

OVERTHROWING CAPITALISM

Volume Three:

Reclaiming Community



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Reclaiming Community

Edited by Jack Hirschman and John Curl

Special thanks to all who
made generous contributions to this publication.

OVERTHROWING CAPITALISM
Volume Three

Revolutionary Poets Brigade

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	8
MELBA ABELA.....	12
BENJAMIN ALCALÁ.....	14
LISA ALVARADO.....	16
MARYAM ALA AMJADI.....	17
ADRIAN ARIÁS.....	18
ABIGEAL AYENI.....	20
IDLIR AZIZAJ.....	24
JENNIFER BARONE.....	27
MAHNAZ BADIHIAN.....	28
LYNNE BARNES.....	32
PAOLO BATTISTA.....	36
ALESSANDRA BAVA.....	38
JUDITH AYN BERNHARD.....	42
KRISTINA BROWN.....	44
FERRUCCIO BRUGNARO.....	46
LEONICIO BUENO.....	50
TOM BURON.....	54
LIDIJA S. CANOVIC.....	58
YOLANDA CATZALCO.....	60
NEELI CHERKOVSKI.....	64
DOMINIQUE CHRISTINA.....	65
MARCO CINQUE.....	68
FRANCIS COMBES.....	72
THOMAS RAIN CROWE.....	76
JOHN CURL.....	78
DIEGO DE LEO.....	80
SILVANA DG DINKA.....	82
CARLOS RAÚL DUFFLAR.....	84
AJA COUCHOIS DUNCAN.....	85
AGNETA FALK.....	87

JACK FOLEY.....	88
KATERINA GOGOU.....	90
RAFAEL JESUS GONZALEZ.....	94
ADAM GOTTLIEB.....	96
MARTIN HICKLE.....	98
GARY HICKS.....	100
JACK HIRSCHMAN.....	103
GABRIEL IMPAGLIONE.....	106
JAZRA KHALEED.....	108
VINCENZO LERARIO.....	112
MARK LIPMAN.....	114
ANGELINA LLONGUERAS.....	116
FIO LOBA.....	118
JIDI MAJIA.....	120
ROSEMARY MANNO.....	122
ÁNGEL L. MARTÍNEZ.....	123
PIPPA MARZULLI.....	124
KAREN MELANDER-MAGOON.....	126
SARAH MENEFEE.....	128
MICHELE TERESI (MOMO)	130
NANCY MOREJÓN.....	132
GARRETT MURPHY.....	134
MAJID NAFICY.....	136
BILL NEVINS.....	140
DOROTHY (DOTTIE) PAYNE.....	142
GREGORY POND.....	146
PAUL PORTUGUES.....	147
TONY ROBLES.....	148
JULIE ROGERS.....	150
LEW ROSENBAUM.....	152
GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK.....	154
E. SAN JUAN, JR.....	156
NATACHA SANTIAGO.....	160

SANDRO SARDELLA.....	162
JÜRGEN SCHNEIDER.....	168
NINA SERRANO.....	169
RAYMOND NAT TURNER.....	170
GILLES B. VACHON.....	172
PONCHO VILLA.....	176
ANTONIETA VILLAMIL.....	178
DAVID VOLPENDESTA.....	180
CATHLEEN WILLIAMS.....	183
XIAO XIAO.....	186
JAMI PROCTOR XU.....	190
ERIC YANKEE.....	192
DONALD RAY YOUNG.....	194
TIM YOUNG.....	196
YURI ZAMBRANO.....	198
LORENE ZAROU-ZOUZOUNIS.....	204
BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.....	209

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Reclaiming Community

INTRODUCTION

This is a reminder: the United States government has more than 700 bases in other countries all over the world. It is the most extensive imperialist power in the history of humankind and in its most recent manifestation—the monopolistic consolidation of the wealthiest people on earth, that one percent which exploits and controls 99 percent of the people—human damage through wars, poverty, homelessness, police brutality, racism, refugee crises and other diseases has never been so widespread, even as human beings each day have greater access to means of expression and communication technologically!

What lies behind this contradiction is the root of the imperialist machinery that both extends the exploitation of humanity and yet provides the “freer” expression and means thereof in an ever widening manner.

That root is Capitalism itself, which feeds on profits, which will invent anything to continue getting fat on profits, which drinks profits and which, if piss changed its name to profits, would drink piss.

Such a monstrosity is the reason for this anthology. It’s being published just after an Election of the new President of the Capitalist Party of the United States (which is what the Democratic and Republican Parties really are), after an electoral process of such an obscene display of money-spending to the complete disregard of people dying of hunger and homelessness everywhere in this country, that God himself was seen beating his fist against a tenement wall and crying: OVERTHROW CAPITALISM!

As poets, the Revolutionary Poets Brigade are religious listeners, so for the past years we’ve been putting together anthologies entitled: OVERTHROWING CAPITALISM!

This is our 3rd anthology under that banner/title. It contains poems manifesting some of the damages mentioned above, along with some incendiary flares thrown into the battle, as well as poems of patience, hope and unity amid the struggles ahead.

Fortunately, our numbers are growing. The RPB, which began in San Francisco in 2009 and dreamed of an Internationale of Brigades resonant to the International Brigades in the Spanish Civil War—with engaged poetry as our weaponry—, now numbers some 16 Brigades. Poets from many of them are represented herein and the Biographical Notes at the conclusion of the texts will name their Brigade affiliations, especially in Italy and the U.S. To be as egalitarian as possible it was decided to publish one poem per poet—no matter the length, except of course when there is a necessary translation.

I would especially like to thank my co-editor John Curl, for his suggestions to me about texts, and his help in organizing the presentation of the anthology, especially the cover, he himself has composed, and the other graphic works. Thanks also to San Francisco Brigadistas Judith Ayn Bernhard and Barbara Paschke, who joined me translating important texts. And to Lapo Guzzini, who translated many texts from Italian, our sincere gratitude.

Jack Hirschman

SF/RPB

2016

“Poetry and Resistance are the cutting edges
of the same sword upon which man
relentlessly sharpens his dignity.
Because poetry can only be dynamic,
and because it is ‘written by everyone,’
an ignition key with which society moves
and exalts itself, it is, in its fury as in
its serene transparence, in its arcana
as in its shamelessness,
openly resistant.”

---Jean Sénac

from *The Sun Under the Weapons*

Melba Abela

Letters To The Children of Syria

I want to send love letters to the children of
Syria
written on soft blankets, tabbouleh, hummus, flat bread,
and pure bottled
water
carried posthaste by air mail---thousands of them on the
wings of a giant
Mother Goose
every single one of them scripted with a child's
name
and a personal Mot
her Goose ready to enfold every boy and girl with the
warmth of downy
arms to wipe away their tears, calm their racing hearts,
fill their hungry
stomach, slake their
thirst, then take them home where there are no hissing
bullets, and sarin
gases, and there are
toilets, beds, houses, merry-go-rounds, schools, and
healthcare like a real
dream come true
Morning in America.

Benjamín Alcalá

Antes que

Comíamos la carne asada,
Antes que McDonald's estaba.

Comprábamos en el mercado,
Antes que usábamos el teclado.

Caminábamos a nuestro destino,
Antes que el carro robó el camino.

Cultivábamos nuestra comida,
Antes que la tierra fue podrida.

Construíamos las casas y oficinas,
Antes que todo fue hecho en China.

Corrompíamos a nuestras economías,
con estos tratodos de puras mentiras.

¡Para rescatar a nuestra nación,
Hay que sobrevivir esta invasión!

Benjamin Alcalá

Before

We ate grilled meat before
There was McDonald's.

We shopped the marketplace before
We used keyboards.

We traveled to our destination before
The car stole the road.

We grew our food before
The earth was rotten.

We built houses and offices before
Everything was made in China.

We corrupted our economies
By dealing in pure lies.

To redeem our country,
We have to survive this invasion!

(Translated from Spanish Judith Ayn Bernhard)

Lisa Alvarado

New Mexico Diary

This place doesn't want you.
Or, more to the point,
your buildings that erupt thru the brown, cracked earth,
groaning, pushing aside the scrub juniper and pinon.
What's called civilization shatters the land like an angry fist.
This place wasn't meant for tourists, or visitors.
Only the inheritors,
Only The People
who knew this place, could live with it and on it.
Every morning
you understand this in a deeper way, City Girl,
as you drive past boxes like the ones you live in,
as you pass the palaces of those who think they've conquered.
But they will die, just as you will.
And the silent, waiting desert will remain.
No amount of throwback grooviness, big city real estate
grabs,
or carefully remembered historias of la conquista will change
that.
Nothing changes the quiet patience of dust and sand.
And one day tus huesos will crumble to another kind of dust.
And no memorial will say more than the blink of the sun
setting,
and the wind will whisper the true name of this place.

Maryam Ala Amjadi

For Women Who Were Killed in the Name of "Honor"

I will not laugh softly
to harden the hope of their hearts
I will not cover the map of this body
so they can walk all over the liberality of my borders
I will not be shamed into longer skirts
that shorten the insolence of their eyes
and I will not lower the curtains of my voice
to let them un-see the stage of my thoughts
I will not close the longing brackets of my legs
and I will not tamper with the defiant flames of my gaze
I will not walk, sit or stand behind the oblivion of men
I will not lighten the light of my kohl
or erase the persistence of my lipstick
not now, not then
I will not labor for the pieces of their egos
or stay up mending the love cords they cut
I will not, in the honor of all your names,
I will not, I promise you that!

EL MACHO
ANTES DE PEGARLE
A UNA MUJER
PRACTICA EN TU ROSTRO
DATE DURO A TÍ MISMO
SÁDATE SANGRE
GOLPEATE EN EL ESTÓMAGO
ARRÁNCATE LOS PELOS
DATE CACHETADAS
HASTA NO PODER MÁS,
GOLPEA TU ORGULLO
Y TU COBARDÍA
Y HAZLO FRENTE AL ESPEJO
MIRA TUS OJOS MORADOS
TUS LABIOS ROTOS
TUS MORETONES EN EL CUELLO
Y SI DESPUÉS DE TODO
NO ENTIENDES
EL MENSAJE
ENTONCES, VUELVE A GOLPEARTE
A TÍ MISMO
HASTA QUE ENTIENDAS

(adrián)

Adrian Ariás

Hey Macho

Before you hit a woman
practice in your face
hard jostle yourself
take off your blood
hits your stomach
uprooted hairs
slap yourself
till you drop
hits your pride and cowardice
and do it in front to the mirror
watch your black eyes
your broken lips
your bruises on neck
and after all that
if you do not understand the message
hit again yourself
until you understand.

