

mexican jazz
volume 2 #sfai
1

mexican jazz border tongue border
hope border places. border dreams.
border train tracks. border bestia.
border hope. border esperanza. border
silence. border impossibility

border walls. border dreams. border
sotne. border shelter. border stories.
border possibilities. border chance.
border dreams. border impossible
faces. border papers.

border documented . border. mexican.
border american. border bodies. border
children.

2

we were born to tell the stories of our mothers and our fathers

los que cruzaron las estrellas

the ones that crossed the sketches of starts

we are the mirror of them

we are obsidian home

piecing the whole migration together

we have migrated over and over

this turtle island

anahuak el lugar que se olvida cuando se nos olvidan las lenguas

somos todas las partes de estas lenguas

somos todos la conclusion que no se habla

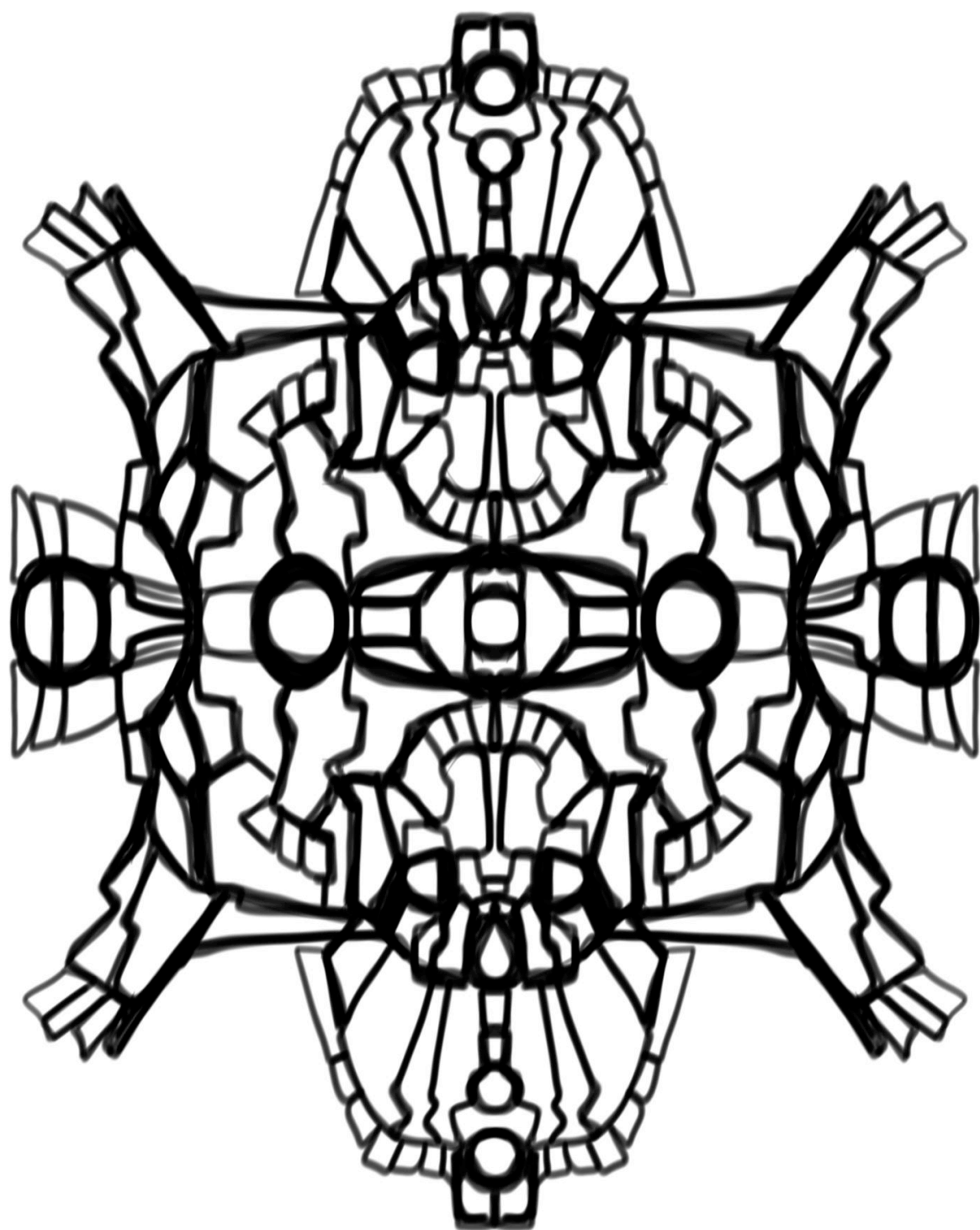
we migrate across the tongues

trying to make sense of papers

of amnesia of recollecting our place in these places

and what will be the place of us

migrated migrating recalling



3

all the places we call home
all the places we can remember where they tried to border
our home.

