

# **OVERTHROWING CAPITALISM**

**VOLUME  
FOUR**



**REVOLUTIONARY POETS BRIGADE**

**EDITED BY JACK HIRSCHMAN, AGNETA FALK & JOHN CURL**

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**Volume Four**

**Edited by**

**Jack Hirschman**

**Agneta Falk**

**John Curl**

Special thanks to all who  
made generous contributions to this publication.

**OVERTHROWING CAPITALISM**  
**Volume Four**

**Revolutionary Poets Brigade**

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## CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION ...8

ROBERT ANBIAN ...11

JORGE ARGUETA (El Salvador) ...12

MAHNAZ BADIHIAN (Iran) ...15

LISBIT BAILEY...20

LINCOLN BERGMAN...22

JUDITH AYN BERNHARD...24

KRISTINA BROWN...26

ANTOINE CASSAR (Malta) ...28

NEELI CHERKOVSKI...36

DOMINIQUE CHRISTINA...38

MARCO CINQUE (Italy) ...42

FRANCIS COMBES (France) ...44

CARLA BADILLO CORONADO (Ecuador) ...50

PAULINE CRAIG...52

ROMEO ALCALA CRUZ (The Philippines) ...56

JOHN CURL...60

NAJWAN DARWISH (Palestine) ...62

DIEGO DE LEO...66

CAROL DENNEY...68

A.J. DICKINSON...70

SILVANA dg/ DINKA (Sicily) ...72

CARLOS RAUL DUFFLAR...74

PAUL ELUARD (France) ...76

AGNETA FALK...78

RANDY FINGLAND...80

MAURO FORTISSIMO...81

ARNOLDO GARCÍA...83

JUSUF GERVALLA (Kosovo) ...84

KATERINA GOGOU (Greece) ...92

RAFAEL JESÚS GONZÁLEZ ...96

STEVEN GRAY...98

MARTIN HICKEL ...00  
 GARY HICKS ...102  
 JACK HIRSCHMAN...106  
 JORGE LUIS NAVARRO HONORES (Chile) ...110  
 SERIGE JAYA...112  
 JOJ KASTRA (GEORGES CASTERA) (Haiti) ...114  
 JAZRA KHALEED (Chechnya) ...116  
 MARK LIPMAN ...118  
 ANGELINA LLONGUERAS (Catalonia) ...120  
 ANNA LOMBARDO (Italy) ...132  
 DENIZE LOTU (DENIZE LAUTURE (Haiti) ...134  
 BONIFACE GERMAN LUKOMNIKOV (Russia) ...136  
 KAREN MELANDER MAGOON ...140  
 JIDI MAJIA (China) ...142  
 ROSEMARY MANNO...148  
 ELIZABETH MARINO...150  
 ÁNGEL L. MARTÍNEZ...152  
 PIPPO MARZULLI (Italy) ...154  
 VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY (USSR) ...156  
 SARAH MENEFEE...162  
 MOMO (MICHELE TERESI) (Sicily) ...166  
 MAJID NAFICY (Iran) ...168  
 PABLO NERUDA (Chile) ...170  
 JIM NORMINGTON ...176  
 DOROTHY (DOTTIE) PAYNE ...178  
 GREGORY POND ...182  
 JEANNE POWELL ...184  
 LUIS ALBERTO QUESADA (Argentina) ...186  
 BRENDA QUINTANILLA ...190  
 HANUMANTHA REDDY...194  
 ANTHONY ROBINSON, JR ...196  
 LEW ROSENBAUM ...198  
 GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK (Ireland) ...202  
 SONNY SAN JUAN, JR. (The Philippines) ...204  
 SANDRO SARDELLA (Italy) ...208  
 NINA SERRANO ...214  
 ZHAO SI 赵 四 (China) ...215

OMAR YOUSSEF SOULEIMANE (Syria) ...	218
DOREEN STOCK ...	220
TONTONGI (Haiti) ...	222
RAYMOND NAT TURNER ...	230
ANTONIETA VILLAMIL ...	232
DAVID VOLPENDESTA ...	234
R. R. WARREN ...	236
TOSHI WASHIZU ...	238
CATHLEEN WILLIAMS ...	240
A.D. WINANS ...	242
TIM YOUNG ...	245
CHUN YU (China) ...	246
ANDRENA ZAWINSKI ...	248
BIOGRAPHIC NOTES ...	251
GRAPHICS	
SANDRO SARDELLA ...Cover, 41	
AGNETA FALK ...	109, 185
STEVEN GRAY...153, 193, 221	
SARAH MENEFEFEE ...	149



# **OVERTHROWING CAPITALISM**

## **Volume Four**

### **INTRODUCTION**

This November marks the 100th anniversary of the Russian revolution. What does that mean for us today? Whatever else you might think about the Bolsheviks, they weren't fooling around. They were serious about changing the world, and inspired uprisings and insurrections for social justice around the globe. They aimed to do it by any means necessary, and seized the power of government, organizing a shadow system of councils (soviets) which formed the basis of the new order. In contrast, the movement of Mahatma Gandhi was also serious about changing the world, but through nonviolent means, and also won a seat of power. Both Lenin and Gandhi had some measure of success. But where are the social justice visions of Lenin and Gandhi now? A glance at Russia and India today is sure to offer some cautionary tales.

For this centenary issue we include a poem by Vladimir Mayakovsky, the first street poet of the 20th century and the first to embrace the meaning of the Russian revolution, as well as excerpts from the 2017 Chinese poet, Jidi Majia, whose "For Vladimir Mayakovsky" literally resurrects the Russian poet, and Francis Combes' French poem that visits Mayakovsky's room in Moscow.

Joining Jack Hirschman and myself in editing this fourth annual volume of *Overthrowing Capitalism*, is the extraordinary Agneta Falk. In this anthology, we are bringing together many revolutionary voices of poets from around the world, writing in many languages. Every poet has a unique style, but we share a common vision with insights, passions, music, tools, weapons. As poets we are doing cultural work, forging visions and consciousness. This is not

genteel poetry for coffee tables and drawing rooms, but poems built for action, for demonstrations and uprisings, rebellions and street corners, verses for storming the halls of power. Handle these poems with care: they are fully armed.

Today we are faced with a stark choice: whether to leave this planet as a beautiful habitat for our grandchildren to enjoy, or as a devastated wasteland almost uninhabitable. How do we get from here to a world where everyone has a secure life and a fair share? That is not a quixotic utopian dream, but a homework assignment for humanity. What poet today would write a paean in praise of capitalism? Capitalism began hundreds of years ago billed as an improvement over feudalism and monarchy, as a viable alternative to oppression, but time has proven it to be merely a different way to structure social injustice. Capitalism today is a world system of exploitation of all natural and human resources to produce privatized wealth for a tiny ruling elite.

What does it mean to overthrow capitalism? How do we know when we've succeeded? If only it were as easy as storming the Bastille!

The only way to overthrow capitalism, to move beyond it, involves creating viable alternatives, building revolutionary consciousness and institutions. Building consciousness is cultural work, and that's where poets step up. Standing on the shoulders of all who've come before, how can we use our poetry in a serious way, and dare to blow life into a world beyond capitalism? In *Overthrowing Capitalism*, Volume 4, we offer a platform for voices who dare.

John Curl

For the editorial collective.



## ROBERT ANBIAN

### DELFINA EXPLAINS GLOBALIZATION

When you enter a maquiladora  
at Otay Mesa, the first thing you notice  
is women, lots of them. Most of us  
come from the south, where there are no jobs.  
There aren't even men, except old ones!  
The others went north, looking for work  
and finding mostly grief and temptation.  
If ever I see my husband again,  
I will slap him, then kiss him.  
Then slap him again.  
We women were alone!  
We knew nothing about what awaited us!  
We brought nothing but children and naïve hopes!  
The lords of the maquiladoras welcomed us,  
we had small, agile hands, and would be cheap and docile.  
They even denied us bathroom breaks, we would suffer in  
silence.  
Or so they thought! But it wasn't long before we women,  
young, uneducated, abandoned by everyone,  
began to speak up for our rights. We began  
making a little trouble. Above all,  
we found we had each other – they couldn't deny us that!  
But a factory woman's life is a cheap thing in this world,  
just like the cell phones we assembled and the pantyhose  
we packaged,  
useful today, thrown away tomorrow.  
And this isn't a David-and-Goliath story, like in church,  
or a Hollywood movie with a dream ending.  
There is no ending.  
The factories have moved to Indonesia,  
leaving big, brown stains on the countryside,  
and towns full of bitter women and wild teenagers.

## JORGE ARGUETA

### ODA A TOMÁS QUINTERO

Tanto amor y no poder nada contra la muerte.

---César Valléjo

Tomás Quintero es discapacitado, con la edad mental de cinco años que, en al ofensiva que lanzó el FMLN en noviembre de 1989, fue arrestado por la guardia nacional.

Tomás Quintero  
escuchó al pueblo gritar  
"¡Qué viva el FMLN!"  
Y Tomás Quintero gritó con el pueblo  
"¡Qué viva el FMLN!"  
En noviembre de 1989  
Tomás Quintero hizo barricadas con el pueblo  
en las calles de San Salvador  
Tomás Quintero cabeza grande,  
ojos hundidos  
manos pequeñas  
corazón de lluvia  
la revolución ere una fiesta  
para él  
no sabía qué gritaba pero  
él gritaba  
"¡Qué viva el FMLN!"  
Tomás Quintero, al terminarse la batalla  
y marcharse la guerrilla  
continuó gritando  
"¡Qué viva el FMLN!"  
Pero llegó la guardia  
y Tomás Quintero fue arrestado  
y allí las patadas  
y Tomás Quintero gritando  
"¡Qué viva el FMLN!"

## **JORGE ARGUETA**

### ODE TO TOMÁS QUINTERO

So much love and nothing it can do against death  
---César Vallejo

Tomás Quintero was developmentally disabled with a mental age of five. In the FMLN offensive of November 1989, he was arrested by the national guard.

Tomás Quintero  
heard the people shout  
"Long live the FMLN!"  
And Tomás Quintero shouted with the people  
"Long live the FMLN!"  
In November 1989  
Tomás Quintero built barricades with the people  
in the streets of San Salvador  
Tomás Quintero, huge head  
sunken eyes  
small hands  
heart of rain  
The revolution was a party  
to him  
He did not know what he was shouting  
but he shouted  
"Long live the FMLN!"  
Tomás Quintero, when the battle was over  
and the guerrillas left  
kept shouting  
"Long live the FMLN!"  
But the guardia showed up  
and arrested Tomás  
and then came the kicks  
Tomás Quintero shouting  
"Long live the FMLN!"

Y allí los culatazos  
y Tomás Quintero gritando  
"¡Qué viva el FMLN!"  
Y allí las preguntas  
y Tomás Quintero con su divina inocencia  
y con sus ojitos hundidos  
y con sangre en la boca  
sin comprender por qué lo estaban  
golpeando  
continuaba gritando  
"¡Qué viva el FMLN!"  
Tomás Quintero hoy está preso  
en la cárcel de Mariona  
Dicen las autoridades  
que sólo aguardan  
una carta médica  
que les asegure  
de su estado mental  
para dejarlo libre  
Tomás Quintero  
el más loco de todos los locos  
le más minusválido de todos los minusválidos mentales  
le más niño de todos los niños  
Tomás Quintero, tú deberías de llamarte  
Divino Salvador del Mundo  
y no esa estatua  
de mi patria  
que no sirve para nada.

and blows with rifle butts  
and Tomás Quintero shouting  
"Long live the FMLN!"  
and hostile questions  
and Tomás Quintero with his divine innocence  
and sunken eyes  
and bloody mouth  
not understanding why  
they kept hitting him  
still shouted  
"Long live the FMLN!"  
Tomás Quintero today is locked up  
in the Mariona jail  
The officers say  
they're just waiting for  
a medical certificate  
attesting to his mental state  
before they set him free  
Tomás Quintero  
craziest of crazies  
the most handicapped of mentally handicapped  
the most childlike of all children  
Tomás Quintero  
you should be called  
Divine Savior of the World  
and not that useless  
statue from my country.

*(Translated from Spanish by Elizabeth Bell)*



میل حجی نیک  
تو لقمه هر زنی توانی  
که در زنی در مقابل چشم آید  
در خندان کمان  
کنار مندان  
در ریحون آریجان

هر گز نمی توانم نازیده آید  
از صحنه بی زبان و دروایی  
که خفا سید و اندر روی آسمان است سر و خطیان  
در آفتاب سینه در آستان در

تو لقمه ملبس در روی کرد  
وقتی که حکم می کنی  
در عهد خیر بر سر کوه کرد  
خبر در آن است

وقتی که سیم  
هر گز نه این انگاره در تاریخ آواره و صبح نموده

وقتی بیاروی آورم  
که ملبوس از آن  
باز آن و بجم  
سردی می که خانه اش بنام میزند آید  
نه اصدی، نه بویک و نه آئینه ای

به چشمیان عفا که گاه کردی و لغتی  
خوشی حال باطن که مکی داری  
که ما فرود می آید از آن را

## **MAHNAZ BADIHIAN**

### **LIKE NEVER BEFORE**

I told you we can never actually  
walk away from  
all of these miseries and angers.  
They're right in front of our eyes  
on our streets,  
next to our heart,  
deep down in our history.

We never really can walk away  
from the scene of men and women  
sleeping on cold asphalt  
in the cold nights of San Francisco, Tehran and.....

I told you it hurts me knowing  
we've advanced in everything except in humanity.  
knowing that there's never been this many refugees  
in human history.  
Knowing millions of people with young families  
have no place they can call home,  
no food, no hope, no future...

You looked at my tearful eyes and said;  
"Feel good for having heart  
to feel others' sorrow!  
to have eyes that can see deep  
into others' pain."

I told you that, day by day,  
my heart gets heavier and heavier  
from news of war-ridden countries,  
from hunger in the world, even in America,

جنبای که می نشیند  
 حق در را  
 سوختم روز بروز  
 مکنم کله‌ای و کله‌ای نمی شود  
 از خرد خست و خزان  
 از خرد خست و خزان  
 قتی در آنجا  
 آنم گوی که بگویم چرا که  
 در گوی که قانون می گذارند  
 حکم گوی از آنجا می گذارند  
 برای لغو و خردی خزان  
 تا روزی که  
 حکم نه نفس بگویم زنده این ملک سلاطین  
 مکی که می گذارند  
 برت بر آن در آن  
 ملک بر کا پیا کیت !!

the country that spends billions on weapons,  
the country in which  
Beyonce buys a 54 million-dollar house!

For new laws preventing asylum seekers.  
For families visa-denied and  
returned to refugee camps to die!

How can I breathe under  
this heavy heart of mine,  
which screams:  
DEATH TO GREED !  
DEATH TO CAPITALISM !

*(Translated from Farsi by the Author)*

## LISBIT BAILEY

### WALLS

white european christian men  
stopped at nothing  
built a new nation  
coded a constitution  
in their image

these founders  
staked the ground with  
the pro-white right and  
the christian fiction  
claimed the all-majority edifice  
their fortunate sons accomplices

this national supremacy  
deeply ingrained  
frames us all, brothers and sisters  
by race, religion, origin  
by income, education, language  
dividing all we survey  
into us and them

we see these walls  
always being built  
we feel these walls  
with our backs  
we will keep up the fight  
to bring those structures down

we, the people,  
are building a new future  
always from the ground up  
writing, speaking, fighting  
for our human right of equality

we work to tear down the dividing walls  
we will keep working  
until no more walls are built  
at last  
all of the old walls will lie in ruins  
as artifacts  
of an ignorant past.

## LINCOLN BERGMAN

### IN MEMORY OF AL LANNON

He was a sailor  
Got organized  
During the Russian Revolution  
Went to the Lenin school in Moscow  
Came back  
Became an organizer.

Once when he was a delegate  
To an early national convention  
Of the CPUSA, he came to New York  
To discover that the convention committee  
For security reasons  
Had arranged for some to stay in the suburbs,  
In the homes of “fellow travelers”  
Instead of the usual  
Crowded Manhattan tenements.

He went to the address assigned him  
Knocked on the door  
A maid answered and he was ushered in  
Told to wait in the library  
That the host would be with him shortly.

As he waited  
He marveled at all the books.  
The host arrived  
The organizer asked  
If he'd read all the books  
The host replied that he'd read most of them.  
The organizer said he was amazed—  
There were so many books,  
Said he had read so little.  
Well, said the host, after all

When the workers seize power  
They'll need intellectual guidance.

The organizer looked him in the eye  
Then took his bags from off the floor  
Inside his head he heard a line from the Internationale  
He turned and spoke, before he slammed the door,  
“Mister, don't do us any favors—  
We want no condescending saviors.”

*Note: Al Lannon was a legendary Communist organizer, national leader, maritime unionist, and one of my father's closest comrades and confidants, even when they disagreed. I got a chance to spend some time talking with Al and during one conversation he told me the true story in the poem.*



## JUDITH AYN BERNHARD

### IMMIGRANTS

The man next to you in the taqueria walked here from El Salvador.

The manicurist down the block left Saigon when the Americans fled.

The jeweler on Main Street came here from Palestine as a teenager.

The gardener who tends your bed of roses is from Mexico. So is the chef in your favorite restaurant. And so is the guy who changes your oil and the guy who washes your car and so is your insurance agent.

The dentist who looks after your teeth is from Iran. So is his wife who works in the office. And so is the optometrist who fits you with glasses and the man who changes the battery in your watch and so is his wife.

The accountant who does your taxes every year is from Hong Kong. So is the woman in the dry cleaners. And so is the waiter in the Chinese restaurant and the student in the public library and so is his sister.

The old woman who waves to you as you walk by her window is from somewhere else. So is the musician who plays his violin on the street

corner. And so is the young woman selling scarves behind a counter.

She is from somewhere else and you are from somewhere else and I am from somewhere else and they are from somewhere else. We are all from somewhere else and here we are all together now in meltingpot America.

That was the dream. Wasn't it?

**KRISTINA BROWN**

**CASH/PRESIDENT FOR SALE**

Cash

in Palm Beach  
obvious crony capitalism  
money talks loudly  
without a veil.

at Mar-a-Lago  
pay to play club memberships  
priced much higher  
immediately after the election  
are selling  
fast.

a President sells access to himself  
shamelessly.  
he doesn't want you  
any voter or citizen  
anyone without  
their snout in the trough  
to know who's bought him,  
how many they number,  
or when they come by to collect favors  
influence policy.

but he must be openly for sale  
publicize his price  
to collect  
as much  
cash  
as possible.

in court  
he absurdly argues

the club  
its members  
are nobody's business  
but his own.

certainly  
the profits are all his.

## ANTOINE CASSAR

### BEJN

Bejn Aachen u Zyryanka,  
bejn Samarinda u Samarkanda,  
tiela' u niezel mal-pruwa  
fil-fliegu vjola  
ta' bejn Kérkyra u Saranda,  
fit-trejn ta' bejn Vladivostok u Moska  
li jaqsam seba' darbiet iż-żerniq,  
ferrieq, għal għonq it-triq,  
minn hemda hienja kif tinzel il-gawwija  
fir-ragħwa t'Antofagasta  
għal dagħwa multilingwi  
kif naħbat mat-tappiera s-sieq,  
bejn Baden Baden u l-Baħrejn,  
bejn Fort-de-France u Port of Spain,  
għaddej bil-mija u tletin  
fit-tlett elf mil  
ta' bejn Portland, Oregon u Portland, Maine,  
mill-iskieken ta' kesħa Skoċċiża jniffdu l-ħaddejn  
għax-xufftejn jitnixxfu fl-eħtriq  
ta' Marseille,  
mewweg mewweg  
bejn Zuwarah u Lampedusa  
fuq dgħajsa tixxaqqaq fi tnejn,  
bl-ilħna magħfusa,  
bil-ħangriet marsusa  
ifittxu widnejn il-lejl.

Bejn Ceylon u Sri Lanka,  
bejn Kalaallit Nunaat u Groenlandja,  
bejn kia ora f'għodwa t'Aotearoa  
u g'day bl-aċċent imkarkar  
ta' Nova Żelanda,  
lampa stampa

## ANTOINE CASSAR

### BETWEEN

Between Aachen and Zyryanka,  
between Samarinda and Samarkanda,  
up and down on the prow  
on the violet strait  
between Kérkyra and Saranda,  
on the train between Vladivostok and Moscow  
which seven times crosses the dawn,  
cutting through, journeying forth,  
from a blissful silence as the seagull dives  
into the foam of Antofagasta  
to a multilingual expletive  
as my foot charges into the manhole,  
between Baden Baden and Bahrain,  
between Fort-de-France and Port of Spain,  
cruising at a hundred and thirty  
along the three thousand miles  
between Portland, Oregon and Portland, Maine,  
from the skewers of a Scottish chill stabbing at the cheeks  
to the lips drying out in the sand-bearing wind  
of Marseille,  
sailing on, sailing on  
between Zuwarah and Lampedusa  
on a boat splitting into two,  
with pressing voices,  
with smothered throats  
searching for the ears of the night.

Between Ceylon and Sri Lanka,  
between Kalaallit Nunaat and Greenland,  
between a kia ora on an Aotearoa morning  
and a g'day in the dragging accent  
of New Zealand,  
trapped and broke

fid-dwana tar-Rwanda  
b'identità titbandal  
bejn l-offerta u d-domanda,  
bejn déjà vu ġo pjazza li qatt ma smajt biha  
miksija bil-ward tal-jacaranda  
u mitluf fit-toroq ta' belt imdawla  
li m' ilix li dort,  
xi haġa aktar dinjija  
min-nostalġija  
għal gżira li qatt ma zort  
tirkibni rqiq qalb il-ħamba  
tal-ajruport,  
fis-sala tal-istennija  
bil-moħbi ta' missierha  
tifla zghira tpingilu pajjizi ġodda  
fil-paġni vojta  
tal-passaport,  
imħarbat, bil-marbat,  
bi stonku jkarwat,  
mill-kefir li dardarni fit-tidlik ta' Madrid  
għall-idejn ratba tar-raħlija Sorbjana  
li ġabitni f'tiegħi bi skutella soljanka,  
bejn tronk u wati, bejn fietel u bati,  
b'dejn ma' mgħoddi li ma jridx jgħaddi  
bejn ġimġha tidhol f'ġimġha u nhar t'Erbgħa farradi,  
stordut u mtarrax fid-diskors marradi  
ta' bejn ġixt Ghewiedex u żewġt Imlati,  
bejn iċ-ċentru u l-irkejjen,  
bejn wiċċ u rgejjen,  
bis-saħta tad-dubji tiegħi  
għal dejjem ta' dejjem,  
mimdud fuq il-weraq tal-ħaxix ifuħ  
bid-dija tirrifletti fuq il-ktieb miftuħ  
nitwessa' bil-pjaċir sa niħaxken mill-kjass  
ta' bejn dj tal-qamel u żewġ namrati,  
mid-drill idamdam fit-torrijiet ta' Singapur  
għat-tektik tat-tiġieġ fuq il-fdewwex

at the Rwandan customs  
with an identity swinging  
between offer and demand,  
between a déjà vu in a square I've never heard of  
carpeted in jacaranda petals  
and lost in the streets of an illuminated city  
I roamed not long ago,  
something more worldly  
than nostalgia  
for an island I've never visited  
subtly invades me in the hubbub  
of the airport,  
waiting at the gate  
away from her father's gaze,  
a little girl draws new countries  
in the empty pages  
of his passport,  
disarranged, berthed down,  
with a thundering stomach,  
from the kefir that upset me in the sweat of Madrid  
to the soft hands of the Serbian village girl  
who brought me back on my feet with a bowl of soljanka,  
between grave and acute, between lukewarm and tepid,  
indebted to a past that will not go by  
between a week straddling a week and an odd Wednesday,  
dazed and deafened in the distressing discourse  
between two Gozos and two Malts,  
between the centre and the corners,  
between heads and tails,  
with the curse of my doubts  
for ever and ever,  
sprawled out on the fragrant leaves of grass  
with the sunlight reflecting on the open book  
I swell with pleasure until besieged by the racket  
between a lousy dj and a pair of sweethearts,  
from the reverberating drill in the towers of Singapore  
to the pecking of the chickens on the corrugated roofs



tal-kampung,  
bejn logogramma tgħajjat fiċ-China Daily  
u sentenza tisserrep bla ħniena  
fil-Mallorca Zeitung,  
inqalleb fid-dizzjunarju tal-but  
ħa niddecifra l-aħbar:  
ajruplan jixxerraħ  
żugraga tnewwaħ  
f'buraxka bejn il-Brazil u s-Senegal,  
magħsur fil-gargi gravitazzjonali  
xita ta' ruttam u ta' iġsma ingazzati  
għal fuq il-baħar kristall  
tal-ekwatur.

Intraduċibbli nqum  
mirjiegħ u msahħab,  
bejn mappa mxappa bil-linka u lsien imqahħab,  
id-demm jitliegħeb għall-ftuħ, il-fwied imtaqqab,  
bejn xagħra u sufa, bejn in-nasba u l-guva,  
mix-xemx tiltaqa' miegħi ma' tarf is-sodda  
għall-wiċċ bajdani ta' mħabbti  
b'idejha fuq gūfha,  
bejn 'l hawn u 'l hemm u 'l hinn u lura  
bejn sormi mikxuf u ruħi mistura  
bejn ġej u sejjer u viċiversa  
bejn dritt għall-punt u tidwira mal-lewża  
bejn minnu u mhux,  
bejn l-aṅgli u l-uħux,  
bejn m'għadux u għad m'hux u bil-maqlub  
bil-waħx ta' nfiħ ir-riħ minn bejn l-arbli  
niprova nagħraf kif se naħtaf dak il-hoss li ħarabli  
għandi friegħi taħt l-art u għeruq jilħqu s-shab  
rimja fuq rimja għal ġol-fwar u ġot-trab  
għandi xenxul li baqa' nieżel sal-antipodi tad-dinja  
għandi antenna li telgħet sal-muntanji qamrija  
bejn it-tluq u l-wasla, bejn il-wasla u t-tluq,  
bit-twieqi kollha mberrħa, bis-sema kollu għeluq,

of the kampung,  
between a screaming logogram in the China Daily  
and a mercilessly snaking sentence  
in the Mallorca Zeitung,  
I leaf through the pocket dictionary  
to decipher the news:  
a shredding aeroplane  
a shrieking spinning-top  
in a storm between Brazil and Senegal,  
squashed in the gravitational gullet  
rain of scrap and of frozen bodies  
onto the crystal sea  
of the equator.