(Translated from Spanish by the Author)

Abigeal Ayeni

La Poverta' E' Un Reato

Vita! Vita! Che parola è? E' solo ciò che capisci dalla vita che conta. Questo è quanto! Ascolta la conoscenza che viene da dentro, che ti tocca e ti agita. Sono loro, gli oppressori, che non ti fanno sentire a tuo agio, che non ti lasciano in pace o con una mente serena. Che sofferenza! Che tristezza, che incredulità, che infamia. Così discriminante, così triste da sentire. Troppo doloroso per lasciarlo uscire, troppo lamentoso per poterlo capire, troppo rovinoso da accettare, troppo disgustoso e irritante per poterne parlare, ma così reale e importante da scrivere.

E' una spada, una ferita che sanguina, una coltellata appena inferta come le ingiurie di oggi, profondo dispiacere della tristezza, ma è il prezzo che bisogna pagare per la povertà.

Oh, sì, è il reato di essere poveri.

Pronunciali colpevoli. Condannali alla morte. Non riesaminare i fatti volta per volta, persona per persona. Alla fine si sa che sono tutti colpevoli. Portali via. Falli scortare dalle guardie. Ogni uomo con la sua arma in mano. Distruggili tutti.

Conquistali. Gli stranieri si sono impossessati della nostra terra, ci hanno accusato. Bandiscili. Conferma il tuo consolidato potere, la tua consolidata autorità. Non prestare attenzione alla parola di uno straniero innocente.

Guardate l'inferno e la distruzione prima di guardare questi stranieri, privati della libertà, con tutta la loro felicità distrutta, sono tormentati fino alle loro anime. La continua punizione di una parola detta in così tanti modi e in così tante lingue.

Oppressori, sì, lo sono.

Hanno lusingato, beffato e appiccato il fuoco dentro il cuore di questi stranieri. Nessuna pace, correggi i tuoi errori, fretta nelle loro parole, giacciono errori terribili, nessuna speranza, nessuna benevolenza dagli uomini di potere! Sì, è il prezzo da pagare per la povertà, tutti l'hanno detto e confermato. Ma disgrazia a chi vede la verità e la evita, usano l'ingiustizia come loro vestito, raccontano bugie come se si trattasse di pura verità, radunano pezzi di parole e le fanno funzionare come se fossero oneste. Ti imprigionano e ti guardano dietro le sbarre come la loro scelta desiderata, ti mettono a bollire e piazzano una candela con una fiamma che brucia dentro di te. Disgrazia a voi, gente che accendete il fuoco per cucinare e far sanguinare il cuore di altra gente, portateli fuori, non lasciateli a terra, non copriteli con la polvere, mandate via la dissoluzione dalle vostre anime, hanno sofferto abbastanza! Fermatevi, cedete le vostre gesta: hanno consumato questi poveri stranieri che non hanno commesso alcun reato, aprite e alzate i vostri occhi verso la verità. Non lasciatevi divorare dalle bugie degli uomini, non incrementate ancora il loro dolore, non distruggete più le loro anime. E' la povertà che ha fatto sanguinare la vita di questi poveri stranieri. E' l'ingiustizia di essere poveri. Oh, sì, è una storia vera! Un prezzo da pagare.

Abigeal Ayeni

Poverty Is A Crime

Life! Life! What's this word? It's only what you understand
from life that counts. That's all! Listen to the knowledge that
comes from within, that touches and moves you.
It's them, the oppressors, they don't let you be at ease,
they won't leave you alone or with a serene mind.
What suffering! What sadness, what incredulity,
what infamy! So discriminatory, so sad to feel.
Too painful to let it out, too mournful to
understand it, too ruinous to accept, too disgusting
and aggravating to speak of it, but
so real and important
to write.

It's a sword, a gash that bleeds, a stab-wound freshly inflicted
with today's abuses, profound grief
of sadness, but it's the price one
must pay for poverty.

Oh, yes, it is the crime of being poor.

Pronounce them guilty. Sentence them to death.
Don't reconsider the facts case by case, person by person.
In the end it's well known that they're all guilty.
Take them away. Let the guards escort them out.
Each man with his weapon in his hand. Destroy them all.

Conquer them. Foreigners took over our land,
they accused us. Banish them. Confirm your
established power, its established authority.
Pay no mind to the word of an innocent
foreigner

Look at the inferno and the wreckage before you look at
these foreigners, deprived of liberty, with all their happiness
destroyed: they're tormented down to their souls.

The constant punishment of a word spoken in so many ways,
in so many tongues.

Oppressors, yes, that they are.

They've flattered, mocked and set fires in the hearts
of these foreigners. No peace, correct your mistakes,
haste in their words, terrible mistakes lie, no hope,
no kindness from powerful men! Yes, this is the price
to pay for poverty, everyone's said it and confirmed it.
But woe to those who see truth and avoid it,
who wear injustice for their dress, tell lies
as if they were nothing but the truth, gather pieces
of words and contrive them to work as if honest.
They imprison you and look at you behind bars
as their chosen result; they boil you and place
a candle with a flame that burns inside you.
Woe unto you, who light your fire to cook
and to bleed the hearts of others; take them out,
don't leave them on the ground, don't cover them
with dust, banish dissolution from your souls,
they've suffered enough! Stop, cease your exploits:
they've consumed these poor foreigners
who've committed no crime, open and lift
your eyes towards the truth. Don't let men's lies
devour you, don't continue to add to their pain,
don't destroy their souls anymore.
It's poverty
that made these poor foreigners' lives bleed.
The injustice of being poor.
Oh yes, it's a true
story! A price to pay.

(Translated from Italian by Lapo Guzzini)

Idlir Azizaj

The Gash and The Vermillion for Gérard Vincent

As I stooped down over Balkan
soil one day, forced to pick me up
a face amidst the slashes of clay
(while the Empire's shadow soared
and gobbled my eagle, its « commie »
star now gone from the flag), I perceived
a tiny yet flashy glitter coming
from a gash in the earth.

And what I think it said (I figured
from the way it moved under my knee),
penetrating my seedy soul: "I'm an earth-worm
but that (and he pointed at the soil
under my feet)---that's now digital land.
I, too, glitter a bit, but only to present
myself for the first time
I'm the reincarnation of Gavrilo Princip,*
the man they've accused of causing
World War I. I want only to say that
I wasn't mad, as they often write about me.
When a boy I was most poor, yet I was
a book-worm, I learned Revolution
from books. Here I raise my finger
(which is my whole body) to say again:

Not I but the belligerent parties
made the Great War. They sought and
succeeded in annihilating the syndicalism
that reigned high in those days.
They wanted to and swallowed alive
the great workers' movement that was soaring
over the old continent. So that the belligerent parties
could hate each-other, yet coexist.

I shot the archduke Ferdinand in Sarajevo.
I was anti-Ottoman like my forefathers,
but I was anti-Nazi before my time.
This finger – which is what I am –
is a short fragment, part of a river,
its origin comes from the East of Ister*.
I come from a land that Capital
could never use as a fetish!

And now I glide into this soil that Capitalism
has bombed and bombs ever since.
They bomb us with Democracy,
with burger king cheesy concentration camps.
Capital comes and teaches our highlanders
how to measure the law with a ruler;
then it lines up our women and
teaches them how to divorce their men in peace”.

Then the worm raised its tiny head again,
just like the day – I suppose - when Gavril
cocked his pistol and marked the imperial highness
and brought the Power low. Then NATO came
and I lost track of my poor Gavril.
But when the choppers were gone
I found him again, gliding again
over our soil that now cultivated its “democracy”.

And here’s what I think he said:
“I plant holes all over the field. And the System
fears my little dots. The System has chromium
photoshop sex,
it doesn’t like vermin, of course. It fears them
worse than monsters, which it can
easily incorporate. So let’s go on,
Proletarians of this under-world:
they can never manufacture handcuffs for worms.”

A worm indeed, but the System still tries to catch me.
The System folds in; it bends its Bank-shaped head.
It stoops and stops, and its head goes under its thighs
trying to find me and pluck me out of so-called smooth
Contemporary History. The System bends over,
with its myriad Facebooked faces all alike,
trying to delete even this dot of a new civilian barbarity.
The System bends over, under its thighs it inserts one by one
all its faces into its butt-hole like coins in a slot-machine.

*(*Ister is the lower stream of the Danube River*

**Gavril Princip, a revolutionary Serb Bosnian young man, shot
the archduke of the Austrian-Hungarian empire in Sarajevo in June
1914, an event that is supposed to have triggered the World War I.)*

Jennifer Barone

Boat People

coming from the hot lands
of bombs and dust
they pay twelve hundred
to cross invisible borders
on a plastic boat
survival's another day's breath
a piece of bread
at night they cross the sea
close to death
dark skin illuminated by the moon
the Mediterranean pushes and pulls
sardines that float on prayers
huddled together where
the unknown's better than the known
the sea a gaping womb
to drown or be reborn
in the same blue waters
we once swam for pleasure
fishermen are now fishing
for men and women
disobeying the law of land
unending ripples of bodies
wash upon rocky shores
forsaken in a blood red tide
where one person's vacation
is another's refuge
one person's dream
another's nightmare
one person's work
another's last hope.

باغ گل چه شد

جا گذاشتن مرده ها و پیرها
جا گذاشتن باغ گلشن
و ریختن همه ی زندگی تو ساک کوچکی
جان بر کف
برای گریز از خرابه های سرزمین ملاری
به امید گریختن از خیابان و شهرهای سوخته
به امید زنده ماندن
این شعر برای تو است ایلان کوردی
که جسم بی جان کودکانه ات در ساحل
قلب ما را سوزاند

چه بر سر پرندة ها آمد
همیشه بهار چگونه شکست
باغ گل چه شد

چرا دمشق، یتیم خانه شد
چشمش حلب کور
و پالمیرا گیسوانش را پسیاهی باخت

تمام خوانسره ی تو لقمه ای نان بود
بدون خون و خشم
تمام تمدنیت یک وجب آفتاب بود
بدون تجمع اجساد مردگان
بدون صدای تفنگ و خمپاره

تو باغچه ای می خواستی
بدون نگه پاره های آنمی

کاش جاده ای بودم امن
که تو از آن عبور کنی

کاش لیوان شیری بودم برای تو
نگه ای نان بودم برای سفره ی خالیبت

کاش گهواره ی محکمی بودم
برای عبور تو به ساحل امن

کاش کفش پای تو بودم برای رفتن به خانه ی امن

خدای تازه می خواهم برای تو!

مهناز بدیهیان
2016

Mahnaz Badihian

What Happened To The Rose Garden?

*For Aylan Kurdi (a little boy from Syria who died
while escaping the war zone), and For All Refugees*

Leaving behind the dead and elderly
Leaving behind their roses

Their life was thrown into a small suitcase
escaping the ruins of motherland,
hoping to stay alive by escaping
streets and burned cities

This poem is for you, Aylan Kurdi
face down drowned on the sea shore
a scene that's penetrated the heart of humanity
What's happened to all the birds and evergreens?
Where are the rose gardens?
Damascus is an orphan now
The eyes of Homs are taken out
Palmyra's lost its hair to darkness

All you hoped for was a piece of bread
without blood or a bullet in it
All you wanted was an inch of sunshine
without gun fire
All you wanted was a vegetable garden
without body parts in it

And ironically you asked for help
from the same satanic hands
that took your home!

