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## **Brown Lives**

Brown lives  
the phrase  
as is  
don't matter  
in Mexico  
the shades  
are endless  
where draw  
the line  
you'd go  
quite mad  
what matters  
in Mexico  
is *lana*  
cold cash  
how much  
how far  
the flow  
what things  
what folks  
you gather  
around you  
of course  
colorism thrives  
in Mexico  
weighs in  
tips scales

but saying  
and insisting  
brown lives  
the phrase  
as is  
is sacred  
is blurry  
happy talk  
won't supply  
the flow  
the things  
the folks  
you gather  
around you  
the line  
when drawn  
would shift  
yearly monthly  
the haggle  
would matter  
to oligarchs  
a lot  
the haggle  
would matter  
to academia  
even more  
brown lives  
whole departments  
might thrive  
service lines  
blurring oligarchs'  
long game  
still though  
colorism thrives  
in Mexico  
it hurts  
it works  
for some  
for sure  
same families

have winners  
and losers  
it's important  
to confront  
colorism frankly  
but *lana*  
go see  
take in  
don't flinch  
draws lines  
on top  
down below  
both sides  
makes box  
in Mexico  
*boxes matter*  
not lines  
that shift  
weekly daily  
you'd go  
quite mad  
demarking where  
jumping back  
jumping over  
vying to  
drag shit  
here to there  
and back  
stuck in  
a box  
in Mexico  
decaled with  
brown lives  
matter merch  
donated by  
happy oligarchs  
of oil  
of telecom  
of finance  
beachfront empires

foreground to  
hillside slums  
background to  
nervous middlings  
frozen between  
undecided about  
lines boxes  
which matter  
and why  
earning zeal  
spending zeal  
to audit  
*Mexico Lindo*  
is necessary  
the peso  
plunging today  
ten percent

## The Tango

Sometimes  
the black/white  
*tango* wears  
thin on  
the rest

The *tango*  
not key  
issues  
relational  
consequential

The tango  
you can't  
get between  
gotta watch  
your feet

Again *not*  
inflection point  
material  
*potential*  
for all

But *tango*  
white/black  
checkerboard  
dance floor  
all over

Head snapping  
stern face  
separation  
quick embrace  
deep dips

Here they *come*  
step aside  
or – *don't*  
grab on  
*triple* tango

Ok here  
we *go*  
*whoa*  
wait  
who's that?

*Another?*  
well alright  
*ouch*  
excuse me  
*this* way?

*Here* we go  
*full* tango  
but wait  
a new tune's  
playing

Marvin Gaye's  
"got to *give* it up"  
kaleidoscopic  
free movement  
*focus*

Unclasp  
fingers arms  
shoulders hips  
chin up  
hats off

## Thing & Thang

Is the U.S. a nation  
or just an economic platform?  
because, a nation, is (or can be)  
an expression of its people.

Platforms, as you know  
support a ton of apps  
but not all, and often  
not many at all.

Nations, of course, excel at  
spinning origin stories that  
somewhat stick, actually  
too often, stick, too long.

These days, folks, are *sick*  
of platforms, they feel  
but more than that, *know*  
the grift and graft.

But also, folks, can't won't  
booty hop for nation  
not for the past, nor future  
and for damn sure, not now.

Alright, *some* are nation  
afterschool drama types  
never miss a chance to flame  
in public, funk out, in private.

Others are *pure* platform  
all day trend setters  
brahmins, actually, prancing like  
Jack & Jill nobodies.

Yet others, in idealist mode  
strain to marry the two  
nation thing & platform thang  
triangle into circle slot.

Problem is, Globo Bobo's diet  
consists of broken idols  
shards of meritocracies  
the bootstrap's scraps.

Platform thang, over amped  
promises a commonwealth of  
continuous profile updates  
hexagons into pentagonal slots.

Nation thing, flustered  
promises to calm anxieties  
save selves from intermixing  
in golden wheat fields swaying.

Globo Bobo, or if you prefer  
Bobo Globo, plays it safe  
defers to neither Thing nor Thang  
but tabulates and waits.

GB, might well be  
progressive *or* regressive  
no one can say for now  
poltergeist inside us.



## **Betimes**

*a rhapsody for activists*

Betimes, you *stall*, and by stalling, *rocket*

Betimes, you're a dead-bored worker

Betimes, a devoted worker without deep purpose

Betimes, you're a thrill-seeking slacker

Betimes, a genius *co*-worker – without peers

You *chose* this, you chose dialectical wreck sensational

You pounce towards direct intents unknown

You've sloughed off crooked dick nationalism

You've blown up indolence (on some occasions, eloquence)

Who can Velcro on a plasticized red wig when you want it?

Who can supply you a bronze lion future beast of victory?

Betimes, you're a *pre*-pounce poet, posing as *pouncer*

Betimes, you're a *post-pounce* as twitchy twitch

*Not* whatever! *Never* whatever! But *this*.

You're a *Spectral* Socialist – savage

You're a *Spectral* Socialist – civilizer

You're a *Spectral* Socialist – dirt clod on diamond

Who can futurize “The People” without the trademark?

Who enacts fire cannister hierarchical reform?

Betimes, you carouse, and by carousing, arouse

Betimes, you're a “hella” (as y'all say) cat with hiss *and* claws

Betimes, you're a devotee to love slamming you to the ground

Did you really *choose* this gem? Art thou chosen?

Are you ascending now towards free-floating domes in the sky?

Have you handily sloughed off sultry stance nationalism?

Betimes, nationalisms offer *services* – left *or* right

Betimes, *intra*-nationalisms show a way out – for a fee

Who can hyper-spatialize “The People” without coordinates?

Who enacts super symmetrical justice reform?

You're a *Spectral* Socialist – bit actor

You're a *Spectral* Socialist – stunt double

You're a *Spectral* Socialist – diamond fleck on demon dung

Betimes, you *rocket*, and by rocketing, *stall*

Betimes, you *stall*, and by stalling, *rocket*