

the skull of the sea shines in the andean páramo
in the middle of a pack of trees an arcane song
announces the birth of night

-pampachamuni apullay uyahuanquichu, manachu?-

i have heard the sweet madness growing in your blood just like a
cetacean wallowing in the vine of stars

[the night will protect us from this insectivore nightmare]
tukuy yawar ninchis qespin kaiku

[we belong to the wind and its ancestral desires]
tukuy yawar ninchis qespin kaiku

-the remnants of an andean constellation kissing the skin of rhinoceri-
-the remnants of an andean constellation kissing the blood of rhinoceri-
-the remnants of an andean constellation kissing the ashes of rhinoceri-
-the remnants of an andean rhino kissing the blood of constellations-

Ñawpa pachapi

-the remnants of a constellation bristling the *wind* shatter the
andean night-

because at night I get up to see if you've reincarnated from the
dust in my hands

pampachamuni apullay uyahuanquichu, manachu?

because in exiled nights I rise to see if your blood lies once again
in silence over the constellation of trees and the desert in its
death throes agonizes in my skin

pampachamuni apullay uyahuanquichu, manachu?

we will return to the *wind* and its psalm in the throes of agony

that day by day feeds our words
pampachamuni apullay uyahuanquichu, manachu?

-the remnants of a constellation bristling the *wind* thread the
memory of our children in the song of night-

freezed fireflies hatch from our tracks lick the face
of trees as bodies attached to the
nectar of the rocks release a prophecy
itukuy yawar ninchis quespin kaiku!

-the remnants of a constellation bristling the *wind* break the
andean night-

our days have returned to the red chord of the conch shells the
breath of the *sunset* flooding with babbling electricity this
andean land we will say again our prayer of forgetfulness
itukuy yawar ninchis quespin kaiku! thinking about how to
wound a bird's flight or the warm flesh of the andes and to yell
-without hatred- behold here who forgets you while dying
behold here who blasphemes on your land behold here who
now asks you to sink your fingers in their eyes serenely caress
their nerves and fill you with rage eden is death galloping in
the damp horizon sprouting from the womb of those trees you
taught me to love

we are the mud
where nobody will sink their hands...

◀a reading from the book of the andes or the song of
the indigenous scar▶

ancestral period 3021 the night still hasn't hatched over the wild
tar of the ocean nor the wind has changed its warm plumage
-my-leprosy-siblings-they-all-sleep-they-all-forget-
while I walk away from the ruins of the urban
insectarium I hear mother sing *machinehead* against
this bullet-ridden faithless sea, which is my heart¹

inside my brain rustic sounds age its skin

[[[a n d e a n n u c l e a r s p r i n g]]]

insects' wires and melancholy prevent
us from hearing the singing of the
s t a r s

Pachakamaq in this páramo city the aurora of our dead
scars like a mother-of-pearl coral in the chest of those
condemned to collect mutilated conch shells in the
albino deserts where the eternal dream of a god is a
c o n s t e l l a t i o n o f e v a p o r a t i n g w a t e r

1

there is no poetry here, close your eyes little one don't look at your father don't follow his shadow nor his worm-eaten song there is no poetry here, we xll hear in its arrival snort in its blood thirst in its footsteps there is no poetry here, only the violated flesh growing in the middle of the andes *my grandmother was raped my mother was raped my sibxngs were rapxd* what did you expect then from this raped poetry PachaKamaq knits the sea that brought you death knits the god that brought you forgetfulness PachaKamaq over this, your violated land, now no one prays your creeds or attends your rite PachaKamaq we've xll been rapxd but not xll of us enjoyed it

¬[[it was the century when the
 blooming lotus in the womb of god]]
 sheltered the deserters of autumn then I walked hapless
 among violet clouds full of scars, pestilence and dust
 embracing blind and joyful angels I saw god spit over
 the wings of the outcast that went ahead of me and
 everything was getting confused with the night and its
 pollen how painful that now no one misses paradise
 snatched from birds that now no one
 [[misses the fishes' forgotten paradise]]
 [[Once tar of madness dyed our faces]]

¿ can you hear? ¡ can you hear! it's the memory of insects howling
Eli, Eli, ¿lama sabactani? Eli, Eli why do you forget us in this
 aphasic páramo city where nothing belongs to us more than this
 millennial barefoot hunger

◀◀ancestral fever tattooing itself on our medulla▶▶

ignited by your song we will gather fruits and forgetfulness in
 the confused streets from the Comité del Pueblo destroyed
 by the night we will run under the trees of San Juan searching
 for our oxidized *apus* you will see us burrow near La Chorerra
 Pachakamaq a new disease dwells in our dna we are infected
 with civilization urbanmadness cannibalism isolation chaos
 Pachakamaq Ama yapa puñuychu Pachakamaq kanwankani
 Yanapay!!!

paranoid insects devastated by the sea walk illuminating
 t h e s i d e r e a l a u r o r a
 of their wombs with nightmares in their skin they clamor
 o b s e r v e t h e s t r e e t p r o p h e t s !
 naked chest ancestral beggars urban buddhas full of green and
 f r e s h h a n d s l i g h t
 i n t h e i r h a n d s t h e c h a o s

burns naked and drunk they know what love is and its cancer
a n d e a n w a s k a s
may their love bite the exhausted cold of this páramo city and
w a k e t h e m a d n e s s o f t h e b i r d s