Untranslatable I awake  
windy and cloudy,  
between an ink-soaked map and a prostituted tongue,  
the blood sweltering for the open, the liver riddled with  
holes,  
between a hair and a bristle, between the trap and the  
birdhouse,  
from the sun meeting me at the foot of the bed  
to the pale white face of my love  
with her hands on her womb,  
between here and there and beyond and back  
between my arse uncovered and my soul concealed  
between coming and going and vice versa  
between straight to the point and about the bush  
between true and not,  
between the angels and the ghouls,  
between no longer and not yet and the other way 'round  
with the terror of the wind amid the flagstaffs  
trying to see how I can snatch that sound that escaped me  
I have branches underground and roots that reach the  
clouds  
sprout upon sprout into the vapour and the dust  
I have a shoot that descended to the antipodes of the world

bi frustier iħarisli fil-mera  
 dix-xibka ta' wiċċi mixquq  
 mill-aħmar tat-tapit mifruq ma' twelidna  
 għall-kefen abjad silġ li jgħattina mad-difna  
 bejn fra u tra, de-ci, de-là,  
 ανάμεσα , 之間 , между , zwischen  
 the perpetual indecision  
 of a clear preposition  
 bejn ma ninsabx ġo posti u posti ġo fija  
 bejn f' sikkta mill-ġdid u mitluf minn sensija  
 miexi b'pass meqjus  
 minn fruntiera għal fruntiera,  
 minn meridian għal meridjan  
 tad-dinja priguniera,  
 bejn imnejn u lejn,  
 bejn lejn u safejn,  
 fiċ-ċentru ta' kollox  
 u ma' xifer ix-xejn,  
 fir-riglejn il-ħeġġa, l-uġiġħ fil-ġenbejn,  
 indur, naqsam it-triq  
 u nibqa' għaddej,  
 nittanta nifhem  
 l-għalfejn  
 tal-fejn.

I have an antenna that climbed to the mountains of the  
moon  
between departure and arrival, between arrival and  
departure,  
with all windows wide open, with the sky overcast,  
with a stranger at the mirror examining  
the netting of my cracked face  
from the red of the carpet rolled out at our birth  
to the ice-white shroud that covers us at the burial  
between fra and tra, de-ci, de-là,  
ανάμεσα , 之间 , между , zwischen  
the perpetual indecision  
of a clear preposition  
between not in my place and my place within me  
between back to my senses and out of my mind  
walking with sure feet  
from border to border,  
from meridian to meridian  
of the prisoner world,  
between from and towards,  
between towards and to,  
at the centre of all  
and at the edge of nothing,  
the legs full of verve, pain in the sides,  
I turn, cross the road  
and continue on my way,  
trying to comprehend  
the why  
of where.

*(Translated from the Maltese by the Author)*

## NEELI CHERKOVSKI

### IN MY POLITICAL POEM

In my political poem  
I sat on top of a song  
Listening to the words  
Of a deranged man who  
Brought fear to the very young  
And to old men and women  
Walking through their  
Final years

I waited for this poem  
To gather steam like an engine  
Climbing a hill, cars filled  
With freight, sky  
Tremulous, distant towns  
Clinging to light, American dust  
Settling in the freight yards

Old style grief, flag wavers  
On the siding waiting for the  
Corporate god to spread  
Metal over grass, waiting to bend  
Small towns and ordinary lives  
Out of shape

All hope of  
Trust and of a common dream  
To retake the green  
Land erased  
As the engine begins  
It's descent past Chevron's  
Grim facade, brushing  
Clean radiant windows of Chase  
And Microsoft, past

Walton's convenience store

These are the owners  
Who made possible  
The corruption  
Of what might have been  
These brought  
The leader into power  
Blinded by greed  
And corporate ambition.

## DOMINIQUE CHRISTINA

OH AMERICA....

I went out looking for  
What you promised and  
Found a toothless grin,  
An empty pot,  
Bone-yard lullabies,  
Sweet-less shores,  
Witches burned to cinder,  
Little black girls bombed  
In churches,

They are all me.  
Each charred bone,  
Each torn dress  
Is the story of my birth.

I am a wandering ghost here.  
This mud-struck bitch  
Pledging allegiance  
To the pitchfork  
Stupidly sturdy anyhow,

My Easter dress,  
My winding cloth.

You tried to kill me,  
Made my death tradition  
Ohhhh but I'm stubborn in this skin  
It doesn't matter what weapons  
You point  
I rolled the stone away  
Outlasted death  
Abandoned it in the  
Cause of my name,

My holy,  
My righteous name

What will you do, America?  
What can you do with  
This cliff-hanging colored girl  
Who pioneered  
Her own dumb body  
Despite the ambulance ride  
You turned things into?  
See how incurably permanent I am?

See how these skeletons  
Tumble out of my mouth?  
The grisly burst of unnamed  
Corpses that hang above my head?  
A halo of deliberate memory—

Oh America  
You put a war in my veins  
Hoped I'd die from the poison  
Or be disappeared by debris

But I grew past the  
Bile and carry too many  
Grave-jumpers in my  
Photo album to succumb to  
Your kind of death ritual

1619 was this morning.  
I can feel the first cargo of  
Trembling Africans  
Fighting to keep their names  
In a place too indulgent in  
Blood sport----  
They are all me.



Each one is me.  
I have inherited a swarm  
Of bees for blood.

What will you do, America?

What cemetery can you build  
For a girl so full of memory?



Painting by Sandro Sardella

## MARCO CINQUE

### IRRIDUCIBILMENTE “BELLA CIAO”

Quando le ultime radici  
verranno recise o dimenticate  
resteremo tutti orfani della storia

e chiuderemo il pugno  
invocando parole lontane  
da quelli che saremo diventati

e sventoleremo  
bandiere a mezz'asta  
come poveri stracci dilaniati.

Quando le residue memorie  
soffocheranno nel triste silenzio  
sarà seppellita ogni traccia di verità.

Allora potrei dichiararmi sconfitto  
alzando le mani in segno di lutto, ma  
non accetterò mai nemmeno l'ombra di una resa

e come un pazzo darò voce alla mia libertà  
pure se torturata o ridotta in brandelli  
e Bella Ciao di nuovo canterò

e ti chiamerò compagna/ compagno,  
perché non smetterò mai  
di amare il suono d'una parola tanto bella

e aprirò le braccia a tutti i fallimenti  
ad ogni accapo finito storto e continuerò  
ancora e ancora a piantare questi rossi semi.

## MARCO CINQUE

### IRREDUCIBLY “BELLA CIAO”

When the last roots  
will be cut or forgotten  
we'll all be left as orphans of history

and we shall clench our fists  
invoking words far away  
from those we'll have become

and we will fly  
flags at half mast  
like miserable tattered rags.

When leftover memories suffocate in the sad silence,  
every last trace of truth shall be buried

Then I might declare myself defeated  
raising my hands in mourning, but  
never will I accept even the shadow of surrender.

And like a madman I'll give voice to my freedom,  
even tortured or reduced to shreds,  
and again I shall sing 'Bella Ciao'

And I'll call you comrade: compagna/compagno,  
because I'm never going to quit  
loving the sound of a word so beautiful

and I'll open my arms to every failure,  
to every new line gone awry and I'll continue  
still and again to sow these red seeds.

*(Translated from Italian by Lapo Guzzini)*

## FRANCIS COMBES

### MAIAKOVSKI ET LES CONSERVATEURS DE LA REVOLUTION

Pendant l'été, Volodia, je suis passé chez toi  
tu n'étais pas là, mais j'ai pu pénétrer sans difficulté.  
J'ai vu la pièce, toute petite, que tu occupais  
dans l'appartement communautaire de la rue Sérov.  
Apparemment, rien n'avait changé  
à voir les crayons, le bloc-notes et le papier buvard  
on aurait dit que tu venais de sortir.  
Il y avait là les outils qu'il faut  
sur la table de bois, pour écrire un poème.  
Les journaux, les cigarettes et même le parapluie.  
Je t' imagine assis, la lèvre épaisse et boudeuse,  
l'œil sombre vissé dans le creux de l'orbite,  
sentimental et malheureux comme un jeune chiot,  
ta casquette de voyou rabattue sur le front,  
tu voulais, de toute la force de ton désir,  
que l'ouvrier, le moujik, apprennent à marcher  
d'un bon pas, avec des bottes craquantes de plaisir  
sur ce lopin de terre qu'est notre planète ;  
qu'ils soient enfin chez eux au milieu des étoiles  
maîtres et propriétaires, juste à l'égal de Dieu.  
l'enveloppe du cœur, tu voulais l'agrandir  
simplement, à la dimension de l'univers.  
C'est ici que tu faisais sonner le tocsin des mots  
convoquant les opprimés, en masse par le monde,  
à la mobilisation générale  
pour l'Amour, la Révolution, l'eau chaude  
et la Cinquième Internationale. Car tu savais  
comment, pendant leur sommeil, meurent  
les Révolutions. Et qu'il ne suffit pas  
d'avoir chassé les Rois pour être les vainqueurs.  
Toi qui pour avancer ruais dans les brancards  
toujours avec les masses et contre elles toujours

## FRANCIS COMBES

### MAYAKOVSKY AND THE CONSERVATIVES OF THE REVOLUTION

During the summer, Volodya, I passed through your home;  
you weren't there but I was easily able to enter it.  
I saw the very small room that you occupied  
in the communal apartment on Serov St.  
Apparently nothing had changed,  
seeing the pencils, the writing pads and blotters,  
one could say you were on the way back from going out.  
The tools needed to write a poem were there  
on the wooden table.  
Newspapers, cigarettes and even the umbrella.  
I imagine you sitting, thick-lipped and sulky,  
dark eye fixed in its socket,  
sentimental and unhappy like a young puppy  
your beat-up hooligan cap on your head,  
you wanted, with all the power of your desire,  
that the worker, the mujik learn to march  
in good step, with boots crackling with pleasure  
over this bit of earth that's our planet;  
that finally they be, along with masters and landlords,  
amid the stars, precisely the equal of God.  
You wanted to simply enlarge the heart's  
appearance to the dimension of the universe.  
It's here that you sounded the hue and cry of words  
summoning the masses of the oppressed throughout  
the world to the general mobilization  
for Love, Revolution, warm water  
and the Fifth Internationale. For you knew  
how, during their sleep, Revolutions  
die. And that it's not enough  
to have chased away Kings in order to be victors.  
You who rebelled, who kicked over the traces,  
always with the masses and always against them:

tu savais qu'on ne progresse pas  
sans bagarre ni sans contradiction.  
Ah ! Volodia mon frère...  
cela fait bien longtemps que tu n'es pas rentré.  
La maison, tu sais, a beaucoup changé,  
l'escalier, même, tu ne le reconnaîtrais pas,  
les Conservateurs de la Révolution  
ont promu l'immeuble au rang de mausolée.  
Là où vivaient tes voisins ; avec leurs mêmes  
sales, morveux et joyeux comme des bouilloires,  
ils ont recouvert les murs de marbre rose  
et disposé partout des plâtres patriotes  
brandissant hardiment des fusils en toc  
(drôle de compagnie, ces statues pâlichonnes  
inaptes au combat, pour toi, le producteur de choc).  
Ceux qui t'ont tué d'un coup d'as de pique  
planté en plein cœur, t'ont couvert de naphthaline  
et passé autour du cou un foulard de pionniers.  
Demain, peut-être, au Tribunal de l'Histoire  
on dira, compulsant leur volumineux dossier,  
« Ils ont voulu sauver la révolution, ils l'ont perdue.  
Ils voulaient la statufier, ils l'ont petrifiée. »  
Mais aujourd'hui, Volodia, mon ami, mon frère  
Octobre est descendu de son piédestal  
les révolutionnaires sont un peu perdus  
mais la planète poursuit toujours sa propre révolution  
et l'eau coule du nez des stalactites.  
Toi, tu aurais à nouveau ta place parmi nous  
pour tirer à hue et à dia, pour donner de la voix  
nuage sourcilleux, porteur de pantalons...  
Restent encore, bien sûr, quelques poètes distingués  
qui t'expédieraient volontiers dans les limbes de l'oubli  
d'un coup de tampon moisi...  
Qu'importe, il suffit toujours d'ouvrir un de tes livres  
pour prendre une bonne claque.

you knew that one doesn't progress  
without scuffles or without contradictions.  
Ah! Volodya, my brother...  
it's really been a long time since you've been back.  
You know, the house has changed a lot,  
you wouldn't even recognize the staircase,  
the Conservatives of the Revolution  
have promoted the premises to the rank of a mausoleum.  
There where your neighbors lived, with their dirty  
kids, snotty and whistle-happy as kettles,  
they've recovered the walls in pink marble  
and ready everywhere with patriotic plasterwork  
they brazenly brandish fake guns  
(strange in company, those pale statues  
unfit for combat, for you, the producer of shock.)  
Those who've killed you with a throw of an ace of spades  
planted right in your heart, have covered you with  
naphthaline  
and put a Pioneer kerchief around your neck.  
Maybe tomorrow, at History's Tribunal  
one will say, examining their voluminous dossier:  
"They wanted to save the revolution, they've lost it.  
They wanted to change it into a statue, they've petrified it."  
But today, Volodya, my friend, my brother,  
October's come down from its pedestal,  
revolutionaries are a bit lost  
but the planet always carries on its own revolution  
and the water flows from the stalactites' nose.  
You yourself will have taken your place among us anew  
to pull in opposite directions in order to make of your voice  
a frowning cloud, carrier of trousers.  
For sure some distinguished poets still remain  
who'd gladly dispatch you into the limbo of the oblivion  
of a plugged-up mustiness...  
What does it matter, it's enough always to open one of your  
books  
to get a good whack.





Ta poésie a les épaules trop larges;  
elle ne passe pas le chambranle des portes  
qui conduisent aux Académies.  
Volodia, mon ami, je n'ai pas pu te rencontrer  
mais, sur le livre d'or, j'ai, à ton intention, laissé ce  
message :  
« Si tu es en balade  
quelque part autour de la Terre  
repassa par chez toi ! »

Your poetry has shoulders too large;  
it doesn't fit through the door-frames  
that lead to the Academies.  
Volodya, my friend, I haven't been able to meet you  
but I've left in the book of gold, this message for you:  
"If you're strolling  
anywhere around the Earth  
call again home."

*(Translated from French by Alan Dent)*

## CARLA BADILLO CORONADO

### CANTO X

Me expulsaron de todo territorio  
pues no entendieron las verdades que tenía que cantar  
Yo, que apenas traducía los misterios de la noche  
encontré en el cielo mi único protector  
Bastaba alzar los ojos para leer las profecías  
en constelaciones que iluminaban al mundo  
—un mundo que nunca las mereció—  
Por eso os digo:  
miserables los que enclavaron una roca en su pecho  
para no correr el riesgo de enamorarse como yo  
para no perder la cordura  
ni la conciencia  
ni el objetivo de una vida plagada de leyes absurdas  
Yo no busqué —como ustedes— refugio en la inmortalidad  
Yo solo amé profundamente y tras ello dejé testimonio  
Mis palabras son caballos incendiando los campos de la  
inmensidad  
y en ellos seguiré habitando la sagrada locura  
Un día mi canto despertará a la multitud  
*morirá el poeta, pero no su musa.*

## CARLA BADILLIO CORONADO

### CANTO X

They threw me out of every territory  
because they didn't understand the truths I had to sing  
I, who could barely translate the mysteries of the night  
found in the sky my sole protector.  
It was enough to look up to read the prophecies  
in constellations that illuminated the world  
--a world that never deserved them ---  
That's why I'm telling you:  
Miserable, lodging a rock in your chest  
to not run the risk of falling in love like I did  
to not lose sanity  
or consciousness  
or purpose in a life burdened with absurd laws.  
I didn't seek – like all of you – refuge in immortality  
I only loved profoundly and after that bore witness  
My words are horses setting fire to the fields of immensity  
and on them I will continue to inhabit the sacred madness  
One day my song will awaken the multitudes  
*The poet will die, but not her muse*

*(Translated from Spanish by Barbara Paschke)*

## **PAULINE CRAIG**

Excerpted from  
WHO KILLED US?

Who is so hurt  
So hungry  
So humiliated  
So angry  
So poor  
So anguished  
So outraged  
So frightened  
So devastated  
So desperate  
So hopeless  
So profoundly sad  
So fed up  
So full of hate for us  
And being so committed  
To stopping our attacks on their peoples  
But having no military of their own  
That they would deliberately sacrifice  
Each of their nineteen young lives  
To commandeer  
Four commercial American airplanes  
To smash them  
Into the World Trade Center towers  
And the Pentagon  
Missing their fourth target  
In a furious attempt  
To kill our government  
Our economy and our military  
Who have assaulted their poor peoples  
Every day for years  
Who have hated us so much  
And for so long

That they would rather die  
Than tolerate our country's cruelty  
To their beloved homelands  
Another day.

Maybe it was an Iraqi boy  
Dead on an operating table  
Of kerosene burns  
From an overturned lamp  
Because neither his family home  
Nor all of Baghdad  
Had electricity  
Because of the relentless U.S. bombing  
In the first Iraq War  
The doctor had no anesthetic  
Nor antibiotics or other medicines  
To assuage the pain  
And the infections  
Of his suppurating burn wounds  
Maybe the boy commanded  
The hijackers to attack  
The stalwart American edifices  
That gorgeous September morning...

It could have been a Haitian girl  
Working in a sweatshop  
Who called in the order  
For the assault  
On the American buildings  
She works twelve hours a day  
Painting the faces of Pocahontas dolls  
Disney exports the work to Haiti  
She gets eleven cents an hour  
The American CIA  
Helped sweep out of power  
Their elected president Jean-Bertrand Aristide  
Because he demanded for his people

Haitian currency, not American dollars  
He wanted to raise their standard of living  
He opened orphanages  
And diminished the amount of cocaine  
Being transshipped through Haiti  
From Colombia into the US  
That's why the U.S. got rid of him  
For awhile  
When Bill Clinton was campaigning  
To become president of the USA  
He promised the Haitians  
They'd be welcome in the U.S.  
So when he won the election  
Haitians dismantled the corrugated roofs  
Of their shanties  
To make rafts  
To paddle to America  
But guess what?  
Clinton betrayed them  
When they arrived  
On their raggedy rafts  
And reached the beaches of Florida  
Clinton ordered the Marines to shoot them  
If they tried to walk up  
Into the U.S. of A.  
Clinton turned them back into the sea  
He knew they couldn't return to Haiti  
They'd be slaughtered on the beaches there, too  
So, he let them drown...

Perhaps it was a Palestine child in Gaza  
Who ordered his men to smash the planes  
Into the Trade Centers and the Pentagon  
Lured by Israeli soldiers  
To come close to get chocolates  
Then got shot in his head  
The Israeli government



Receives \$6 billion a year unconditionally  
From the U.S. government  
It utilizes the money  
To force Palestinian families  
Out of their ancestral homes  
And bulldozes their houses  
With militarized two-story-high tractors  
Or replaces the Palestinians with Israeli Jews  
And newly-arrived Jews  
Falasha Ethiopians and Russians  
Into the Palestinian domiciles  
Israel also builds new settlements for the Jews  
In Gaza and the West Bank  
Especially East Jerusalem, Palestinian territory  
And slaughters the Palestinians  
With their state-of-the-art war weaponry  
F16 and F17 jet bombers  
Apache and Cobra helicopter gunships  
Supplied to them by the United States  
While Palestinian older sons  
Try to protect their villages  
By suicide bombing into Israel buildings  
Their younger brothers  
Try to save their homes  
In the Occupied Territories  
From the Israeli soldiers  
By throwing stones...

## **ROMEO ALCALA CRUZ**

RODRIGO ROA DUTERTE

(President of the Philippines, former Mayor  
of Davao City for more than 20 years)

I've discovered the word—fear— after  
I've eaten the eyes of my enemies like eggs, and  
left stories (like calling cards) for their kin  
to tell their children.

I'm responsible to what I've witnessed  
and told my policemen to do their jobs.

I wanted them not to forget the bloodied yolk  
though I'd rather have the feathers grow in the eggs  
like our balut, with the warm juice to suck.

Yes, after all, I've lived past the many death threats  
mailed, phoned and emailed to me, and got  
fed up by the expiration dates, as if I'm a  
box of milk or can of sardines..

For more than 20 years, I was a mayor  
and a shaman to transform  
this town from the killing field of the New  
People Army's communist guerrillas into  
a queen city now of the South..

The sky didn't open...The earth didn't  
rupture...The sea didn't drown us in  
blood....

Though I love the smell..the taste.  
I warn them..for this is my devotion  
to the returning dead...though i rued

the day they dragged the body of gypsy,  
poet Eman Lacaba, through the ruins of this  
town....

That gypsy grew bored of our paradise.  
The bandera Hispaniola, gumamela or  
sampaguitas feigning beauty as if under  
influence of the white bitter dust, (shabu)  
which is the evil of the country....

I will feed the druggies to the the fishes, disbelieving  
their mothers' myths and legends. Carriers  
of the plague like dengue mosquitoes  
will tarnish our god and cast a long  
shadow over our churches.

Talk to my God or even to Nostradamus  
I called the former president of Columbia,  
who's lost his bearings, an idiot.  
Yes, I love Peter Lim and let him go  
though I consider Pablo Escobar deadlier,  
like a leper.

I love  
Donald Trump as he comes from a line of  
daring men who believe only the strong  
will find comfort under the rainbows after the storm  
has spent its anger.

Naglakaw ako sa tikong dalan (I walked on a crooked path)  
Nakakua ako nin tikong sundan (I found a crooked  
machete)  
tinigbas ako tanganing makakua ning diretcho agihan  
( I struck the road so I can get a straight line)

I love the lost world of the '70's when this town  
was walking on one leg, with ears to the

ground as if listening to a minotaur coming.

I told them not to smear blood on the door (such nonsense)  
though some said they remind them of the Biblical plague.

I only wanted certainty, come what may!!

I'm responsible to what they have witnessed.  
When I came here, the pages of the books were blank.

I'll take down the old order, curse Obama to death, tickle  
China to share the South China sea with its dying shoals.

I love the pope since the name Francis is the name of my  
cat.

Can I rewrite the new laws and recast this republic into a  
Federal state?

The death penalty is a tombstone I'll leave and laugh at  
Leila de Lima  
roaring like a lion in winter.

Is she some feminine Moses together with the bishops in  
the exodus  
of drugged people to some holy land? If they wanted to  
cast me

as Pharoah—so be it—, I'll feed them to the fishes in  
Manila Bay,  
(though it's smaller than the Red Sea).

After everything is said and done, call me Du30, the dirty  
Harry,  
ready to unload my armalite on the drug lords, to cleanse  
the dirt

like the sky peeing on the ruins of my lovely town of

Davao in Mindanao..

Welcome to my place now, anytime,  
where the stars are motherless like widows.

## JOHN CURL

### THE LAKE OF OUR EMERGENCE

What is a word?  
A meaningful vibration.  
In the beginning was the word.  
And the word was creation.

Rock, air, fire, water,  
oak leaves, ocean waves,  
tropical jungles, ocelots.  
Gasps of ecstasy, groans of love.  
We look into each other's eyes  
as we pass in the street;  
we don't say a word, but we  
understand the meaningful vibrations  
beyond words or before words,  
both before and beyond words at the same time.  
All living things, all non-living things.  
Music. Waterfalls.  
On this planet and beyond.  
Flocks of small birds in the early morning.  
Crickets at dusk.  
The gurgle of a baby.  
The voices in a singing brook.

What are words?  
Meaningful vibrations.  
In the beginning was the word.  
And the word was creation.

We walk these slippery banks  
along the lake of our emergence,  
the center pole of our forest,  
our muddy port of entry into this world,  
our origin of place, our place of origin.

We step from the lake into the place we belong.  
Only briefly do we walk here today,  
learning how to be indigenous;  
these restless streets we pace  
where our unborn great grandchildren play.

Breezes blow wavelets rolling toward the far shore,  
while around us hushed fields of poppies grow,  
and beneath our feet rocks melt  
and caverns of magma flow.  
The uniforms, face shields, nightsticks  
separating brother from daughter, sister from mother,  
don't separate illusion from delusion.  
All truth's recreated each morning  
when a small bird peeks out of a nest  
hidden in a lilac bush by the water's edge.

To be able to walk here since the world began  
is a gift of inexpressible joy.  
Who gets to claim  
this wild watery homeland as their own?  
Who gets to call it home?  
Every place is the center of the world,  
and everywhere is our place of origin.

## NAJWAN DARWISH

نجوان درويش

بطاقة هوية

رغم أنّ الكردي مشهورٌ بقساوة الرأس - كما يتنَدّر الأصدقاء - إلا أنني كنتُ  
أرقّ من نَسْمَةِ الصيف وأنا أحتضنُ إخوتي في أربع جهات الأرض  
وكنْتُ الأرمي الذي لم يصدّق الدموع تحت أجفان تلج التاريخ  
وهي تغطي المقتولين والقتلة  
أكثرُ بعد ما حصل أن أسقط مخطوطة شعري في الوحل؟

وفي جميع الأحوال كنتُ سورياً من بيت لحم أرفع مخطوطة أخي الأرمي  
وتركياً من قونية يدخلُ الآن من باب دمشق  
وقبل قليلٍ وصلتُ "بيادر وادي السير" واستقبلني التّسيم الذي وحده يعرف  
معنى أن يأتي المرء من جبال القفقاس مصحوباً بكرامته وعظام أهله. وحين  
وطئ قلبي تراب الجزائر لأول مرة لم أشكّ للحظة أنني لستُ أمازيغياً.

في كلِّ مكانٍ ذهبتُ إليه ظنوني عراقياً وكان ظنهم في مكانه. وطالما حسبتُ  
نفسي مصرياً عاش ومات مراراً بجانب النيل مع أسلافه الأفرقة  
وقبل كل شيء كنتُ أرامياً. ولا غرو أن أخوالي على الأقل من بيزنطة وأني  
كنت الصبي الحجازي الذي نال حلوى الدلال من صفرونيوس وعمر في  
فَنج بيت المقدس.

ليس من مكانٍ قاومَ غزاته إلا وكنْتُ من أهله، وما من إنسان حُرّ لا  
تجمعني به قرابة، وما من شجرة أو غيمة ليس لها أفضالٌ عليّ. كما أن  
ازدراي للصهاينة لن ينعني من القول إنني كنتُ يهودياً طردَ من الأندلس  
وإنني ما زلتُ أنسج المعنى من ضوء ذلك الغروب.



## NAJWAN DARWISH

### IDENTITY CARD

Despite—as my friends joke—the Kurds being famous for their severity, I was gentler than a summer breeze as I embraced my brothers in the four corners of the world. And I was the Armenian who did not believe the tears beneath the eyelids of history's snow that covers both the murdered and the murderers.

Is it so much, after all that's happened, to drop my poetry in the mud?

In every case I was a Syrian from Bethlehem raising the words of my Armenian brother, and a Turk from Konya entering the gate of Damascus.

And a little while ago I arrived in Bayadir Wadi al-Sir and was welcomed by the breeze, the breeze that alone knew the meaning of a man coming from the Caucasus Mountains, his only companions his dignity and the bones of his ancestors.

