

Julio Valentin

Poeta De Sangra

*Estas dentro
de mi Corazon,
sangrar para mi
and give me sanctuary
in your pools of Scarlett,
envelop my scars with rays
of your Neruda Sun,
and seep into the cracks of skin
to moisture my soul*

*She said bleed for me
and I will remember your name.*

Metamorphosis under Orion's Bow

While my classmates chat,
I observe a constellation
of florescent stars beneath the Burchfield sky
puking dilated rays against canned cocoons—
fixed in place
to bear the delayed state.

The fallacy of art is at play here
as silence between each exhibit
project long songs of muffled cries—
hoping to shatter
the shaded glass between them
with echoed tears.

I'm reminded of gargled whimpers
on the other side of the window pane as
the child was trying to squeeze
the cosmos—
out of the Bombay cat.
I still pound against crystal frames to no avail.

Olivia pulls out her cell
and mentions how cruel her pet is,
having hunted baby birds for game.
I sit under the dotted bulbs thinking
about the night
I lost mine.

13 ways of Looking at Rice

1.

Rice uncooked
is a tragedy but
Pegao is a delicacy.

2.

Rice is proof
that colonialism is alive
when you knell.

3.

Rice without Sofrito
does not carry shame
but no salt is blasphemy.

4.

I have not once
seen God cook. If so,
rice would be testament
of her love.

5.

Baptism is when
canola oil snaps,
reddening the skin.

6.

The first time
I've prayed to rice,
there was a downpour
in St. Louis.

7.
The road paved by rice
is a blessing on
those walking for love.

8.
When Lubriel died,
we saved a bowl of rice,
praying he doesn't go
hungry again.

9.
The circle of life
is also known
as the rim of the Oyya.

10.
When the buildings fell
I sunk my skull into rice,
hoping it'll dry out my tears.

11.
The body of rice
can only be soften
through patience like
the heart.

12.
I saw rice
in the shape of light
breaking through the clouds.

13.
For every grain of rice
I'm grateful it was
not a bullet.