is a sort of commons that we all share. I think Rosmarie Waldrop has been instructive to me here, as have Sean Bonney and Harryette Mullen. My translation work obviously happens in close collaboration with the original writer. My influences are too numerous to begin listing.

*What does this particular work represent to you both as indicative of your method/creative practice? as indicative of your history? as indicative of your mission/intentions/hopes/plans?*

As I said, I just really love this work, its defiant spirit, its stance against industrial civilization and the erasure of indigenous ways of living and relating, its marriage of critique and music and non-dogmatic spirituality, its belief in the power of poetry as a way of living. I just wanted to share Anaya's work with others.

*What does this book DO (as much as what it says or contains)?*

It tears a hole in the idea that the current structure of the world is a historical inevitability, that there is no before or after capitalism, that poetry is an academic pursuit. It rends binary thinking.

*What would be the best possible outcome for this book? What might it do in the world, and how might its presence as an object facilitate your creative role in your community and beyond? What are your hopes for this book, and for your practice?*

I hope that people read it and share it with each other, get together with each other in general. I also hope that it draws attention to the fact that there are indigenous peoples and ways of life struggling against the assimilating forces of nation-states like Mexico, Canada, and the USA. Maybe that it inspires people to write. As for my practice, the ideal outcome would be for it to somehow facilitate

meeting other writers and translators or foster new and generative conversations and friendships.

*Let's talk a little bit about the role of translation, creative practice and community in social and political activism, so present in our daily lives as we face the often sobering, sometimes dangerous realities of the Capitalocene. How does your process, practice, or work otherwise interface with these conditions?*

Well, like everything else, the work is irretrievably enmeshed with the conditions we live in, so on some subterranean layer it is either a critique of, a strike against, or a tacit acceptance of those conditions. I don't mean to be overly deterministic about other people's work, but I do think of my own this way. I like to think translation inherently goes against nationalism and ethno-linguistic chauvinism, but unfortunately it lacks the material power to do much to counter the unfolding disasters of the Capitalocene.

*I'd be curious to hear some of your thoughts on the challenges we face in speaking and publishing across lines of race, age, ability, class, privilege, social/cultural background, gender, sexuality (and other identifiers) within the community as well as creating and maintaining safe spaces, vs. the dangers of remaining and producing in isolated "silos" and/or disciplinary and/or institutional bounds?*

This feels like a huge question. I definitely acknowledge that there are multiple challenges in writing/speaking/publishing across these lines, but I also think it is super important to try to communicate/create across these lines and build solidarity rather than fragment into increasingly specific and atomized communities of the same. I don't have any easy answers, and I don't really think that institutions (academic, electoral, or otherwise) are where this can or will happen. I do think that it's important to amplify voices that have commonly been silenced, to work towards reparations for black and indigenous people, to combat racism, sexism, homophobia, transphobia ableism &c. and to expropriate the wealth of e.g. Jeff Bezos.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



JOSÉ VICENTE ANAYA (Villa Coronado, Chihuahua, 1947) is a Mexican poet, essayist, translator, editor, and journalist. He was founder and co-director of the poetry journal *Alforja* from 1997 to 2008. In 1980 he won the Plural prize in poetry. In 1981 he was awarded the INBA-FONAPAS poetry grant. In 1989 he received the Tomás Valles Literature Prize. In 2000 he was named Writer Emeritus by the Chihuahuan Institute of Culture and CONACULTA. He has published more than 25 books. His poetry has been translated into English, French, Italian, and Portuguese.

## ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR



JOSHUA POLLOCK is a translator and poet. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Vestiges*, *Jubilat*, *Chicago Review*, and others. He lives in a constant struggle against the mechanisms of attrition and destruction.

## ABOUT THE ARTIST: JIMENA SCHLAEPFER

### ARTIST'S STATEMENT:

My work includes various media like drawing, sculpture, ceramics, embroidery, video and photography, but the topic is always the same: nature as a source of visual possibilities and metaphor.

Nature becomes a fantastic scenery inhabited by animals and plants that have a secret life. I think that fantasy and fiction are tools that can help us to analyze and understand reality, a way of confrontation and criticism, but also as forms of evasion and idealization.

Over the past years I have been building (physically and mentally), a micro imaginary world inhabited by enchanted beings who are mostly animals. This micro world has been formed through the creation of installations I have done in different places, using only paper, cardboard and ceramics. Also the characters that appear in these installations, continuously appear in drawings, as a need to continue telling stories of this world through drawing (the medium where all my ideas are born) before becoming sculptures or three-dimensional scenes.