And when my heart first tread on Algerian soil, I didn't doubt for a moment that I was an Amazigh.

Everywhere I went they thought I was an Iraqi, and they weren't wrong in this.

And often I considered myself an Egyptian living and dying time and again by the Nile with my African forebears.

But above anything I was an Aramaean. It's no wonder that my uncles were Byzantines, and that I was a Hijazi child coddled by Umar and Sophronius when Jerusalem was opened.

There's no place that resisted its invaders except that I was one of its people; there's no free man to whom I am not bound in kinship, and there's no single tree or cloud to

في بيتي نافذة مفتوحة على اليونان وأيقونة تشير إلى روسيا  
ورائحة طيبٍ أبديّ تهبّ من الحجاز  
ومرأة ما إن أقف أمامها إلا وأراني أتدبّر الربيعَ في حدائق شيراز وأصفهان  
وبُخارى.

وبأقلّ من هذا لا يكون المرء عربياً

which I'm not indebted. And my scorn for Zionists will not prevent me from saying that I was a Jew expelled from Andalusia, and that I still weave meaning from the light of that setting sun.

In my house there's a window that opens onto Greece, an icon that points to Russia, a sweet scent forever drifting from Hijaz,  
and a mirror: No sooner do I stand before it than I see myself immersed in springtime in the gardens of Shiraz, and Isfahan, and Bukhara.

And by anything less than this, one isn't an Arab.

*(Translated from Arabic by the Author)*

## **DIEGO DE LEO**

### THE STORY OF NOW

Mr. Capitalist, our cries and roars  
from the oppressed are no longer muted;  
they're heard across our land.

You've used and abused us, you've  
amassed more loot you can't possibly use  
on the sweat and blood of the unfortunate.

Yet you're trying tooth and nail to abolish  
OSHA in which injuries and deaths are prevented.  
Where's your heart, Mr. Capitalist?

Know this: we're coming to the halls of Congress  
to put a stop to the corruption made legal.  
What we want is freedom from the tentacles

you've developed, freedom we must attain  
even through a revolution if necessary.  
Because images of the ruined cities

in Syria, Iraq, Rwanda are real-time images  
of children dying in the arms of their parents,  
of untold numbers of wars on wars

mirroring the desolation of ghettos here in  
Midwest and South where God pours drugs  
as manna for the survival of the poor.

I traded my horse and plow for pen and paper  
to spread our grievances everywhere,  
to organize, to march, to chant slogans

for social justice and peace with enthusiasm

and vigor like young lovers would.  
My heart, whether amorous or morose,

takes pleasure with every beat. In struggle  
or at rest, awake or asleep, in rain or shine;  
it takes pleasure in beating, and beating

the heartless makers of war and murderers  
of kids without any thought but of money.  
I'm grateful to my heart, which reveals to me

the end of you, Capitalism, through poetry  
and its truth, and resistance and gathering with  
People everywhere till your name's Finito!

## CAROL DENNEY

### I'M MEETING WITH A RUSSIAN SPY!

(a post-Trump, bi-partisan sing-along drinking song)

oh, why am I so high today (pronounced "to-die")  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
oh, why am I on fire today  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy

(half bridge)  
he's listening in somewhere above  
the state I'm in it must be love

and now I style in Burberr-rye  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy

he's tall I'm told and oh so shy  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
I bought new shoes I baked a pie  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy

(half bridge)  
the accent's so attractive, too  
it's code I know for love that's true (hold)

so strap me down I cannot lie  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
a life alone a trave-stye  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy

I'm meeting with a Russian spy

(bridge)

he's trained for years and hides so well  
is he here now? I cannot tell  
his sign of course is Gemini  
his valentines say address-sye  
((additional lines for overkill))  
(I'll help him come out of his shell  
he's waiting at the Trump hotel)

they make it sound so wrong  
but it's where I belong

he's bad, I know, but he's my guy (hold)  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
let's drink to love with burgundie (hold)  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy  
I'm meeting with a Russian spy (x2)

## A.J. DICKINSON

### TOHOKU COAST

Tohoku Coast scoured seared broken  
The power of earth  
The power of water  
The power of radiant heat and wind

EarthDrop opens cracks  
WaterWall tsunami steamrolls all  
Goodbye tears screams taken  
Pulled down drowned submerged back-in

Survivors steeped in grief and devastation  
Caring for eachOther knowing all  
Had lost and suffered the end  
Of family friends loved ones livelihood homes

Some were luckier and lost less  
Some did not really want to be alive  
Because of who and what were gone  
From lives now waiting to rejoin the Great Sea

From high ground, refuge, looking out  
At primal mud made personal and modern  
Loaded with what once was, now debris  
Homes schools businesses buses cars boats

Lives, for underneath and in-between  
The bodily remains of loved ones  
Family friends acquaintances passersby customers  
Struck down interred in the muck

Or swept away, devoured by ravenous waters  
Broken buried by the quaking earth  
The quaking of the earth that wouldn't stop



That kept returning, as a constant reminder, to reclaim

The last sight, the last thought

The precious memories of those who didn't escape

Grandparents children pregnant mothers

Fathers babies friends, holding hands at Death's End.

## **SILVANA dg/ DINKA**

### **IN TUA MEMORIA (ALI ALDARAWESH)**

Mi chiamarono Ali  
Una notte un grande fuoco  
Tanto fumo  
Mio padre che chiamava  
Mi agitavo mentre bruciavo  
Mentre tossivo  
Il dolore era tremendo  
Così sono volato via  
Non ho avuto il tempo di odiare  
Nemmeno di capire  
Che cos'è l'odio  
Ma per esso sono morto  
Adesso non sto più in Palestina  
Qui le case non bruciano  
Sui muri solo scritti di pace.

**SILVANA dg DINKA**

**IN YOUR MEMORY (ALI ALDARAWESH)**

They named me Ali  
For eighteen months  
One night a big fire  
Lots of smoke  
My father was calling me  
I was shaking while burning,  
While coughing  
Pain was unbearable  
So I flew away  
I had neither the time to hate  
Nor to understand  
What hatred is  
Even if I died because of it  
Now I am not in Palestine anymore  
Here houses do not burn  
On the walls only words of peace.

*(Translated from Italian by Mauro Aprile Zanetti)*

## CARLOS RAUL DUFFLAR

### LA MADRINA

The game hasn't changed; it's just a neo-name that rings up.  
La Madrina rose from an old glass bottle like a thief of the night  
She settled in the center of El Barrio along the sidewalks of life  
Speaking in a forked tongue to the people while everyone needs hope

Like a broken old new dream, you may have to break your silence  
From the Broadway lights within that short moment of joy,  
La Madrina, when the privileges flow into a three-story penthouse  
Only for the chosen few  
Forget you were born a worker, unable to pay your month's rent  
You'll be evicted immediately  
From the projects, from the tenements, and from the stoops  
Yeah, I speak your language  
Vote for me and I'll set you free  
Like a cash register ringing up, learn how to wear a mask like me  
You see, I'm a liberal Democrat riding into the sky

Up and down the city blocks, condominiums rising every second  
Across the housing projects and tenement buildings  
While the workers and seniors and homeless and winos  
Go there until they fall asleep besides the doorway  
As the lord gentrifiers are riding above the savage caste system

La Madrina proclaims herself as progressive  
But not from the wealthy elite  
I'm the solution to your problem  
While the people in El Barrio are marching for justice over  
police brutality,  
peace, and jobs and housing, and Hell-No to the gentrifiers  
To the neoliberal past and present  
Viva El Barrio! it's our home  
Reclaim our community from the capitalist midnight

We the people must stand in unity and struggle  
and solidarity against the sellers of war, lies, racism and  
slavery  
and listen to the sounds of Respect by Aretha Franklin  
As Lucy González Parsons is our hero who flows as a  
shining star  
Anticapitalista y Antiimperialista  
Imagine a new world without La Madrina, la voz de Wall  
Street  
Y la tierra es hermosa  
Sin mentiras  
Y justicia es la orden de la vida!

## PAUL ELUARD

### FAIRE VIVRE

Ils étaient quelques-uns qui vivaient dans la nuit  
En rêvant du ciel caressant  
Ils étaient quelques-uns qui aimaient la forêt  
Et qui croyaient au bois brûlant  
L'odeur des fleurs les ravissait même de loin  
La nudité de leurs désirs les recouvrait

Ils joignaient dans leur cœur le soufflé mesuré  
A ce rien d'ambition de la vie naturelle  
Qui grandit dans l'été comme un été plus fort

Ils joignaient dans leur cœur l'espoir du temps qui vient  
Et qui salue même de loin un autre temps  
A des amours plus obstinée que le désert

Un tout petit peu de sommeil  
Les rendait au soleil futur  
Ils duraient ils savaient que vivre perpétue

Et leurs besoins obscures engendraient la clarté

Ils n'étaient que quelques-uns  
Ils furent foule soudain

Ceci est de tous les temps

**PAUL ELUARD**

STAYING ALIVE

There were a few who lived in the night  
While dreaming of the sky's caress  
There were a few who loved the forest  
While believing in burning wood  
The scent of flowers ravished them from afar  
Their naked desires clothed them

In their hearts they joined the song of breathing  
With the trifling ambition that comes from living naturally  
That sprouts in the summer like a more potent summer

They joined loves more obstinate than a desert  
With hope for the time that is coming  
And which hails from afar yet another time

The slightest bit of sleep  
Restored them to the future sun  
They endured they knew that to live is to endure forever

And their obscure needs engendered clear light

They were only a few  
Suddenly, a crowd

So it is, in every age

*(Translated from French by Robert Anbian)*

## AGNETA FALK

### I WAS SOMEBODY ONCE

over there, under the tree  
the sound of leaves rustling  
just like home with closed eyes

free leaves, free trees  
with deep roots that sometimes  
turn into driftwood like me

I wanted so much to be  
now I'm a nobody in nowhere land

wrong country, wrong passport,  
wrong language, wrong color skin

it's not my choice to crawl under and over  
my pride, living out each day as the first or last

I want nothing more than to howl and spit in your  
unmoved face as I move toward your border

what can I tell the growing tower  
of officials who look right through me:  
that I was somebody once

when I spoke in full sentences of past,  
present and future, when my words  
counted for something

now I'm so tired that all I want  
is to lie down on some friendly grass  
stare at the moon, the one and only,



just lie there and remember all we built  
together, the soothing words whispered  
in our ears before bombs fell and made us  
into this long faceless worm of refugees  
scraping and bowing, eating humble pie  
out of your closed fists.

## RANDY FINGLAND

### WHO YOU GONNA BLAME?

I've dug at this recession from the bottom  
laid off with severance pay, got my U.I.,  
Unemployment Insurance that is, also  
renewed automatically through every  
stimulus extension until now I've turned 99er:  
ninety-nine weeks without hire;  
even if economists say there's no double dip  
I can tell you my personal GNP, if you care to know,  
ain't growin' but shrinkin' into nothin' but zip.  
Once I was in the middle class,  
now I'm classed as moneyless,  
my safety net's run out, nothin's comin' in  
to compensate for what's movin' on out  
I gotta eat & do laundry if nothin' else,  
gotta consume just to stay alive but  
like so many of my neighbors I'm a single  
check away, I'll soon lose my house, I'll be out  
on the street livin' in my car till they take that too,  
so when I hear this market correction ended due to  
nationwide growth of Wall Street's runaway profits  
I wonder who's growin' and who's grown into what's  
become the standards determined at the top  
once characterized by use of the Great "D" word  
said to have passed from relevance long ago  
when the spare-a-dime hard times (by any other name)  
regularly exposes the true results about  
this current malaise, if only measured by status quo  
questions that never answer the reason I've fallen  
off the financial grid from where  
I'm diggin' this depression from the bottom.

## MAURO FORTISSIMO

### TUNED SEED

Copper and eagles  
in Tepoztlan  
Copper seeds  
tuned eagles.

It's here  
on this land of copper  
and broken rocks  
where the Quetzalcoatl  
was born,  
where Suki bought a house...

a house con cueva  
and Zapata's warriors  
and pinturas rupestres  
rock paintings  
de losToltecas

and I've thought I lived  
in a special place...

the eagles brought  
last night baby snakes  
in their mouth—  
they sounded like thunder  
as they wriggle their last breath

water falls sung gently  
as we lighted some candles  
and burnt incense  
offerings as thanks:

Thanks to the "comuneros"

that have kept this land  
fertile and abundant  
tilling it by hand,

thanks to the rains  
that fill the cisterns  
and help the corn grow,

thanks to Suki  
for bringing me here,

thanks to Zapata  
for being born close by,

and thanks for these mountains  
keeping the copper secure  
away from the conquistadores's greed  
away from the church  
the chalice  
and white men's avarice.

Tepoztlan, Tepoztlan  
la energia del cobre te amamanta  
copper's energy breastfeeds you  
es esto puro Pachamama  
this is pure Pachamama  
tierra de milagros  
land of miracles.

Sukiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!

## ARNOLDO GARCÍA

### WE ARE GAZA OR WE ARE NOTHING

We are all Gaza, or we are nothing.  
We are all border children, or we are not free.  
We are all the smallest human revolution,  
or we are the biggest nothing slaves of malls.  
We are all standing together -- even if just to love one  
another  
to survive our daily struggles and obliterations -- or you are  
stepping on my back to feel alive.  
We all shudder and mourn the Palestinian cause,  
We are all Gaza,  
or else all our descendants will end up  
red-lined,  
feeding the police  
and learning the algebra of war-making  
with their children's future.

## JUSUF GERVALLA

### BALADË PËR SHEVARIN

P. Nerudës

1.

Në secilin hark të kohës fle nga një fjalë  
e zgjohet nëpër motet trishtuese si zgjohet batica  
Nëpër kriporet e botës, nëpër kepa të shpresave,  
nëpër prigjet e rrëzuara, nëpër të gjitha shtigjet  
asnjë njeri lule, asnjë lule njeri nuk lindet,  
edhe dielli pret lindjen tënde, edhe shiu të rigojë.  
Është një bërrakë kjo botë, është një bërrakë  
planeti -  
plot hurdha ujërash që a'ecin, përplot humbella1)  
plot pusi ujqish, përplot fjale pelini -  
është një fushë beteje, një apokalipsë...

---

1) Fundosje e tokës, shembëtirë

2.

Dhe pret një kposht t'i rritet bari prej fjalës sate,  
dhe pret një ujëvarë të degëzohet prej qielli në  
tokë.  
Për gjeneralët e zi gjithmonë ka pasur bukë kjo botë  
dhe s'ka bukë për poetët si ti, pos varre.  
Është dashuri kjo botë, rritet prej fjalësh tuaja.  
Si të paska zbritur në ballë tërë numri i yjeve,  
mund të ngjagë të zgjohet orkida1) e butë e fjalës  
sate,  
ti do ta këndellësh2) botën me fjalën prej buke.

---

1) Një lloj luleje

2) Jep fuqi dhe gjallëri

## JUSUF GERVALLA

### THE BALLAD OF MARSH-REED

to Pablo Neruda

1.

In every arc of time a word lies sleeping  
and wakes, like high tide, in saddening times.  
Through the salt-works of the world, through capes of  
hopes,  
over the toppled piles, across all paths  
there's not a man-flower, nor is a flower-man born;  
and the sun awaits your birth, and the rains swirl.  
This world's a shack, the planet as well,  
full of stagnant ponds, overflowing landslides,  
with wolves watching, full of absinthe speech —  
it's a battlefield, an apocalypse...

2.

And it expects that your word will fertilize a lawn to grow  
grass,  
and it expects a waterfall will stream volubly from the sky  
to the earth.  
But this world always had stock for the merciless generals,  
but no crumbs for poets like you, except tombs.  
It's love, this world; it feeds on words like yours.  
How on earth did the chain of stars descend to your  
forehead?  
How could the soft orchid of your language possibly wake?  
You'll reinvigorate this world with your bread-based verse.

3.

Liri ish poezia jote, dashuri emri yt.  
Mesdita më e ndritshme dhe pala më e bukur e  
tokes  
kur zgjohet e gjithë fauna e flora, uji e algjet  
e t'i këndojnë këngët tuaja e të thurrin ditirambe.  
Cili ishte i plaguar: kaprolli pa ti në vetull?  
Mes vitesh dhe kujtimeve, mes duartrokitjeve në  
Madrid,  
mes fjalësh të ngrohta të Lorkës, mes miqve tuaj  
në botë  
ti ishte si shevari më i njomë, ti ishte ylli polar.  
Secili dashnor në fjalën tënde ka imagjinuar nimfën,  
secili ushtar në fjalën tënde ka pritur fundin e  
luftës.

4.

Secili piri i lartë në fjalën tënde ka pritur t'i ecë  
ora,  
secila shkretëtirë e botës në fjalën tënde ka ndier  
shije uji,  
secili dru në mal ka pritur të gjelbërohet nga vera  
jote,  
po ti si sofër solemne në gazmendin e botës u  
shtrove  
për varfanjakun e uritur diku buzë Andeve jetike,  
për indianin e regjur në kamxhik gjahtarësh të  
skalpit,  
për nënën e mjerë që përpin pezmin kur s'ka gji  
për fëmijën -  
ti ishte i vetmi Promete i gjallë dhe të rrëmbyen  
kolosët që i ke miq të fjalës që janë mes nesh, po  
s'frymojnë.





3.

Freedom was your poetry, love was your name.  
You, the brightest midday and most awesome seam on the  
soil,  
when all wildlife, flora, water and algae wake up  
to sing your songs and laud you.  
What was that wound, a bleeding buck or a cut in your  
eyebrow?  
In all those years and memories, between the applause in  
Madrid,  
amid Lorca's warm words, among a myriad of friends  
you were the most delicate marsh-reed, the polar star.  
In your poems each lover imagined his nymph;  
each soldier saw the end of war in your speech.

4.

With your verse time traveled even on the high peaks;  
with them every desert of the world quenched its thirst,  
every tree on the mountain waited your summer to green;  
but you, like a solemn table spread amid the great joys of  
the world  
for the hungry poor somewhere in the vital Andes,  
for the Indian who endured the whips of scalp hunters,  
for the poor mother who swallows down her exasperation  
when  
she can't breast-feed her cub;  
you were the only Prometheus alive, abducted by  
your own giant friends of poetry who are always  
breathlessly with us.

5.

Dhe vion përsëri uji e ngrin në Alaskë.  
Prej detit tënd dalin sërish polipe e algje të blerta,  
mes rrugëve të planetit ndonjë shtegtar poet si ti,  
ndonjë hije tjetër, ndonjë fjalë ngushëllimi...  
Në sallet e ngrohta do të recitojnë nën strehë zogtë  
sepse në secilin hark të kohës fle nga një fjalë  
dhe zgjohet nga një fjalë nder note trishtuese si  
zgjohet batica...  
A ikën lejlekët e verës sate vërtet apo e gjithë kjo  
frymon  
mes gishtërinjve tanë, mes mrumeve të dheut, mes  
nesh  
i gjallë përsëri si fjala, i madhëruar përsëri si  
vepra...

6.

Secili njeri që dashurohet sonte bie të prehet me  
emrin tënd,  
secili njeri që ëndërron sonte ka rrugë të largëta,  
secili njeri që zgjohet sonte në gojë ka emrin tënd,  
po ti qëndron mes lulesh. As tokën e premtuar s'ta  
dhanë, -  
re diku. Ka edhe qiell, edhe yje, edhe xhevahire.  
Edhe ti je  
në fjalët e Lorkes, në turmën e shqetësuar kokë  
pirgu.  
Secila rrufe mbi ty bie, çdo kurorë dafine për ty  
thuret.  
As një ditë më e gjatë se vargu yt për liri...

5.

And once again water boils then freezes in Alaska.  
Polyps and green algae emerge from your sea again,  
Along the paths of our planet: a traveler poet like you,  
Or another shadow, a consoling sound ...  
Birds will recite their shelter under the roof of warm halls,  
because a word slumbers in every arc of time,  
and another from sad eons wakes it up, like the rush of the  
high-tide.  
Are the storks of your summer really gone? Or isn't this air,  
hovering amid our fingers entering earth's masts, among us  
still,,  
alive again like the word, giant like an Action ...

6.

Everyone who loves tonight lies quietly with your name in  
mind,  
every man who dreams tonight has miles to go,  
your name dwelling in the mouth of everyone awake  
tonight ...  
But you stand among flowers. The promised land they  
never gave you,  
Only a cloud somewhere. But there are also heavens, stars,  
and gems. You're in  
Lorca's words, too, in the reckless crowd with a poignant  
head.  
Every lightning falls on you, every laurel's made for you.  
Your verse about freedom is longer than any day ...

7.

Se ja si të ka zbritur në ballë gjithë nuri i yjeve.  
Mund të ngjajë të zgjohet përsëri orkida e fjalës  
sate  
për t'i marrë gjithë lulet, për t'i tretur gjithë  
bregat,  
t'i rrëzojë gjithë kështjellat dhe zogjtë e plumbit në  
qiell,  
t'i rrëzojë të gjithë tymtarët e armëpunishteve  
e t'i ndalë lumenjtë në strofuj hidrocentralesh të  
larva  
se fjale jote bën çudira: lules i jep ngjyrë,  
ngjyrave u jep shkëlqim, amshimit kuptim lirie.  
Po ti ja si rri mes kujtimesh, tingull med fletëve  
plot lyrë,  
ja si rri i gjallë në duart e secilit si përmendore...

7.

And is the grace of stars descending and shielding your forehead?  
Is it possible the orchid of your word might wake again,  
and eclipse all other flowers, and thin all grief,  
and make all castles tumble, and shoot the leaden birds in  
the sky,  
and topple all the chimneys of gun manufacturers  
and redirect the rivers towards hydropower plants?  
Because your poem makes marvels: it tinges the flowers,  
It makes colors glitter; it gives eternity the sense of  
freedom.  
And stocked in memories, you're a sound over greasy  
paper-sheets,  
There you stand erect in the palm of each of us, like a  
memorial ...

*(Translated from Albanian by Jack Hirschman and  
Idlir Azizaj)*

## KATERINA GOGOU

### EΙΜΑΙ ΕΓΩ!

Είμαι εγώ!  
Δικό σας παιδί  
Αίμα απ' το αίμα σας  
Ρούχο απ' το ρούχο σας σάρκα εκ της σαρκός σας.  
Μάνα μου  
η ελευθερίως ηθών πουτάνα ο καπιταλισμός.  
Πατέρας μου  
ο αιμομίχτης χωρικός Ιωσήφ Ντζουγκασβίλι Στάλιν.  
Γνήσιο τέκνο της Ρόζμαρυ και του Εξορκιστή  
παλουκωμένη στη μέση των καιρών  
να με χτυπάν όλοι οι ανέμοι.  
Είμαι πεσμένη  
με τη μούρη τριμμένη στα σκατά υπνωτισμένη και  
υστερική  
έτοιμη  
να βιαστώ  
να διαιωνίσω το είδος.  
Γέννημα θρέμα  
το δικό σας παιδί  
παίρνω υπόγεια τηλεφωνήματα στους θαλάμους της  
Ομόνοιας  
όρθια κατουράω στους καμπινέδες της Κοτζιά  
είμαι χωρίς φύλο και χαρακτηριστικά  
ούτε νάνος ούτε σπανός  
ούτε γυναίκα ούτε πούστης  
είμαι στα μπρούμυτα στα τέσσερα είμαι  
κάτω απ' τους πάγκους της γής  
κρατάω σαν τους λεπρούς το χέρι των γερών  
να ρίξει το κόμμα ενεσεις.  
Στέκω εδώ  
σημάδι των καιρών  
στην παγκόσμια διασταύρωση σκοτωμένη  
από μικροαστικό αυτοκίνητο 9 άσπρων αλόγων

## KATERINA GOGOU

IT'S ME!

It's me!  
Your own child  
blood of your blood  
cloth from your cloth, flesh of your flesh.  
My mother  
that cheap whore Capitalism.  
My father  
the incestuous peasant Joseph Dzhugashvili Stalin.  
A true Rosemary's baby and child of the Exorcist.  
Impaled in the midst of all weathers  
to be buffeted by all winds.  
I'm fallen,  
my face rubbed in shit I'm hypnotized and hysterical  
ready  
to be raped  
for the perpetuation of the species.  
Born and raised  
your very own child  
I receive underground calls in the phone booths  
of Omonia\*;  
I piss standing up in the public urinals of Kotzia\*;  
I'm without gender or any characteristics  
neither a midget nor albino  
neither a woman nor a fag  
I'm prostrate and I'm on all fours  
under the benches of the earth;  
I hold like a leper the hand of the healthy  
so that the party may give shots.  
I stand here  
a sign of the times  
at the universal crossing run down  
by a petty bourgeois car of 9 white horse power;



απ' τον καιρό της κομούνας του Παρισιού ασάλευτη  
τα χαρτιά μου άχρηστα πιά κι η τσάντα μου  
πεταμένη  
κανείς δεν με πλησιάζει απ' την πόχα μου.  
Στέκω ήσυχα  
με τ' άντερά μου περασμένα στο λαιμό μ' εσωτερική  
αιμορραγία  
κάθετα στο θάνατο οριζόντια στη ζωή  
το κράνος των MAT στο κεφάλι μου  
τρών το φαί που με ταΐζετε ντομάτες με ντουμ ντουμ  
και ξυραφάκια  
κούνια μπέλα τραμπαλίζουμε στους ήχους της  
σειρήνας  
πιπιλάω μ' οιδιπόδειο από τη σάπια ρώγα σας  
ναρκωτικά  
ακοόλ και δακρυγόνα  
ήσυχη  
κάθομαι  
στα μαρμάρινα σκαλιά  
στο αναπηρικό καρότσι μου  
στον άρειο πάγο παίζω ακορντεόν το «Φρερε Ζακ»  
η ευθανασία δεν υπογράφεται  
κι απ' το κεφάλι μου ξετυλίγεται κι ανεμίζει στα  
πέρατα  
μ' αίματα ποιήματα μυαλά  
και με στριγγλίες  
ένας μακρύς μακρύς άσπρος επίδεσμος σημάδι μου  
της εμμονής.  
Σ' όλης της γής τα γκέτο.

stock-still since the time of the Paris Commune  
my papers useless by now and my purse discarded,  
no one comes near me for the stench.  
I stand quietly  
with my intestines wrapped around my neck with  
internal bleeding  
down on death across on life  
the helmet of riot police on my head  
I eat the food you're feeding me dum-dum tomatoes  
with razor blades  
I swing and sway on the seesaw by the sound of sirens  
I suckle with an Oedipal fix out of your rotten nipple  
drugs  
alcohol and tear gas  
calmly  
I sit  
on the marble steps  
in my invalid's wheelchair  
I play "Frère Jacques" on the accordion at the Supreme  
Court  
but euthanasia isn't signed  
and from my head unwraps and flutters to the ends  
of the world  
smeared with blood poems brain matter  
and with shrieks  
a long long white bandage mark of my tenacity,  
for all the ghettos of the world.