we become the refugee in our own river
in our own blood

trying to remember that we came here from the stars
from some part of the land

that cannot be named anymore
the way it was originally named
we are the slithered snake motion
catching all the possible trails back home

somebody somebody said. said somebody
somebody said to me we should watch a dark immigrant documentary

the kind where the children are crossing borders
and their are body parts floating in the river
not of narctrificante affairs

but of drowning children trying to cross the border

sometimes its the mexicans

3

he was caught and interviewed

asked if he was from centro america
and who he knew in the united states

he is caught along a mexican border
he is caught along an american border

but he made it somehow on the mexican freight train

la bestia

trying not to be swallowed
trying not to be sliced open

from tapachula
to the frontera
in guatemala
1450 miles

la bestia

the howling steel
screaming steel

he was with the children
taking a break

i'm going to the united states
because my mom is too poor
i would like to go to the us to try and help them

maybe someday i will call back home

waiting in arriaga
waiting for the train
waiting for the hope

choking on the american dream

laughing about the possibility

4

regaleme un cigarro de esperanza
quiero cruzar la frontera
y encontrar una familia que me adopten
que me regale una esperanza

vamos a cruzar por el desierto
esperando la esperanza
regaleme un cigarro de esperanza
antes que llegue la bestia

antes que llegue el coyote que me traciona
antes que llegue la migra
regaleme un cigarro atras de las olas

de mi pueblo desde guatemala
traigo todo lo bueno de alla
buscando

las olas de los sueños
en el centro
del corazon
de america

todas la peliculas de los estados unidos
todas lo que se pueda conocer de los estados unidos
todos los lugares. desde nueva york. hasta california
extranio mi mama. si claro. quiero salir adelante
ella vende empandas en guatemala
y mi padrastro no me queria . me vine.
buscando algo mas que las peliculas de mi pais
buscando la pelicula de los estados unidos
para vivir para siempre
para encontrarme un buen trabajo
para econtrarme una libertad

para encontrar a mi papa que nunca conosco
para encontrar

the tears fall on the childrens face
mexican immigration

immigration officer
the coyote gives them to the smuggler
the smuggler gives them to the lady
the lady gives them to the immigration center

the money goes somewhere
inbetween the claws
inbetween the mexican border
inbetween the coyotes atm machine

seven years old
15 years old

centro americano
inside of four walls
housing hundreds of children
in detention centers
waiting to get process
to get taken home

because they want to go to los angeles
off to a shelter

7

smuggling a body across the us border
smuggling a soul across the dream scape
of american refugee

we are the sleeping song

along the accidents that came from u.s. immigration policy of the 80's and 90's

deporting gang members back to el salvador
deporting gang members back to guatemala

caging them. over and over

making

7b

el coyote raped the children
dead children in the desert
abandoned

childrens body parts along
the sonora desert
along la bestia

somewhere along the way
male children get raped over and over
by coyotes

by the ones that gain their trust
to get them to believe
that they will help them cross the border

vale la pena

tu piensas que vale la pena

somewhere the choice is made to cross this border

whether by a parent
whether by a child

to ride the beast. mexican freight train

but if the mother is gone
but if the father is gone
but if la muerte is crawling at every corner

they run across the mexican landscape

monterrey
no love of mother no love of father

maybe in america somebody will adopt them
maybe in american they will be born again

8

stay away from the coyote
don't get on the train along the side of the train

stay away from the side of the train

each one will get you

each will eat you
each might take you

to the promise land

9

i would have made it home
if i hadn't been sequestered
3 times
each time i had to take the

10

its a dangerous

american dream
what must it been like

on the other side

of the nightmare

11

and there are the places
where they offer you refuge
along the border
along the trip back home

its in the d.n.a.