In all cases, my work is a result of very long, slow and traditional processes; I like the idea of the craftsman who specializes in a technique, and to create his piece requires a certain domain, time and agility with hands. I think in this moment where everything is going so fast, we have to take our time to think, to do things, to act and to live.

### BIO:

The artist JIMENA SCHLAEPFER (b. Mexico, 1982) creates metaphoric work, exhibited widely. Solo shows include "Ossis Lux" which was presented in 2016 in the Museum of the Oaxacan Painters MUPO. In that same year, she also presented the exhibition "Cosmogonía Trilobite" at the Cultural Center of Santo Domingo in Oaxaca. Furthermore the artist participated in a collective exhibition organized by the Museo Universitario el Chopo "Horror en el trópico" in Mexico City. "Historia Adulterada" at the museum La Celda Contemporánea also in Mexico City,

## GLOSSARIUM:UNSILENCED TEXTS

The Operating System's GLOSSARIUM: UNSILENCED TEXTS series was established in early 2016 in an effort to recover silenced voices outside and beyond the canon, seeking out and publishing both contemporary translations and little or un-known out of print texts, in particular those under siege by restrictive regimes and silencing practices in their home (or adoptive) countries. We are committed to producing dual-language versions whenever possible.

Few, even avid readers, are aware of the startling statistic reporting that less than three percent of all books published in the United States, per UNESCO, are works in translation. Less than one percent of these (closer to 0.7%) are works of poetry and fiction. You can imagine that even less of these are experimental or radical works, in particular those from countries in conflict with the US or where funding is hard to come by.

Other countries are far, far ahead of us in reading and promoting international literature, a trend we should be both aware of and concerned about—how does it come to pass that our attentions become so myopic, and as a result, so under-informed? We see the publication of translations, especially in volume, to be a vital and necessary act for all publishers to require of themselves in the service of a more humane, globally aware, world. By publishing 7 titles in 2019, we stand to raise the number of translated books of literature published in the US this year *by a full percent*. We plan to continue this growth as much as possible.

The dual-language titles either in active circulation or forthcoming in this series include Arabic-English, Farsi-English, Polish-English, French-English, Faroese-English, German-English, Danish-English, Yaqui Indigenous American translations, and Spanish-English translations from Cuba, Argentina, Mexico, Uruguay, Bolivia, and Puerto Rico.

The term 'Glossarium' derives from latin/greek and is defined as 'a collection of glosses or explanations of words, especially of words not in general use, as those of a dialect, locality or an art or science, or of particular words used by an old or a foreign author.' The series is curated by OS Founder and Creative Director Elæ [Lynne DeSilva-Johnson,] with the help of global collaborators and friends.

## WHY PRINT / DOCUMENT?

*The Operating System uses the language “print document” to differentiate from the book-object as part of our mission to distinguish the act of documentation-in-book-FORM from the act of publishing as a backwards-facing replication of the book’s agentive \*role\* as it may have appeared the last several centuries of its history. Ultimately, I approach the book as TECHNOLOGY: one of a variety of printed documents (in this case, bound) that humans have invented and in turn used to archive and disseminate ideas, beliefs, stories, and other evidence of production.*

*Ownership and use of printing presses and access to (or restriction of printed materials) has long been a site of struggle, related in many ways to revolutionary activity and the fight for civil rights and free speech all over the world. While (in many countries) the contemporary quotidian landscape has indeed drastically shifted in its access to platforms for sharing information and in the widespread ability to “publish” digitally, even with extremely limited resources, the importance of publication on physical media has not diminished. In fact, this may be the most critical time in recent history for activist groups, artists, and others to insist upon learning, establishing, and encouraging personal and community documentation practices. Hear me out.*

*With The OS’s print endeavors I wanted to open up a conversation about this: the ultimately radical, transgressive act of creating PRINT /DOCUMENTATION in the digital age. It’s a question of the archive, and of history: who gets to tell the story, and what evidence of our life, our behaviors, our experiences are we leaving behind? We can know little to nothing about the future into which we’re leaving an unprecedentedly digital document trail — but we can be assured that publications, government agencies, museums, schools, and other institutional powers that be will continue to leave BOTH a digital and print version of their production for the official record. Will we?*

*As a (rogue) anthropologist and long time academic, I can easily pull up many accounts about how lives, behaviors, experiences — how THE STORY of a time or place — was pieced together using the deep study of correspondence, notebooks, and other physical documents which are no longer the norm in many lives and practices. As we move our creative behaviors towards digital note taking, and even audio and video, what can we predict about future technology that is in any way assuring that our stories will be accurately told – or told at all? How will we leave these things for the record?*