*(Translated from Greek by Angelos Sakkis)*

## RAFAEL JESÚS GONZÁLEZ

### NUESTROS SOÑADORES

El país que echa fuera  
por falta de documentos  
a sus soñadores  
se hiera a si mismo.  
¿Que otras tierra conocen?  
¿Que vacío dejarían  
en la consciencia,  
el corazón del pueblo?  
Es arrancarle las balanzas  
a la justicia, apagarle  
el antorcha a la libertad.  
Sería como si el águila  
con su propio pico  
y sus garras se rasgara  
su propio corazón  
ya envenenado por la crueldad.  
De fronteras y muros  
los sueños y la necesidad  
saben los mismo  
que las mariposas, las aves,  
el olor de las flores.  
Si no protegemos  
a nuestros soñadores perdemos  
nuestras almas y sueños.

## RAFAEL JESÚS GONZÁLEZ

### OUR DREAMERS

The country that casts out  
for lack of documents  
its dreamers  
wounds itself.  
What other land do they know?  
What emptiness would they leave  
in the consciousness,  
the hearts of the people?  
It's to tear the scales  
from justice, to put out  
the torch of liberty.  
It would be as if the eagle  
with its own beak  
& its claws lacerated  
its own heart  
already poisoned by cruelty.  
Of borders & walls  
dreams & need  
know the same  
as do the butterflies & the birds,  
the smell of the flowers.  
If we don't protect  
our dreamers we lose  
our souls & our hearts.

*(Translated from Spanish by the Author)*

## STEVEN GRAY

### REVELATION IN THE RADIO HABANA SOCIAL CLUB

Learning how to focus in a hole in the wall café  
and having some hallucinations with your rice and beans,  
the walls are covered with so many crooked pictures,  
like there was an earthquake in the Louvre. Much ado  
about the doll in its idolatry, reminds me of Hans Bellmer,  
the perversities of childhood and what happens when they  
turn into adults. The room is closer to the Cuban than the  
cubist,  
but there's so much going on, you focus and refocus on  
the background and the foreground with the house red  
going to your head. I realized that overhead there was a row  
of skeletons with green lights blinking in their ribs,  
and hanging from a ceiling fan a Barbie doll is quivering,  
she has a leather jacket and a lizard tail. It's like the attic  
is collapsing and the sky is falling, body parts are flying  
through the air, I'm getting an exploded view of the collective  
Caribbean unconscious. Waiter, there's a leg in my soup.  
The walls will knock you for a loop, I'm having dinner with  
the manic depression of the mannequins, and practicing  
my social skulls. The things they pull out of a hat, a baby  
turns into a rat. A winged whore. Hieronymus Bosch was  
here.

I lean on a machine-gun crutch and look at Ginsberg with  
no clothes on. There's a hollow doll whose head has turned  
into a gun, because a gun is for the hollow men. There is a  
subtext here of hybrids and decapitation, and some low-bred  
occupations. On the counter is a guillotine, a pair of plastic  
tits  
were cut off and they're on the wall, so much of art is in the  
fact  
of being framed, a tour de force of kitsch, a Dali crucifixion  
by the kitchen, and some Rocky Horror I Love Lucy  
Leninism,

does it come with commie kisses? There's a dummy with  
a trumpet and Medusa on a spinning swan, her sword is held  
up

like a phallic exclamation point. Another doll is in a  
compromising  
position with a horse, and it will need to see an animal  
psychiatrist.

I see the Mickey Mouse governor of California, that's enough  
to make you lose your appetite. Hallucination is the spice of  
life,

and there's some spicy cooking in this place. A headless torso  
on the wall. A head emerging from a shoe. You can lose your  
mind

in here and find yourself in Radio Habana heaven, it is rehab  
in the evening with a certain reverb and old photos which are  
out of time. I'm looking at Santana in the 70's, a transitory  
feeling

coming through the ceiling. The satanic has a hand in this  
confusion, a delirious voodoo of the all-inclusive, with the  
rational

becoming more elusive, but they don't forget your check.

The balances are redefined, I'm caught between the  
simultaneous

and the subconscious at the moment of a transformation  
and the business is bizarre. A man drops by, he has a  
one-string instrument, a long bow and a gourd, I'm never  
bored

in here, a place I can afford, with no one saying praise the  
lord.

It's just around the corner from the Revolution Café.

## MARTIN HICKEL

### INDIVIDUALISM

a kind of blindness  
the diseased apolitical  
help those who own the world  
spread like a plague  
as they must be owned  
easily made to mind  
for any whose eyes opened  
would see through the lies  
they tell themselves  
but as george carlin  
liked to say  
about the american dream  
you would have to be  
asleep to believe it  
alone in their cars  
driving dead to work  
& back home again  
burning gasoline like  
there's no tomorrow  
for another televised dose  
of freedom though slavery  
success at any cost  
so long as they feel good  
about their cold bottled beer  
their freshly painted nails  
the broadcast terror  
weeping on the evening news  
cannot touch them  
images of immigrant children  
drowned on beaches  
black men beaten senseless  
murdered by policemen  
all the pain & suffering

suffered by others  
mean nothing to them  
they're proud individuals  
enjoying themselves all the same  
like what else on earth matters  
if they're pleasing their masters  
the challenge now come  
this new dawn of revolution  
how do we ask them  
to wake up & be healed...?



## GARY HICKS

### ELEGIO-AUTOPSY: OBL

after  
the lynching  
comes  
the scandals  
the use of the code  
word “geronimo”, beloved  
of the apache nation,  
to describe the  
lyncher’s target...  
will the next  
lynch victims be  
named crazy horse?  
sitting bull? osceola?  
the thirty nine hanged  
the day after  
christmas 1862  
per order of  
the great emancipator?  
the dumping  
of the body into  
the sea touching  
many islamic  
nations and  
therefore  
the oceanic  
shrine for many  
despite the  
violation by  
the infidels  
of sharia  
and lord knows  
what else this  
week’s news

alone will bring  
to take some  
flutter out of the  
stars and stripes  
the admission  
by the deed  
that the target  
of the whole  
operation  
was armed only  
with the knowledge  
of his creation  
by his murderers  
armed only  
with the awesome  
capabilities of  
getting egg on  
the face of imperial  
legitimacy followed  
by a shoe  
upside the head  
of the empire's  
ceo armed only  
with way too much  
knowledge about  
his creators.  
meanwhile in the  
streets of our wilderness  
of north america  
young mobs of wilderness  
mentalities wave flags  
shouting "USA! USA!"  
over the death of  
the person now  
guaranteed to create  
another generation  
of resentment toward

“USA! USA!” and  
the white horse of  
chauvinism on which  
it rode in.  
but then again  
when murder is  
covered by a public  
lynching signifying  
that justice was  
done in, there  
is no need to  
consider niceties  
and consequences  
can always be  
passed onto children  
shouting “USA! USA!”  
in such circumstances  
even atheists  
can dream of a time  
when all of the claimants  
to heaven will stand  
before the creator  
on her left hand the  
fire of burning buddhists  
on her right osama  
saddam and all of  
the others who were  
not called home  
by god  
but sent home by  
the assassins and  
their cronies. and  
already the claimants  
can see the gates  
to that other place.



Photo in Rome

## JACK HIRSCHMAN

### THE NEW CLASS ARCANE

1.

Can't speak for all, that's the whole  
first point, that's what the past few  
years of, the engine of what hadn't  
worked in fact till now, Democratic  
Centralism, which

still is in the trenches, in the front  
lines of breadlines, demonstrations,  
wherever opportunities to agitate  
presents itself, learning the alphabet  
of hunger and poverty

not the way Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Mao  
and likeminded comrades spoke of it,  
but from an a-b-c of common sense,  
Necessity traditioned here on the streets  
of San Francisco.

Almost like starting all over: the Soviet  
Union dead, computers stepping up  
affirming info-vanities of the moment  
and the alzheimerization of brains,  
even as they make

the piano a supreme international tool  
of robots waving bye to workers every  
day, checks and plastic saying, It's okay!  
Versateller window-yaps singing:  
What I'd say?!

2.

Meanwhile I slept in a dumpster, ate  
out of a garbage can, drank my junk,  
faxed my crack, stopped drinking  
cigaretts, smoking Jack Daniels, saw  
so many cops on my tail;

at my sleeve, no reprieve, woke up in  
jail, cheeks all puffed, senses stuffed  
with mags, zines, flix, 900's slut and  
ho-fuck ads, cheap thrills, transvestitos.  
I can't speak for all,

that's the whole first point, that's what  
the past few years threw up, but down  
there, in abandoned buildings which we  
occupied, along corridors of injustice  
where we demonstrated,

on the pirated radio airwaves where we  
broadcast, on the walls, the board-work  
and the tombs of private property where  
we graffitied, we were learning---all over  
again and yet differently,

through that irresistible sweet negation  
of the negation,--- higher rhythms and  
Ideas of Necessity, becoming conscious  
through plod and gutwork, not simply  
intellectually but of what It means

to be part of that Must which is the call  
and cry of Liberty from the depths of  
struggles and oppressions and deaths.  
And we fought ourselves free to be  
this plural, this We

that must now, as an organization of Revolutionaries, amid the cuts, slashes and states of police even more densely entrenched, become that mountain in every city where warriors

of the New Class of the Planetariat are camped, clearing the way for others with ideas toward the overthrow of «this rotten-assed» trumpery and build the Democracy we were all born for.



Painting by Agneta Falk



## JORGE LUIS NAVARRO HONORES

### INSTRUCCIONES PARA INCENDIAR UNA CIUDAD

Ama a tu ciudad como si fuera tu sangre  
pero no temas  
a los cuchillos de las esquinas  
porque inevitablemente  
sabrán llegar  
a tu carne  
ama con rabia a sus habitantes  
describe sus movimientos  
utiliza tu libreta de notas como atizador  
lleva un catastro  
de todos los desastres cotidianos  
que veas al pasar  
comprende que la soledad y el dolor  
también se reflejan en las vitrinas  
sus luces encandilan  
al igual que el brillo  
que provocan los pisos encerados  
de los supermercados.

**JORGE LUIS NAVARRO HONORES**

**INSTRUCTIONS FOR SETTING A CITY ON FIRE**

Love your city as if it were your blood  
but don't be afraid of  
the knives on the corners  
because inevitably  
they'll know how to get  
to your flesh  
love its inhabitants with fury  
describe their movements  
use your notebook to fan the flames  
carry an official register  
of all the daily disasters  
that you see in passing  
understand that solitude and sorrow  
are also reflected in the windows  
their lights dazzling  
like the shine  
of the polished floors  
of the corner store.

*(Translated from Spanish by Barbara Paschke)*

## SERIGE JAYA

### IN DEFENSE OF OUR FOOD-GIVER

In the kingdom of village  
That smells earth and greenery  
Peasant has been the king without crown  
Liberty and self-respect have been  
His armor, acquired by birth

Like the seed that makes no sound while germinating  
Lives the peasant so silently  
Never too proud for being world's food giver  
He lives tending crops as his sacred duty  
He knows only his home and his village  
Never crossed its borders

Agriculture is the first culture of the man  
Mother Root of all cultures on the earth

But, now...  
He's suffocated  
With nooses of debt around his neck

Who made farming a gambling?  
Who diverted his produce from him and his home?  
Who's robbed his age-old freedom and liberty?  
Who drives him out to take to the streets for justice?

He can't buy the seed,—too costly  
He can't sell his produce,— too cheap  
The trader and the ruler hand in hand  
Push him away from his own produce

My country's now a boiling cauldron

A word in the end:

You and I  
Let's remember the peasant  
When we sit to dine  
Not the brand name of the company  
Or the Shop.

## **JOJ KASTRA (GEORGES CASTERA)**

### **KONSEY**

Si-w gen on miray devon-ou,  
poze-l tout kalte kesyon dwol.  
Si-l pa reponn,  
kraze-l!

**JOJ KASTRA (GEORGES CASTERA)**

ADVICE

If you have a wall in front of you,  
ask it all kinds of strange questions.  
If it doesn't respond,  
demolish it!

*(Translated from Haitian by Boadiba)*

## JAZRA KHALEED

### WÖRTER

Δεν έχω πατρίδα  
Κατοικώ μέσα στις λέξεις  
Μαυροφορεμένες  
Αιχμάλωτες  
Μουσταφά Χαγιάτι, μ' ακούς;  
Στη γλώσσα εδρεύει η εξουσία  
Μέσα της περιπολεί η αστυνομία  
Δε χρειαζόμαστε άλλους ποιητικούς κύκλους  
Δε χρειαζόμαστε άλλους σεφέρηδες  
Στη γειτονιά μου θυσιάζουν τους παρθένους ποιητές  
Ράπερς με σκονισμένα μάτια και φαρδιά παντελόνια  
Σπρώχνουν ρίμες σε πιτσιρίκια που σνιφάρουν λέξεις  
Να πέφτεις και να ξανασηκώνεσαι: η τέχνη του ποιητή  
Ζαν Ζενέ, μ' ακούς;  
Οι λέξεις μου είναι άστεγες  
Κοιμούνται στα παγκάκια της Κλαυθμώνος  
Σκεπασμένες με χαρτόκουτα από το Ikea  
Οι λέξεις μου δεν μιλάνε στις ειδήσεις  
Κάνουν πεζοδρόμιο κάθε βράδυ  
Οι λέξεις μου είναι προλετάρισσες, σκλάβες όπως εγώ  
Δουλεύουν στα φασονάδικα μέρα νύχτα  
Δε θέλω άλλα μοιρολόγια  
Δε θέλω άλλα ρήματα που ν' ανήκουν στον άμαχο πληθυσμό  
Χρειάζομαι μια καινούργια γλώσσα, όχι νταβατζιλίκια  
Περιμένω μια επανάσταση να με εφεύρει  
Ποθώ τη γλώσσα του ταξικού ανταγωνισμού  
Μια γλώσσα που 'χει γευτεί την εξέγερση  
Θα την κατασκευάσω!  
Αχ, τι αλαζονεία  
Εντάξει, φεύγω  
Μα κοίτα, στο πρόσωπό μου χαράζει η αυγή μιας νέας  
ποίησης  
Καμία λέξη δεν θα μείνει αιχμάλωτη πίσω  
Αναζητώ ένα πέρασμα.

## JAZRA KHALEED

### WORDS

I have no fatherland  
I live within words  
That are shrouded in black  
And held hostage  
Mustapha Khayati, can you hear me?  
The seat of power is in language  
Where the police patrol  
No more poetry cycles!  
No more poet laureates!  
In my neighborhood virgin poets are sacrificed  
Rappers with dust-blown eyes and baggy pants  
Push rhymes on kids sniffing words  
Fall and get back up again: the art of the poet  
Jean Genet, can you hear me?  
My words are homeless  
They sleep on the benches of Kladmon Square  
Covered in IKEA cartons  
My words don't speak on the news  
They're out hustling every night  
My words are proletarian, slaves like me  
They work in sweatshops night and day  
I want no more dirges  
I want no more verbs belonging to the noncombat  
I need a new language, not pimping  
I'm waiting for a revolution to invent me  
Hungering for the language of class war  
A language that has tasted insurgency I shall create it!  
Ah, what arrogance!  
Okay, I'll be off  
But take a look: in my face the dawn of a new poet is breaking  
No word will be left behind, held hostage  
I'm seeking a new passage.

*(Translated from Greek by Peter Constantine)*



## MARK LIPMAN

### PEOPLE OVER PARTY

What if there were no parties  
no left or right  
no difference between the sides  
no sides, only right and wrong  
to differentiate which side of the line you're on  
no ideology to separate those who have less  
from those who have nothing at all  
no us, no them  
no reds, no blues  
no colors at all  
no flags to choose  
no elephants, no donkeys  
only wolves and sheep  
those who eat and those who are led to slaughter?  
What if there was only one coin  
and every time you lost the toss no matter?  
What if there was no one to tell us who to hate  
would there still be a worse and a better?  
What if everyone got to vote  
and every vote were counted?  
What if money didn't decide  
whose voice we get to listen to?  
What if money was just an illusion  
meant to separate us from the needed resources?  
What if there were no borders  
and all people were allowed to travel  
and not just the commodities we take from other lands?  
What if everyone were guaranteed a basic income,  
a place to live, education, healthcare, retirement?  
What if everything we needed to live  
a happy, productive life already existed in plenty?  
What if we just stopped living in fear of everybody?

What if for once we just put aside the identity  
and treated everybody like a human being?  
What if we stopped chanting slogans  
stopped the military occupations  
stopped bombing other people's homes  
stopped killing people here at home  
for having a broken taillight  
and took responsibility for our own actions?  
What if we stopped overthrowing other governments  
stopped propping up military dictators and theocrats?  
What if we stopped blaming other people  
to excuse our own sins?  
What if there were no bribes  
and campaign contributions,  
could we then have a government  
of, by and for the people?

## ANGELINA LLONGUERAS

### PALESTINA, UNA VISIÓ INTERIOR

L'Art no és un mirall per reflectir la realitat,  
sinó un martello per donar-li forma.

—Vladimir Maiakovsky

Palestina,  
em fas mal al moll de l'òs,  
em fa mal el silenci esgarrifós,  
que no deixa sentir els crits  
de tants infants aterrits,

cremats I escrits,

I em fa mal el silenci,  
I l'absoluta impunitat  
amb que han condemnat  
a tants dels teus fills I néts  
a vides senceres d'odi i violència,  
a viure sense innocència,  
ni joc, ni amor, ni alegria,  
amb sentiments embussats  
I amb el somriure esborrat  
per sempre...

El soroll de les bombes  
que et plouen incessans  
m'evoca terrors que cria oblidats,  
quan de petita,  
sentia l'esgarrapada  
d'un tiroteig nocturn,  
rapid I amagat  
en un indret aïllat  
que potser em despertava,

## ANGELINA LLONGUERAS

### PALESTINE, AN INNER VISION

Art is not a mirror held up to reality,  
but a hammer with which to shape it.

—Vladimir Mayakovsky

Palestine,  
You ache in the marrow of my bone,  
You ache in the horrifying silence,  
That doesn't allow the cries  
of so many terrified,  
burned, pulled to pieces  
infants be heard.

You ache in the silence  
and the absolute impunity  
with which so many of your children  
and grand children  
have been sentenced

to entire lives of hatred and violence,  
to lives without innocence,  
or play, or love, or joy,  
with blocked feelings  
and an erased smile  
for ever...

The sound of the bombs  
raining on you  
brings to mind a terror  
I thought I'd forgotten,  
when, as a child,  
I'd feel the scratch  
of a nocturnal shoot-out,

i sentia cause  
cossos joves caçats,  
arrossegats I silenciats,  
amb un tret de pistola a la nuca,  
fet per botxins anònims  
i disfressats  
de ciutadans comuns I corrents.

El silenci, sempre el silenci, caient...

Els cossos que es desplomaven  
Aviat esdevingueren  
allò que els nazis anomenaren  
“nit I boira”,  
quan ho exportaren  
als seus camps de concentració...

igual que els teus infants i joves d'ara.  
Palestina,

Et tracten com a una dona  
de classe obrera,  
a qui mai s'ha respectat,  
i de res no li val haver estudiat,  
que els de dalt saben qui és qui,

només faltaria!,  
O et penses que els pobres tenen drets,  
per més que es rentin la cara?

creu-me, Palestina, et conec la història,  
l'he viscuda des de dintre:

Donen per sentat,  
que ets inculta i baorroera,  
cridanera,  
i perillosa,

a quick and hidden one,  
on some isolated site,  
that maybe woke me up,  
and I'd feel inside the young  
chased dragged silenced bodies falling  
by a bullet in the nuke  
shot by anonymous executioners  
disguised as ordinary citizens.

Silence, always silence, falling..

Those fallen bodies  
would soon become  
that which the nazis called  
“night and fog”  
when they exported them  
to their concentration camps...

just like your youngsters and children now,  
Palestine.

You're treated like  
a working-class woman,  
who's never been respected,  
even though she may have studied,

for those at the top know who's who,  
whatever next!  
Or do you think the poor have rights  
no matter how often they wash their face?

Believe me, Palestine,  
I know your story,  
I've lived it from the inside:

They take for granted  
you're uneducated and coarse,

portadora de malalties i heretgies,  
que mereixes ser cremada,  
que has nascut per ser criada,  
follada, i engatussada,  
I a callar, que és el que toca,  
que sinó  
ja et donarà cinturó  
l'Amo i Senyor.

I per si no n'hi hagués prou  
amb les "històriques raons" de sempre,  
duus a sobre les tres religions,  
que tenen com a missió  
des de temps immemorial,  
enverinar-te totes les fonts,  
deixar-te seca, infertil,  
malgastada,  
sense ganes de viure,  
I ben rebentada...

ja trobaràs la felicitat  
en una altra vida,  
dona,  
ara, als pobres, els toca callar,  
ho diuen el Sant Pare, el Rabí I l'Imà.  
Per cert, vols dir que tens anima, tu?  
O ets com un animaló,  
a qui es pot matar sense culpa ni por?  
O és que et penses  
que a una criada,  
no se li pot prendre tot?

Si aquest món tingués consciència  
tots els governs traurien  
diplomàtics I ciutadans  
del país dels invasors,  
I cap d'ells no permetria

loud-voiced,  
and dangerous,  
a carrier of disease and heresy,  
who deserves to be burnt,  
who's been born to be a servant,  
to be sweet-talk betrayed and fucked,  
and shut up! which is your duty,  
or else  
you'll get to know the belt  
of the Lord and Master!

And in case the ever present  
“historical reasons” weren't enough,  
you carry the load of the three religions  
whose mission,  
since time immemorial,  
is to dry you out, to leave you barren,  
wasted,  
without any joy of living,  
burst open...

You'll find happiness  
in the next life,  
woman!,  
now, the duty of the poor is to shut up,  
so say the Saint Father, the Rabbi, and the Immam.  
By the way, do you really have a soul?  
Or you're just some little beast  
that can be killed without blame or fear?  
Or do you think a servant  
Can't have it all taken away?

If this world had a conscience,  
every government would call away  
their diplomats and citizens  
from the invading country,  
and none of them would allow



La “solució final”  
amb què es vol apagar  
la rebel·lia constant...  
de, com diuen els diaris...

aquesta puta bel·ligerant,  
que s’atreveix a plantar cara,  
des d’el seu embrutiment,  
la seva lletja misèria  
i el seu fastigós sofriment  
-que millor que no es vegin gaire,  
son tan desagradables!-  
al món “bell i net i ordenat”  
i “pur” i esterilitzat” dels benestants,  
de la “civilització” que per “lleï natural”,  
la sotmet,  
com Déu mana!

si encara hauria d’estar agraïda  
de les caritats rebudes  
de “benefactors” ben intencionats  
que, quan han pogut, li han acostat  
un trocet de pa...  
tot i que avui això no es pot dir  
tan planerament  
com es deia ahir...  
Llàstima!

Palestina, sé que tens valor,  
que te’n sobra,  
Perquè portes al cor  
tantes humiliacions,  
I tanta resistència  
a tants crims,  
que t’has omplert de paciència  
per encaixar-ne els que calgui,  
ara i en el futur.

the “final solution”  
which wants to extinguish  
the ongoing rebellion  
of, as the media call her...

this belligerent whore,  
who dares to challenge,  
from her brutalization,  
from her ugly misery,  
and her disgusting suffering.  
—that are best left unseen,  
they are so unpleasant!—  
the “beautiful” “clean” “orderly”  
“pure” “sterilized” world of the wealthy,  
the world of “civilization” that  
subdues her by “natural law”,  
God willing!  
She should be grateful in fact  
for the charities received  
from well-meaning “benefactors”,  
who, when able, have tossed her  
some loaf of bread or other..  
—although nowadays  
you can’t be so explicit  
about this as yesterday...  
A pity!---

Palestine,  
I know you have courage,  
plenty of it!,  
because you carry in your heart  
so many humiliations,  
and so much resistance  
to so many crimes  
that you’ve filled yourself with patience,  
  
and you can take

No en tinc cap dubte,  
germana.

Els veus a venir,  
saps qui son,  
i has escollit no callar,  
perquè el martiri és,  
sens dubte, millor  
que l'extinció.

I ploro d'admiració,  
i vull abraçar-te  
com ningú t'ha abraçat mai,  
en totes les teves vides,  
perquè no puguin ignorar-te ni culpar-te,  
com s'ignora i s'humilia  
amb mutisme general  
a una terra maltractada,  
embrutida I violada  
a qui li fan tant de mal.

Palestina,  
et vull curar,  
i vull que tohom et curi,  
tot el món,.  
despert i en conjunt  
s'ha de posar a la feina  
pendent  
de deturar el monstre pudent  
del genocidi,  
doncs només el cor humà,  
que t'abraci sense pors  
ni prejudicis,  
que s'enfonsi en el teu fang,  
que et doni llàgrimes I sang,  
que t'ofreixi la vida,  
no metafòricament,

whatever it takes,  
now and in the future..  
I have no doubts,  
sister.

You see them coming,  
you know who they are,  
and you've chosen not to shut up,  
because martyrdom is, doubtlessly,  
better than extinction.

And I cry in admiration,  
and I want to hug you,  
like no one's ever hugged you  
in any of your many lives,  
so they won't be able to ignore or blame you  
with their collective muteness  
like a humiliated,  
brutalized, raped land  
that's been so hurt  
is ignored.

Palestine,  
I want to heal you,  
and I want everyone to heal you,  
the whole world,  
awake and together,  
must undertake the pending task  
to stop the foul-smelling  
genocidal monster  
for only the human heart  
who embraces you without fear  
or prejudice,  
who drowns in your mud,  
who gives you tears and blood,  
who offers you his life,  
—not metaphorically—

sino la de cada dia  
pot desfer tant de dolor.

I no poden neixer flors  
fins que tothom t'abraci  
I et demani perdó,  
i et tregui de l'oblit  
I de la mort  
amb un petó.

Palestina,  
germana,  
amiga...  
T'encomano  
A la font  
de la vida  
i de l'amor,  
amb tot el meu enyor.

but his everyday life  
can undo so much pain.

And no flower will be born  
until everyone hugs you  
and begs your forgiveness  
and takes you away from oblivion  
and death  
with a kiss.

Palestine,  
sister,  
friend,  
I entrust you  
to the fountain  
of life  
and love  
with all my longing.

*(Translated from Catalan by the Author)*

## **ANNA LOMBARDO**

### **UNA CARTOLINA DOPO UN BOMBARDAMENTO A GAZA**

Le inviasti una cartolina  
Con tre uccelli  
In cima ad una dorata campana  
Per festeggiare il giorno splendido  
Del suo compleanno.

E un'uccello canterà una canzone,  
L'altro, certamente intonerà  
Più sublime, ma l'ultimo  
Con la testa spezzata ha lasciato un buco  
Nel mio cuore. Ed ho urlato  
In quel giorno splendido  
Del suo compleanno perduto.

