

DESPIERTA

A riot of flower afuera

Thud! A bird against the awning,
a thumb, twiddled
down, just plain.
(Dumb.)
Loud as
“The Great Figure” (No.

5).

All lung.
Do not “breathe,”
a word
of this). To anyone,

I could succumb

Don't be so glum, chum.
Chachalacas, cracids.
Ka-ka-rooki-rooki-ka! Watch-a-lak!
Giggle. Bath. Language.
Girl. Room. I was
listening. After.
Repeat. Me.
My favorite beach
at age three.
My mother, string
(bikinied)—
in theory, a theory

of the multi

VERSE:

Manuel Maples Arce **ALEGORÍA** Gilberto Owen
for Mariana Botey

“¿Cuándo acabaremos de leer a Proust?” This is the summer in which my body goes haywire, but there’s nothing left to do but ride it out to ~~its logical conclusion~~. The end of the line: Contemporaneous as Estridentismo, I find myself, asleep, lidless dreamer (electric sheep), in the seat of the Metro Barranca del Muerto’s bilious roar. No sacrificial lamb! When I stand up, two men use me to complete their sandwich. The one, armed with a penknife, cuts open the bottom of my knapsack. Cassettes, tampons, my wallet & journal tumble to the car’s messianic-oceanic floor. [ACTUAL No. 1: “En este instante asistimos al espectáculo de nosotros mismos.”] Then, before the doors are fully open, they’ve stolen this—my documentation of the Event—only half-written, but against my will, in circulation. My consciousness, my sole witness, rallies to make the best of a bad. ~~Situationism~~. ¡Que viva Tepito!