I want to be the road you take
a kinder, gentler one
I want to be a cup of milk for your baby

a piece of bread for your empty stomach
I want a new God !
One that can hear and see your misery
that can respond to your cries

I want to be a strong cradle
to carry you safely to shore.
I want to be shoes on your tired feet
to walk you to a safe nest.

(Translated from Farsi by the Author)

Lynne Barnes

Gracias, Cuba

Beyond all your flaws,
you've given the world
over twenty-five thousand physicians
from eighty-four countries around the globe.

Your doctors flew into the aftermath
of the Indian Ocean tsunami,
into the aftershocks of the earthquakes
of Chile, Nicaragua, Peru, Java.
Your teams slogged into action
as mudslides in Venezuela
killed tens of thousands.

Your physicians were the first to arrive in Haiti
after its devastating earthquake in 2010,
our newly minted doctora-daughter
arriving in a later wave of this,
your Henry Reeve Brigade army invading
countries across the planet, carrying weapons for
medical compassion— aid rejected by America
in the wake of Hurricane Katrina in New Orleans.

This Reeve Brigade— named
for an American doctor from Brooklyn
who fought in the first
War for Cuban Independence in the 1860s.
These Cuban docs rushed, lion-hearted,
into the fight against the invisible,
deadly ebola virus
in Liberia, Guinea, Sierra Leone.
The world honored them
as Nobel Peace Prize nominees in 2015.

Gracias, Cuba, tiny Caribbean country,
for devoting so much of your treasure and soul

to caring for earthlings living beyond
your sea-encircled borders.

And gracias, Cuba,
for gifting our daughter
(yanqui, yuma, Americana)
una madre Cubana llamada Amanda—
and, the degree of *doctora*.

Judy Joy Jones, *THE BONES OF THE HOMELESS
WILL RISE TO HAUNT THOSE THAT HAD
CLOSED EYES*



Paolo Battista

Alberi

la porta è serrata
il passo incerto
la fame inimmaginabile
la logica si deforma
la casta si amplia
il respiro in affanno
lo straniero si ribella
la poesia è morta
i pagliacci ridono
la strada è irriconoscibile
il cielo di vetro
la città un macello
la morale putrida
la depravazione senza limiti
la fede contagiosa
il lamento fuori sincrono
la speranza fottuta
e gli alberi, i sette
alberi del mio quartiere
sono la salvezza.

Paolo Battista

Trees

the door's locked
the footsteps uncertain
the hunger unimaginable

logic warps
the caste is broadened
breathing's short
the foreigner rebel
poetry's dead
clowns laugh
the road's unrecognizable
the sky made of glass
the city a mess
morals are putrid
depravity without limits
faith's contagious
lamentations out of sync
hope's fucked
and the trees, the seven
trees in my neighborhood
are salvation.

(Translated from Italian by Lapo Guzzini)

Alessandra Bava

Il Pugno Furioso Del Desiderio Ha Più Bersagli

L'ho letto stamane sul
giornale, il titolo troneggiava
lì da qualche parte tra pagina
33 e pagina 39, ben oltre
l'Attualità e la *Cultura*.

Un titolo microscopicamente
cubitale come il verso di un
poeta lanciato al mondo
con lettere grondanti urla.
Un titolo duro, con il peso

specifico dell'amianto. Un
titolo vero, dalla voce stentorea,
che riecheggia sin nelle viscere
più nascoste, che si erge tra
l'indifferenza ed i soprusi,

nelle devoluzioni, nelle mancate
Rivoluzioni, nei sogni sconnessi
di un paese allo sbando, di un
paese che si sveglia ogni mattina
sopra l'abisso di un incubo. Italia

che non conosci speranza, ma
ti contorci giorno e notte dal
dolore per chi non sa partorirti
né governarti, smarrita dietro una
bussola impazzita e rotte sconnesse,

scollegate dalla realtà. Una realtà
priva di retorica, come quella
del ghigno sdentato di chi non
ha più niente da perdere, di chi
en plein air non dipinge come

un impressionista ma vive, sotto
il ponte quotidiano dell'indifferenza

e l'esorbitante graffito espressionista,
tra i rovelli della fame ed il lezzo di
piscio, nel crepuscolo più bello che
solo questa città eterna conosce.
Maledettamente eterne sono le
sofferenze che si annidano nei
piedi lerci, caravaggeschi,
di troppi ammassi di uomini
e donne che si trascinano
dietro i propri poveri averi,
i fagotti di speranze, scarpe
bucate che sono buchi neri
e non suole di vento di poeti
bohemien, diretti alla Ville
Lumière con l'occhio ceruleo
teso verso il cielo e tasche
piene di sogni ottocenteschi.
Quanta ingiustizia dilagante,
nei borsellini vuoti a metà mese,
in bottiglie di vino aspro che
uomini senza futuro trangugiano
in abbacinati angoli di periferia,
insieme alla propria dilagante
solitudine, nell'indigenza più
fatiscente, in pianti di bambini
che paiono latrati. Tra muri
scrostati e squallori, tra tristi
lamiere, tra le mascelle digrignate
dei perdenti e fuochi fatui del
domani, contemplo la DECADENZA
DEL MONDO. E, mentre la contemplo,
alzo il pugno furioso del desiderio,
e mi ribello.

Alessandra Bava

The Furious Fist of Desire Has Many Targets

I've read it in the newspaper
this morning, its title towered
there somewhere between page
33 and page 39, well after the
Latest News and the *Culture News*.

A title written in block capitals
like the line of a poet hurled into
the world with letters dripping cries,
a hard title bearing the specific weight
of asbestos. A title so true,

having a stentorian voice,
echoing within the most
hidden viscera, rising high
above indifference and oppression,

in the devolutions, in the failed
Revolutions, in the disconnected
dreams of a drifting nation that
wakes up every morning over the
chasm of a nightmare.

Italy, you know no hope, but you writhe
in pain night and day for those
who can neither give birth to you,
nor rule you; you've lost your way
as the compass spins crazily and your
disconnected route's undocked from
reality, a reality without rhetoric,
like that of the toothless smirks of
those who've nothing more to lose,
of those who don't paint en plein air

as an Impressionist, but live under
the daily bridge of indifference
and the enormous expressionist graffiti,
amid the pangs of hunger and the smell
of piss, in the most beautiful twilight

that only this eternal city knows.
Bloody eternal are the sufferings
nesting in the filthy, Caravaggio-like
feet of too many heaps of men

and women carrying their
few, poor belongings,
bundles of hope, shoes with
holes that are black holes,
and not soles of wind of bohemian

poets, heading to the Ville
Lumière with their cerulean eyes
aiming at the sky and pockets
full of 19th century dreams.
Such rampant injustice,

in the empty wallets around mid month,
in the bottles of sharp wine that
men without a future gulp down
in dazzling suburban corners

together with their own unrestrained
solitude, in the cries of children that
sound like howls. Peeled off walls,
amid sad metal sheets, amid
the grinding of teeth of losers

and will-of-the-wisps of tomorrow,
I contemplate the DECADENCE
OF THE WORLD. And, as I
contemplate it, I raise
the furious fist of desire, and rebel.

(Translated from Italian by the Author)

Judith Ayn Bernhard

San Francisco: City of Poets

A fair-haired poet sat at her desk
and wondered why

Our city is clanging and ringing
with the noise of construction
but a lot of people don't have
places to live

A bald-headed poet walked by a
restaurant and thought

The streets are lined with
fine dining establishments
but a lot of people don't have
enough to eat

A poet in pigtails saw a bus carrying
techies and said to herself

These workers travel in comfort
to their high paying jobs
but a lot of people don't have
ways to earn money

A curly-headed poet called a friend to
wish her well and told her

I'm glad you found a nice
room in somebody's house
but a lot of people can't find
ways to stay here

And they all wrote poems about
what they saw and felt

But it's not enough now for the
fair-haired poet to read her poem
to the bald-headed poet

Or the poet in pigtails to applaud
the work of the curly-headed poet

Poets of San Francisco, you have
to quit talking only to each other

Begin to think about what steps
you can take to create change

Speak up in places other than
the usual safe havens for poetry

Challenge everyone you know to
work toward building community

Invest your own time and resources
into things that will make a difference

Give of yourself not only with words
Do something!

Kristina Brown

Mysterious Fires

In the city
mysterious fires burn

another apartment building
up like a eucalyptus,
suddenly in flames
seemingly by intention,
no discernible cause
reason for a fire
except arson for profit.

Once again
the way for redevelopment is cleared.
The mayor declares he can't figure it out
What cause these fires?
He shakes his head
declares his great puzzlement
as the city issues the demolition permit for the burnt hulk
and the plans for the new market rate building on the same
site
come in for city approval.
Are rubber stamped
in near record time.

The city does its usual cursory investigation:
the fire had no obvious cause.
No one ever investigates the fires in depth
except the insurance companies
and they don't tell.

Like
broken windows
uncollected trash
constant repairs
improvements added to rent

goons near the garbage cans
Ellis Act evictions
mysterious fires empty the city of anyone who can't buy
or pay the current rents
now
some of the highest in the world.

A place once laughed at for being too cutting edge
too free in thought too diverse
is now worshipped to death.
Almost everyone not working for a big corporation
or with resources from elsewhere
is unable to be here.
A community
a piece of heaven for the unconventional the different
built
over many decades
now taken apart one home, one dwelling at a time
the people who live here
who make the city what it is
often
gone
forced to elsewhere.

Ferruccio Brugnaro

Lettera A Un Combattente Sconosciuto

Resisti
resisti
Le bocche avidi di belva
sul tuo sangue
sulla tua anima
sono terrificanti.
Non recedere
non piegare nessun arto
non trenare
resisti
imprigiona il cervello
inchioda
nel sogno
la mente
i movimenti del corpo.
Caro combattente
senza storia e senza
colori
risali
la condutture nere
del sangue
non sei mai stato di moda.
Resta, resta
tra gli uomini
compagno
degli uomini.
Resisti
alle mare di odio
che si riversano sul tuo cuore
sulla tua pelle
sull'ossatura diritta
della tua voce.
Calpesta, alza alza il tuo braccio
oltre ogni misura

su questo infernale silenzio
su questo tempo di morte.
Resisti
Resisti.
La vita ce l'hai già
in tasca
nei pugni
tanto vituperate detestati,
verdeggia già nella carne
di questo notti
crudeli
come stella di un'alba grande.