**ANNA LOMBARDO**

**A POSTCARD AFTER A BOMBING IN GAZA**

You sent her a postcard  
With these three birds  
On top of a golden bell  
To celebrate the splendid day  
Of her birthday.

And one bird will sing a song,  
The other, surely, will sound  
More sublime, but the last one  
With his broken head left a hole  
In my heart. And I cried out  
On that splendid day  
Of her lost birthday.

*(Translated from Italian by the Author)*



## DENIZE LOTU (DENIZE LAUTRE)

### JENERASYON CHAWONY

M paka rete bouch fèmen ankò  
Kè m twò pen  
Fò m vonmi  
Fò m vonmi sou nou tout  
Nou tout ki sal figi nasyon nou  
Nou tout ki trays peyi nou  
Nou taout ki vann Ayiti Tonma  
Menm jan Jida te vann Jezi

Men sal nou ponyen komisyon nosyon an  
Nou prije tete nasyon an  
Nou tete lang nasyon an  
Joustan nou fè lang li trennen atè  
Nou fè nasyon an tornen  
Move bouzen Fò Senklè  
Move bouzen sou ray  
Nou lage li anba zèl  
Move zwazo lanmò bèk fè yo  
Pou yo fin dechèpiye l nèt

Nou tout mèt fè tankou Jida  
Lè lit e finn vann Jezi  
Nou tout mèt chache oukò  
Pann tèt nou  
Nan pye bwa ki rele  
' 'Pye bwa jenerasyon chawony ' ' –  
Rale kadav kò santi nou fwenk  
Pou boujon jenerasyon lavi sa grandi!

**DENIZE LOTU (DENIZE LAUTURE)**

THE STINK GENERATION

I can't keep my mouth shut anymore  
My chest's too full up  
I have to throw up  
Vomit on all of us  
Who've dirtied our nation's face  
Betrayed our country  
Sold out Ayiti Toma  
Just like Judas sold out Jesus—

We grabbed and grabbed our motherland genitalia  
With our soiled hands  
We squeezed dry the nation's breasts  
We sucked and sucked the nation's tongue  
Until the tongue dragged in dirt—

We've turned the nation  
Into a sickened whore of Arsenal Street  
A sickened whore of Fort-Sinclair  
A sickened whore along train tracks  
Then we shoved her under the wings  
Of deadly birds of prey with steel beaks  
To gnaw her flesh to the bones—

All of us must do as Judas did  
After he'd sold Jesus  
All of us must look for a rope  
And hang ourselves  
On the tree named  
“The Stink Generation Tree”;  
Move all fucking stinking corpses out. Dammit!  
A new generation of living sprouts must rise.

*(Translated from Haitian by Jack Hirschman)*

## БОНИФАЦИЙ ГЕРМАН ЛУКОВНИКОВ

### ИЗ ЗАБРАКОВАННОГО

замучаю весь мир прекрасным стихами

живём себе и не ведаем  
что нас скоро  
откроют  
как индейцев

есть  
неписатели  
которые боятся писать  
и не пишут  
так как боятся  
что если начнут писать

то напишут  
как-нибудь не так,  
как  
до них  
писали различные писатели

есть писатели  
которые тоже этого бояться --  
и всё-таки пишут  
боятся и пишут, пишут и боятся, боятся и пишут.

А есть  
неписатели  
которые боятся писать --  
и не пишут,  
так как наоборот,  
боятся, что если начнут писать,  
то напишут  
как-нибудь так,

**BONIFACE GERMAN LUKOMNIKOV**

Excerpt from  
THE REJECTED

Tormenting the world with such lovely poetry

We live for ourselves, and do not see:  
That we'll soon  
Be Opened  
As the Indians

There exist  
Writers  
Who are afraid to write  
And don't write  
Out of fear  
Because if they do begin writing

They'll write  
Somehow  
Not like  
Those before them  
Wrote several authors

There are writers  
Who, also, captivated by fear,  
Nevertheless write,  
Fear and write, write and fear, fear and  
Write.

And there exist  
Writers  
Who are afraid to write --  
And don't write,  
(On the contrary)  
Out of fear, that if they begin writing

как  
до них  
уже писали празличине писатели.

и есть писатели  
которые тоже этого бояться --  
и всё-таки пишут, --  
пишут и боятся, боятся и пишут, пишут и боятся.

впрочем, есть неписатели ,  
которые ничего такого не боятся  
и всё равно почему-то не пишут.

но!  
есть!  
писатели!  
которые не боятся ни того, но другого --  
п и ш у т !  
не боятся! и пишут! пишут! и не бояться!  
я, например.

They'll write  
Somehow  
As  
Those before them  
Many writers have already written

And there are writers,  
Who, also, captivated by fear  
Nevertheless write, --  
Write and fear, fear and write, write and  
Fear.

However, there are writers,  
Of another kind, who do not fear  
And still do not write for some reason.

But!  
There are!  
Writers!  
Who don't fear, but are another –  
Who w r i t e !  
Don't fear! And write! Write! And don't fear!  
Take me as an example.

*(Translated from Russian by Lorenzo Lucchesi)*

## KAREN MELANDER MAGOON

### THE DAKOTAS

Indigenous peoples  
Water protectors  
Are again threatened  
And chased from their land  
By military tanks and guns  
Invading the native camps  
Clearing the path  
Of humanity  
Who stand on their native land  
Stand guard to protect the land  
And water  
Stand guard  
Against those  
Who'd create a conduit  
To convey oil  
Under the Indians' sacred lake  
The lake cannot speak  
The lake cannot protect  
Its protectors  
Who stand in a cold lake  
Freezing  
Daring pneumonia to enter their bodies  
As the military shoots more water  
Into their faces  
The lake  
And its protectors  
Are fragile  
They're the meek  
Who'll inherit the earth  
When freedom comes riding  
On hooves of courage  
When right abides

In courts of law  
And angels  
Dust the land  
With wings of mercy  
On winds  
Of justice.



## JIDI MAJIA

### 致马雅可夫斯基

艺术作品始终像它应该的那样, 在后世得到复活, 穿过拒绝接受它的若干时代的死亡地带. ——亚 勃洛克

正如你预言的那样, 凛冽的风吹着  
你的铜像被竖立在街心的广场  
人们来来去去, 生和死每天都在发生  
虽然已经有好长的时间, 那些——  
曾经狂热地爱过你的人, 他们的子孙  
却在灯红酒绿中渐渐地把你放在了  
积满尘土的脑后, 纵然在那雕塑的  
阴影里, 再看不到痨病鬼咳出的痰  
也未见——娼妓在和年轻的流氓厮混  
但是, 在那高耸入云的电子广告牌下  
毒品贩子们和阴险的股市操纵者  
却把人类绝望的面孔反射在墙面  
从低处看上去, 你那青铜岩石的脸部  
每一块肌肉的块面都保持着自信  
坚定深邃的目光仍然朝着自己的前方  
总有人会在你的身边驻足——  
那些对明天充满着不安而迷惘的悲观者  
那些在生活中还渴望找到希望的人  
他们都试图在你脸上, 找到他们的答案  
这也许就是你的价值, 也是你必须要

活下去的理由, 虽然他们不可能  
在你的额头上看到你所遭受过的屈辱  
以及你为了自己的信念所忍受的打击  
因为你始终相信——你会有复活的那一天  
那一个属于你的光荣的时刻——  
必将在未来新世纪的一天轰然来临!

## JIDI MAJIA

Excerpt from  
FOR VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY

*A true work of art will be resurrected at the proper time,  
after passing through the deathly hiatus of an era that  
refuses it.—Alexander Blok*

As you foretold, your bronze statue's erected  
In a crossroads plaza where icy winds blow;  
People pass by; some are born and some die.  
The ones who were love-struck for your sake  
Are long gone, and their descendants,  
Booze-fueled under flashy lights, now relegate you  
To dusty oblivion. Now in your statue's shadow  
No TB sufferer can be seen spitting up phlegm,  
No young hoodlum flitting through a brothel door;  
Yet under an LED signboard, against the skyline,  
Drug pushers and inside traders still cause us to see  
The blankness of human despair on a wall's surface.  
To one looking upwards at your face in craggy bronze,  
Each muscular segment as confident as ever,  
Your steady gaze still pierces the space ahead.  
There'll always be some who pause beside you,  
Lost souls trembling at thoughts of tomorrow  
Or people searching for a ray of hope in life,  
At some point they look for answers in your face:  
This is perhaps your value, and this is why  
You must go on living, though none can see  
What affronts your proud brow endured,  
What blows you suffered for your beliefs.  
You trusted in your day of resurrection,  
Believed the moment of glory you deserved  
Would surely come about in the new century!

你应该回来了,可以用任何一种  
方式回来,因为我们早就认识你  
你用不着再穿上——那件黄色的  
人们熟悉的短衬衫,你就是你!  
你可以从天空回来,云的裤子  
不是每一个未来主义者的标志,我知道  
你不是格瓦拉<sup>3</sup>,更不是桑迪诺<sup>4</sup>  
那些独裁者和银行家最容易遗忘你  
因为你是一个彻头彻尾的诗人  
你回来——不是革命的舞蹈者的倒立  
而是被命运再次垂青的马蹄铁  
你可以从城市的任何一个角落  
影子一般回来,因为你嘴唇的石斧  
划过光亮的街石,每一扇窗户  
都会发出久违了的震耳欲聋的声响

你是词语粗野的第一个匈奴  
只有你能吹响断裂的脊柱横笛  
谁说在一个战争与革命的时代  
除了算命者,就不会有真的预言大师  
它不是轮盘赌,唯有你尖利的法器  
可刺穿光明与黑暗的棋盘,并能在  
琴弦的星座之上,看见羊骨的谜底  
一双琥珀的大手,伸进风暴的杯底  
隐遁的粗舌,抖紧了磁石的马勒  
那是婴儿临盆的喊叫,是上帝在把

门铃敲响——开启了命运的旅程！

也许你就是刚刚到来的那一个使徒  
伟大的祭司——你独自戴着荆冠  
你预言的 1916 就比 1917 相差了一年  
这个世界的巨石发出了滚动前的吼声  
那些无知者曾讥笑过你的举动  
甚至还打算把你钉上谎言的十字架

It's high time you returned; any way you return  
Would be fine now that we recognize you.  
No need to put on that tan work shirt  
People knew you by. Who else could you be?  
Just come straight from the sky: a cloud in trousers  
Isn't the trademark of a run-of-the-mill futurist.  
Admittedly, not being Che Guevara or Augusto Sandino,  
You'll hardly register in minds of dictators and bankers  
Because you're thoroughly a poet, from head to toe;  
By inversion [of soul] you'll return, not on revolution's  
dance floor  
But to the rhythm of hoofbeats, by fate's renewed favor  
You'll return on any corner of the city,  
Shadow-like yet the air will split thunderously  
Again, at windows over bright paving stones  
That you quarried with the adze of your lips,

You—first of all Huns to go on a rampage in language  
Only you can coax notes from a broken backbone flute.  
That era of war and revolution had its fortune tellers,  
But who's to say it had no master of prophecy?  
It wasn't a roulette game; only your thunderbolt scepter  
Could penetrate the chessboard of murk and light  
Solving sheep-bone riddles by the star signs of lyre strings.  
Hermetic barrel-throat, with one yank of a magnetic bridle  
bit  
Releasing a newborn infant's cry, no different than the  
Lord  
Ringing a doorbell commencing fate's next journey.

Perhaps you're the most newly arrived apostle,  
Esteemed priest wearing your personal crown of thorns  
You foretold the year 1916, just one year off from 1917,  
The world's megalith rumbled before its careening roll,  
But the ignorant jeered at your actions,  
Laid plans to nail you onto a cross of lies.

也许你就是刚刚到来的那一个使徒  
伟大的祭司——你独自戴着荆冠  
你预言的 1916 就比 1917 相差了一年  
这个世界的巨石发出了滚动前的吼声  
那些无知者曾讥笑过你的举动  
甚至还打算把你钉上谎言的十字架  
他们哪里知道——是你站在高塔上  
看见了就要来临的新世纪的火焰  
直到今天——也不是所有的人  
都知道你宝贵的价值, 那些芸芸众生  
都认为你已经死亡, 只属于过去  
但是——这当然不是事实, 因为  
总有人会得出与大多数不同的结论  
那个或许能与你比肩的女人——  
茨维塔耶娃<sup>5</sup>就曾说过: “力量——在那边!”  
毫无疑问, 这是一个旷世的天才  
对另一个同类最无私的肯定  
但是为了这一句话, 她付出了代价  
她曾把你俩比喻成快腿的人  
在你死后, 她还公开朗读你的诗作  
并为你写下了《高于十字架和烟囱》  
1932 年那篇有关你诗歌精妙的文字  
赞颂了你在俄罗斯诗歌史上的地位  
如今你们两个人都生活在自己  
命名的第三个国度, 那里既不是天堂  
也不是地狱, 而作为人在生前

都是用相近的方式, 杀死了——自己!  
也只有你们, 被自发的力量主宰  
才能像自己得出的结论那样:  
像人一样活着, 像诗人一样死去!



How could they know you stood atop a tower  
That let you see flames of the new century?  
Even up to now, not everyone can know  
Your precious value; many in the moiling crowd  
Suppose you've died and belong to the past,  
But of course this isn't true, and some will reach  
A conclusion quite unlike the majority's view:  
Take that woman who's perhaps on a par with you,  
Tsvetaeva, who once said, "The power...is with him!"  
Was herself a talent rare in any age;  
She declared you were one of her kind  
Yet she paid a price for making that statement.  
She once likened the two of you to fleet runners;  
After your death, she recited your poems in public  
And in 1932 wrote "Taller than Crosses and Smokestacks,"  
A wonderful essay in tribute to your oeuvre  
Affirming your rank in the history of Russian poetry,  
And now you both live in a realm of your own naming  
Which is neither heaven nor hell,  
Though during your days on this earth  
Both of you in similar ways cut your own lives short!  
And only you two, ruled by autonomous powers  
Could arrive at the conclusion you did:  
Live like a human being; die like a poet!

*(Translated from Mandarin Chinese by Denis Mair)*

- 1. Vladimir Mayakovsky was a leading Russian modernist poet and playwright. His collected works run to volumes.*
- 2. Alexander Aleksandrovich Blok was the leading figure of Russia's symbolist literary movement.*
- 3. Che Guevara, born in Argentina, was a leading figure of the revolutionary movement in Cuba and other Latin American countries.*
- 4. Augusto Cesar Sandino was leader of the Nicaraguan liberation movement and leader of its guerrilla forces.*
- 5. Marina Tsvetaeva was a great poet of the Soviet era.*

**ROSEMARY MANNO**

**ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE**

To the Venezuelan Revolution

A cold, cruel oligarchy tried to rise from the dead  
but the old world of defeatism and fatalism  
was nowhere to be seen that day at Miraflores.  
No help from the CIA could save the dead.  
A new wave in a new world listened to canale ocho for the  
truth.  
Semana Pasqua had just passed.  
The will of the people was stronger than the old world  
stirring from the dead.  
I was in Mexico and could read the story unfolding in La  
Jornada  
that joyful April in the 43rd year of the Cuban Revolution.  
The courageous people of Venezuela reclaimed their name  
as a united people in a new world on that glorious day  
and gave the rest of the world something so magnificent to  
celebrate,  
the living proof to these words...All Power to the People!  
The whole world cheered when a dead oligarchy was  
buried for good,  
crushed by a collective wave in a new world at the feet of  
the people,  
a sea of revolutionary flowers at the gates of Miraflores.

All Power to the People!  
Hasta Siempre!



Photo by Sarah Menefee

## **ELIZABETH MARINO**

### **AND ANOTHER THING**

And those e-mails from Iowa  
soliciting for a would-be Congressman:  
Just give!  
Give before midnight!  
We're reaching our goal!  
And they're starting to run TV ads, the bastards!

Have you no plans?  
Once in power, what would you DO?  
(Except run for re-election?)  
What structures would you oppose or defend?  
How will your election help reform the DNC on a  
grassroots level?

In your state's cities  
Will you build a way to effectively check  
illegal evictions, or incorporate the evicted  
into the structure of the fabulous developments  
which grow from the soil of their own homes?

Or would you look at your state's populations  
which effectively lost access to the right to vote?  
The polling places pulled from Native reservations and  
The Bronx? The demand for ID from those elderly  
constituents born at home, non-drivers living on country  
by-roads?  
Maybe even look for the source of reminder postcards  
printed with the wrong polling date, the same card printed  
correctly in more  
desirable neighborhoods.

Here, our own mayor is dealing to sell a Great Lake's  
aquifer to

the Nestle Company, whose CEO doesn't believe that anyone has an absolute right to water. Or more basically, when you look at your state's children, do you ask what will keep them healthy and strong, perhaps with asthma and diabetes in control, state-wide? Or what can sharpen their minds and strengthen their hearts so as to imagine a future beyond age 15?

And another thing, you with your warm baritone and easy laugh, how do we choose our own fights?

**ANGEL L. MARTINEZ**

**CARRY THE FLAME**

Warriors are on the rise  
Honor them for fighting  
En lucha de corazón  
Manden saludos rojos

When freedom is the cause to fight  
In struggle, En la lucha  
Give them our red salute  
Azadi, libertad

They touched our hearts  
And felt the pain  
Go forth  
And carry the flame

Our hands stretch over all Tierra  
Embrace your power  
With the tears of all the years  
Cry out for the love  
To love is to defend the Earth  
Home of homelands

Make the truth be our art  
Viva, mabuhay  
They must never ever tear us apart  
Unity, unidad!

Ready for a fighting heart.





Photo by Steven Gray



## **PIPPO MARZULLI**

### **NELLE VIE DI HEBRON**

Nelle vie di Hebron  
Scorre piombo  
Fuso con sangue, lacrime, morte, fango, merda.  
Dal gretto del fiume in secca,  
Dove non scorre più nulla  
Se non un flusso continuum di odio e zanzare,  
Qualcuno prega  
Un dio accecato dai preti  
Con infami reliquie arrugginite  
Che si tappa le orecchie  
Per non udire il rombo del treno occidentale  
Che spacca in due il monte santo  
delle natiche del palestinese stremato  
Dalle eiaculazioni d'onnipotenza del crociato  
Che da sempre marcia  
con animo marcio.

**PIPPO MARZULLI**

**ACROSS THE STREETS OF HEBRON**

Across the streets of Hebron  
It flows lead  
Fused with blood, tears, death, mud, shit.  
From the miserly dry river,  
Where nothing flows down no more,  
But a continuous stream of mosquitos and hatred,  
Someone is praying  
A God blinded by priests  
With some infamous and rusty relics  
Stopping one's ears  
In order to not hearing the roar of the western train  
Which breaks into two parts the saint mountain  
Of the exhausted Palestinian's buttock  
Because of the omnipotence ejaculation of the crusader  
Who has been always marching  
With his rotten soul.

*(Translated from Italian by Mauro Aprile Zanetti)*

## ВЛАДИМИР МАЯКОВСКИЙ

от ХОРОШО

Перед нашею  
республикой  
стоят богатые.  
Но как постичь ее?

И вопросам  
разнедоуменным  
нет числа:  
«Что это  
за нация такая  
‘социалистичья’,  
и что это за  
‘соци-  
алистическое отечество’?»

Мы  
восторги ваши  
понять бессильны.  
Чем восторгаются?  
Про что поют?

Какие такие  
фрукты—апельсины  
растут  
в большевицком вашем  
раю?

Что вы знали,  
кроме хлеба и воды,---  
с трудом  
перебиваясь  
со дня на день?

Такою отечества  
ракой дым  
разве уж  
насмолько приятен?

## VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY

Excerpt from  
FINE!

The rich stand  
    before our  
        republic.  
    But how to understand them?  
They question,  
    they're dubious,  
        not strong:  
“What's this  
    about a “socialist”  
        nation  
and what's this  
    “soci-  
        list motherland”?  
We're  
    your delight,  
        understanding the weak.  
But what are you delighting in?  
        Singing for what?  
For some  
    oranges  
cultivated in your bolshevik  
        paradise?  
What is it you know  
    outside of bread and water—  
amid miserable  
    labors all day long?  
From such a motherland  
    such smoke spread,  
Is it really  
    so fragrant?

За что вы  
идете,  
если велят---  
"воюй"?

Можно  
Быть  
разорванным бомбищею,  
можно  
умереть  
за общую?

Приятно  
русскому  
с русским обняться,  
но у вас  
и имя  
"Россия"  
утрачено.

Что это за  
отечество  
у забывших об нации?

Какая нация у вас?  
Коминтерина?

Жена,  
да квартира,  
да счет текущий---

вот это  
отечество,  
райские кущи.

Ради бы  
вот  
такого отечества,  
мы понимали б  
и смерть  
и молодечество.

Слушайте,  
национальный трутень,---

For what will you  
go,  
if they order you:  
‘Fight!’  
You’d be happy  
to get  
bombed to bits  
for a land  
that’s really yours,  
but how  
to die  
for one that’s common?  
When a  
Russian  
hugs a Russian, it’s good—  
but you’ve  
chucked ‘Russia’s’  
once so glorious  
name.  
What’s ‘fatherland’  
to you  
who’ve forgotten your nation?  
What’s nation for you now?  
The Comintern?  
Your wife,  
your flat and  
your current account—  
that’s this  
motherland,  
in tents of paradise.  
For such a motherland  
You do indeed  
appreciate death  
and heroic courage.”  
Listen,  
you drones  
in national rags!

день наш  
        тем и хорош, что труден.  
Эта песня  
        песней будет  
наших бед,  
        побед,  
                буден.





**SARAH MENELEE**

**ON DREAMING STREETS  
for the Poor Tour**

don't be wet  
dear comrades

don't let the hard of heart  
rip down your tents  
in the new year's  
first dark rain

while Ben holds onto  
his golden-eyed  
stuffed toy  
leopard shark  
in his wheelchair

it's a real chick magnet  
smiling says

as he warms himself  
in their re-erected  
warming tent  
before another raid

they sit around  
in the night  
to the tune of  
raindrops

in the small flame  
where everything  
comes out of nothing  
again and again

jars of plum jam  
show up in the night  
of understanding.  
and all things warm

\*

here my  
new year dawns  
on dreaming streets

and night lies uncovered  
on the bare pavement  
his feet in a  
cardboard box

and the girl gets up  
from her doorway  
where she lay under  
a mint-green blanket  
and walks away

in downtown Oakland  
across from where  
Mike Zint and I  
drink coffee

doing nothing he says  
I just sit here with  
the universe

from a small  
tent

with little left of  
his emphysema'd  
lungs in

the altitudes  
of the future

in his clear un-  
equivocal words  
their bottom line  
of utter dignity

shelters are prisons  
this is torture

let's take  
care of each other

this is how  
out of the fecund  
of nothing

\*

and now the rain  
comes down and down  
dancing into the  
puddles of itself

and all the food  
is ruined wet

whether alone  
or together what  
is the outcome?

can there be one  
out of the same  
dumb mouths  
of power?

no power over  
one jot or tittle  
of what evolves

when push comes  
to shove

no remedy  
for anything  
trumped up from  
that void

the circus has  
left town

leaving its  
useless dung  
scattered around

fuck that shit!  
we say

sitting inside  
our shivers and  
our frail adamant  
selves.

## **MOMO**

DEMOCRAZIA=LIBERTA DI UCCIDERE

Come uccelli lucenti  
Volano sulla mia città  
Emigrano dai paesi freddi  
Per portare democrazia e pace  
Col suono delle loro bombe  
Dei loro missili

Si  
La Pace  
Quella Eterna

Nazisti  
Armati  
Totalitari  
Organizzati.

**MOMO (MICHELE TERESI)**

DEMOCRACY= FREEDOM TO KILL

As scintillant birds  
fly over my city  
They emigrate from cold countries  
To bring democracy and peace  
With the sound of their bombs  
And their missiles

Yes  
The Peace  
That Eternal

Nazi  
Armed  
Totalitarian  
Organizations.

*(Translated from Italian by Gianni Inilosa)*

## MAJID NAFICY

عبدالباقی

آبی که به ساحل دست می‌کشد  
چونان من است که با عصای سفیدم  
به زمین، تقه می‌زنم  
تا راهی به آن سوی آبها بجویم  
به سرزمین کودکیم  
به عبدالباقی  
مقنی تقریبا نابینایی که گاهی  
رخت نو به تن می‌کرد  
دو قلوهای زالش را به بغل می‌گرفت  
و به خانه‌ی ما می‌آمد  
من شگفت‌زده می‌ایستادم  
به پلک‌هایش نگاه می‌کردم  
که زیر نقاب کلاه بهم می‌خورد  
تا تاریکی بپراکند  
و از او می‌پرسیدم  
"عبدالباقی!"  
کی مرا با خود  
به ته چاه خواهی برد  
تا چون تو در تاریکی  
دل سنگ را بشکافم  
"و راهی به سوی آب بیایم؟"  
مجید نفیسی  
سی‌ویکم اوت دوهزار و هفده

## MAJID NAFICY

### ABDOL-BAQI

The water that touches the seashore  
Is like me, who with my white cane  
Tap the ground to find a way  
Toward the other side of the ocean  
To the land of my childhood  
To Abdol-Baqi  
An almost-blind well-digger who sometimes  
Put on new clothes  
Carried his albino twins at his bosom  
And came to our house.  
I stood transfixed  
Watching him bat his eyelids  
Under his visor  
To disperse darkness.  
I asked him:  
“Abdol-Baqi!  
When will you take me  
To the bottom of the well  
So that like you in darkness  
I can pierce the heart of rock  
And find a way toward water?”

