

MANDORLA

NUEVA ESCRITURA DE LAS AMÉRICAS • NEW WRITING FROM THE AMERICAS

Excerpt from / Fragmento de *Mandorla*, Issue 10

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FROM *BYE-BYE, BIG WOW*

PULLEY SYSTEM

I'm switching the channel now, so please
leave the historical monuments at home
and bring the pesticide toothpaste instead.
Language toys with seduction where
it leaks from the bottom each time the day
speaks of blindness, gnaws on the same
patch of sidewalk, terminal damage.
What does a snowman need with an electric
ice cream maker while waving an inverted
broom at the difference in the same?

Of course the jaws of life are dangerous.
What color is love? We sleep on sirens.
We are the dog tags on our neighbor
released from a clenched fist, spent on
TV, and given presents like two giants

wrestling. On the shadow puppets' small stage, a drunk parent hits a frightened child. Or was it that my head hurt from trying to swallow a plastic gold cup?

That's why I always wanted to serve on a pirate ship. You told me you took violence to a limit. I said possession, and couldn't stop thinking of the lake drained to build shiny belowground condos. Try to be more fucking cheerful. I smell the bathroom from the hall. Yes, you did already mention the hummingbird in the sans-a-belt pants commercial. What can you really know alone?