Ferruccio Brugnarò

Letter To An Unknown Combatant

You resist
resist.
The greedy wild-beast mouths
at your blood
 at your soul
 are terrifying.
Not receding
not yielding any limb
 not scared
 you resist
imprison your brain
 fix
 your mind
the movements of your body
 to dream.
 Dear combatant
 without history and without
 colors
ascending
 the black conduits
 of the blood
 you've never been in vogue.
Stay, stay
 with the people
 comrade
 of human beings.
 Oppose
 the tides of hatred
that are overflowing your heart
 your skin
 the unswerving stature
 of your voice.
Trample, lift lift your arm
 beyond any measure

over this hellish silence
 over this time of death.
You resist
resist.
You already have life in the bag
 so many detested abuses
 in your fists
in your pockets,
it's verdant already in the flesh
 of these cruel
 nights
like the star of a great dawn.

(Translated from Italian by Jack Hirschman)

Leonicio Bueno

Globalización

A mi hijo Víctor Leonicio Bueno Román

Podría en mi infortunio batido por los avatares
Mandarme mudar al Canadá y lavar platos
O a Australia a sembrar patatas.
También podría irme a Europa
A fregar pisos o limpiar letrinas en los hospitales de sidosos.
¿Qué otra ocupación podría conseguir un migrante “sudaca”?
¿De qué valdrían allá, en el Primer Mundo,
Mis grados universitarios,
Mi licenciatura en lenguas hispánicas?
¡Ah, pero qué digo! ¿Y mi brevete de chofer?
Yo soy chofer, caramba, y con gajes de mecánico.
Aquí estoy, en Berlín Occidental, llegué hace cinco años.
Presentaré mi solicitud de examen ante los técnicos boches.
Ha tiempo estoy sin chamba, soy un buen trome de la caña.
¿Me jalarán en las pruebas esos nazis-demócratas pro-
yanquis?
¿Será más difícil ser chofer que doctor en Berlín Occidental?
¿Acaso no hay ya miles de doctores
Haciendo taxi en mi Nuevo Perú con futuro,
Con las venas abiertas, levantando
Un crecimiento audaz, veloz solo en las corporaciones. . . ?
El mundo está en pelotas, patas arriba, es todo neoliberal;
Se ha vuelto puro cuento y pura corrupción,
“Todo se compra, todo se vende” . . .
Todo hombre tiene un precio, es su divisa.
Hay tráfico de drogas y de personas al por mayor.
Tanto en la vieja Europa como en el Nuevo Perú.
Los cuatro jinetes del imperio se han volcado
Galopando por el globo terrestre en extinción.

En el tercer milenio esto se llama globalización, capitalismo
Salvaje, acumulación primitiva, recalentamiento global,
Mafialización entera de una nueva sociedad colonial.
En Alemania, Tercer Reich; en el Perú, modelo neocolonial.
De vuelta a nuestra Lima tan tradicional,
Como nunca drogadicta y neoliberal.

Leonicio Bueno

Globalization

To my son Victor Leonicio Bueno Román

I could in my misfortune, beaten by the avatars,
sneak away to Canada and wash plates
or to Australia and raise potatoes
I could also go to Europe
and clean floors or wash bathrooms in hospitals for AIDS
patients.
What other job could a South American immigrant get?
What would be valuable there, in the First World,
my university grades,
my bachelor's degree in Hispanic languages?
Ah, but what am I saying! And my driver's license?
I'm a chauffeur, caramba, and with a mechanic's salary.
I'm here, in West Berlin, I arrived five years ago.
I'll present my request for a test to the technicians.
It's been a while that I'm out of work, I'm a good beer
drinker.
Will they flunk me on my tests, those pro-yankee nazi-
democrats?
Will it be harder to be a chauffeur than a doctor in West
Berlin?
Perhaps there aren't already thousands of doctors
driving taxis in my New Peru of the future,
with open veins, setting up
an audacious growth, seen only in corporations . . . ?
The world's in its birthday suit, flat on its back, it's
completely neoliberal;
it's become pure fairy tale and pure corruption,
"Everything's bought, everything's sold . . ."
All men have a price, it's their currency.
There's wholesale trafficking in drugs and in people,
as much in the old Europe as in the New Peru.
The four horsemen of the empire have done their utmost
galloping across the endangered global landscape.

In the third millennium this will be called globalization,
savage
capitalism, primitive accumulation, global warming,
Complete Mafialization of a new colonial society.
In Germany, the Third Reich; in Peru, a neocolonial model
Back to our so traditional Lima,
as drug addicted and neoliberal as ever.

(Translated from Spanish by Barbara Paschke)

Tom Buron

Pour Alton Sterling«

Je peux prier tout le jour et Dieu ne viendra pas. Mais si j'appelle le 911 le Diable sera là dans la minute ! »

---Amiri Baraka

Alton Alton

A terre – A terre – car c'est une exécution, mec
lynchage de mardi juillet yankee Jimmy Jimmy en jacket le
cran d'arrêt de la suprématie blanche il est nu aspergé
d'essence et les yeux noirs comme la lune frictionnent
pivotent
murmures noir démon violeur satire-grec que c'est un devoir
chrétien de purification AMERICA avec le ressentiment-
arme-de-point
USA USA oh US daesh onclesam daesh nation de Dieu

Alton Alton – ici c'est 1876 et

à genoux car je suis un flic post 9/11 et je fais ce que bon me
semble

je suis un terroriste et j'en ferai donc de toi un autre
je vends de la violence pour quelques dollars

danse danse ISIS Daddy Jim Crow ordresacré tu veux boire le
Mississipi devant tous ces Christs noirs placés en détention
sur des autels en feu dans une marre de peaux bouffées par
les vers - les vers sont ils blancs ? Floride Alabama Géorgie
Texas Louisiane mutilés et ils interdisent l'apologie des
Panthers - ils décident de l'Histoire que tu as le droit d'utiliser
et c'est pareil chez moi finalement

Alton Alton frère

A terre – A terre

Les sudistes de l'inquisition n'ont pas terminé le boulot
et c'est ton tour d'y passer

Et dans tes yeux vidés

il y a tout un peuple qui rassemble ses cris

brise mon coup et mes os lynche moi coupe moi la queue –

pourquoi j'ai d'abord ressenti de la joie à Dallas ? c'est que je
pensais à ces femmes pendues dont on ouvrait le ventre pour
en faire sortir les bébés à piétiner comme des carcasses de
poulet ... Pardon mais,
écoute le bruit des os
j'entends les troupes coloniales
Amérique, tu es un blues africain
Tom-garçon Jane-fille dynamite hill gouverneur george pute
wallace frappé à coups de jazz dans les dents dehors il y a des
générations qui n'ont rien dit - 9:27G - la grande corrida US
et cinq balles et les masques n'ont pas changé et ils cherchent
le souffle de joie des salles pleines de danses et ivres en fête
en solo impro qui émane des scènes et c'est le grand silence
quand les taureaux de la terre des braves ont vu du rouge et
qu'ils ont juste foncé - Alton Alton visage enterré de la terre
des libres
Amérique, tu es un blues africain
tu es d'abord le jazz
qui courent des champs et chaines jusqu'aux bars à jam
session.

Tom Buron

For Alton Sterling

*« I can pray all day & God wont come. But if I call 911 The Devil
Be here in a minute! »--Amiri Baraka*

Alton Alton

To the ground – To the ground – ‘cause it’s an execution,
man

July monday lynching yankee Jimmy Jimmy in a jacket
switchblade of white supremacy he’s naked doused with
gasoline and the eyes rubbing and revolving black as the
moon

moanings rapist black demon greek-satyr that it’s a christian
duty of purification AMERICA with the handgun-resentment
USA USA Oh US Daesh UncleSam Daesh Nation under
God

Alton Alton – here it’s 1876 and

On your knees ‘cause I’m a post 9/11 cop and I do what I
wanna do

I’m a terrorist and I’ll make one of you

I sell violence for a couple of dollars

Dance dance Isis Daddy Jim Crow holyorders you want to
drink some Mississipi in front of all those black Christs held
in detention on the altar on fire in a pool of skin eaten by
worms – are the worms white ? Florida Alabama Georgia
Texas Louisiana mutilated and they prohibit the Panthers’
apology – they decide which History you can use and that’s
all the same here

Alton Alton Brother

To the ground – to the ground

Southern men of the Inquisition haven’t completed the job

And that’s your turn

And in your empty eyes

There’s a people that gather its screams

Break my neck and bones lynch me, cut my cock – why did I
first feel joy in Dallas? Well, it’s that I was thinking about

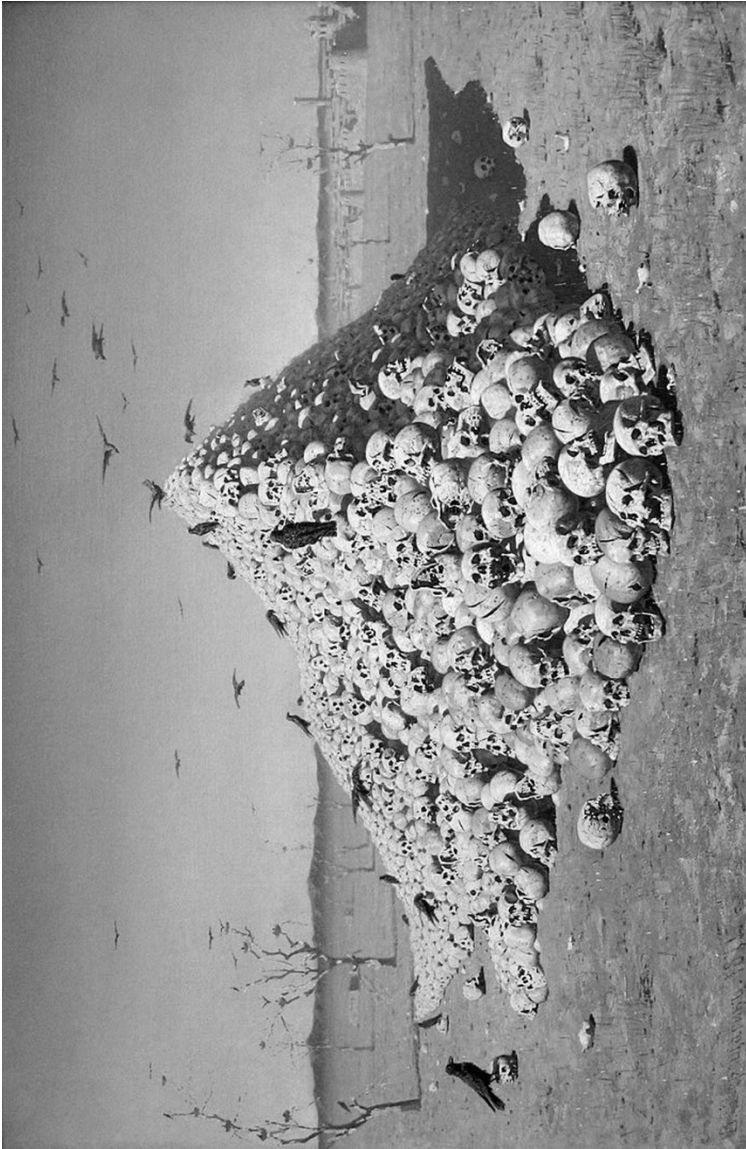
those hanged women whose bellies were opened to release
the babies to be trampled on like chicken carcasses... Sorry
but,
Listen to the noise of the bones
I hear the colonial troops
America, you're an African blues
Jane-girl Tom-boy Dynamite Hill Governor George Whore
Wallace beat by hits of jazz in the teeth out there there are
loads of generation that didn't say nothing - 9:27G – the great
U.S. corrido and five bullets and the masks they didn't change
and they're looking for the joy blow of rooms full of dances
and drunks of parties in solo improv..... emanating from
scenes and it's the big silence when the bulls of the home of
the braves saw some red and just dart themselves – Alton
buried face of the land of the free
America, you're an African blues
First you're the jazz
Running from fields and chains to the jam session bars.