*(Translated from Farsi by the Author)*



## PABLO NERUDA

### REVOLUCIONES

Cayeron dignatarios  
envueltos en sus togas  
de lodo agusanado,  
pueblos sin nombre levantaron lanzas,  
derribaron los muros,  
clavaron al tirano contra sus puertas de oro  
o simplemente en mangas de camisa  
acudieron  
a una pequeña reunión  
de fábrica, de mina o de oficio.  
Fueron estos  
los  
años  
intermedios:  
caía Trujillo con sus muelas de oro,  
y en Nicaragua  
un Somoza acribillado  
a tiros  
se desangró en su acequia pantanosa  
para que sobre aquella rata muerta  
subiese aún como un escalofrío  
otro Somoza o rata  
que no durará tanto.  
Honor y deshonor, vientos contrarios  
de los días terribles!  
De un sitio aún escondido llevaron al poeta  
algún laurel oscuro  
y lo reconocieron:  
las aldeas pasó  
con su tambor de cuero claro,  
con su clarín de piedra.  
Campesinos de entrecerrados ojos  
que aprendieron a oscuros en la sombra

## PABLO NERUDA

### REVOLUTIONS

Dignitaries fell  
wrapped in their robes  
of wormy mud,  
nameless townspeople raised up spears,  
demolished walls,  
nailed the tyrannical to their golden doors  
or simply in shirt sleeves  
they turned to  
small get-togethers  
in factories, mines, or offices.  
These were  
the in-between  
years:  
Trujillo fell with his golden molars,  
and in Nicaragua  
one Somoza riddled  
with bullets  
bled to death in his muddy ditch  
so that upon that dead rat  
another Somoza or rat  
would rise up like a feverish chill  
which won't last so long.  
Honor and dishonor, contrary winds  
of those awful days!  
From a still hidden place  
they took to the poet  
some dark laurel  
and they honored him:  
he passed by villages  
with his drum of clear hide,  
with his bugle of stone.  
Peasants with half-closed eyes,  
who learned in the darkness, in the shadows,

y aprendieron el hambre como un texto sagrado  
miraron al poeta que cruzaba  
volcanes, aguas, pueblos y llanuras,  
y supieron quién era:  
lo resguardaron  
bajo  
sus follajes.  
El poeta  
allí estaba con su lira  
y su bastón cortado en la montaña  
de un árbol oloroso  
y mientras más sufría  
más sabía  
más cantaba aquel hombre:  
había encontrado  
a la familia humana,  
a sus madres perdidas,  
a sus padres,  
al infinito número  
de abuelos, a sus hijos,  
y así se acostumbró  
a tener mil hermanos.  
Un hombre así no se sentía solo.  
Y además con su lira  
y su bastón del bosque  
a la orilla  
del río innumerable  
se mojaba los pies  
entre las piedras.  
Nada pasaba o nada parecía  
pasar:  
tal vez el agua que iba  
resbalando en sí misma,  
cantando  
desde la transparencia:  
la selva lo rodeaba  
con su color de hierro:

and learned hunger like a sacred text,  
they watched the poet crossing  
volcanoes, waters, villages and plains,  
and they know who he was:  
they protected him  
under  
their foliage.  
The poet  
was there with his harp  
and his stick cut in the mountains  
from a fragrant tree  
and the more that man suffered  
the more he knew,  
the more he sang:  
he had found  
the human family,  
his lost mothers,  
his fathers,  
his endless number  
of grandparents, their sons,  
and so he grew accustomed to  
having a thousand brothers.  
A man like that never felt alone.  
Furthermore with his harp  
and his staff from the forest,  
he was getting his feet wet  
among the stones  
at the edge  
of countless rivers.  
Nothing was happening or nothing appeared  
to happen:  
maybe the water was  
trickling over itself,  
singing  
from its clarity:  
the jungle was all around  
with its iron-like color:

allí era el punto puro  
el grado más azul, el centro inmóvil  
del planeta  
y él allí con su lira,  
entre las peñas  
y el agua  
rumorosa,  
y nada transcurría  
sino el ancho silencio,  
el pulso, el poderío  
de la naturaleza  
y sin embargo  
a un grave amor estaba destinado,  
a un honor iracundo.  
Emergío de los bosques  
y las aguas:  
iba con él con claridad de espada  
el fuego de su canto.

there was the pure point,  
the bluest hue, the motionless center  
of the planet  
and he was there with his harp,  
amid the crags  
and the murmuring water,  
and there was nothing  
except the vast silence,  
the pulsation and the power  
of nature  
and yet  
he was destined for a grave love,  
an honor full of wrath.  
He emerged from the forests,  
from the waters:  
it went with him with sword-like clarity  
the fire in his song.

*(Translated from Spanish by Jim Normington)*

## JIM NORMINGTON

### PROBATION OR PAROLE

So they swing us  
in & out  
doors of justice  
so we wait & wait  
on wooden benches  
next to six eight Howard  
laugh the laugh  
with three-finger Freddie  
trade looks without words  
with shaved head Deion  
so we sit for hours  
on courthouse benches  
my crime  
disturbing the peace  
outside a corner store  
after tappin' a brother  
on the shoulder  
standin' in line  
talkin' NBA playoffs  
some mad cat  
who turned on me,  
"don't hit me, white boy,  
don't you ever hit me,  
white boy..."  
his twisted mind turning  
a tap into a hard slug  
we got into it  
cops were called  
we were cuffed  
now these wooden benches  
we go in & out  
doors of justice  
ain't no thing

just too many people  
on the streets  
not enough jobs  
so we wait & wait  
as outside the day  
blazes up like gasoline  
city fathers chewing  
filet mignon  
or pink fleshy legs  
of Alaskan crab  
jewels for the wife  
pay off a few mistresses  
we wait & wait  
on wooden benches  
joke & laugh  
about too many laws  
too many jailors  
jailing mostly the poor  
a prison coming soon  
to every backyard  
& the deep red rings  
around my wrists  
will fade slowly away  
but the crimes  
against the poor  
the hidden crimes  
by judges & jailers  
& city fathers  
will never wash clean.



**DOROTHY (DOTTIE) PAYNE**

**NO SONG CAN BE SUNG**

No song can be sung  
to dying children  
                    who will never  
                    awaken;

No grace given  
before an empty table.

The hounds of hell  
have driven us out,  
the merchants of war  
have made us desperate,  
the battering rams of hate  
lurk like menacing vultures  
waiting to take whatever  
is left.

No song can be sung;  
No grace, however amazing  
can be given;  
none can be forgiven  
as we sit motionless  
while they slaughter  
our children.

How can we allow  
our hearts to keep beating  
after witnessing this?  
How can we hope to look those who survive  
in the eye?  
How can we keep turning away  
from this holocaust of  
all who dare to exist  
                    without hate in their hearts,

without money in their pockets,  
without war in their fantasies,  
without the need for greed?

No song can be sung,  
no poem written  
as long as we  
remain silent.

So the strongest among us rise up,  
take to the streets,  
vow to end  
this evil that seeps  
into the sheets where  
the children sleep  
and unsung innocents  
can no longer even dream.

This arch of evil  
has overreached  
borders,  
has droned death  
relentlessly  
and driven us out  
into their war zones,

has made us forego  
begging for what's ours;  
has bent us over once too often,  
left us to bleed fearlessly  
far too many times.

So, we must become hymn and psalm,  
make melody of our great green revenge--  
we must grace the pages of a New Script  
with the diligence of Job.

We too have been put to the tests:

our auditions are endless.  
No symphonies for us,  
just handshakes, heartaches,

and common grace.

They said the boy took  
what wasn't his,  
defied and pushed back,  
and the man flaunted that toy gun  
that looked so real--  
dared to pretend  
he was master of  
his own body--  
thought he could own  
the space around it.

They said the woman  
talked back,  
used her tongue  
like a rapid-fire weapon--  
had no fear of them--  
owned her own mind  
up until the very end,  
sang her own righteous hymn  
heard the world over,  
composed our  
new world order  
as she pure-cursed them  
and gasped her last breath,  
promised them  
their evil was ending  
with her heart beat;  
said they could never  
silence this.

And they say  
she sang  
as they strangled her,  
first a shriek,  
then a muffled little gurgle  
turned melodic lisp:

"This body, this song  
is not yours to own,  
I will return as millions,"

--took her fear  
and made it theirs--  
raised her eyelids skyward  
like a celestial choir--

hummed young Trayvon's Song,  
gasp'd Eric Garner's final breath;  
gave her Sandra Bland smile  
as she acapello-vowed  
a retaliation of the spirit  
holier than they could know,  
ancient as a harp.

And we heard it,  
heard the whispered symphony  
which was her life:

saw the tracks  
in the snow  
rejoicing  
the arrival of  
our inevitable

"Hallelujah!"

## GREGORY POND

### DAY LABORERS

all day laborers  
waiting through sun and rain  
maybe no work today laborers  
struggling to maintain  
a roof at home that doesn't leak  
and food to fill their children's plates  
men lined along the street  
available for the day  
eyes alert, scouting for work  
the hours of endless waiting  
then, descending in droves  
hoping they're needed  
by the next car that slows  
so the driver can inspect  
circle once more  
to decide, then select.  
so many to choose  
but need only a few  
as long as they work for little  
and are willing to sweat  
cards are dealt but stacked against  
those not plucked from the daily deck  
the scenario is repeated  
day in, day out, all week  
men lined along the street  
again and again  
waiting through monotony,  
wind and rain  
men who won't get paid  
if there are no requests today  
rent is due and options are few  
for these jacks-of-all-trades  
baby needs food, gonna have to move

no way to make sense or explain  
the financial inconsistency  
for the amount of time they waste  
though they show up consistently  
almost every day  
after day laborers  
settling for casual hire  
and less-than minimum wage  
watching and waiting  
for the immigration raid  
risking deportation  
for overstayed vacation  
but more often than not  
there's no work to be got  
so it's standing around  
in fog, mist and hot  
day after day  
to be lucky enough  
to get the same spot  
the scene is replayed  
laborers lined along the way  
early at dawn  
'til dusk before late  
ready for work  
but destined to wait.

## JEANNE POWELL

### DUAL FACE OF FEAR

In my city  
walking along my streets  
looking like the visitor you are  
you give me that look that says  
you are questioning my credentials  
my authenticity  
my right to be here  
in my city.

Walking in my direction  
you suddenly notice  
my golden brown roundness  
and show all those attitudes  
entertain all those postures  
grabbing your purse  
and holding it close in  
as I walk past you.

Let me tell you something  
all the while you brush past me  
wearing African jewelry and corn-row braids  
a touch of blackness in fashion where you come from  
while you clutch your designer knockoff  
making me unwelcome in my own 'hood  
when I walk by, on my sidewalk  
let me tell you something.

You clearly cannot tell the difference  
between what is real and what is fake --  
so listen up real good, wench.  
If I wanted to, I could remove  
your fake face and paste it  
on that designer knockoff,  
but since no part of you is real  
why should I bother?







Painting by Agneta Falk

## LUIS ALBERTO QUESADA

### RUPTURE

(para Pablo Picasso)

En el mundo español  
destrozaste todo: tradición, formas, pinturas,  
Montañas en tu pincel  
Como la bestia de una carga Tu viajaste sobre el mundo en  
tu gran manera.  
Guernica: una explosión.  
Las caras, las pasiones,  
Las bestias asombrosas. Bombas, acción, tortura, miedo, y  
la tela de tu lienzo encaramado  
en los hombres como una mariposa.  
Picasso: la paz, la paloma, las toreadas de los toros.  
Tradición Española; musulmán, catatonia, malagueña,  
francés.  
Una revolución que no puede parar,  
que nunca cesa.  
Picasso: los lirios,  
Sus grupos populares.  
La pintura herida,  
Pegados juntos, derrotados,  
Increíble,  
Hechos de patrones y de redes.  
Picasso tan solo que parecía ser otro Picasso. Picasso  
indescifrable, musical, dañoso, un bribón, un obispo, un  
ateo.  
Don Juan; un cómico, un bromista, un humano.  
Picasso sabía como ser Picasso con lo que el mundo tiene  
más a mano.  
Antifascista Picasso,  
Anti-Franco, ese comunista, ese hereje. Picasso el que  
siempre será el gran Picasso mientras el mundo gira  
alrededor de su eje.

## LUIS ALBERTO QUESADA

### RUPTURE

(for Pablo Picasso)

In the Spanish world  
you tore apart everything: tradition, forms, painting.  
Mounted upon your brush  
like a beast of burden you travel led over the world in your  
own great way.  
Guernica: an explosion.  
The faces, the passions,  
the astonishing beasts. Bombs, action, torture, fear, and the  
cloak of your canvas perching on the men like a butterfly.  
Picasso: the peace, the dove, the bullfights of the bulls.  
Spanish tradition; Mussulman, Catalanian, Malagueta,  
French.  
A revolution that isn't able to stop,  
that never ceases.  
Picasso: the lilies,  
their popular outburst.  
The wounded painting,  
stuck together, defeated,  
unbelievable,  
made of patterns and of grid-work.  
Picasso so alone he seemed to be another Picasso.  
Undecipherable Picasso, musical,  
mischievous, a rascal, a bishop, an atheist.  
Don Juan; a comic, a joker, a human.  
Picasso knew how to be Picasso with that which the world  
has most at hand.  
Anti-Fascist Picasso,  
anti-Franco, that Communist, that heretic.  
Picasso who will forever be the great Picasso while the  
world revolves around its axis.

Picasso, en lo alto de la montaña, comprando la tierra para el mismo, con cada paso, hasta que el concepto que fronteras fuera rompido.

Picasso: una canción.

Picasso: vida.

Al principio de la tarde salen a los balcones: refréscate en la noche.

Para que solo tus pinturas se mantengan  
simplemente tu duermes  
lleno de silencio y con enorme acusación.

Picasso, at the top of the mountain, buying land for himself,  
with every footstep, until the concept of boundaries was  
torn open.

Picasso: a song.

Picasso: life.

At the beginning of the afternoon go out on the balconies:  
refresh yourself in the night.

So that only your paintings remain  
at times simply you sleeping  
full of silence and of enormous accusation.

*(Translated from Spanish by Jim Normington)*

## BRENDA QUINTANILLA

### WHITE PICKUP TRUCKS

Six in the morning  
and I was ready to hop on the back of the white pickup  
truck.  
Ready to leave the 8,000 square miles of my country,  
14 states of El Salvador.  
First night,  
I slept on a thin bed of sand  
with a rock as my pillow  
and the wind as my blanket.  
No teddy bear by my side this time.  
Crossing rivers,  
Jumping fences,  
And hiding behind rocks.  
Just a little 80 pound girl  
with only 8 years of experience in life.  
Expected to pass the brutality of la migra.  
Expected to jump on moving trains,  
to roll down long steep hills,  
to run from the cops in charge of not letting any of my kind  
go through.  
We had to hire a coyote,  
had to find shelter for two months,  
but the only homes we'd find were wretched shacks and  
leaf-topped cabins.  
As we ran through the bumpy desert  
and snuck through the poisonous trees,  
a single shriek pierced my eardrum.  
It was a young woman who labored for air  
'cause she didn't have her inhaler.  
A man offered his arm,  
but she refused to slow them down  
and said, "You go on without me, ay los alcanso."  
But she never made it.

Everyone else reached California,  
"Land of the Free."

11 years later  
and this land still doesn't offer its "freedom"  
to the ones on the back of that white pickup truck.  
John Locke once established the three natural rights  
given by God  
but now I establish the three natural inequalities  
given to my people by the government:

Uno) We still struggle to get A's in high school  
but we can't even apply to college  
'cause we don't qualify for financial aid;  
Dos) We don't have enough money  
to go to a doctor's appointment  
'cause we don't got health insurance,  
so we stick to basement band-aids  
and back-alley abortions;  
Tres) We worry we'll get a phone call  
confessing that our sisters and brothers  
have been deported back home.  
And since I rode on the back of  
dirty, old, rusted pickup trucks,  
I'm to be considered an alien,  
but I never realized that I arrived from outer space.  
My hallways are empty  
and my doors are closed,  
simply because I don't have a green card to show that  
I'm American.  
But one day I'll be working in  
Washington, D.C.,  
fighting for equality.  
So when you see me become  
the first undocumented Salvadoran  
to serve in the White House,  
know that I will hold the key

so that everyone can see  
that I'm not ashamed to have ridden  
on the backs of white pickup trucks.  
All the doors will be open  
and all my hallways will be filled  
with hopeful immigrants  
and the only thing deported  
will be injustice.





Photo by Steven Gray

## HANUMANTHA REDDY

HEY, YOU!

You cannot live alone, you need others  
Others cannot live just to serve you and die  
Man's a father, a husband and a friend  
Never is he alone and never merely himself  
You can't move men, women and children  
As you do your furniture from room to room.

Human bodies, unfortunately, have souls  
Unseen and untouched but essential though  
Soulless human bodies are not yet made  
In the biological labs of dead or living Hitlers.

For you, the men, women and children  
Exist merely to produce and consume,  
With you, in the middle, controlling  
The space between hands and mouths,  
And thus profiting.

You build walls between nations.  
You kill the devils that dare to cross.  
And you remove those very borders  
If they hinder your drive for profit.

You do everything for profit.  
You eat profit, drink it and shit.  
You destroy even when you build.  
You enjoy building destruction.  
You are a strange organism.  
The bloody rubble of destruction  
Is your fondest food, drink and pastime game.

You fill the ships with innocent people,  
Who hitherto believed in toiling and living

But now are forced to leave their homes,  
Their fields, their birds and their skies.

You call for removing borders  
In the name of internationalism.  
You close the same borders, singing the national anthem.

All in the name of nation and sometimes the religion  
All, to control, suppress and squeeze human bodies  
For that juice called profit, which is your food, drink  
And pastime game.

Men, women and children,  
Workers, farmers and artisans,  
Lovers, artists and poets—  
Nobody's safe as long as you exist.

**ANTHONY ROBINSON, JR.**

**AMERICAN W.A.R. SONG (WRONGED AND READY)**

A mother stashes her child  
beneath a blanket of prayers and  
arms herself with hair triggered maneuvers  
for ghetto survival, because she's at W.A.R.  
with corporate dairy farms that lace Similac with  
blighted hopes and meager expectations so that our  
children don't dream beyond liquor stores and run-down  
laundry mats.

An Afghani teenager writes an american president  
imploing him to release his homeland from corporate debt.  
to collect all of the "made in america" shrapnel that  
has turned his country's water source into a landfill,  
to mow down the poppy fields and plant viable  
agricultural humanity so that his little sister can look out  
her window and allow her dreams to grow with the new  
harvest...

An Afghani teenager reads over his letter to an american  
president and realizes there is an agenda on the receiving  
end  
conditioned to view the contents as a terrorist threat, so  
he buries his letter in his heart along with the rest of  
his dreams for his homeland...

This is the politics of an endless regimen of war.  
Where corporate carpet baggers like ALEC sponsor  
politicians whose profit-motive induces slavery  
while investing pennies towards freedom.  
Building more prisons than colleges is W.A.R.!  
Diverting resources from schools in the ghetto is W.A.R.  
Replacing community jobs with prison labor is W.A.R.  
Selling prisoners' bonds to the public as mutual funds is  
W.A.R.

Allowing drugs into our communities so that victims turn into victimizers is W.A.R.

Burning surplus food supplies so that the poor are conditioned

to work harder to feed the “american dream” is W.A.R.

The signaled ringing of a prisoner’s stock traded on NASDAQ is W.A.R.

The stalemate prayers of a child burned in a church bombing is W.A.R.

The institutionalization of mass incarceration is W.A.R.

A bullet with a nigga’s name on it issued to an unholstered police force is W.A.R.

The distracting hunger pangs of a child with a learning disability reading about

the american revolution is W.A.R.

Debating over a confederate flag is W.A.R.

“Lock ‘em up, throw away the key,” is W.A.R.

Wronged and Ready

If you haven’t recognized the W.A.R. for humanity going on

in this country, chances are you’re fighting on the wrong side...

Hoorah!

## LEW ROSENBAUM

### CAPITALISM IS DEAD

1.

Cicada-time comes  
in August heat, metallic  
raspy resonance

rising and falling,  
they call each other across  
neighborhoods, forests,

screaming crescendos  
like the grinding of monumental gears,  
the autumn of industrial capitalism  
signaling but not aware that its winter is near.  
Cicadas are not aware of their end,  
killer wasps prey on adults and  
nymphs bury themselves in the soil  
or burrow in vain against the blacktop.

In any case it's the end  
or at least a foreshadowing  
and so it is with capitalism  
for which spring will never come again.

2.

Bright summer day drive  
on June Street, Los Angeles,  
gazing at mansions

of rich, famous and  
powerful Angelenos  
secure behind gates

counting their money  
planning their investments to  
take over the world,

Sheridan and I,  
riding with the windows open  
almost as wide as our mouths  
before the luxuriant gardens, pillars, sculptures  
conspicuous consumption barely beyond our fingertips  
and he, dazzled but not demeaned,  
screaming out the window,  
his rich southern baritone forming  
the spaces in between, around the words,  
“You dead, mothahfuckahs, you dead,  
you jest don’t know it yet!”

3.

Putrid odors reek  
from pustules on the body  
of capitalism,  
I’m stepping on crushed,  
mutilated, skunk-smelling  
flesh, wading through pools  
of phlegmy green fluid  
oozing from liquefied lungs  
of a dying beast.

Some of their cadaverous practitioners  
recognize the end of the road, they  
see the phosphorescent signs that wave  
good-bye to workers, they feel the  
mercurial flow of the golden fetish  
slipping between their fingers into a void:  
where has the magical value gone, once upon

a long time ago created and stored in  
cold marble banks, in monster machines,  
wealth now vanished or languishing in piles  
on walmarted, targeted shelves  
without,  
without,  
without value,  
claiming the magic number zero.

I'd waste my energy to drive a stake  
through your vampire heart, capitalism; you are already  
dead  
but you don't know it. Or, if you do, you are  
ready to move on to the next phase of private property,  
ready to reconstruct society to conform to new, fancy tools  
that don't need people  
ready to deform and fasciolate society to maintain your  
control  
over a restless mass who can't survive without  
deposing you,  
capitalism: you, dying, are already dead.  
Foreseeing the end, you're an expiring dragon  
flailing your rusted drone-tipped tail  
against those who'll imagine and build society in their  
interests  
because they must.

Let's seize the world from  
your Voldemort grip, transform  
it in our own hands,  
co-operatively,  
and creatively,—we have been  
nothing. We shall be all.





Photo from Graffiti Wall in Rome

## GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK

### CEO

Titeann ceo, ag sileadh go mín ar Ghleann na nGabhar.  
Ní fhacadar a leithéid riamh cheana  
(ó chuaigh an béaloideas i léig).

Luíonn ar nithe nach bhfuil ann níos mó  
caidéal an pharóiste  
cnámha linbh  
lámhscríbhinní Gaeilge: aistriúchán a dhein Seán Bán an  
Ghleanna ar Virgil

Titeann an ceo ar nithe nach raibh riamh ann  
ar an mbaguette a iompraíonn an dealbhóir  
Mons Thierry Gillet tríd an mbaile  
is nach baguette in aon chor é  
ach go meabhraíonn a bhaile dúchais Rennes dó

Measann duine amháin go bhféadfaí é a ithe.  
Blaiseann sí spúnóg den cheo agus í sásta leis.  
Foilsíonn cúpla oideas sa pháipéar áitiúil  
ceo le mil, le cnónna agus mar sin de.

Duine eile á mheas gur cheart sampla a ghlacadh den cheo  
is é a chur go dtí an Rialtas  
ar eagla gur bhaol don phobal é.  
Nach ón Rialtas a tháinig sé an chéad lá  
arsa fear eile.

Níor chuaigh éinne amach ina dhiaidh sin  
go dtí gur ghlan an ceo.

## GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK

### FOG

Fog falls, trickling softly on Ggower.  
They've never seen the likes before  
(not since the death of folklore).

It settles on things no longer there  
the parish pump  
a baby's bones  
Gaelic manuscripts: a version of Virgil  
by one Seán Bán an Ghleanna

It falls on things that never existed  
on the baguette which the sculptor  
Mons Thierry Gillet carries through the town  
and which is not a baguette at all  
but reminds him of home, Rennes

Someone decides this fog can be eaten.  
She tastes a teaspoon of it and is content,  
publishes a few recipes in the local rag—  
fog with honey, with nuts . . .that sort of thing.

Someone else of a mind to take a sample of said fog  
and send it up to the Government  
in case it might be a danger to the public.  
Another says, wasn't it the bloody Government issued it in  
the first place.  
After that, no one ventured out till the fog cleared.

*(Translated from Irish by the Author)*

**SONNY SAN JUAN, JR.**

**TIGIL, VIAJERO, ITUGMA ANG IYONG  
KALENDARYO  
SA "BAYAN NG HINAGPIS"**

Bawat umaga

binibilang ng militanteng Alan Jazmines kung ilang linggo,  
buwan, taon na siya nakapiit at kailan maitutuwid ang  
baluktot na kalakaran

Abo na lamang ang apoy kagabi sa kampo sa Sierra Madre  
ngunit may titis pang umuusok, lumusong-umahon... Sa  
nagbabagang uling,  
sipat ng tanod, may kagampang nakahimlay ang kislap,  
liyab, sunog  
na tutupok sa bulok na bilangguan sa kahinugan ng  
panahon.

Bawat tanghali

binibilang ng detenidong Maricon Montajes kung ilang  
araw, linggo, buwan ang ninakaw sa kanya ng gobyerno,  
kailan maibabaligtad ang tadhana

Sa gilid ng estero ng kulungan umusbong at bumuko  
ang ligaw na halaman, namukadkad ang pulang bulaklak  
sa lilim ng mga baril-kanyon ng Estado lingid sa orasan...  
Umigpaw,  
tumakas habang naglalasing, nagsusugal ang mga  
sundalong nagbabantay.

**SONNY SAN JUAN, JR.**

HALT, TRAVELER, SYNCHRONIZE YOUR  
CALENDAR  
IN THIS "LAND OF GRIEF"

Every morning

the militant Alan Jazmines counts how many weeks,  
months, years he's been imprisoned and when the crooked  
ways can be straightened

Ash-heap now is the fire last night in the Sierra Madre  
camp

but there are still sparks and smoke swirling up and  
down...

In the nest of embers,  
the guard perceives, pregnant flame dazzles, slumbers, soon  
a conflagration  
that will destroy the rotten jails in the ripeness of time

Every noontime

the detained Maricon Montages counts how many days,  
weeks, months were stolen  
from her by the State, and when fate will be overthrown.

On the edge of the estero near her cell a vagrant plant  
sprouts  
and puts forth buds, soon the red flower spreads its petals  
under the shadow of the guns and canons of the State  
ignorant of time's flow....

Unbound, some prisoners escaped, while the armed sentries  
gambled, all drunk...

Bawat takip-silim  
binibilang ng aktibistang Tirso Alcantara kung ilang  
sampal, bigwas, palo, tadyak at bugbog ang gantimpala sa  
kanya ng militar-- kailan darating ang ganting hustisya?

Mula sa bukal sa bundok gumagapang ang batis di pansin  
ang orasyon....  
Sa gubat umaagos sa magdamag, tangay ang dugo't luha ng  
pakikihamok,  
Nilulusaw ng ilog ang inip ng pag-aasam--Sapaw na ang  
paglalamay sa gabing ito.  
Di na mabilang ang masang tumatawid sa dagat. Kabilang  
na tayo. Naganap na.

Oras na ng pagtutuos.

Every twilight

the activist Tirso Alcantara counts how many slaps, blows,  
beatings, kicks  
and pummeling he received as rewards from the military—  
when  
the vengeance of justice will come...

From the mountain-fissure crawls the brook ignored by  
time's passage....

In the wilderness the stream flows all night, carrying the  
blood and tears of the conflict  
The river dissolves the impatience of longing—Vigil  
tonight has spilled over....

The people's warriors crossing the seas can no longer be  
counted.  
We have been counted. Fulfillment has come to pass.