free food
protection from corrupt police
from coyote

free information

100 immigrants
10 to 20 will die along the way

even with those facts
even with those numbers

they still want to cross
the desert death

the american lie
the american death

a deck of mexican american cards
a deck of centro american cards
a deck of possibilities

along the steel tracks
along the faces of the sun
along the faces of coyoxauhqui

to get to the other side
of a migrating mayan calendar

its was all written there
people crossing home from north to south
people coming home from south to north

12

there have been alot of accidents
there has been alot of blood
but i want to get to the other side
to dream of no more blood
to dream of more money
to dream of playing in the snow
to dream of no more body parts
on the side walk

no more gang members asking me to die for them
no more gang members telling me that i have to die for them or die

crossing over
to become a doctor
to help people

there have been many accidents along the way
but i just want to become a doctor
i'm 9 years old right now
but i just want to get to america
and become a doctor
to make the bleeding stop

the beast will get me there
the beast will get me home

the beast will be my best friend
the beast might kill me

but the beast might take me home

these are the photos of when he was in school
 these are the photos of when he was in dreams
 these are the photos when he was about to graduate
 these are the photos when he wanted to come home
 these are the photos before he was buried in the desert
 these are the photos before we put the flowers

all along the train tracks

these are the photos before he his body was finally found
 these are the photos of their lost son

these are the photos of their son trying to get to his cousin
 in los angeles

these are the photos where they told the son
 not to go

even without permission

because i want to get to my father
 because i want to get to my cousin
 because i want to get to my education
 because i want to get to my home

because i want to get to my d.n.a.

the howling skin
 the howling memory

these are the photos we put on the altar
 these are the photos we put next to la virgen de guadalupe
 these are the photos we put next to god

para que lo acompan~e dios
 sea donde este
 sea donde va

ya que no esta aqui
 ya que no lo encuentran

14

for me my mother is a treasure
my father slams my mother to the wall

i wish i could slam him to the wall

its stuck in my chest
that my fist aren't big enough

its stuck to my

15

a center for child immigrants along the border
a center at the center between here and mexico
and here and guatemala and here and salvador
and when they interview them before they take them back
they want to know why they almost killed themselves
and the mothers are there waiting outside the shelter
waiting to be remembered
waiting for their child to remember their mother
waiting for a mother to remember their child

and if they are caught again
they will be sent to a foster home

the mexican consulate

has found the body
it is your daughters along the mexican border

dried up. body remains.
heat stroke. leading to exposure.

sign here.
to return your body to you

but because the body was too

we stamp this here.
to return you a casket
in a purple box you can't afford
you can't view the body because it's been too much

sign here
to return your child to you

but you cannot see the body
please do not see the body
you really don't want to see the body

so after we return the body to you
i'm sorry

16

the tears and the blood

of the children
along the frontera
along the fronteras

they will pray over and over

with rosarios
with the words repeating over and over

dios no me desapares ni de noche ni de dia

this part of the dream
they say holds the place

somewhere between here and there
somewhere between us

they say a childs body goes straight to heaven.

somewhere along the frontera
before this body was buried under the sun

17

getting caught by the muggers
getting caught by the smullgers
getting caught by the migra
getting caught by the beast

getting caught

i don't want to die
and i don't want to get caught

i have a dream

sometimes its american

18

lecheria station

inside the box car

the mexican

police officer

ask the children for their money

their wallets, their watches

anything.

19

Irapuato

the boys never appeared

the bodies were never found

30 days into the journey

irapuato

no days sequestered for these joksters

laughing howling and crying

for the mothers beaten
and left behind

their chest tearing

with every mile

20

The beast

turned them into

minced meat

when they fell asleep

20b

she didn't want her family to know
that her legs were gone

that she ran away
that she was cut

when she fell asleep

and the train tumbled

the beast
only ate her legs

at 3 in the morning

21

somewhere along the mexican border
the cold and hunger and sweat and fear

led them to the immigration center
so they could be deported back to honduras

they were two cousins that didn't know
they were cousins until the immigration

women and men. asked them for their d.n.a.
asked them to re-member what pueblo

in honduras.

but the fracture of going back to this home.
instead of to that home. makes it hard to re-

member.