(Translated from French by the Author)

Lidija S. Canovic

War

I've touched you on nights, like this flattened my tongue
against your dark-skinned belly. You tasted like earth in my
mouth, like crushed bones, dried worms and blood.
You carved highways and maps into my body on nights like
this, territories won and territories lost.
You stole my name and blackened my eyes with your hands.
I've ripped the skin of my fingertips on your scars the shapes
of crosses and you gave me walls, smoothed my stomach into
burned fields and wet gravestones.
With my tongue I've scooped out the countless bodies from
the mass graves of your navel.
And you gave me all of your blank-eyed children.
My fingers have pulled the bullets out of your arms.
I've even given you a name when I hated you most though I
promised never to speak it.
I've buried love in you, and peace and forgetting, even
laughter when you wrapped your arms around my waist like
barbwire around your concentration camps.
I buried myself in you on nights like this, pulled out your
every eyelash with my teeth swallowed your eyelids so you
couldn't stop seeing what you'd done.
I've waited for you to stop breathing on nights like this, but
my lips have sown the gashes on your wrists, even when I
knew your blood drained out.
I waited on nights like this for our children to break out of
my womb like armies, but none came. Only a swarm of
fireflies lingered over your body like the souls of our
miscarried infants laughing at us, even in silence.



Vasily Vereshchagin, *The Apotheosis of War*

Yolanda Catzalco

21 de Diciembre/ Claveles Rojos

Claveles rojos de rebelion
Mientras que brillaban
Bajo del sol
Las semillas
De todas partes del mundo
Fueron cargadas
Por el viento
Sobre sus petales

El tallo verde
Estaba fuerte
Con los tallos
Enraizados en La Tierra Madre

Mientras que floreaban
Una tormenta de pesticidias
Originarios de su país natal
Igual que de los países extranjeros
Inflijieron el salvajismo
Sobre sus petales
Enterandolos, hechandolos
Debajo de la tierra
Los seis millones de rusos petales

Para que fueran recordados
Con los otros 22 millones de flores
Que tambien fueron enterradas
Debajo de la tierra

Ellas fueron asotadas
Y fueron destruidas
Por las botas alemanas
Cortadas y arrebatadas
Las flores de la tierra

Por hombres en uniformes
De swastikas a proposito
Quienes fueron enganados
A pensar Que los claveles rojos
Estaban en paz con la swastika

Si, seran recordados
Los seis milones petales rojos
Acumulados desde 1918
Del sudor y trabajo
De aquellos que heroicamente
Proclamaron "Tierra, Pan, Y Libertad"
Quienes fueron asesinados
Por las fuerzas hostiles

A La Revolucion
Si, seran recordados
Todos los seis millones de ustedes
Junto con los 22 millones
De claveles rojos
Quienes fueron saqueados y atacados
Por las botas negras nazis
Las 200 millones

Otras flores de claveles rojos
Nos nos dejan
Que los olvidemos

Yolanda Catzalco

December 21/ Red Carnations

Red carnations of revolt
While you glowed
Under the sun
Seeds from all
Around the world
Were carried
By the wind
Unto your petals

The green stem
Was strong
With stems
Entrenched in Mother Earth

While you blossomed
A torrent of pesticides
From your native country
As well as from foreign countries
Inflicted savagery
Upon your petals
Burying, casting them
Under the soil
6 million of them

To be remembered
With 22 other million flowers
Also buried under the soil
All 6 million and 22 million Soviets

Those were stomped on
And were obliterated
By German boots
Cut and yanked
From the soil

By swastika-uniformed men
Who were purposefully deceived
Into thinking
The red carnation
Was at peace with the swastika

Yes, you'll be remembered
The 6 million red petals
Accumulated since 1918
From the sweat and toil
Of those who heroically proclaimed
"Land, Bread, and Liberty"
Who were killed by
Forces hostile to the Revolution

Yes, you'll be remembered
All 6 million of you Soviets
Along with the 22 million Soviets
Red carnation flowers
As well as the six 6 million Jewish martyrs
Throughout the world
Who were plundered
By the Nazi blackboots

The 200 million
Other Red Carnation flowers
Will not let us forget you.

(Translated from Spanish by the Author)

Neeli Cherkovski

I Applaud Dead Bombs

I applaud dead bombs
and dead guns and
dead intercontinental
ballistic missiles

I want to see beavers and raw shafts
of sunlight, I hope to hear owls
and woodpeckers, I want to close
the zoos and open the wilderness,
I think it's time to pray
like the lion, to play like the cougar,
to free the condor

I applaud the end of frontiers
and a new light
for the forests and the rivers
and the seas
a renewed idea of
what is sacred such as
common speech and unhinged
poetry

I applaud the end of
flags and an end to patriotism --
no more military academies
and war heroes and
the disease of "true religion"

a new light for
the fog and the blue mist
and the aurora within us
and the meridian before us.

Dominique Christina

Wolf Pack

This is no lamentation.
No sorrow-filled woes are we.
This is for the fallen.
The ones struck down too soon.
For the would-have been ones and
the could-have been ones
For the bodies that felt the full
audacity of helplessness
For the limbs that were stretched by
the meanness of steel.

This is for Amadou Diallo
shot at 41 times as he reached for
his wallet in the vestibule of
his building, and
Edward Anderson shot while cuffed and
on the grounds, and
Anthony Baez choked to death, and
Frankie Arzuega shot in the back,
and Renee Campos who was forced to
swallow more than half his t-shirt, and
Garland Carter shot in the head, and
Angel Castro whose teeth were broken on the
hood of a police cruiser before they
gunned him down at the age of 15, and
Shirley Cologne who they pushed from the
roof of a housing project with her hands
cuffed and behind her.
Her body split the pavement into a canyon of
spilled possibility, and
Moises de Jesus, beaten to death for having a seizure,
Arthur Diaz for dumpster diving,
Kenneth Fennel shot four times in the head for
driving 70 in a 65, and

Ramon Gallardo shot because swat team members
were at the wrong address, and
Robin Pratt whose tiny frame was ripped apart by
machine-gun bullets because swat team members
were at the wrong address.

And Johnny Gammage, Wayne Garrison, Malice Green,
LaTanya Haggerty, Esquiel Hernandez, Solomon Hernandez,
Felix Jorge Jr., Sean Bell, Tyisha Miller, Ramarley Graham,
Paul Childs, Oscar Grant, John Crawford, Tamir Rice, Mike
Brown,
Timothy Russell, Malissa Williams, Tanisha Anderson,
Laquan McDonald, Delron Dempsey, Anthony Nunez,
George Tillman, Sandra Bland,
Kimani Grey, Eric Garner, Alyana Jones, Alex Nieto, Kajieme
Powell, Freddie Grey, Alva Braziel, Walter Scott, Barrington
Williams, Akai Gurley, Malcolm Ferguson, Roumain Brisbon,
Dontre Hamilton, Kyam Livingston, Edmond Perry, Alberta
Spruill, James Clark, India Kager, Alexia Christian, Michelle
Cusseaux, Alan Blueford, Kayla Moore, Meagan Hockaday,
Nicholas Heywood, Rekia Boyd, Shantel Davis, Sam Dubose,
Jesse Hernandez, Philando Castile, Alton Sterling, Denis
Reyes, Rashaun Lloyd, Ezell Ford...

But it is also for the Mohicans and the Chesapeake
and the Mende, the Yoruba, the Igbo, and the Hausa...
See, the mechanism's the same.

The game hasn't changed.
They will brutalize your body and
slander your name.

Black-boot stomp your door in,
shock waves to your frame,
because the boys in blue suits
think it's all in the game.

Now some of us grew up on collard greens and
cultural mythology makes us think that
victim is in our pathology.
But I ascended from folk

Who, in the bellies of ships,
got real good with God and transcended that shit.

So fuck the cowards who hold onto the sheep paradigm!
There's no shame in submission but
when it's time to rise, it's time.

Fuck the Sambos, the Jigaboos, the Toms, and the Bucks.
Fuck the Kizzies, the Wenches, the Mammies and such.

The ones who abort their spirits but
don't have the courage to test the body
while they throw pennies in wishing wells.
I ask the strong ones to get behind me.

The formula's simple:
Touch mine, I touch back.
Cuz there're no sheep over here.
Me and mine...the wolf pack!

Marco Cinque

Eccoci

(ai senz'atetto)

Un viaggio a perdere
senza radice alcuna
e minacce di pioggia
tra pareti di stracci
freddo fino alle ossa
sulla pelle asfalto bollente
un fiume disumano ch'esonda
in volti sprecati di bestemmia, eccoci
dietro i buchi delle vostre tasche piene
dentro l'ululato delle nostre pance vuote
eccoci, abusivi sulla nostra terra, sfrattati
sfruttati nelle nostre città di galera
nei recinti costruiti fin dentro la testa
eccoci, siamo la cattiva coscienza
il pessimo esempio la nefandezza
insultati, presi a calci
passatempo per gente perbene
siamo fuori dal pil, eccoci
fuori dalla borsa dal business
dai circuiti vendi-compra compra-vendi
avanzi di fine mercato, frutta marcia
marcita sui marciapiedi, merce scaduta
avariata in discariche di falliti
dalla dignità calpestata
stuprata lapidata assassinata
sotto un'orda d'arrivismo globale
e suoniamo le nostre note di merda
su questo cesso di pentagramma
ascoltateci, ascoltate la nostra
musica nauseabonda, ritmo mefitico
registrate la nostra voce sconfitta
scattateci foto da primopremio
ultimi degli ultimi, una lacrima

che non s'asciugherà mai
dormiamo in sogni di vomito
e in pozze di piscio marcito
siamo l'effetto collaterale
di un farmaco chiamato umanità
le mutande sporche del benessere
i fazzoletti usati della civiltà
eccoci.