Now is the settling of accounts, the reckoning.

*(Translated from Filipino by the Author)*

## SANDRO SARDELLA

### DISCANTO A PUGNO STRACCIATO APPASSIONATO

si appoggia a un bastone  
la lingua ha una grana grossa  
ha occhiali da professore buono  
non sporcarti  
le domande come un tuffo  
nelle teste di paglia  
che tutti ridono

qui ci vuole un bicchiere  
dove le ore si contano a bicchieri  
tra scheletri di cementi  
su un lago di ghiaia  
il caldo sbombava  
nel luglio lievitava  
la lingua che sognava  
per ascoltare il fuoco  
di occhi gettati nel buio  
a testa in giù  
nell'accorciamento del tempo  
sulle rotaie  
lo stendere di lenzuola  
tra detriti rottami scarti  
la rabbia di chi spera  
cammina  
bolle  
proprio come in Egitto

ma qui più a nord  
i muri di lamiera di  
cassette inventate  
le facce colore di mattone  
dove c'è una luna sgraffignata



**SANDRO SARDELLA**

DISCANTO WITH TATTERED IMPASSIONED FIST

leaning on a walking stick  
the tongue has a coarse grain  
it wears genial professor's glasses  
don't sully yourself  
in questions as if diving  
into straw heads  
everyone's laughing, you know

we need a drink over here  
where hours are measured in glasses  
amid concrete skeletons  
in a lake of pebbles  
the heat was beating down hard  
in the month of July floated  
the tongue, dreaming  
that it may listen to fire  
eyes thrown into the darkness  
upside down  
in this cutting short of time  
on the railroad tracks  
the stretching out of sheets  
amid debris scraps waste  
the rage of those who hope  
march  
boil  
just like in Egypt

but here further up north  
the sheet metal walls of  
invented little houses  
the brick wall faces  
featuring a purloined moon  
and asshole pigeons

e stronzi di piccioni  
appesi al posto delle foglie  
come prigionieri  
come buchi di serratura  
fra nuvole strappate dal vento  
tra tombe scomposte  
tra ceneri grigiastre

ma qui  
nel seme del dire  
la diossina della storia  
scorre dentro  
dove vuole  
quando vuole  
nel buio della coscienza  
per svegliarsi dal sonno bianco  
per sollevare la testa

a volte i giorni arrivano colorati  
in un mare di nebbia industriosa  
e parli ancora  
e scrivi ancora  
di papaveri rossi  
del frusciare nell'afa rancorosa  
degli slogan slavati sui muri  
del sole fresco delle cinque del mattino  
di un fianco sfuggito all'indumento  
di una lingua che calda si mischia alla tua  
delle crepe nelle mura dei potenti  
dei padroni della guerra  
del fuoco che legge le vene dei vinti  
del devastamento della Terra dei Fuochi  
delle macerie di Seveso di Marghera di Taranto di Gela  
del subire per lavorare  
della brace dei sogni assopiti  
del pensare in greco nella vertigine della Storia

hanging instead of leaves  
as if imprisoned  
like keyholes  
amid clouds torn off by the wind  
amid untidy tombs  
amid grayish ashes

but here  
in the seed of telling  
the dioxin of history  
flows within  
where it will  
when it will  
in the pitch black darkness of conscience  
to awaken from white sleep  
to raise one's head

sometimes the days come in colored  
in a sea of industrious fog  
and you still speak  
and you still write  
of red poppies  
of the rustling in the rancorous mugginess  
of the faded slogans on the walls  
of the fresh new sun at five in the morning  
of a hip slipping out of a dress  
of a warm tongue mingling with your own  
of the cracks in the walls of the mighty  
of the masters of war  
of the fire reading through defeated veins  
of the wreckage in the Land of Fires  
of the rubble of Seveso of Marghera of Taranto of Gela  
of submitting in order to work  
of the embers of dozing dreams  
of thinking in Greek in the vertigo of History

scrivi  
di poesia che accoglie e impasta rabbia e amore

cammina  
parla del vivere male  
urla del male di vivere

cammina  
rompi i coglioni

pugno di carta straccia  
vestito della festa  
salta  
scavalca

resiste il mio il tuo il nostro canto.

write  
of a poetry that welcomes and kneads together love and  
rage

walk  
speak of living ill  
scream of the illth of living

walk  
be a pain in the ass

wastepaper fist  
party dress  
jump  
overstep

my your our chant endures.

*(Translated from Italian by Lapo Guzzini)*

**NINA SERRANO**

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ROQUE DALTON**

Roque, if you were beside me today  
we would be the same age —82  
Just as we were the same age  
when we met  
close to 50 years ago  
Would we be exchanging news of aching knees  
reciting to each other new poems  
or maybe writing yet another video drama together  
I think we would still be laughing  
The world seems crazier than before

I was rereading your 1963 polemic  
on militancy in Central American poetry  
How divided you seemed as a 28 year-old man  
between your bourgeois self  
and your communist self  
Of course you were really one self  
the one that loved life  
yet always knew the specter of death  
“...to be [Revolutionary] when the condition  
of being revolutionary is usually rewarded with death,  
that is truly the dignity of poetry. The poet takes then  
the poetry of his or her generation  
and gives it over to history.” \*

You never lived to be an old man  
In the end you took neither  
the communist leap, rejecting the party,  
or the bourgeois leap of careerist literature  
choosing the Che Guevara-ist road  
that ended at age 40 in deadly betrayal  
in the long bloody civil war  
Today your grandchildren grow in El Salvador

riddled with the complications  
of peace and compromise  
Your murderous enemies flourish unpunished,  
their revolutionary masks ripped away  
and their traitorous faces revealed  
But the people honor your birthday  
They celebrate  
They write poems  
Their creativity brings the real justice  
the government doesn't  
This an irony you found in living  
that comic unbalance  
that makes for laughter  
One day when you aren't honored in name only,  
but your body found and put to rest  
will for me be the "aspirin as big as the sun."\*

*\* Poetry and Militancy in Latin America by Roque Dalton.*

*\*\* "aspirin as big as the sun" one of Roque's most famous lines.*

## 赵 四 ZHAO SI

### SIGHS

#### 叹 息

——为大屠杀死难者

我听见，我听见掉进混乱与惊恐的人群  
掠起群集的雨乌鸦，大笑，成群的大笑飞过  
撞着哭墙。胜利的业火口含利刃  
切割叹息，一片，两片，羽毛飞舞  
你出现，出现在漫天大雪中  
你们所无法想象的事物出现，时间到了  
白色的血滴滴溅起，雪花中最亮的朵朵  
我看见，我看见你的大苦之心鼓胀，鼓胀  
轰然而出的天使，一边敛紧他尚不熟悉  
的大翼翅的根部，顶住从你的内心吹出的风口  
一边用尖嘴喙低头凿开偌大的石化世界  
已经僵硬的你，如此巨大的叹息矗立内燃  
一堵火墙，一堵火墙阴湿地燃烧，冒着  
苦涩的白烟坍塌，埋下，埋下永恒叹息





## ZHAO SI

### SIGHS

for all the slaughter victims

I hear, I hear flocks of rain, crowing, rushing out of stirred  
crowds of  
chaos and fright, sweeping past, laughing, roars of  
laughter  
crashing into the Wailing Wall. Triumphant karma holds a  
sharp blade  
in its mouth and slices the sigh into pieces; one piece, two  
pieces,  
feathers flutter, dancing. You emerge, among the whirling  
snow.

The thing you can't imagine arises. It's the time,  
drops of white blood splash, the brightest blossom of  
snowflakes.

I see, I see your heart of great suffering swells up, up  
till an angel thunders out, and he tightens up his not-yet-  
familiar  
large wing roots, pressing against the gust blowing  
from the wind gap in your heart, then bows his head to  
peck  
such a sizable petrified world with his sharp beak. An  
already stiffened You,  
so giant a sigh, stands upright while burning inside.  
A firewall, a wall of fire burns darkly and damply,  
smoking  
whitely and bitterly, collapses and buries, buries the eternal  
sighs.

*(Translated from Mandarin by Xuan Yuan, Zhao Si  
& Tim Lilburn)*

## OMAR YOUSSEF SOULEIMANE

أحدًا أعدل  
أعرفُ هذا الغروبَ الذي يغفو على ظهرِ كلبٍ أشقرٍ  
أعرفُ تلكَ الغيمةَ الشبقةَ مثلَ ثيابٍ مراهقةٍ  
أعرفُ هذهَ الجدرانَ الطفوليةَ البيضاءَ  
أعرفُ رائحةَ النظافةِ التي تنتزهُ عاريةَ أمامَ المحلاتِ  
كما أعرفُ قبضةَ القطِّ المحفورةَ  
فوقَ الرصيفِ المفضيِّ إلى البنايةِ  
! هذه قريتي  
لكنْ أينَ الحجارَةُ المغسولةُ بالدخانِ؟  
وأينَ رائحةُ البارودِ القريبةِ؟  
أينَ أخي وقد كنا واقفينَ على الشرفةِ بانتظارِ الذبحِ؟  
أينَ أصابعُ الأطفالِ الممزقةِ؟  
هل أخطأتِ القذيفةُ دربها اليومَ؟  
أم أن رصاصةَ قناصٍ أصابتِ ذاكرتي؟  
وراءَ شرفةِ الوقتِ أفركُ عينيَّ  
أمدُ إصبعي إلى كأسٍ وردةٍ كي أستعيدَ معنى الحياةِ  
ألمسهُ فيصبحُ رملاً  
وإصبعي حجراً  
أنا في ضاحيةٍ قربَ باريسٍ منذَ عامٍ  
لكنها قريتي  
ربما هي امرأةٌ قريتي التي بي  
ربما امرأةٌ تلكَ التي لم أزل بها  
!لكنها زالت  
ربما ربما  
:أما الأكيذُ فيثبتهُ ممرٌ مظلمٌ أمامَ بابِ الشقةِ  
أنا لم أعدُ أحدًا

## OMAR YOUSSEF SOULEIMANE

### I AM NO ONE ANYMORE

I know this sunset—it sleeps on the back of a blond dog  
I know that cloud, carnal as teen clothing  
I know these childish white walls  
I know the smell of cleanliness that strolls naked in front of  
the shops  
As I know the cat grip carved  
On the sidewalk leading to the building.  
This is my village!  
But where are those rocks washed with smoke?  
Where's the smell of gunpowder nearby?  
Where's my brother?  
We were standing on the balcony waiting for the slaughter.  
Where are the children's torn fingers?  
Did the shell miss its mark today?  
Or is it a sniper's bullet that hit my memory?  
Behind the balcony of time I rub my eyes,  
I extend my finger to a rose cup to recall the meaning of  
life.  
I touch it, it becomes sand;  
And my finger, a stone.  
I've been living in a Paris suburb for a year,  
But it's my village.  
Maybe it's the mirror image of my village that's inside me,  
Maybe the mirror image of the one where I've stayed—  
The one that's disappeared  
Maybe, maybe.  
What's certain is confirmed by the dark hallway facing the  
apartment door:  
I am no one anymore.

*(Translated from Syrian Arabic by Ghada Mourad)*

## DOREEN STOCK

### THE TINY DAESH

“Now with the sectarian polarization of the region, under the skin of every single Sunni there is a tiny Daesh.”

Ibrahim Hamidi, Syrian Journalist  
NY Times, 6/4/2015

Once upon a time  
there was a tiny Daesh;  
He lived under the skin of a woman.  
The woman was pregnant; her family had been destroyed  
in a pinpoint bombing raid by American forces. The baby  
she was carrying was the result of being raped by the local  
police. She was starving, living in a refugee camp and  
nauseous from the hormones of pregnancy. Her dead  
husband's family refused to help her because she was  
raped. Her own family of origin had also been destroyed by  
the pinpoint American bombing. She was starving. The tiny  
Daesh began to grow along with the baby. They took the  
food that they needed from her flesh and bones. They grew  
and grew. The woman was not incapable of distinguishing  
between night and day, friendless, and had only the clothes  
on her back. She called on her God in anguish, but he was  
silent, a victim, perhaps, of the pinpoint bombing. The tiny  
Daesh wanted to erupt out of his subcutaneous condition  
and join ISIS. The baby wanted to be born in a burst of pain  
and sadness to join his father, the police, or at least, the  
Army. A snake arose from the floor and stared at her with  
green eyes. This was not what she wanted. She turned her  
face to the wall, lifted her hand, and with her last strength  
traced something onto that wall with it.  
Read exactly what she wrote tomorrow.



Photo by Steven Gray

## TONTONGI

DLO N'AP BWE K'AP NWAYE N\*

(Èg la ak kòk la ap ponpe)\*

Èg la deplwaye zèl li alavironbadè, elegan, kè kontan ;  
Bèk li ba l anbisyon pou l konkeri latè san remò ni regrè.  
Grandizè satisfè ki konn ki bezwen ki fè l pran gran chimen  
Pèp la te asepte laperèz, malalèz, makakri kè tounen san  
koule  
E menm malediksyon pou l te ka selebre yon sèl jou libere.

Peyi a te bèl ak koulè wouj pou san ak lespwa,  
Ak koulè ble tristès, koulè konsyans lavi.  
Peyi a te bèl tou ak ven mil ti lanj gadyen marin  
Ki te pot pwoteksyon grann pwisans kontrolè.  
Moun ak mòn yo te bèl, bèl te bèl baboukèt !

Prezidan an te tounen kè kontan selebre toupatou,  
Se te demand pèp la sou yon rejim sanwont, kokinè  
Ki t'ap dekonstonbre lavi e dechire lalin, bloke lapli,  
Fanm ak fanmi vyole, timoun san manje, dlo nan je.  
Veye yo ! Veye yo ! An n kontinye baleye lakou a !

Vakabon ak makout se nich gèp ak dyondyon,  
Yo leve toupatou, nan kazèn koulè jonn krazezo  
Kou nan biwo klimatize zotobre eksplwatè.  
Yo la tou nan rapò ak data fichye Depatman Deta  
E sou yon tèt dola vèt kou yon medsin anmè.

Konpè m vin sèl bèt nan lakou k'ap chante bèl lomaj  
Pou fòs batayon l yo ak bèl ti souri sou lèv li. Happy !  
Zèv li tou vin yon lwanj pou l selebre viktwa inivèsèl  
Nan yon mond zonbifye k ap chache goute sèl je klere !  
Mond moun gounanbouch, moun vant plen ak lespwa.

## TONTONGI

### THE WATER THAT NOURISHES AND THAT DROWNS

(The majestic Eagle and the return of the angelic Rooster)

The slanderous, high-aiming and majestic Eagle  
Criss-crosses and flies over hills and mountains  
Smiling in a conquering gait, while the people  
Happily celebrate the Rooster's return.  
The whole thing wrapped in troubling surreality.

Magnificent scenery as was the divine protection  
Of twenty thousands marines with delighted gaze;  
Magnificent scenery still conscious will remain  
Those who transcend the moment and see the beyond,  
Defeating the conditioning of a violated conscience.

The president is returned, celebrated by his people  
This was its great demand and a great victory  
On this unsettling, anxiety-fraught regime of shame.  
The president is returned, and the people sings and sings;  
Let's hope again the dream doesn't change to nightmare.

Alas! the people's temporal throat-cutters  
Hailed from almost everywhere, from fortified barracks  
As from data-resplendent, air-conditioned offices;  
They're from deforested mountains, the universities,  
And from the ocean's other side infected by our dead:  
They're reincarnated today as greeney greenbacks!

The Eagle of great sentiments, of conquering glories,  
Unique super-thief of the fair, beautiful angel of hope  
Bursts irresistibly in the heart of the valley of pains;  
It has regained its soul in Port-au-Prince's belly. Princely.  
The wealths of the place sold by auction. Cheaply.



Moun vivan jwenn grandè yo nan libète total.  
Libète ak bèlte, jwisans lavi, lanmò, lanmou  
Se sous desten tout moun k ap viv santiman yo  
Nan yon teren pyeje, yon tèt-chaje kont-mal-taye,  
Oh ! Moun yo mande jistis yo fin ase soufwi !

Oh ! Mwen pè pou yo pa tronpe w ankò, o gran pèp !  
Gran vanyan lejandè ki te fann vant kolon atoufè ;  
Pèp ki te brile latè menm pou l refize desten bèkèkè,  
Ki jodia ap vale yon remèd anmè pou zonbi desale.  
Veye yo ! Veye yo ! siveye vòlè yo nan tamp la !

Sa fè m mal nan kè m e nan kò m pi mal ke oun maladi,  
Sa fè mwen vle vomi, sa wonje sansiblite nanm mwen  
Lè m pa ka selebre viktwa defèt peyi m bèl jounen sila a.  
Jounen retou Titid, jounen krisifiksyon jounen 1804.  
Ban n peyi a ! Nou mande espas ! An n kontinye bale !

Seremoni banbòch yo se lasi nan je depevi byen mennen  
Ki maske zo pouri deyè bèlte kadav simityè rekonsilyan  
Nan yon chapèl malsite bèl pawòl malandren FMI ak BM  
Ap koule nan zòrèy malere dezostobre, zonbi nan mayi  
K'ap di Ayi Bobo pou wonga zòt malis, majisyen mal gadò  
!

Pa ban m sannam ka Ozanfè pou chimen lespwa ;  
Pèp la ap chache lavi avèk rèv li anvi. Vi vivan selebran.  
Li pap pran kaka poul pou bè, ni levanjil pou lajan kontan.  
Moun yo vle diyite ak respè ak vant plen. Yo vle tranquilite.  
Yo pa vle bèl jansiv, kakabè, fatra, malafwa pou lafwa !

Kraze zo n se vre men nou pa san santiman ;  
Madichon kou magouy monnonk lòtbò dlo,  
Plis malfetri putchis zenglendo ronronnaj  
Nou kenbe la pi rèd, menmsi nou blayi tapi wouj  
Pou marin meriken ka vin dodomeya doudouman !

The president is returned, and millions of broken backs,  
Badly ripped open chests, families and women violated  
March on the Champs-de-Mars, breathing refreshing air;  
This victory is theirs despite the powerful Eagle.  
Fruit of their smarting in turning the 82nd Airborne.

I'm afraid they may dupe them again, oh great people!  
Sure-footed from thorny paths sacrificing the symbol  
Like they once burned down the city in defiance of horror  
To save hope and drink a bowl of milk, well rested;  
Tranquil rest of the sleeping bear. Domesticated.

This was afflicting my heart deep under my bones  
For not being able to celebrate my people's joyful defeat  
In this Pyrrhic victory that smelled the poison,  
I fear they don't betray again its dream of liberty!  
Let's sweep and sweep away all the soil's toxicants!

The ceremonies are just exorcisms and blindness  
Masking the macabre behind smiling faces.  
After the performance, after the melodious clarion,  
After the mediatic hype announcing high dreams  
Still will remain a great need for the air and the sun!

Just like the oppression and the terror inflicted  
By a horrendous regime that's bestialized humans  
The State of law that accepts willingly being enchained  
By a cajoling Empire that's trampling its ideals,  
Enjoys the nourishing water forgetting the drowning one.

While duped and mistreated the people is never blasé;  
It holds still even when mystified by the enchanting oracle  
Of the guardian angel-like Eagle and the virtual reality:  
If it contents itself with the crumbs from this unjust sharing  
It will wake up in a vast tyouboum! \*

Pèp vanyan pran libète l avèk fòs ponyèt pa l. Je klere.  
Li pran l avèk rasin rezistans li li plante ak sakrifis  
San koule l asepte pou l konbat laterè laperèz sèvitid !  
Fòk nou pa ranplase kout kouto asasen pa lapè simityè ;  
Nou ka ankò kwè nan yon vi libere, ak solèy ak lanmè !

Menmsi kè m te kontan Kòk la te retounen,  
Menmsi m te pataje lajwa pèp ginen lakay,  
Mwen pat ka selebre defèt peyi an mwen  
Nan yon viktwa Pyrrhus ki gen sant pwazon.  
An n bale ! An n bale ! Chase tout vèmin sou tè a !

Dokiman biwokrat ranplase mechanste ogranjou,  
Bèl pawòl ak priyè diskou bon santiman ranplase  
Tout zaksyon pou moun vin tounen moun,  
Moun k'ap dechifre mesaj sou tenèb san lojik.  
Veye yo ! Veye yo ! Veyatif piyajè mizè pèp !

Kenbe fèm chè frè m ak chè sè m yo k akwoupi  
Nan yon prizon lespri sou yon latè mazakwa ;  
Kenbe la pa lage ! Demen n ap bwè dlo klè, kouwè  
Je n ret louvwi, veyatif pou yon konsyans maltrete  
Nan yon reyelite pyeje malfektè kou noumenm kreye.

Melodi rekonsilyasyon ant lèt ak sitwon  
Nan yon kwelekwekwe banbòch ak kè mare  
Sipòte pa monnonk plis benisman lepap  
Se sèl konsekrasyon nan lamès bò lakay :  
Veye yo ! Veye yo ! Siveye piyajè vandè mizè pèp !

Moun k'ap chache nanm yo  
Pa kite teyat madigra lòlò je yo,  
Yo ret toujou di non kont koze malvire ;  
Non kont opresyon, dominasyon, okipasyon  
Ideyal yo pa de twa fèy gate nan tout forè a !

Moun k'ap gade lwen ka wè anpil bagay ;

Victorious is the people that sow its freedom from the sap  
Of defiance of its own resistance to oppressive forces.  
Against fear, against terror, against servitude's emptiness  
It holds its principle, its intrinsic rebelliousness, red  
blooded,  
To reinvent ecstasy, to regain the liberated space.

On the run, defeated, humiliated, and booed by the people  
A clique of the horror squads takes the luxury exile road,  
escaped away in the failed dictators' in-service jet,  
And the people sings and sings, and thus life continues.

They kill us with intoxicating savior preaches,  
With the sword inspired by the cemetery's peace;  
We're dying sacralizing our own strangle-hold  
Of shadowy images embellishing the living nightmare!  
If they're really gone, why have we lost our vision?

Let's watch the spaces conquered from burnt lands;  
The great joyful day is a great funeral wake  
Of futures trapped in the instant's euphoria;  
Let's watch the enslaved's fair chained up to the soul  
In Big Brother's dogma passed for miracle-maker's.

The horror is replaced by charming deception,  
The great stoup of rebel is now great advocate  
Of order nicely officiating to reconciliation  
Between the good and the absurd in a huge mirror play:  
We're being sold cheap charity for our own mercy.

A look from afar, over the dense frog of the view  
Is our only light in the quest for meaning in the abyss;  
Free are the woman, the man or the rebellious child  
Who look for answer in the audacity of risk:  
To those who look for their souls the path is often full of  
thorns.

Yes, we'll be free tomorrow on a plain purified

Y'ap toujou rete lib moun k'ap poze keksyon,  
Moun ki ka navige nan lanmè move tan.  
Wi n'ap libere yon jou ! Nou pèp lib vwayajè esperans :  
N'ap reprann gouvènay lawoze. N'ap refè lanati danse !

Of marines, and of the thugs and throat-cutter classes  
That obscure oppression under the guise of ideals  
In a theater of the absurd and mystifying scenes:  
Free we will be one day — free as the torrent's wave.

*(Translated from Haitian by the Author)*

*\* Tyouboum means trouble, serious problem,  
calamity.*

*(This poem in protest against the return of exiled  
president Jean-Bertrand Aristide accompanied with  
20,000 marines)*

## RAYMOND NAT TURNER

### STATUES OF LIMITATION

A German comrade  
quipped, “When you  
Come to Frankfurt  
You’ll find bronze celebrating  
Poets, painters, philosophers—  
But you won’t find the  
Führer’s face any place—  
Bratwurst, beer and Jazz  
in Berlin; but you’ll find  
lime green leprechauns  
before patinas of Goebbels,  
and Goering glaring from  
park and plaza pedestals...”

Italian bandmates chimed in,  
“Come with us when we go home—  
you won’t find Mussolini’s  
mug in Milan, or Rome...”  
And the Butoh dancer blurted,  
“And no Tojo in Tokyo!”

Why’d I softly reply,  
“Dixie—south of the  
Canadian Border—sits  
pock marked with 1,000  
syphilitic statues of  
Slavers, traitors, terrorists—“  
Instead of screaming,  
“Would you name your child  
Jezebel Jackson,  
Judas Jones,  
Satan Smith, or  
Sheriff Joe—

Would you call yourself  
a nigger, bitch, or hoe?  
Would you celebrate  
Stonewall Jackson, or  
Robert E. Lee—  
Would you tell your Mother  
You're an SOB?"



## ANTONIETA VILLAMIL

### THE OIL ROAD

1.

Chorus: The oil road  
letdown road  
the lifeless road

...And Scheherazade told me  
looking into the future: “Don’t open that box”.  
It contains the tales of war to control  
the black gold, the air-water gold,  
the green gold to control.  
“Please, for now, do not open that box”.  
Let me nurture the child I see in your eyes.  
Let it be the only reason to be a warrior,  
to stop the fire rain of your tears.

2.

Chorus: The oil road  
the comfort road  
the empty road.

What does it matter—this street,  
the far away boulevard in another country  
or historic route 66?  
We smear the oil of our gaze  
giving streets a dead name.  
We color the road oil-red  
letting us peek from comfort windows.

The oil road knows our destination,  
the wide network of its labyrinth  
connecting our steps to a depleting place.

3.

Chorus: The oil road  
the toxic road  
con dreamland road.

What does it matter,  
your vehicle or my car! Our furnished  
caskets flying down lanes  
and moonlit walk-sides  
where children inhale gasoline,  
or how the terrain of a country  
lets you drive adrift from winter's heat  
to a land pasted on to the silence  
of smelting rocks under summer knife-rains.

It matters that we belong  
to a tribe that migrates. The tribe  
that roams the earth, the universe  
all the way to the core of change.

Chorus: The oil road  
a dirty load  
blind alley road.

**DAVID VOLPENDESTA**

**PSALM TO THE VOICE WITHIN**  
to The Poor

In a sea of daisies and clover  
his black haunches rippling,  
a bull is absolutely quiet  
as the morning light dawns

His inner voice of chimes  
is reflected deep in a well  
as he listen to the soft sounds  
of whatever is not being said

A delightful sip of cool water  
makes him look as if he were divine;  
he answers in every language spoken  
before any question can be asked

He is more than a shade of grey  
between velvety black and ivory;  
earth moves when he stretches  
Hear him, both man and animal,  
his voice calls to you, be silent,  
the sky listens, almost quaking

Soft the air and color of the sky,  
violet winds about to turn to fire  
as the ashes bloom into a kingdom  
he ruled many lost centuries ago

Bricklayers built his cities with care;  
they placed the small cobblestones  
along the route and were very detailed;  
they knew where the wealthy would walk  
happy to display their riches to the poor

and scorn everyone dressed in rags

Only the very poor never stumbled,  
they walked carefully without sandals  
because they couldn't afford them;  
their feet weren't bathed in aromatic oils,  
their bodies weren't covered with jewels

Their palms glistening with diamonds  
they juggled handfuls of silver and gold;  
they smirked at those less fortunate  
Yes the rich walked as if they owned the world,  
their crimson robes vibrated audacity

Sweet grass swam in the bull's belly,  
smoke lingered in his nostrils  
and he blew it on the well-clad rich

Chariots, drawn by muscular horses  
with whips and bows and spears  
charged at the poor like madmen;  
a thunder of hooves and a clashing  
of shields and spears electrified the earth

But the numbers of the poor didn't retreat,  
instead they magically swelled;  
eyes stared to heaven adoring the bull  
who'd sprung his traps on the hideously rich,  
who began screaming in their crimson robes  
as the bull's nostrils breathed a blazing whirlwind  
and the earth swallowed the rich into its fiery pit.