Year 5522 (—andean calendar—) trilling of atoms burns
 the páramos from the cosmos dust from stars creates a
 beautiful acephalous storm rhinoceri wander in the andes
 Year 5522 I still remember your feet atop the ashes of
 a language I never understood poor are the beings that
 have mutilated their tongues within the smell of the sea

*—don't ever drink from the hands of the trees—don't
 ever drink from the hands of the trees—don't ever
 drink from the trees—don't drink from the trees—*

someone whispers a dream of albino scarabs
-Homo faber- old men planted at the back of the ocean's
 knee old men desperate impoverished shouting a long period
 of droughts and resurrections from the fissures of their veins
-Homo faber- Year 5522 your feet bare and warm elongating
 in my memory Year 5522 the remains of our skulls don't
 even work to breastfeed a flower without a doubt we are the
 precarious dust that sinks furiously in the stretch marks of
 the sea Year 5522 you remember the andean city where we
 crossed one another that pale monotone breeze caressing
 our lips can you remember those rhinoceri searching for
 the chant of the fog in gangrenous rivers Year 5522 it never
 cost as much to cry as it does now that I remember your scent
 while I hear the night's violent dance ascending and a herd of
 rhinoceri runs freely in the andean páramos none of them is
 our son none of them belongs to us Year 5522 I remember the
 archaeology of insects I remember the anthropology of birds I
 still remember the silence of the sea foam breaking against my
 chest I remember the Andean city where we left our shadows
 burnt where rhinoceri wander but none of them knows about
 our names nor about our prehistoric blood flooding the trees.

listening to Radiohead as I remember your smile each time I talked about god

To Belles Perennis

Play ►

I cradle your head's white flower with the same fear that
I would feel holding the universe in the palms of my
hands – I cradle your head's white flower like a delicate
and innocent mischief a kid has built with the pollen of
his faith on an autumn night – I cradle your head's white
flower thinking of the days when your fresh scent will
be a panther escaping towards a reddish neurotic sky – I
cradle your head and its flower with the same clumsy
unease of a devastated god that would play with the birds
of his heart waiting for a compass-less sea to sprout from
his chest – I cradle your warm head as if we were the only
inhabitants of this world who don't have a place to escape
to and retract constantly to the rain – I cradle your head's
mestizx flower over the city and the sun is a broken black
sparrow tied to your name

STOP •

zillions of terrible and beautiful stars falling in my mind
like harmless fruits/ it was our temporal belief: let's build
the sea, the flowers and the silence every morning/ the
sunsets don't hurt anymore as you supposed/ sunsets
filled with a drowsy melancholy and long walks on narrow
golden streets/ I used to be scared of your hands and
their warmness/ I confess to you: my bones are less heavy
since you've left and it's hard for them to fill with light/
a delirious sun melting over a people's melancholy/
ancestral insects come back home daily with faith
and delirium/ the sunsets don't hurt anymore as you
supposed/ what hurts is that insects stubbornly ask for
you on Mondays/ the city grows with the same dexterity
that humans have in feeling lonely on Sundays at six

seventeen in the afternoon/ it didn't rain today and the
sunset brought no news/ the gentle meadows of your eyes
burning in my blood/ I repeat to you/ the sunsets don't
hurt anymore as you wrongly supposed/ now it hurts
more to see god sitting in the living room drinking coffee
and listening to Patti Smith until dawn/ god unbathed
in pajamas around the house dragging his pain from the
bathroom to the kitchen from the kitchen to the bed
hurts/ god unemployed, with allergies, swearing never
to drink or pet the neighbor's cats again hurts/ it hurts to
see his tiredness/ the little interest he takes in life hurts/
but I'm not telling you this for you to worry/ god is strong
and I'm with him/ every day I bring him a chocolate / I sit
him in front of the computer, hug him, we watch malcom
together/ until one of the two of us falls asleep/

-To the minor poet that I am-

So then we started to think about everything
except the horizon

Everything was already too far away
even suicide
remained for people younger and more joyful than us

Then it was necessary to place fear under the skin
so it could find a moment of peace
we began to get older...
without fright
one day we stood up and the sun was not heavy anymore

The night seemed too huge to us and
we decided that it was better to stay home
let the world shyly go blind

The streets -like little prayers that we didn't want to utter-
began to seem more and more deserted to us

-How we needed to assume the day after the massacre of time-
Our bodies were left bruised after forgetfulness
We never again shine under the tongues of birds
It was old age that had begun to destroy our souls

It was old age
Without a doubt

But we continued to convince ourselves
-between us-
that it was still possible for us -and we deserved- to be immortals
that we could achieve it by reading some book or another

[In that time the blood was heavy and warm
And the wind was our best friend]

We walked with our last book
-the one that cost us love-
along the thinnest rails of consciousness
as if wanting to take the dust left behind
by the train we didn't dare take
And we remembered that morning
when we lost love in the sewer
and we had to get used to breakfast

coffee and silence

coffee and distance

because that, too, was a part of loving

We got divided
one was the poet and the other the dead man who carried the
poet

We aged, yes we aged
like stars that no one ever saw, much less named

And we began to die...
But we were still drunk and on drugs

on drugs and drunk

and still we didn't give a fuck about the world