



JACLR

*Journal of Artistic
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Research*

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Sergio A. Ortiz
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Sergio A. **ORTIZ**

Enunciations

In the swift days of my life,
the feet of the beast
described by Daniel in his Book,
500 years and they still failed
to set iron and miry clay,
but the sword with which they imposed
the siege had plunged the homeland
into misery. Not much ever happened,
Amen! to business, the beautiful
alliterations of brokerages. 170, 000 beheaded.
Life in the country was commendable,
anyone could carry a flag and brandish stories.

Getting into the economic brutality of kings
and Orthodox Jews took into account
a healthy economy,
at least that's what the papers said,

so life in the pipe-dream-country
started at 6am with breakfast,
take the kids to school, then keep
your buttocks behind a desk,
behind a wrench, behind a broom,
behind oneself, to honor the hours
that would allow the boss to have
his piña colada anywhere he had a world.

Now the auxiliary realm of greed
broadcasted live
strange numerals as if panic could only get tangled
in a soccer ball— what a GOAL...
It made the soccer player's super-fuck their mothers
in front of an iridescent crowd
and papa Noah took off a young girl's panties
he was filming. He was going to leave good money
in the porn outlets.

Ah, Rebeca Linares's nostalgic ass
on all fours
stuffing a huge black dick in her butt,
and songs that seem like the best
sung by the Rolling Stones.
56,000 women torched,
as if they had been welded
to death with argon gas,
but they were walking side by side
with the head honchos of the opium fields
of Afghanistan, the oil fields of Iraq,
the unused and unusual fields of Mars
put in the sky to be reforested.
Those were not days of grief and nostalgia
under radioactive clouds.

Medusa

Medusa didn't die
in the pantheon of mythologies,
she lives inside us with her ravenous eyes,
has no gender or specific place,
keeps growing in our body
like a terminal illness.
To find her all we need to do is stare
into the face of cancer,
stare at the snakes that fall from our hair,
at the man who breaks like a child.

Chess

Because then I'm just a little boy,
birth and death
have always been the dance,
the true meaning of the game is in life,
the true meaning of life is in the game.

Bed and Mesa

They were not paper boats
on the bed,

only books,
stars above the sky
of the —inverted—
mattress

Dry Portrait of Frida Kahlo

From eyebrow to jail bars
I am crowned with a rail of thorns
this vertebral column hell of skulls agonizes me
this severed placenta slavery feeds me
the orphanage pushing my gut aborts and aborts me
I am a motherless ghost
my dry udders drip rusted curds
punishment for a castrated uterus
Oh how I limp in my portraits

Every sterile night, I un-nurse the fetuses in the bones of my bed
and my eyes bleed drops of mirrors that speak to me
and the twisted breath of daily tragedy nails me
and I am hidden in my Nana, I breastfeed shadows
with the same loneliness that night pours inside me
and I paint myself without looking

Black on Black

Here is the Panamanian nymph
the one imprinting her shape
on my retina for a second

she leaves an homeopathic drop

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of luck in the waters of my trembling body

Qusida of Hate

We all have particles of hatred,
slight blue filaments
in dark beds of magnolias gilding the day.

Everyone has a particle of hate
macerating their juices, framing
their cheerful bloom, their languid fruit.

What seas, oh, what seas,
what tempestuous depths
beat upon the chest?

The ocean lift's its flowery petticoat,
under its skin a wave grows
in its empty elastic fearlessness.

The sea raises, roars its hatred as the turmoil
rustles against the wall of celibate water,
behind it another wave, another uproar.

We all have a particle of hatred.
When iron burns the skin
and we feel the smell of burning flesh

there's a deep cry,
a mask on fire
that ignites our words.

Bioprofile of the author: Sergio A. Ortiz is the founding editor of *Undertow Tanka Review*. His poetry collections *For the Men to Come* (2014), and *From Life to Life* (2014) were released by Amazon. He's a two time Pushcart nominee and a four time Best of the Web nominee. His poems have been published in over four hundred journals and anthologies.

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