## R. R. WARREN

### DETROIT CITY

James Johnson Junior, in the Great Magnolia State  
Of Mississippi, had seen  
With his nine year-old eyes, his cousin's lynched  
And dead and mutilated body.  
Twenty-six years later,  
At the Chrysler Eldon Avenue Plant,  
In Detroit, on July 15, 1970,  
James Johnson Junior killed  
Two white-shirted foremen,  
One white, and one black,  
And one job setter,  
With an M1-30 caliber carbine,  
Loaded with years of harassment,  
And put downs, and downed hopes,  
And threats, and being laughed at.  
The bosses fired him at the start of shift.  
James went home and got the carbine  
And a second badge  
To get him back into the plant,  
Back to the hotter than hell furnaces,  
Where they'd tried to make him  
Work that morning.  
At his trial for murdering three men,  
James Johnson Junior  
Was found not guilty (innocent)  
By reason of insanity,  
By a jury of his peers,  
Who visited the Eldon Plant,  
And decided that  
The Chrysler Motor Car Company,  
The incarnation of faceless,  
Therefore blameless evil,  
Had driven James Johnson Junior

Murderously insane.  
He spent 5 years in the Ionia State Hospital,  
Where he sued Chrysler for workmen's comp  
And won.  
They had to pay him seventy-five dollars a week,  
Not because he killed three people,  
But because the conditions,  
The horror, the inhumanity,  
The heat, the meanness,  
The speedups, the white supremacy,  
Those things Chrysler truly employed,  
And were its most loyal and true employees,  
Had turned James Johnson Junior  
Into a killer of men.

Chrysler closed the Eldon plant.  
The weed-choked parking lots added  
To the NoTown MoTown emptying of Detroit.  
But after that day in July of 1970,  
The foremen and the supervisors  
Never again wore white shirts  
And shiny shoes.

## TOSHI WASHIZU

### HOMELAND / AMERICA

Across a storm-swollen Pacific  
my father traveled 6000 miles  
to a New World  
of foreign tongues and different gods.  
He settled in  
on the edge of a heavenly valley  
of many-colored fruits.  
“Hakidame ni Tsuru!”—  
A crowned crane amidst the waste!—  
gaped my father, upon seeing my mother  
in the strawberry fields of Watsonville.  
“She moved  
like a graceful Noh dancer.  
A wisp of ebony hair  
on the small of her neck.  
We were meant to marry  
and build our family.”  
That was long ago.  
The war broke out.  
Uprooted from their town  
they were driven homeless  
to a high desert island,  
some from the South,  
some from the North,  
collected, bundled and carted away  
like yesterday’s refuse.  
Corralled in barbed wire  
they milled about the hard pale ground—  
overexposed whiteout, off the map of the world:  
No hidden quarters, no partitions:  
Mother hung up the sheets  
to shield the family  
from indecent sunlight and

evil spirits in shadowy darkness.  
Father stood silent in the cold,  
inhaling and exhaling tobacco,  
watching the rationed smoke dissipate  
through the fence.  
Father simmered. Homesick.  
“Where’s my country?  
Our home?  
How can we take sides?  
Should we swear allegiance  
to America or  
Japan?”  
I floated in a safe place,  
I was too young to know,  
heaving with Mother’s rasping breath—  
a lullaby of her old country—  
warmed by a hibachi  
in private quarters.  
Soon I would come into this land  
of thorny grasses and scrubby bushes—  
nothing but dirt.  
Where’s the America they dreamed—  
multi-colored music and  
fresh mongrel voices,  
embracing and big-hearted—  
a home for all the people—  
the richest country  
in the world?



## CATHLEEN WILLIAMS

### TWO

last night the marchers  
taking the middle of the street  
it seemed by torchlight  
bicycles circling and guarding  
the mass  
singing, calling  
marching for the homeless  
dead on the steps of city hall ...

this passed before me  
like a vision, the defiant band  
marching in the middle of the street  
in the early night o

f mid-January.

Two had died  
on the steps

two men, barely blanket-covered  
supposedly asleep,  
succumbing, each, separately,  
and yet together  
two men who lived  
outside in the weather  
whatever

even here in gentle  
cruel California  
without care, you will die  
because you, complex as you are  
are still animal

and no animal lives  
without their kind.

the miracle of sunrise  
each day  
moments of unrelenting possibility

last night the marchers  
taking the middle of the street  
it seemed by torchlight

bicycles circling and guarding  
the mass, singing, calling,  
marching for two dead

on the steps of city hall ...  
this passed before me  
like a vision, this defiant band

marching in the middle of the street  
in the early night of mid-January  
Two died on the steps

two men, barely blanket-covered  
supposedly asleep  
succumbing, each, separately,

and yet together  
two men who lived  
outside in the weather, whatever...

even here in cruel  
and gentle California,  
without care, you will die

because you, complex as you are,  
are still animal  
and no animals live

without their kind.



**A.D. WINANS**

**FOURTH OF JULY POEM**

Stepped on, pissed on  
Cheated and abused  
Taken advantage of blue collar man  
Caught up in the American scam

Don't tell me anyone can be  
Anything they want to be  
If they put their mind to it

Save your BS for the deaf  
Dumb and blind  
It'll never sell in the ghetto  
Or to the immigrants  
You've turned your back on

Take your message to the church  
Tell it to the man on death row  
Tell it to the starving poor  
Tell it to the sick and lame  
Tell it to the rich folks  
Tell it to the politicians  
Tell it to the serial killers  
Tell it to Wall Street

Tell it to the man on the gallows  
Tell it to the chiseled faces  
On Mount Rushmore

Tell it to the street whore  
Tell it to the crack head  
Tell it to the last wino  
On desolation row

Tell it to the banker

Tell it to the butcher  
Tell it to the unemployed

Tell it to the circus clown  
Tell it to the insane  
Tell it to the outlaw

Tell it to the panhandler  
Tell it to the con man  
Tell it to the baby  
Found stuffed in a dumpster

Tell it to the displaced factory worker  
Tell it to the elderly  
Tell it to the Repo Man  
Tell it to the last alien  
Hiding out in Roswell

Tell it to the militia  
Tell it to the FBI sharpshooters  
At Ruby Ridge  
Tell it to the arsonists  
At Waco, Texas

Tell it the Indians at Standing Rock  
Tell it to the junkie  
With dry heaves

Tell it to the farm worker  
Tell it to the dishwasher  
Tell it to the orderlies  
Tell it to the flag waver  
Tell it to the coal miner  
Dying from black lung disease  
Tell it to the Chinese peasant  
Toiling in the rice fields  
For a dollar a day

Tell it to the garment worker  
Slaving away in sweat shops  
In Chinatown and the Latin Quarter

Tell it to the garbage man  
Tell it to big business  
Tell it to Corporate America  
Tell it to the Supreme Court  
Tell it to the blood stained NRA

Tell it to the Fascist President  
Tell it to the oil barons  
Tell it to the tobacco merchants

Tell it to the fur industry  
Who club baby seals to death  
For the clothing merchants

Tell it to the Vatican  
Tell it to the Priests  
Tell it to the battered wives of America

Tell it to big "Pharma"  
Profiting off the sick and lame  
Tell it to the millions of people  
Dying from air pollution  
In Mexico, China and India

Tell it to the man on his deathbed  
Not sure why he lived  
Or what he is dying for

Tell it to Jesus Christ  
Shout it to the stars  
Line the traitors up against the wall  
Rewrite the Ten Commandments  
And start all over again.

## TIM YOUNG

### A NEW DIMENSION

The great equalizer  
Freedom, justice, and liberty provider  
Highly coveted  
Desired like a precious jewel  
Green enigma  
Squandered in the hands of fools...

I'm talking dollars and sense  
Money well spent  
Weakens the grip of capitalism  
Investing in your tribe  
A cultural hi-five  
A paradigm for the 21st century.

Henceforth, "Buy Black"  
The battle cry is exact,  
Neither fad nor trend  
The fight for power never ends,  
Divided we repeat the past  
United we ascend.

To rise, self-hatred has to subside,  
Antiquated practices must die;  
Banking, borrowing, buying from "masssa"  
Are signs of being colonized.  
"De-colonize!"  
Be totally self-sufficient.

Break away from economic enslavement.  
The underground railroad departs daily  
Hop aboard!  
Travel to a new dimension  
Where slave mentalities don't exist.  
And unity trumps division!

## CHUN YU

### WE ARE

"The Fatal Concert Blast Is Called Terror"

— New York Times' title on Manchester attack

We are the only beings on earth able  
To devise such sounds of beauty called music  
We are the only beings on earth able  
To devise such tools of destruction called bombs

When music and a bomb  
Blast in concert  
It is fatal  
It is called terror —  
We are the only beings able  
To put the two together —  
We are behind all the "It"s  
We are fatal  
We are terror

We must come  
From behind the "It"  
And change the "It is"  
To "We are"

Then we might be able  
To stop being fatal  
To stop being terror  
To shed the "It is"  
Like the Emperor's  
New Clothes  
Which are almost  
As old as  
"We are".



Then we'll be able  
To say  
We're beautiful.

## ANDRENA ZAWINSKI

### ON THE ROAD, HIJACKED BY MEMORY

We draw our strength from the very despair  
in which we have been forced to live...—Cesar Chavez

Riding another lazy Sunday afternoon  
along the sun-drenched blacktop stretch  
coasting through California's Central Valley,  
its pastures peppered by slaughterhouse steer,  
its fields dense with migrants—some sporting  
United Farm Worker eagles on caps, all of them  
packed into growers' whitewashed school buses,  
all of them off to bend and hoe, chop and prune,  
pick and haul Ag Giants nuts and roots and fruits  
for the Walmart Super Centers and Taco Bells.

In the car's backseat, church onion domes  
crop up inside my head, their rows of candles  
flickering again for all my dead:

For the Ukrainian grandfather, face reddened  
from the heat of hot steel, muscles knotted  
and clothes grimy, who choked to death  
struggling with words in a strange tongue,  
lungs dense in smoke and soot, air and water fouled  
forging Pittsburgh steel for the Carnegies.

For the Slovak one who carried United Mine Worker  
protest pickets to the coal bosses instead of pick and shovel  
down into the pitch-dark shafts of the Windber mine,  
who survived a cave-in, but not being robbed  
by the company store and a black-lung death.

For my mother, after the assembly line night shift

at Federal Enamel inspecting pots and pans  
for dimples and blisters, one hand at the small of her  
aching back bent over the Amana. the other  
scrambling eggs then scooting my brother and me  
off to school neatly dressed with full bellies.

For my father at Pressed Steel welding railroad cars  
in the McKees Rocks Bottoms, tagged Cossack  
and taunted to jump and spin and kick,  
who got lost in a bottle of vodka and thorazine,  
another blue collar chasing a middle-class dream.

But the range here today along this California stretch  
runs ragged in rain shadow and a watery-eyed sky  
looming above tract homes and trailer-camp estates,  
flashy billboards boasting sprouting condos,  
commercial real estate for Nestles' Purina works,  
another Chrysler-Jeep dealership, new strip mall  
saddling up to wheat and oats and alfalfa,  
the Delta's humpback hills carpeted green in spring—  
everything predictable, unlike this day trip, hijacked  
by memory to detour along a bumpy backroad,  
my own breath now so heavy-laden,  
my every muscle aching.



## BIOGRAPHIC NOTES

ROBERT ANBIAN is a longtime socially engaged poet and spoken-word performing artist and the publisher of the vanguard press, Night Horn Books. He's also translated the Paul Eluard poem. JORGE ARGUETA has just returned from his birth country El Salvador, where this award-winning poet has built a magnificent Children's Library in a time of great desperation for young people there. He lives in San Francisco. ELIZABETH BELL is a seasoned translator of Spanish, who's worked on books by the emeritus Poet Laureate of the U.S., Juan Felipe Herrera, and the emeritus Poet Laureate of San Francisco, Alejandro Murguía. MAHNAZ BADIHIAN is both an Iranian poet and translator from Farsi of the Saplings Arise anthology of poets of that country. She's just returned from Iran for the first times in decades. LISBIT BAILEY is preparing her first collection of poems. She's an archivist for the San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park. LINCOLN BERGMAN, the venerable activist poet and author of Chants of a Lifetime, shares the Poet Laureateship of Richmond, California, with two other poets. JUDITH AYN BERNHARD, the author of Prisoners of Culture, is preparing her second major book of poetry. She also holds a poetry workshop. KRISTINA BROWN is also a painter and the publisher of Calliope Press, as well as an activist for the RPB. ANTOINE CASSAR, the author of the poem, Passport, is a leading poet in the Maltese language, who lives in both Malta and Paris, France. NEELI CHERKOVSKI recently read his poems in Italy and Mexico, and is organizing a 2018 Walt Whitman Festival. His own poems are being translated and published in book form in Mexico. DOMINIQUE CHRISTINA has just returned from China where she read at the international poetry festival in Chengdu. She is one of the strongest African-American poets in the United States. Her recent

book is *They Are All Me*. MARCO CINQUE is the poet, photographer and musician extraordinaire of Italy. He is also the archivist for the *Il Manifesto* newspaper. LAPO GUZZINI, from the zone of Ancona, Italy, is one of the remarkable Italian translators in the San Francisco area. He's translated others in this anthology, apart from the Cinque poem. FRANCIS COMBES is the author of *Common Cause*, one of the most socially politically resonant books of poetry published since the Millennium, from which the Mayakovsky poem comes. ALAN DENT is the poet and brilliant translator of Combes' work, published by Smokestack Press in Great Britain. CARLA BADILLO CORONADO of Ecuador is the young poet who recently was awarded a prestigious poetry prize in Spain for her brilliant verse. BARBARA PASCHKE, apart from being the translator of Coronado's and other poets in this book, is a singer with a San Francisco chorale which recently sang in Argentina. PAULINE CRAIG works with David Inocencio on *The Beat Within*, the magazine of the poetry of adolescent inmates in San Francisco's Detention Camp. She is a forthright activist poet. ROMEO ALCALA CRUZ has taken the voice of the current dictator of The Philippines to reveal the insidious regime now operating in his home country. Cruz lives in San Francisco. JOHN CURL, one of the editors of this Anthology, is a lifelong poet activist and writer of the revolutionary dimension of Cooperative societies. He leads the RPB's public readings in the streets. NAJWAN DARWISH, one of Palestine's finest younger poets, is a key to the important International dynamic of the Palestinian people. His *Nothing More To Lose*, translated by Kareem James Abu-Zeid, was recently published in New York. Darwish is a major cultural activist. DIEGO DE LEO is the octogenarian who began writing poetry seven years ago. He is preparing his second volume of poetry, after his *Encore*, in which a number of poems attack the regime of Trump. CAROL DENNEY is the marvelous song writer and Berkeley activist who for

more than 26 years has edited the Pepper Spray Times, an activist newspaper of satire and transformation. She's an advocate for the homeless everywhere. A.J. DICKINSON is a member of the RPB who lives and writes in Japan, where is is about to organize a working Brigade of poets there. SILVANA dg DINKA is with the RPB in Palermo, Sicily. MAURO APRILE ZANETTI, who translated her and other poets in this anthology, is himself a Sicilian-born poet and filmmaker who lives in San Francisco. CARLOS DUFFLAR is a member of the New York RPB, where he is an activist in El Barrio Naomi. PAUL ELUARD was one of the great poets of 20th century France, whose poems resonate far into everyone's future. AGNETA FALK recently read her poetry at the Thatched Cottage International Poetry Festival in China. She's one of the editors of this Anthology. Her book of poems, *As My Hand Moves*, will appear in 2018. RANDY FINGLAND, the Berkeley activist poet, has been the publisher of the most international press of poetry in the entire Bay Area, — CC.Marimbo Books—, for the past 20 years. MAURO FORTISSIMO is not only a poet and an artist but he's a master musician and the organizing star of the most affirmative movie about San Francisco in this generation, *Twelve Pianos*. ARNOLDO GARCÍA is a poet, artist and activist, for many years in San Francisco, and now in the East Bay. JUSUF GERVALLA was a poet and Marxist-Leninist founder of the National Movement for the Liberation of Kosovo, who was killed with his brother and another comrade in 1982 by the Yugoslav secret police in Stuttgart, Germany. IDLIR AZIZAJ, the award-winning Albanian poet and translator of James Joyce's *Ulysses* into Albanian, and JACK HIRSCHMAN, who's translated from Russian and Haitian poems herein, as well as writing an *Arcane* for this book, are preparing a translation of Gervalla's poems. KATERINA GOGOU in the minds of many was the greatest poet of this generation in Greece. She was suicided a decade ago in Athens. The poet

ANGELOS SAKKIS has completed the incredible task of translating all seven of her books. RAFAEL JESÚS GONZÁLEZ is the newly appointed Poet Laureate of Berkeley and a longtime poet activist, more sensitive perhaps to the meaning of the Human Calendar than any poet in this country. STEPHEN GRAY is not only a poet of incendiary ironies but a photographer with a brave eye. His photo images are also included in this anthology. MARTIN HICKEL is not only an organizing poet of many venues and a member of the RPB of San Francisco; he's also in the chorus that sings Leonard Cohen songs and recently returned from Germany and New York with the group. GARY HICKS, the poet and cultural organizer for the CPUSA, is especially active with the U.S.-China Peoples' Friendship Association. His poems have been published by the Vagabond Press of Los Angeles. JORGE LUIS NAVARRO HONORES is the young Chilean poet—born in 1986—whose 2016 book, *Instrucciones para incendiar una ciudad* is an important contemporary work. SERIGE JAYA is a Filipino soul music singer, rapper and poet with the New York RPB. JOJ KASTRA (GEORGES CASTERA) is one of the leading poets inside Haiti. He's written some of the most marvelous pamphlets for Haitian revolutionaries. BOADIBA, the Haitian poet and translator, who lives in Oakland, is one of the founders of the Jacques Roumain Cultural Brigade. JAZRA KHALEED is Chechnyan-born who lives in Greece and writes now in Greek. He has become a major poet in the Greek language. His translator in this anthology, PETER CONSTANTINE, is an important translator—of Isaac Babel from Russian as well—and literary editor who teaches in Connecticut. MARK LIPMAN is the publisher of Vagabond Press and a poet in the Los Angeles RPB. After many years in San Francisco and Chicago, ANGELINA LLONGUERAS has returned to her native Catalonia for its struggle for independence. She is a remarkable poet and actress as well. ANNA LOMBARDO is an important Italian poet who lives



in Venice, Italy. She read her work at the San Francisco International Poetry Festival a decade ago, and has studied and written in Ireland in recent years. DENIZE LOTU (DENIZE LAUTURE) is an important Haitian poet and children's book writer who lives in New York City. BONIFACE GERMAN LUKOMNIKOV is a contemporary Russian poet. His translator, LORENZO LUCCHESI is only 16 years old and has already published books of both poetry and prose. KAREN MELANDER MAGOON is an activist poet with the San Francisco RPB and has sung opera in Europe for many years in the '80s. JIDIA MAJIA is the vice-director of the Chinese Writers Association and the leading poet of the 56 minorities of China. He is major poet of that country. DENIS MAIR is an American poet and a leading translator of the poets of China. He lives in Taiwan when he is not at Festivals on the mainland. ROSEMARY MANNO is a poet/painter, strong Fidelista and member of the San Francisco RPB. Her book of poems, *Marseilles*, will be published in England in 2018. ELIZABETH MARINO is the Chicago-born and bred and Oxford graduate who is a member of the RPB of Chicago. ANGEL MARTÍNEZ is a member of the New York RPB, which he has been organizing for a number of years. PIPPO MARZULLI has organized the RPB in Bari, Italy, and leads the events of poetry at the Antifa fortress in that city, which has been converted into a huge cultural center. VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY was the major poet of the Soviet Union and the father of street and Beat poetry in the 20th century. He was the first to embrace the Revolution, and his longest poem is the book-length *Lenin*. SARAH MENEFE is among the finest poets of the poorest and homeless masses in the U.S. Her *Human Star* recently appeared in an Italian translation by Raffaella Marzano. MOMO (MICHELE TIRESI) is a member of the Sicilian RPB. GIANNI INILOSA is a translator from Italian who lives in San Diego. MAJID NAFICY is an Iranian activist poet who works with the RPB in Los

Angeles and has been strongly engaged in the anti-Trump motion growing in the U.S.A. and the world. PABLO NERUDA is widely considered as one of the finest poets of the 20th century. JIM NORMINGTON, who contributed a poem of his own as well as a translation of Luis Alberto Quesada, is an important translator and poet who lives in Davis, CA. DOROTHY (DOTTIE) PAYNE is currently teaching in Guinea in West Africa. Her book is Birthmarks and she is a painter as well as a poet. GREGORY POND is the African-American poet who's preparing his selected poems for publication. He works with the San Francisco RPB and writes in the pivot of Race and Class. JEANNE POWELL is an African-American poet and essayist, as well as an online film critic. She is a teacher as well and has published four books of poetry and prose. LUIS ALBERTO QUESADA, who passed away a few years ago in his nineties, was an Argentinian and one of the most important, though little-known revolutionary poets of the past two centuries. BRENDA QUINTANILLA is a poet originally from El Salvador. Her terrific work first appeared in the Homeward newspaper of Sacramento. HANUMANTHA REDDY is active with Chicago RPB. ANTHONY ROBINSON, JR. is an African-American poet and activist in prison in Mississippi, whose work often appears in the Bay View newspaper in San Francisco. LEW ROSENBAUM is one of the members of the Chicago RPB and a cultural organizer for the League of Revolutionaries for a New America (LRNA). GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK is the remarkable Irish poet and translator who's done more to internationalize the Irish tongue than any poet of this generation. SONNY SAN JUAN, JR. has been perhaps the most culturally revolutionary figure in U.S. academic life for a generation. He is now Director of The Philippines Studies Center in Washington, D.C., and has been a leading Filipino poet for most of his life. SANDRO SARDELLA, who did the cover for this anthology, and another graphic work as well, is one of the finest poets of contemporary

Italy, and read and exhibited his work at the San Francisco International Poetry Festival al five years ago. ZHAO SI: an important Chinese poet, she was one of the organizing emcees at the recent international poetry festival held in Chengdu, China. XUAN YUAN, who helped Zhao Si with her translation, took his name from the Yellow Emperor of Chinese primitive times. TIM LILBURN, who also helped in the translation, is a Canadian poet. OMAR YOUSSEF SOULEIMANE is a young Syrian-born poet and journalist, who was raised in Saudi Arabia and, since 2012, has lived in Paris. GHADA MOURAD is a translator from French and Arabic who teaches at the University of California at Irvine. DOREEN STOCK has recently returned from trips to both Argentina and Paris, France. Her major book of poems is *In Place Of Me*. TONTONGI is the pen-name of the extraordinary Haitian poet and editor of the Trilingual (Haitian, French and American) literary magazine *Tanbou*, which is published in Massachusetts. RAYMOND NAT TURNER is the prolific African-American poet and activist who writes from New York. ANTONIETA VILLAMIL has just returned from her native Colombia. She is a poet in the Spanish language, though the poem herein is written in Amer-English. She is with the Los Angeles RPB. DAVID VOLPENDESTA has prepared a book of contemporary Psalms of and for revolutionaries and activists. He's with the San Francisco RPB. R.R. WARREN is with the New York RPB. TOSHI WASHIZU is the Japanese-American poet and filmmaker of the documentary *Issei*, a masterful film about the internment in American concentration camps of the Japanese-American population during WW2. CATHLEEN WILLIAMS is the editor of *Homeward*, the fine newspaper essentially exposing the plight the homeless and poor. She is also a first-class poet in revolutionary motion. A.D. WINANS is a venerable poet and activist of the San Francisco street scenes for the past two generations. A friend and publisher of the late Jack Micheline and Charles Bukowski, he's a well-known figure in the Bay

Area. TIM YOUNG is a political prisoner in San Quentin and a poet whose work has appeared in a previous Overthrowing Capitalist Anthology. CHUN YU is a Chinese poet who writes in Amer-English as well. She's just returned from China, where her family lives. ANDRENA ZAWINSKI is a activist poet whose works intensely open up paths of struggle, celebration and revolutionary victories.



## **REVOLUTIONARY POETS BRIGADE MISSION STATEMENT**

### **NOW**

As poets we are uniquely positioned to seize the possibilities of the time, bringing language to life and participating in the movement that is gathering as we speak...

### **IT'S TIME**

Poetry has always been and continues to be not only the way the poet listens to his or her innermost being, but a way the spirit of the times, in its most forward-looking incarnation, is expressed and heard. And the times we're in, of crisis and the cry for transformation, particularly needs the news, as poet W.C. Williams said, "without which we die."

We say what we see: and that is the system which cannot rest until it extracts every drop from a desperate earth: capitalism. We say what we see: and that is the oppression of our class, driven to the streets and alleys of our cities, driven to the muddy fields, all because there is no profit in maintaining life and health. We are the harbingers of revolution and the awareness that underlies and drives it.

### **FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY POETS**

In our common struggle toward freedom, each individual instinctively reaches for the best tool at hand. As artists, we have the most powerful tool of all, the ability to inspire, transform, and liberate, just in the nick of time as it happens, as the sick old ways rust, choke, sputter, and fade. Poets, those at the compressed razor sharp edge of social thought, and all fellow artists of visionary courage, stay mindful of this historic opportunity, lead with strong revolutionary voice for all humankind to genuinely live and thrive in common spirit!

## BRIGADE

Therefore, we want to create a Revolutionary Poets Brigade, to respond to the demands of the moment – provoking the future out of the confused minds of today, inspiring with the passion of the living word, in preparation for the development on a wider and larger scale of the uprising, the action that will overthrow this system of greed and exploitation.

As a network, we can be present and participate in the popular resistance that is going on around us by holding poetry events, by reading and speaking at demonstrations, and by publishing broadsides and pamphlets. Join us.

"Camerados . . . will you come travel with us? Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?"

–Walt Whitman

## **REVOLUTIONARY POETS BRIGADE**

**<http://revolutionarypoetsbrigade.org/>**