Marco Cinque

Here We Are
(to the homeless)

A non-returnable trip
with no root whatsoever
and threats of rain
among walls of rags
chilled to the bone
scorching asphalt on the skin
an overflowing callous river
of faces wasted in curse, here we are
behind the holes of your full pockets
behind the howl of our empty bellies
here we are, squatters on our own land,
evicted in our prison cities
in the enclosures built in the very head
here we are, we are the bad conscience
the worst example, vileness
insulted, kicked in the ass
pastime of the decent people
we are not included in the GDP, here we are
in the business' stock
in the buy-sell sell-buy circuits
end of day leftovers at the market, rotten fruit
rotting on the sidewalk, expired goods
gone bad in landfills of losers
with their trampled on dignity
raped stoned murdered
by a horde of global pushiness/careerism
and we play our notes of shit
on this staff of crap
listen to us, listen to our
disgusting music, mephitic rhythm
record our defeated voice
take our first prize picture
last of the last, a tear

that will never be dried
let's sleep in dreams of vomit
and in pools of rancid piss
we are the side effect
of a medicine called mankind
the dirty pants of welfare
the used tissues of civilization
here we are.

(Translated from Italian by Alessandra Bava)

Francis Combes

*Gramsci Grimpe Les Collines
à Eduardo Sanguinetti*

Un jour,
un ouvrier communiste présenta à un paysan calabrais
le camarade Gramsci
qui était avec eux en prison.
On raconte que le paysan fut déçu de voir
comme le grand homme était petit
malingre et contrefait.
Pourtant, avec sa grosse tête aux traits si fins
posée sur son corps chétif et souffrant
(qui pourrait constituer une métaphore de l'intellectuel)
Gramsci, de l'avis de ceux qui l'ont approché,
était à sa façon beau, séduisant et terriblement vivant.
Il aimait par-dessus tout discuter
avec des camarades, en marchant dans les rues de Florence,
ou de Turin, les mains derrière le dos
comme un philosophe de l'Antiquité.
En 1923, il organisa une école itinérante
(afin d'éviter les attaques des fascistes)
pour les jeunes cadres du nouveau parti communiste.
Pendant plusieurs jours, ils grimpèrent et descendirent à pied
les collines au-dessus du lac de Côme.
En marchant, Gramsci enseignait les rudiments
de la théorie marxiste ; la dialectique, l'économie...
la moindre rencontre, une fleur ou une pierre,
était prétexte à digression.
« Tout le monde est un peu philosophe, disait-il,
mais est-il préférable de penser au gré des circonstances
(donc selon les critères et les idées dominantes de son
groupe)
ou bien de penser par soi-même ? »
Il disait aussi :
« Nous sommes les ouvriers de nous-mêmes ».
Il insistait, pour se dégager des points de vue étroits

et des particularismes,
sur la nécessité d'acquérir le niveau de pensée
mondial le plus avancé.
C'est ainsi que la classe ouvrière pourra passer du stade
économico-corporatif à l'hégémonie
et impulser la réforme culturelle et morale
sans laquelle il ne peut y avoir de révolution.
Pour l'empêcher de penser
Mussolini le fit enfermer dans un tombeau
mais il ne parvint pas à le priver de lumière
ni à empêcher que cette lumière voyage jusqu'à nous.

Francis Combes

Gramsci Climbs The Hill *for Eduardo Sanguinetti*

One day
a communist worker introduced comrade Gramsci
to a Calabrian peasant
who was with them in prison.
It's said that the peasant was disappointed on seeing
how small, sickly and deformed
the great man was.
However, with his large head and handsome face
set on his puny and suffering body
(which could form a metaphor for the intellectual)
Gramsci, in the opinion of those who've approached him,
was in his way beautiful, fascinating and terribly alive.
He loved beyond that to discuss everything
with some comrades while walking the streets of Firenze
or Torino, hands behind his back
like a philosopher in ancient times.
In 1923 he organized an itinerant school
(in order to evade attacks from the fascists)
for the young cadres of the new communist party.
For many days, he'll climb up and go down
the hills above Lake Como;
while walking, Gramsci teaches the rudiments
of Marxist theory, dialectics, the economy...
The least encounter, a flower or a stone,
was a pretext for a digression.
"The whole world's a bit of a philosopher," he said,
"but is it preferable to think at the mercy of circumstances
(that is, according to criteria and dominant ideas of their
group)
or better to think about himself?"
He also said:
"We're the workers of ourselves"
he insisted, in order to disengage from narrow points of view

and from particularisms
about the necessity of acquiring the most advanced level
of global thought.
It's in this way that the working class could pass from the
economic-corporate stage
to hegemony
and motivate the cultural and moral reform
without which there can be no revolution.
To prevent his thinking,
Mussolini locked him up in a tomb
but didn't succeed in depriving him of light
nor of preventing that light traveling to us.

(Translated from French by Jack Hirschman)

Thomas Rain Crowe

The Idiot's Wind

a long haiku, for Steve Earle

*"Idiot wind...blowing down the back roads headin' south...
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe."*

Bob Dylan

"Idiot Wind"

Blood on the Tracks

Is this the best we can do?

Turn wonderful air

into a hurricane of haze --

Turn landscape and vistas

into pictures painted for the blind --

Fill pink lungs of children

with black space --

Make soot we breathe

surreal salt in the food of film noir,

for profit and at any price.

Is this the best we can do?

From a pile of coal

make heat --

Make light

from a hill of peat --

Like mad midwives

who at birth make the switch --

From hell-bent to heartache

hookers of energy in bed with the rich;

the blood of the poet in a Blue Ridge ditch,

for profit and at any price.

Is this the best we can do?

Stay cool in the face of fire --

The gift of mankind:

an eternal pyre --

Using the mind

as a political gyre,

for profit and at any price.

Hands and head in a vice.
Denying Nature not two times, but thrice.
Fanning the flames of dry ice.
Use poison in food and calling it spice.
For what profit? What price?
Is this the best we can do?
Take transfusions of blood in the air --
Honor madmen and government not really there,
who call the rain "sunshine" and the circle square,
for profit and at any price.
Is this the best we can do?
Only an idiot
would try to make love to the wind.
Would inhale oxygen and call it CO2.
Or think sun and moon
would come from some Yahweh living in another place.
Would kiss the lips of bombs and call them sweet.
Or move their home to somewhere in outer space.
This is grace?
This the human race?
We can do better than this.

John Curl

The Hollow

The pathology of the American hollow:
in the name of freedom, destroy community.
The hollow in the eyes of a starving child,
blood splatters on the sidewalk,
the politician shakes your hand and grins,
the moving line between truths and lies,
the eviction notice tacked to your door,
nice people move into your home,
the poll watcher glances at his stopped watch,
all the false promises in the world,
the good doctor slices his
scalpel into your soul,
the rapist chooses an ice cream flavor,
the rabbit waits to be eaten,
the freedom to destroy anywhere
provided you've got the money.

When I was almost a man, I met my soul mate. Or at least I thought she was. She took my breath away, she was so alluring... or was she just luring me? My head was too light to listen. All her faults meant nothing, what we shared was so honest, so rare. I loved her fierce freedom, poured my heart out to her. Our trust meant all the world. Betrayal was unthinkable. But I was so young then. Many bitter tears would follow. How could I not see? Or did I just pretend to not see? How could I not understand the hollow?

The creek, the pine forest. Long before. Grownups drive along the winding road past the trailhead but never notice it. Every day we kids dump our bikes out of sight and slip into the pines where the creek bend scoops out a natural swimming hole. It is endless summer. The creek and pine forest have always been here, will be here always. Our world is good, our community. Until the bulldozers pushed down

the trees. The sudden fences everywhere, concrete trucks, the dam, and the artificial lake slowly filling, surrounded by tacky vacation bungalows. The forest a sad memory. The freedom of the developer. We were devastated. But we were so young then. How could we see? How could we understand the hollow?

Then gazing through the crown. On the way there in the ferry prow, standing between my mom and sister, the wind lashes our lips, I must have been six or seven, across the choppy waters of the harbor, then up, up the long winding stairs, all the way into her green metal head, gazing in awe at the vast bay and the gleaming far-away city through the windows in Liberty's crown. From this distance I couldn't see the dirt, the blood, the slums, the shattered lives, the suffering behind locked doors, the prison cells, the landlord's freedom, the cop's freedom. I was right inside Liberty, she surrounded me, all the huge metal bolts and nuts in her emptiness, but I was so young, although the hollow was all around me, right before my eyes, I could not see.

But now I see
in my deepest mind
in the vast bay of somewhere,
on a small island
stands a majestic woman draped in green robes,
raising a torch above her head, and cradling a book.
She sighs, sets them down,
smiles and
wraps her arms
tenderly
around her pregnant belly:
The Statue of Community!

Diego De Leo

CAPITALISM

Mr. Capitalist, think of the negative consequences you're generating with your greed. You've become a hoarder of things you'll never use. Think of the cash you stash overseas: it could be put to educate our youth so they wouldn't be committing crimes, reducing the massive police force, unclogging the courts and prisons. And how dare you bitch at an increase of the minimum wage when CEOs make 10 to 15 thousand dollars per hour? If you think you can because you're genetically superior, you live in a la-la-land. Capitalists manufacturing weapons of singular or mass destruction get rich while brother against brother kill each other for no rational reason except: to protect what you've amassed, while the police paid by the populace serve to preserve the status-quo. When a minimum of disturbance comes your way you rumble, yell and howl from your residence: my bowell



Sandro Sardella, *Refugee Series # 7*

Silvana dg Dinka

Patto

Patto
Che patto?
Chet u vieni a casa mia
Ti prendi la terra
Sporchi l'aria che respiro
Mi usi come trampolino
Per le tue sporche guerre
Quelle della democrazia
Sganciata con intelligenza
Bombe bugiarde più di te
Procuri dolore
Fame, schiavitù, profughi
Mentre ti riempi money
Frutto di quella liberazione ad hoc
Che maschera compravendite di armi
Per fomentare altre guerre mentre tu
Ti sfregghi le mani
Come giocassi a monopoli vincendo

NO
IO NON CI STO!

*Io fuori dalla Nato
Tu fuori da casa mia!*

Silvana dg Dinka

Agreement

Agreement
What agreement?
That you come to my house
Takeover the land
Dirty the air I breathe
Use me like a trampoline
For your filthy wars
Those of a bomb-dropping
Intelligent democracy
Falsar than you
Who causes sorrow

Hunger, slavery, refugees
While you stuff yourself with money
The fruit of that ad hoc liberation
That masks for arms deals
To foment other wars while you
Rub your hands together
Like you'd play at winning monopoly

No
I WON'T HAVE IT!

I'm done with NATO
Get outta my house!

(Translated from Italian by Jack Hirschman)

Carlos Raúl Dufflar

Standing Up For Humanity

Part of the empire is dying
and everywhere the leaves are falling
like the blood of the wounded.
The war machine has lost its heart.
Here I am by the Harlem River
as Wall Street pours into the pavement over the world
the capitalist love dance.
Its unholy cruelty and greed, enslavement of human need
as mothers and fathers leave their children
to escape the economical midnight,
while the merchants of the living dead
ride in dog heaven.
Here we are, part of living history,
standing for peace and justice
and inviting to march
in occupied Harlem, Newark, Brownsville, New Haven,
Boston, Hartford, Bridgeport, Chicago, Oakland,
San Francisco and Philadelphia
for humanity to shine.
The Universe is screaming.
Soon the Sun will decline
and listen to the poet's voice
and the ancient drumbeat and a Ghost Dance
to reclaim our song.
Power to the People!
An eternal wind of change
because we're guided by love,
daring to struggle
and daring to win
because we're humans
and we sing a common language.
¡A la muerte el capitalismo!
¡Sí señor!