22

under the bridge

its really dangerous

to watch

children raped

women raped

all the while

the way a mother and a daughter

crossing across the desert

get double crossed

getting to the other side of the river
he's trapped in a jail. a detentrion center
waiting to see how long before they left him
step on the other side of the border
he cleans his room. he cleans his room.
he cleans his room again. this room. inside
of room.

he clean his room. for a month. waiting for a phone
call. waiting for an appointment. waiting

its been two months. in the detention center.
he repeats in English. you are. they are. we are.

he scribbles in his notebook. houston, texas.
waiting for when he gets to go to the united staes.

he throws out most of the food. in the detention center.
a little hug. that isn't there. he cleans his room. he doesn't

eat the food. he gets to finally call back to honduras.
he gets to tell his mom. back in honduras. the grades

he got in the american detention center. he gets to hug
his mother again. his grandmother again.

but i don't want to talk about being in the detention center
i don't want to talk about the hieleras . i don't want to talk

about the fact that i have no father. i don't want to talk about
the glue i sniff. i don't want to talk about the burden i am

for my family. i don't want to talk about this little shack. in this
little pueblo. i don't want to talk about watching my stepfather

beat on my brothers . put my mothers face against the dirt floor.
i don't want to talk about how i'm not even good enough to beat.

25

my mother mexican jazzed tongue
sings rancheras boleros hip hop corridos
with a little bit of lakota y nahuatl
alot of locota

sometimes on the weekends
sometimes in the middle of a howling moon

she hides green chile bottles because its bad luck sometimes
she hides green chile bottles because

its what makes us angry sometimes

sometimes she puts it on the window sill
make us calm she says

she sings she screams she whispers and smirks

my mother's mexican jazz

breaks clashes bleeds and sings
inside of neo lucia mexican azteca paintings

their are her children
she talks to them
she talks to all the layered colors of her portraits
portraits she started painting about 4 years ago
she talks to them to find out when they are done

she mirrors the colors of her mexican american landscape

paints cholas, next to jesus, next to hopi turtles, next to la virgen
paints the wailing dogs, her needy cats, a pooping horse, a home
in aztlan, a home in egypt , a home in esperanza

she dances and sings all the stories
painted

all the stories
that almost broke her
always made her laugh

crossing the border
crossing over
crossing the culture
getting the tongue caught in the classroom

owl nations come to bring up peace
inside memories of curanderismo
que se nos habia olvidado

somos el sonido rasquache de la gente
los pueblos en nuestras alas
los pueblos en nuestros corazones

where we get lost in forgetting where we came from

some of our grandparents used to walk all the way over here
from mexico to california

walking and walking and walking
for weeks to get to their other home

and this is just the recent memory
in the last 200 years
in the last 100 years

walking towards

nuestra reina de los angeles en california

the stories of stories
los cuentos de los cuentos

in the time when the border
was just a line on a map

and before that
it was just turtle island
and before it was a turtle

it was just home
and before it was home

it was the place where we were born

27

operation wetback

operation gate keeper

to restore safety to the united states busiest border

to restore hope in the minds of america

operation wetback

post the bracero program

targets those that look like their mexican

where they are american or not

where they are documented or not

they were just dragged into

trains and jeeps and buses

and they tried it

and they want to try it again

we are the mexican born
american born
inbetween born

the pachucho
the cholo
the maestro
the abogado

the janitor the teacher the poeta

we are the artist the jailed the undocumented
the written the spilled blood the concrete
the esperanza

the multi tongued
the ofrenda

the hope the possibility
the bridge on this american landscape

the immigrante
the sons and daughters of the immigrant sons and daughters
the immigrants sun
the moon song of immigrant parents

we are the inbetween
despite what is silenced

we are the spoke truth
we are the inbetween frontera

becoming a bridge
becoming a song
becoming a face

siempre estabamos alli
tratando de ser la bandera
de nuestros ancestros
somos los que vinimos despues
somos los que cantamos los cantos
en lenguas de la tierra
en lenguas del fuego
en lenguas del aire, el mar, el rio
y todas las aguas de todas las direcciones

somos todas las lenguas
que nos entrego el universo
somos el canto que nacio de la agua
estamos esperando siempre con esperanza
porque esta guerra nosotros ganamos
porque esta tierra nosotros recibimos
la herencia

somos el canto rasquache
revuelto con nahuatl spanglish
lakota dine cofan igual con tantas lenguas

