

Mij@, oye, now: corta first the lilting
tilde, then cut

out the round sounds; expunge the subtle
subjunctive, the reflexive, curled

verbs. Fleck the mouth
feels, offer the beating

frontera heart the choking
answer of America. Then, unravel

the bruise: hunger a home
abandoned. Cleave knowing, clean and husked.

How to return from the shattered clay of a forgotten tongue? Coat in red cold

dust; a labored push to the bright curve
of a shared moon, the wet arch de la boca a la lengua.

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