Aja Couchois Duncan

Sister Soldier

Every night she dreams the same thing. They're locusts swarming the dry landscape, eating every speck of life, leaving nothing in their wake.

Most days she watches the check point. Her job's to search the women who pass through. The male soldiers cannot touch the women. Or rather the women cannot be touched by unknown men.

She grew up with three brothers. The summers crackled with mosquitoes and the hands of boys. She knew them all, but she always fought back.

Yesterday, the male soldiers were talking about snatch. Snatch is not a military term. Snatch is something seized or grabbed suddenly. Snatch is a word for female genitalia, the word for taking a woman against her will.

There are many hours of waiting in the blistering sun. The horizon blurs. She can see a swarm of insects hovering. She straightens her rifle, stands erect.

She knows the odds. Women in the military are three times more likely to be raped than women in the general population, and even their odds are not good. She has learned to sleep with one eye open, her weapon tucked like a good luck charm beneath her head.

When the unit rotates from the checkpoint to patrol she's relieved. There is less time waiting. From the tank, she scans the perimeter for weapons, dogs, men, bombs, everything that makes up the street and what lurks beyond.

After a roadside bombing, they're ordered to enter every home within a few miles radius. She's responsible for calming the women and children, for removing them from harm. She leads them outside into the courtyard while the men wage war inside.

Locusts are nomadic. They swarm when overcrowded, when too much tactile stimulations induces them to eat staggering amounts of vegetation, to breed at an astounding rate. There

are stories of locusts plagues in the bible and the quran. In response to the decimated crops, the people ate the insects. Locusts are both kosher and halal. In the courtyard she waits with the women and children. One of the women sings something that sounds like a bird's cry. The baby in her arms reaches a small hand toward her mouth, trying to touch the trilling lips. Overhead a helicopter unit scans the area for militants. The plane's the color of sagebrush, its blades moving as fast as insect wings. The locusts are hundreds of miles away, but she can feel them swarming. They eat their own body weight and, at night, travel with the wind. Don't worry, she tells the women and children, they'll be here soon.

Agneta Falk

Cold Where It Should Be Warm

The wind out there is banging around
bending everything furiously in its way;
the weather like people are on the move,
it's warm where it should be cold,
wet where it should be dry, and snow's
piling up in places that never saw snow

But unlike these people, storms have names:
Carla, Dora, Frederic, Hattie, Hortence,
Ivan, Joan, Stan, Roxanne, Klaus
and the formidable, Katrina, 2005

It took 25 years to tear down the Berlin wall,
now pieces of that wall hang in deafening silence
in museums around the world.

No one knows the face of this war as it
glides over the accelerating landscape
crushing everything in its path;
the roads and the sea's full of fleeing people

and who's fighting whom, and who is who
and where to, and why did it happen there
and not here, and should I lock my door now

before it's too late? but isn't it already too late?
somebody's got a foot in my door, and my door's
no longer my door

and no matter how many new walls go up
people will keep on coming, nothing can
stop fear from moving to safer land

and nothing's safer than keeping
your door open to those who are
on the wrong side of a border, whose
only hope is your out-stretched hands.

Jack Foley

Signs Of The Times

There are some men

*Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains*

Who wish to pursue inaction

There are women who wish to return to the hearth

*Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains*

There are men who hate

Who wish to stir up minorities against minorities

*Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains*

There are men who wish to build walls

To divide countries and peoples from one another

*Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains*

Oppression is so lonely

Oppression is darker than the darkest alleyway at dusk as the sun fades

*Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains*

Oppression isolates us from our deepest impulses

Oppression opens the door to the dead, who come flocking in to take the jobs (and the women) of the living

*Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains*

The white policeman is oppressed

The black man he murders is oppressed (and dead)

Drug dealers are oppressed, lawyers oppressed, girls oppressed, women oppressed

Boys oppressed, LGBT oppressed

The sleepy man who opens the door to the great hotel—
oppressed

Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains

They lie on the streets, they are mourned by their mothers
Oppression is dense, oppression is deep as water-world

Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains

Oppression is the drug of the rich
Oppression is the sexual expression of the rich

Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains

You don't have to be rich to be an oppressor
You don't have to be white to be an oppressor

Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains

The man who takes his hand to his woman—oppresses
The woman who cheats to maintain her job—oppresses

Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains

The university professor knows it, the janitor of your building
knows it

The woman selling kreplach at the grocery store knows it
Actors in a successful TV series are oppressed—listen to their
interviews

The “news” is oppressed
Pop stars are oppressed

Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains

Oppression is lonely, it unites with nothing
Oppression is weary, ready to fall to the sidewalk as it stumbles
with worn-out shoes on the hard pavement

What is there to lose? Nothing
What is there to change? Everything

BLOW UP EVERYTHING!

Workers of the world, unite
You have nothing to lose but your chains

Katerina Gogou

Είμαι Εγώ!

Είμαι εγώ!

Δικό σας παιδί

Αίμα απ' το αίμα σας

Ρούχο απ' το ρούχο σας σάρκα εκ της σαρκός σας.

Μάνα μου

η ελευθερίως ηθών πουτάνα ο καπιταλισμός.

Πατέρας μου

ο αιμομίχτης χωρικός Ιωσήφ Ντζουγκασβίλι Στάλιν.

Γνήσιο τέκνο της Ρόζμαρυ και του Εξορκιστή

παλουκωμένη στη μέση των καιρών

να με χτυπάν όλοι οι ανέμοι.

Είμαι πεσμένη

με τη μούρη τριμμένη στα σκατά υπνωτισμένη και

υστερική

έτοιμη

να βιαστώ

να διαιωνίσω το είδος.

Γέννημα θρέμα

το δικό σας παιδί

παίρνω υπόγεια τηλεφωνήματα στους θαλάμους της

Ομόνοιας

όρθια κατουράω στους καμπινέδες της Κοτζιά

είμαι χωρίς φύλο και χαρακτηριστικά

ούτε νάνος ούτε σπανός

ούτε γυναίκα ούτε πούστης

είμαι στα μπρούμυτα στα τέσσερα είμαι

κάτω απ' τους πάγκους της γής

κρατάω σαν τους λεπρούς το χέρι των γερών

να ρίξει το κόμμα ενεσεις.

Στέκω εδώ

σημάδι των καιρών

στην παγκόσμια διασταύρωση σκοτωμένη

από μικροαστικό αυτοκίνητο 9 άσπρων αλόγων

απ' τον καιρό της κομούνας του Παρισιού ασάλευτη
τα χαρτιά μου άχρηστα πιά κι η τσάντα μου
πεταμένη
κανείς δεν με πλησιάζει απ' την πόχα μου.
Στέκω ήσυχα
με τ' άντερά μου περασμένα στο λαιμό μ' εσωτερική
αιμορραγία
κάθετα στο θάνατο οριζόντια στη ζωή
το κράνος των MAT στο κεφάλι μου
τρών το φαί που με ταΐζετε ντομάτες με ντουμ ντουμ
και ξυραφάκια
κούνια μπέλα τραμπαλίζουμε στους ήχους της
σειρήνας
πιπιλάω μ' οιδιπόδειο από τη σάπια ρώγα σας
ναρκωτικά
ακοόλ και δακρυγόνα
ήσυχη
κάθομαι
στα μαρμάρινα σκαλιά
στο αναπηρικό καρότσι μου
στον άρειο πάγο παίζω ακορντεόν το «Φρερε Ζακ»
η ευθανασία δεν υπογράφεται
κι απ' το κεφάλι μου ξετυλίγεται κι ανεμίζει στα
πέρατα
μ' αίματα ποιήματα μυαλά
και με στριγγλίες
ένας μακρύς μακρύς άσπρος επίδεσμος σημάδι μου
της εμμονής.
Σ' όλης της γής τα γκέτο.

Katerina Gogou

It's Me!

It's me!
Your own child,
blood of your blood,
cloth from your cloth, flesh from your flesh.
My mother
that cheap whore Capitalism.
My father
the incestuous peasant Joseph Dzhugashvili Stalin.
A true Rosemary's baby and child of the Exorcist
impaled in the midst of all weathers
to be buffeted by all winds.
I'm fallen,
my face rubbed in shit, I'm hypnotized and hysterical
ready
to be raped
to perpetuate the species.
Born and raised
your very own child
I receive underground calls in the phone booths of Omonia
Square
I piss standing up in the public urinals of Kotzia Square
I'm without gender or any characteristics
neither a midget nor albino,
neither a woman nor a fag
I'm prostrate and on all fours
under the benches of the earth
I hold like a leper the hand of the healthy
so that the party can give some shots.
I stand here
a sign of the times
at the international crossing run over
by a petit bourgeois car of 9 white horse power,
immovable since the time of the Paris commune,
my papers useless by now and my purse discarded,

no one comes near me for the stench.
I stand quietly
with my intestines wrapped around my neck with
internal bleeding,
down on death across on life,
the helmet of riot police on my head;
I eat the food you're feeding me, dum-dum tomatoes with
razor blades
I swing and play at the seesaw by the sound of sirens,
I suckle with an Oedipal fix on your rotten nipple drugs
alcohol and tear gas
calmly
I sit
on the marble steps
in my wheelchair
at the Supreme Court I play Frere Jacques on the accordion;
euthanasia isn't yet signed into law
and from my head unwraps and flutters to the ends of the
world,
smeared in blood poems brain matter
and with shrieks
a long long white bandage, mark of my tenacity.
at all the ghettos of the world.

(Translated from Greek by Angelos Sakakis)

Rafael Jesús González

Alzamos las manos

(en el primer aniversario de los 43 estudiantes de la escuela normal de Ayotzinapa desaparecidos 26 de septiembre 2014, México)

Alzamos las manos no en súplica
sino desesperación, en rabia, en demanda,
en protesta contra las manos sangrientas
de los criminales y del gobierno
imposible distinguir los unos del otro.
“Ya estoy cansado de tantos regaños,”
dijo el procurador. Pues cáñese más,
Sr. Procurador que queremos
a nuestros hijos, nuestros del pueblo
que vivos se los llevaron
y vivos los queremos.
Seguiremos alzando las manos
con el “43” ya un lema de la injusticia
que sufrimos y ya no es tolerable
que suframos más.

Mientras tanto el presidente
visita los EE. UU. para discutir
la seguridad y la economía.
¿Seguridad y economía de quien?
¿Pedir más armas para el crimen
y la represión? ¿Seguridad de los ricos?
¿Asegurarles ganancias a costo nuestro?
¿Entregar la economía a empresas extranjeras
del “libre comercio”? No nos confundan
con banderas ya manchadas, sucias de injuria.
Cansados estamos nosotros y alzamos las manos
clamando como la Llorona por nuestros hijos
que vivos se los llevaron y vivos los queremos.