igual con la vibracion de la maquina
que no nos domina
pero desde alli nos encontramos
para encontrar la paz

para encontrar nuestro sol
nuestras manos y nuestras alas

hechas de barro y barrio
hechas de sol y queztal

hechas de las plumas de los abuelas
y las abuelas que nos acarician

que nos dan la bendicion
eterna

en esta casa del sol de oro
y proteccion

somos el canto de la tierra

somos el canto del sol
somos el canto de los nin~os
somos la agua del canto

30

siempre ay reglas en el sol
siempre ay regals en la manipulacion
de las canciones y la informacion
siempre ay lugares que nos tocan
en el espejo de la alma
desde alli nacimos
desde alli encontramos nuestro cuerpo
el que nos trataron de robar
el que nos trataron de quitar

somos la memoria de ese robo
somos la continuacion de esa cancion

la cual nunca pudieron para
la cual nunca pudieron dominar

somos el canto
de todas las memorias
somos el canto de todas la sanacion
somos el canto de toda la passion

somos el regalo de las abuelas
todas sus sonrisas y todas sus lagrimas

recorriendo los mundos de nuestra sangre
recorriendo el mundo de la sangre de nuestra madre tierra

somos el corrido del sol y la luna
somos el corrido de nuestras familias
las que nunca pararon de llorar
las que nunca parraron de cantar

desde aqui seguimos todos
lo que nunca se pudo quitar
porque la llama que nunca
se pudo apagar

we are the stone song singing in the middle of the night
despite the howling coyotes trying to eat our tongues

somos el espejo que nos trata de manipular en la media noche
mientras los coyotes nos tratan de cortar todas nuestras lenguas

we are the ones that come back after being deported to many times to call documented
we are the ones that ride the mirror inside a river of stars we call home

somos la llama que sigue quemando despues que nos queman
somos el humo de nuestros ancestros abrigado por el rio de estrellas de donde somos

we are the ones calling ourselves back home we are the ones singing over and over
we don't need to over come because we win because we are esperanza despite

todo lo que nos dicen. somos algo mas. toda la dignidad que viene desde nuestras
manos. nuestros cantos. nuestras abuelas. nuestra cancion de migracion

we are the stone song turning over and over. migrating back and forth between
here and the sun and anahuak and the father sky waiting and walking and hoping

somos toda la esperanza que nos trataron de quitar. somos el canto que nunca
nos pueden robar. somos la agua del cielo y el fuego del corazon de la tierra

siempre somos otra esperanza

hip hop corridos

somos los que crusamos inocentes
doble frontera en esta guerra en esta desespera

queremos regresar a otro sueño
donde el suelo esta hecho de oro y esperanza

donde la manipulacion y corrupcion son cosas antiguas
que ya no pasan que ya no hablan

porque los llamamos con el amor de nuestros corazones
de nuestras manos y nuestros llamados

a que la gente sea algo mas.

despite whats happening despite where we've been
that we learned to speak tongues like homes and families

multilingual multigenerational adopted by the sky and the sun
son of the earth and my worth being found in some place

that is still unknown because we claiming this tonantzin as home

somos hijos y hijas de la tierra nada nuevo
its the oldest of the oldest settlements

despite this trip of colonization. we come decolonizing mindsets
with the spirit of cuahemec, colibris, xochipilis and everything

inbetween
we are the spiritual rapping regime
setting the record straight coming from the four directions of water

the first and foremost infinite truth
sacred atl. agua . mni water

this is the place of the hope and the possibility
esta es la casa de la esperanza y la posibilidad

somos el recuerdo que nunca se ha olvidado
aunque tantas veces nos quemaron o intertaron

varias posibilidades . quien te quita la mente
quien te tapa la frontera . quien te roba la esperanza

eres siempre un arbol de vida
eres siempre la semilla de muerte

eres siempre la voz y la danza de la gente
que nunca se te olvide desde donde vienes

para los ninos para la gente
somos la esperanza despues de la muerte

somos sin limites somos sin condciones
somos el movimiento de agua y fuego
fuego y agua y esperanza
somos el movimiento ollio
somos el movimiento de agua y fuego
y fuego y agua y esperanza

que nunca se te olvide de donde vienes
hasta donde vas depende de cual casa del sol
tu vienes