*In these documents we say:*

**WE WERE HERE, WE EXISTED, WE HAVE A DIFFERENT STORY**

- Elæ [Lynne DeSilva-Johnson], Founder/Creative Director  
THE OPERATING SYSTEM, Brooklyn NY 2018

RECENT & FORTHCOMING  
OS PRINT::DOCUMENTS and PROJECTS, 2019-21

## 2021 PROJECT COHORT

Vidhu Aggarwal - Daughter Isotope  
Steven Alvarez - Manhatitlán  
Ernst Toller & Emmy Hennings - Radical Archival Translations - Mathilda Cullen  
Johnny Damm - Failure Biographies  
Hypermobilities - Ellen Samuels

## 2020

Institution is a Verb: A Panoply Performance Lab Compilation  
Goodbye Wolf-Nik DeDominic  
Spite - Danielle Pafunda  
Acid Western - Robert Balun

## KIN(D)\* TEXTS AND PROJECTS

Hoax - Joey De Jesus  
#Survivor - Joanna C. Valente  
Intergalactic Travels: Poems from a Fugitive Alien - Alan Pelaez Lopez  
RoseSunWater - Angel Dominguez

## GLOSSARIUM: UNSILENCED TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

En el entre / In the between: Selected Antena Writings -  
Antena Aire (Jen Hofer & John Pluecker)  
Black and Blue Partition ('Mistry) - Monchoachi (tr. Patricia Hartland)  
Farvernes Metafysik: Kosmisk Farvelære (The Metaphysics of Color: A Cosmic  
Theory of Color) - Ole Jensen Nyrén (tr. Careen Shannon)  
Híkuri (Peyote) - José Vincente Anaya (tr. Joshua Pollock)



2019

Ark Hive-Marthe Reed

I Made for You a New Machine and All it Does is Hope - Richard Lucyshyn

Illusory Borders-Heidi Reszies

A Year of Misreading the Wildcats - Orchid Tierney

Of Color: Poets' Ways of Making | An Anthology of Essays on Transformative

Poetics - Amanda Galvan Huynh & Luisa A. Igloria, Editors

## KIN(D)\* TEXTS AND PROJECTS

A Bony Framework for the Tangible Universe-D. Allen

Opera on TV-James Brunton

Hall of Waters-Berry Grass

Transitional Object-Adrian Silbernagel

## GLOSSARIUM: UNSILENCED TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Śnienie / Dreaming - Marta Zelwan/Krystyna Sakowicz,  
(Poland, trans. Victoria Miluch)

High Tide Of The Eyes - Bijan Elahi (Farsi-English/dual-language)  
trans. Rebecca Ruth Gould and Kayvan Tahmasebian

In the Drying Shed of Souls: Poetry from Cuba's Generation Zero

Katherine Hedeem and Víctor Rodríguez Núñez, translators/editors

Street Gloss - Brent Armendinger with translations of Alejandro Méndez,

Mercedes Roffé, Fabián Casas, Diana Bellessi & Néstor Perlongher (Argentina)

Operation on a Malignant Body - Sergio Loo (Mexico, trans. Will Stockton)

Are There Copper Pipes in Heaven - Katrin Ottarsdóttir  
(Faroe Islands, trans. Matthew Landrum)

# DOC U MENT

/däkyəmənt/

First meant “instruction” or “evidence,” whether written or not.

*noun* - a piece of written, printed, or electronic matter that provides information or evidence or that serves as an official record  
*verb* - record (something) in written, photographic, or other form  
*synonyms* - paper - deed - record - writing - act - instrument

[Middle English, *precept*, from Old French, from Latin *documentum*, example, proof, from *docere*, to teach; see *dek-* in Indo-European roots.]

## Who is responsible for the manufacture of value?

Based on what supercilious ontology have we landed in a space where we vie against other creative people in vain pursuit of the fleeting credibilities of the scarcity economy, rather than freely collaborating and sharing openly with each other in ecstatic celebration of MAKING?

While we understand and acknowledge the economic pressures and fear-mongering that threatens to dominate and crush the creative impulse, we also believe that ***now more than ever we have the tools to redistribute agency via cooperative means***, fueled by the fires of the Open Source Movement.

Looking out across the invisible vistas of that rhizomatic parallel country we can begin to see our community beyond constraints, in the place where intention meets resilient, proactive, collaborative organization.

Here is a document born of that belief, sown purely of imagination and will. When we document we assert. We print to make real, to reify our being there. When we do so with mindful intention to address our process, to open our work to others, to create beauty in words in space, to respect and acknowledge the strength of the page we now hold physical, a thing in our hand, we remind ourselves that, like Dorothy: *we had the power all along, my dears.*

## THE PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES

*is a project of*  
the trouble with bartleby  
*in collaboration with*  
the operating system



