

Jamila Medina Ríos

F(u)or(y)amen

The exercise of writing posted outside writing split by the corner of your eye.
An incision practiced in a writing insisting on foramen.

Spider holes, nostrils, mouth, eye sockets, ears, vulva, vagina, pocket bay, navel, anus. And even the discovery of interstices under tongue, between teeth and gum, under knee, over elbow, in collarbone's soap dish, in the 16 arches between each toe, in armpits, in the hollow of hands together and hands behind, in corners of the mouth, on forehead's wrinkles, on chapped lips, in the stench of crow's feet, in groin's fissure, under the weight of braids and breasts, in surrendered nape, in ankle's softness, in womb's valleys and hillocks, in the purple between nails, in the illegible folds of palms, in the cracked foramen of knuckle. Woman pit, woman (carpet) thrown, woman (parachute) folded.

Woman udder and bota and uterus. Woman river opening. Mater. Matter. Mother of pearl over madreporae. Mother-of-the-word. Ave Maria. Demijohn. A body desiring another that fondles and bores through. Bed of sand and shell, to be (de)h/o/allowed. Seashore, seaport, boatyard, drydock, wateringhole, spillway, birdbath for bears and geese.

Egg. Ovary. Basket.

Wicker woman, flexible reed, hemp, sweet flute, spike, weakened lily.

Stamen woman. Embroidered edge of woman.

The exercise of writing like a whip on flesh to open ditches and free fluids. Woman urine, woman blood, woman starch, woman milk. Avalanche flood. Coil murmur. Froth arcade. Swing swaying woman. Lullabyer. Rocker. Healer. Sheath.

The exercise not like the erection of a panoptic but like a shutter, widening of the dilation of being inhabited, explored, dug, drilled, sawed, sliced, riddled, trepanned, run through, unfastened, deflowered, defenestrated, opened. Woman porous. Leporine, leveret, leprous. And the exercise as an amputation of what she doesn't have and is more than enough. Father sore as the gash is excavated. Mother sore as equilibrium is practiced with hands open wide on the umbilical cord, and jumping rope, making bracelets, anklets, and nose rings, and playing hangman. Nail and nailing. Lace: with an exercise inwards and outwards of insertion and desertion. Fury and foramen.

A writing insisting it's cove has a rage a confessed, oracular peninsula. The armadillo that hides in a cave, takes fright, becomes egg, broods, can start to vomit claws tongues tentacles hooves. Extremities. Palps, Octopuses. Neighborhoods. Hand in darkness. Scratches threads. Eager tongue. Magnet. Famines. Writing vessel constrictor, writing contained, writing containing to

be writing embrace. Siren voice corporalized perfume, handkerchief in the wind, billboard. Woman jelly roll. Woman long arm of the law. Iron magnolia. Madeleine dissolved in tea, powerfully attracting...memories. Crocodile tears. Stalactites. Beachwells winter eye. Woman scissor, slash, stake, icepick, teeth of comb, blade, and lion. Woman balaclava. Armadillo in Chinese: like animal adorned to cross the mountain range. Woman wall. Woman cobra whip. Vipered.

Woman potion. A writing that kills woman lengthening her venom, if she lets her tongue grow and self-quenches or penetrates, like an infernal ouroboros. Hermaphroditism in the touch. A sensibility that forms pools and is muzzled with its own temptation.

Remove your tongue, woman, from the bait. Close your mouth. Blacks don't laugh out loud, Women don't open their mouths wide to eat or yawn. Cover it, dirty girl. A writing that looks at itself and whose clitoris grows with verbal excitement is frightening. Fury in foramen. Silenced. Not foramen in fury. Call. Flash. That woman anemone. Turn to liquid skin/spleen to put out the nymphomaniac. Open woman lymph. To hurry bitter pill, taste with tongue a writing deathless cryless painless. Not kneeling down upon the grains of wheat. Spare the rod spoil the child. Let yourself go. To let oneself go. To let oneself be.

Sergio García Zamora

Ballad for Hanging Oneself

François Villón, that devil, one poet after another sends him and lowers him from the gallows. i didn't go to college, Villón says, to be a pushover; didn't win the king's favor, to be a straw man. one poet after another wants him for their gang; they all want that Frenchman in their stinking gangs, that rogue raised by a priest. that devil François laughs: thinks about getting rid of the ringleader and taking over. even among poets you're among whores and thieves. François Villón, that devil, one poet after another sends him and lowers him from the gallows. this isn't why i wrote, Villón says, this isn't why i stole and killed. if you want to sing my ballad, put the rope round your own neck.