

Genesis

The first day in the garden, God was
an immigrant who planted gulls

in clouds. Even the smallest
leaflet untangled

solar filaments with prudence
dissimilar to fire.

If culture's root is care, it matters
the object of care is visible.

Did Adam first teach God the word *semilla*
or *resource extraction*?

Did God lack the word for *monocrop*
when she raised its sugar from raw earth?

Each body has its own small gravity.
The banana pulled the world when it fell.

CBP Statement on Agent Involved Shooting [Verb?] in Hidalgo, TX

Release Date:

January 29, 2021

HIDALGO, Texas—On January 29, 2021, at approximately 7:38 a.m., a United States Border Patrol agent was involved in a use-of-force incident [*shot a person*] near the Rio Grande in Hidalgo, Texas. The agent [*salaried*] was responding to a report of an illegal entry. [*What foreign economy is the agent not at liberty to enter?*]

~~The incident occurred~~ [*The State employee freely shot the unarmed man*] while the agent [*see: "agency"*] was attempting to apprehend a subject [*Language emptied of meaning is a haunting*] and the agent discharged his weapon [*Oh umbrage cast wide, thrombocyte to felspar, red flowers, red flower*]. ~~The suspect~~ [*What grammar is suspect?*][*Inside a rifle's sight a nation is sleeping*] an adult male, sustained a gunshot wound [*enters here a domestic American archive*] and immediately received medical attention. [*Querido primo, what flame made of you a home?*] ~~The agent was not injured.~~

Last modified:

January 29, 2021

Tags:

Border Security, U.S. Border Patrol

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Elegy for Sergio Adrián Hernández Güereca

sombras sin ramas sin hojas

incensed biliary selvage
permanent concrete division

where armed men prey

he was running was not running
threw did not throw
appeared to be larger than a child

drainage caught in concrete slough
fences wrought in shapes of wrought fences

que poder es una mirada al cuerpo

boy-shaped body
in permanent fall

foramen fossil caldera alma

que poder es una mira mi cielo

where armed men are paid

ladies and gentlemen

he was running not running
he was thought to be

he was claimed

he appeared

Eric Cortez

In a lineage of effects,
proud scrapper who threw fists to fools
that dissed us little ones, you failed
only what teachers made you do,

and thrived in gripped communion of
backyard weight bench where a head nod
was more than history gave you.
When I made honor roll, you beamed.

When I woke in sudden spotlights
and looked out the blinds, grit and fleck
of the ghettobird's quick updraft
blessed your name. Fuck how they tagged you,

conqueror cuffed and put away:
there was no Cortez before you.