hasta donde vas depende de cual casa de esperanza
tu lluevas en el pecho

recuerda tu gente. recuerda tu pueblo
siempre pa' delante siempre para esos

acuerdate siempre de donde vienes
cual casa del sol y cual casa de agua y fuego

de cual teocalli trais en el pecho
cual casa de fuego cual casa de agua

cual casa de piedra cual casa del cielo
cual casa de fuego cual casa de agua
cual casa de tierra cual casa del cielo

eres un espejo para el futuro
mira mira mirate

they crossed the river

they crossed the sun

they crossed over the heaps of heat

they crossed over the brittle bones
of dead coyotes

they crossed over the heat they crossed over the hope

they crossed over the piles of disappeared bodies in the sand

they crossed over the possibility

they crossed over their old papers

all the documents burned about where they came from

they crossed over the lie of the american dream

they crossed over the pain of american ankle bracelets

they crossed over

all the burning bridges of their village

and the neighboring city full of fresh bones

the crossed over us

to find another home

looking for another set of four walls

looking for another land

looking into our forgetful

language

that crosses over human law

that crosses over government law

that forgets tonantzin's law

some of them want to talk about migration and immigration in santa fe
but they don't want to talk about mexicans or central americans
they want to talk about europe and syria and other parts of the world

but at the end of the day
you have to understand that migration

in this day and age

is about war

its no longer just the act of migrating
in pursuit of a dream or a vision or a pilgrimage

yes its still a possibility
but really
now

its about fleeing
its about your home burning
its about you joining them or dying
its about you choosing one side of the war or the other

its about war

35

borderless frontera haikus

1

they came to the united states with a visa
they stayed long after it expired
because the war had not expired

2

this war is in the water this water is in the war
this NESTLE is colonizing all the springs
and the water wars are here
migrating from those places you called third world countries
to your american backyard flint michigan
to your bedroom where you thought the war would never get to

3

the rio grande is a river of star nations
olmeca tolteca mayan lakota pueblo dine
its a woven herstory of too many songs
that will never be silenced because the deer knows them
if all the humans ever forget

4

we walk home. migrate along the mirrors in the rivers
todos los cantos de estrellas. this is the home of us
the place and tongues you can never border
we are in the center where we were born
heart of the sky heart of the earth

5

they will try to take away our languages
somehow this was an intentional accident of manifest destiny
its breath will be resolved. after all the songs are found
in the blood of our mother .at the bottom of the river bed

6

don't tell me you don't re-member where you come from
don't tell me you don't know how to get there . how to walk.
how to sing. how to dance there. you were born to love in this sacred time
you were born to give back

i will find the way home despite all the places
where the train tracks want to burn or eat my skin

all the blood stains and all the stories from all the children
that have been coming. all the places and all the deaths

that get buried between centro america and mexico
all the blood songs. all the water in the childrens eyes

all the magic of lies of an american landscape
that gets swallowed by the beast. that gets swallowed

by all the men and women. along the way trying to help you
trying to shape you and hope that you make it all the way across

despite
the fact that they just want you to go home

despite the fact that they just want you to forget it

they know you aren't going to turn around
that you are staring at mictlan

and you will only push forward despite
mictlan

and all the staircases

la muerte is placing in front of you
despite the landscape

burning on the tracks of the beast

burning on the tracks the beast
becomes the place where we find hope and possibility
the place where we become a spot of conditions

for a hip hop piece to speak in rhymes and reason
for a space in between that feels like hope and possibility

for a space that is mexican jazz
where i get lost in the tracks
i get lost in the reason

i don't feel like i have to write about peace or dignity
or conclusions
i don't have to write about all the parts of me that are not genuine

i just have to become the words
the ones that are never spoke

about broken bottles
about being too stoned
about not sharing

about all the parts of america that are not being talked about
i have to imagine that there is a hope in this

what is a hip hop piece like that
if its not a solution

what are the triggers
what are the possibilities

estas olas de amor
 somos el barco de la danza
 somos todas las partes que nunca se cuentan

somos migrantes
 somos la conclusion
 somos todas las partes del canto

todo lo que no se canta
 todo lo que no se sufre

somos lo que no se cuenta

i want to hope for a dramatic possiblity

the first time i smoke weed
 it was a dangerous conclusion inside of me
 i have fought myself on not smoking weed
 because i thought that i would just find myself
 too off the deepend
 too much off the instruction
 too much where i wasn't supposed to be

the first time i smoked weed
 i almost drove my mustang into the ground
 i almost hit a police car
 i had never even driven drunk
 and here i was so high
 driving down i 580
 towards the in and out
 trying to make sense of what i should have written about
 what i should have said and spoke

border hope border possiblity border conclusions
 border pops border brakes border hope border intention
 border places

i will become this part of the humanity
 i will become the faces
 i will become the hope

despite the stories
 despite what anybody else might say

or not say

i will just write beyond what i write
and speak beyond what i speak

we may not all agree but we will find the words

when i was sixteen i was full of songs and possibility
when i was sixteen i was too busy trying to hide the poetry from myself
when i was sixteen part of me wanted to die part of me wanted to live
when i was sixteen i was full of basketball dreams
when i was sixteen i found myself reimagining all the parts of me
when i was sixteen i found myself trying to figure out which part of me was mexicna
which part of me was americna

when i was sixteen i couldn't believe this world was full of hope
when i was sixteen i was writing letters in my head ot my imaginary daughter
i can't tell you how many times i wrote these letters in my head
but i can tell you that i never wrote it down on a piece of paper

when i was sixteen i was trying to understand how come some of us got shot and just
died
i was trying to find out why were were dying
i was trying to understand how come some of us weren't dying
what were we doing right

when i was sixteen i would crap up because i wasn't drinking enough water
because i was drinking too much basketball
when i was sixteen my father never saw any basketball game i had
he almost came to one and i pretended it didn't matter. but i kept looking in the stands
for him while we were warming up. it was at roosevelt high

when i was sixteen i wanted to imagine another world
i kept trying to imagine it through poetry and through possibility

when i was sixteen i found myself writing poetry to the poetry
i found myself scribbling words upon words

when i was sixteen

the east la wind blowing over the land
the concrete landscape trying to take over
the lowrider faces drowning in the sun
its just another day of barrio warriors trying
to find their barrrio sensibilities

the owl nations come and go even here
even in side all the parts of the barrio
that get lots

this is not lost angeles
this is not los angeles

its the part that lets the children head back
to the parts of tonantzin buried in their skin

its a conchell
its a sage bundle
its a prayer over the water

they tried to take his life by taking his tongue
they tried to make him go to school
they tried to make him speak english

they tried to ask him why then did he come to america
they tried to imagine his reasoning but nobody
understood where he was coming from
or what he had experienced

they just tried to colonize

his experience. outside of decolonisation
they tried to colonize him

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these are the ghosts songs
forever dying at the border
of all the places where nobody wants to show or talk

these are the border tongue
places and houses of children
housed in detention centers

housed in the face of the undocumented
all the silenced moments
all the silenced truths

slipping into the corner of somebody's computer ram

they become the most vulnerable
they become the most unseen
they become the most unheard
they become the most criminalized
they become the place of ghosts
they become the places of fronteras
they become the place of tears
they become the place of unbecoming

they become the untouched
the untalked about

they become the place where nobody will
let go of the silence

they become the place where silence becomes
the voice

they become the place where the bridge became the
truth

they become the place where the song was never told
they become the place where the truth was never silenced

its migrated
it walks on red earth

without papers
with papers

just another mexican american digital codex
bleeding red and black ink through this computer screen
spilling another set of herstories through this interface

where did all the olmecas go?
where did your tolteca arte go

how do you feel about zapata versus zapatistas versus zapatoes?

how do you intervene when mexican american mothers don't get along with mexican
mothers and mexican mothers don't get along with american mothers

you have a big pachanga but what do you serve

whose spanglished tongue do you believe
and what becomes another false history inside of false histories

maybe this digital codex needs paper and wings and a little bit of mistaken identity
maybe it needs to purchase a home in atlanta or atlantis

maybe the salt water will become the home of infiltration
maybe this codex already has wings made of fire and water
maybe this digital codex was birthed before the internet
and was just waiting for the right ones that could play the song

maybe tomorrow we will find the heart of the sun
inside a computer screen
maybe tomorrow we will find the heart of the sky
inside of computer ram
maybe tomorrow this digital interface will be the space
where we watch quetzalcoatl birthed 13 generations

all in a gigabyte instance
waiting for the next set of 13 moons to download
the next set of digital warriors