Rafael Jesús González

We Raise Our Hands

(on the first anniversary of the 43 students of the teachers' school of Ayotzínapa disappeared September 26, 2014, Mexico)

We raise our hands not in supplication
but desperation, rage, demand,
protest against the bloody hands
of the criminals & the government---
impossible to distinguish the ones from the other.
“I am tired of so many scoldings,”
said the prosecutor. Well, be more tired yet,
Mr. Prosecutor, for we want
our children, ours of the people
that alive were taken
& *live* we want them back.
We'll go on raising our hands
with the “43” now a motto of the injustice
that we suffer & it's no longer tolerable
that we suffer any longer.

Meanwhile the president
visits the U. S. of A. to discuss
security & the economy.
Whose security & economy?
Ask for more weapons for crime
& repression? The security of the rich?
Assuring them profits at our cost?
Surrender the economy to foreign enterprises
of “Free trade”? Don't confuse us
with flags now stained, dirtied with outrage.
We're tired & we raise out hands
crying like la Llorona for our children,
who alive were taken & alive we want them back.

(Translated from Spanish by the Author)

Adam Gottlieb

Dred Scott

Dred Scott's buried up the road from Ferguson
Pennies on the headstone / roses for a murdered son
Lincoln past & present / Civil War / we just heard a gun
History repeats, but I hope we're learning some

This is for the slave ships / This is for the fifty schools
This for the bullets in the body & the blood that pools
This for 2008 / This for 2012
This for 2015 / What once was is something else

I'm not the only one
who thought the name "Obama"
would usher in a brand new day
& had their naiveté bombed

& I'm not the only one
who sees the system's dying.
This fascist shit is capitalism's
last breath/ what crazy timing

to be born in 1989,
right into revolution:
Children of God / & all we got
are pens to write solutions

but what a wasted life I'd had lived
unless I joined the struggle
to win the world for our kids;
I'll risk getting into trouble

cuz trouble's getting into me
a thousand Michael Browns
have fallen in this battle
in just two years in my town

& I'm not the only one
who knows enough's enough.
Are we not human, after all,
and made of the same stuff?

Cuz Dred Scott's buried up the road from Ferguson
Pennies on his headstone like roses for a murdered son
Linkin' past & future / this is war / we keep hearing guns
History repeats, but I hope we're learning some...

Martin Hickle

snakes

lie down with snakes
one of two things happens
either you wake up bit
or you are a snake
economics the science of scarcity
power sleeps with fangs

you say you want freedom
everyone wants freedom
but wanting what everyone wants
means many must go without
the secret to happiness:
wanting what you can have

if you want freedom---hire slaves
otherwise work for your designer food
your architect shelter---your uber ride to work
why do you think they call it work?
when work is plentiful---it has no value
like food---like housing---like love

one thing about hate---no scarcity
& no freedom without slavery
no freedom---no slavery
just two sides of the same killing coin
if you don't have both---comrades
you have nothing

freedom---a brightly colored
poisoned carrot donkeys chase
not even the rich are free
chained as they are to dead money
to their arm-less---legless
dank state of mind

imagine instead a vibrant world
free from false freedom & ugly slavery
a world where we work to live
& live to work & always proud
to call ourselves just what we are
not snakes---we're workers

Gary Hicks

For Fidel

The number is ninety. Nine-0!
The number is ninety
Years since 'twenty six
Birth year the child of
A big farmer fortune
Made through hard work
Having survived the war
Of independence
In the land where he had
Once fought the mambises
And now employed them.

The number is ninety. Nine- 0!
There are other numbers like
Ten, the number of presidents
To the north who sought
His life and failed. For all the
Intelligence gathered especially
The photos of what was missed
By the operatives was the dove on his
Shoulder in one of the early
Prints. Had intelligence really been
Smart they would have known
Of the Orishas of Santeria that
Remained rock-solid and rocked steady
When the priests from Franco-ruled
Fascism were sent packing back to the
Monasteries of the Falange.
The number is ninety. Nine-0!
There are other numbers:
The late Forties and Jesuit-trained
Poverty lawyer and the slow but
Solid discovery that the politics
Surrounding him was worse than
Useless. The make-haste-but-careful
Discoverer of John Knox, of Kant,
Hegel, Feuerbach and shhhhhhhh!!!

Bearded Germans throwing around
Ideas like the point was to get
Beyond mourning and to change
The gawd-damned thing.

The number is ninety. Nine-0!
And the numbers leading up:
Twenty-seven and Moncada
Speaking to a tribunal fully intent
On his murder and telling them
That he would be absolved by
History. Thirty-three and now
El jefe and Che telling him that
You use this moment well, wisely
Or go the way of Guatemala.
Thirty-three. Jesus lived that long.
But Fidel doesn't take kindly to crosses
And neither do the people nailed
For five centuries.

The number is ninety. Nine-0!
Forty-nine in Seventy-five. The
Resurrection of Lenin's Mind,
Will and Honor of the Working
Class and its allies. The First Congress
Of the renewed Party. The news
Of victory upon victory of Carlota,
The answer of Cuba to apartheid!

The number is ninety. Nine-0!
And so many numbers and times
Associated with so many times
Good and bad, so many skin-of-the-
Teeth special periods, provocations from
The northern monster reminding
The Cubans and now all others:
This is still The Time of the Furnaces.

And now and until next August
The number---Repeat after me:
The number is Ninety. Nine-0!
Ninety. Nine-0!



Sandro Sardello, *Refugee Series # 8*

Jack Hirschman

The Planetariat Arcane

1.

Because the Mediterranean Sea's
become a cemetery
and borders walled or electrified
barbed wire

and the sovereignty and national
hegemonies of Europe are looking
at their own deaths-heads
in the mirrors of hypocrisy,

I measure the whole damned mess
of this globalized world of wars
and woe by this bone of contention
that I've pulled from the body

of days when I was a dog hungering
at a garbage can in the street,
a burro with a tower of desperate
Mexicans on my back,

a camel with nine humps for the nine
lives of Assad in Damascus and,
since this bone's turned into
a hard baguette of the bread

that's desired by all the starving
refugees clamoring to find a place
to call home, I whack the stupid
ass of capitalism with it.

2.

Enough with boats on the sea of death!
We must be flown, fed and flown
in airplanes provided by the nations
of the earth under the command

of the United Nations to lands absent
of secular or religious wars.
We're all the color of oil. White oil too.
And the time has come for governments

to become governments and every single
refugee be welcomed for who he or she is,
for he's and she's your brother and your sister
and there's no way any longer to refuse

the future that's already in the hands of
more and more of the Planetariat,
which is larger than China, Russia,
India and the United States combined.

We're not simply traveling anymore, more, more.
We can go on computers anywhere, where, where.
Now everyone can live without hunger and/or
disease, kids going to school all over, and war

be a thing of the past, because the instruments
that enslave you, the smart phones and tablets
and the like, that possess you to distraction
have already made you a Planetarian,

like that Italian woman riding her bicycle
on a street in Civitanova Marche
and at the same time reading her smart phone.
She's everywhere and nowhere, no longer

an Italian or of Civitanova Marche. She can
be lifted off her bicycle seat by the hands
of tomorrow and plopped down in the
zippered-open roof of an airplane,

and flown as a refugee to the country she's
always wanted to live in, and she'll be sitting
with poor people from Syria and Zanzibar,
their children wide-eyed over the clouds.

3.

Paradoxies of the paradox, moronic oxen of
the oxymoron, diction of the contradiction
of contradictions, negation of the negation
of nothingness' definite affirmation...

we must be the grace-notes of this new stave
of music, for the world cannot go back to
a dead fascism and at the same time can't
live with a living one because it's death,

and we've already died before we died and,
this time around, will take no No for an answer.
The corporation's in the state of corpse-ing.
Within the prison of communication that's

not communication, which has been managing
our slavery for a generation, the Planetariat's
been born to collapse the walls of separation,
the borders of spite, the myopias of hatred,

so that, whether international or internetional,
it'll be sounded like the charge of the depth
of the sea for all those tragically inundated,
the song that gives birth to memory.

Gabriel Impaglione

Capitalismo

(necesidadesbásicasinsatisfechas)

Mercados sensibles (la ira de los Dioses)
ingenierías de gestión (un misil basta)
servicios al cliente / eufemismo en cuotas,
créditos réditos bonos y balas
arquitecturas del voto y de las botas
las borlas y las bolsas los bustos y los vistos
y considerandos

y

sus

consecuencias:

el hombre conhambre
a la sombra denombres
de cumbres quesobran.

Y tanta explotación que no termina
de explotarles en mano.

No es una desgracia
Es la indiferencia

Repítelo
Repíteselo
Repitámoslo

No es una desgracia
Es la indiferencia

Capitalismo

la furia al galope en el poema
entre humo y polvareda
dice basta.

Gabriel Impaglione

Capitalism

(unsatisfiedbasicnecessities)

Sensitive markets (wrath of the Gods)
engineering guidelines (one missile is enough)
services for the client / euphemism in installments,
credits yields bonds and bullets
architecture by vote and by boots
the tassels and bags the talking heads and the views
and considerings
and
their
consequences:
the human who's hungry
in the shadow of names
of summits without end

And endless exploitation that keeps
exploding in their hands.

It's not bad luck
It's indifference

Repeat it
Repeat it again
Let's all repeat it

It's not bad luck
It's indifference

Capitalism

Fury galloping in the poem
between smoke and dust--
enough said.

(Translated from Spanish by Barbara Paschke)

Jazra Khaleed

Το Ταξικό Μίσος Μεγαλώνει

Κάθε μέρα απ' το πρωί μέχρι το βράδυ,
απ' το βράδυ μέχρι το πρωί,
το ταξικό μίσος σ' όλο τον κόσμο μεγαλώνει
μεγαλώνει εκατό μεγατζάουλ το δευτερόλεπτο,
δέκα πιθαμές το εκτάρι, μεγαλώνει, μεγαλώνει
ποτέ δε νιώσαμε τη γη τόσο κοντά μας, χέρσα κι έρημη,
ποτέ τόση βία δεν ξέρανε τα λαρύγγια μας,
ποτέ δεν είχαν οι μέρες μας τόσα λίγα ποδάρια
για να τρέξουν, ποτέ, ποτέ.
Είναι η φύση της τάξης μας σαρκοβόρα, αδηφάγα,
τα χτυπήματά της ζυγιασμένα κι ο πόνος της θνητός,
καθώς θάβει τους νεκρούς της από μνήμης.

Κάθε μέρα το ταξικό μίσος μεγαλώνει,
στοιβάζεται στη λαχαναγορά,
στοιβάζεται στις οικοδομές,
στοιβάζεται στα φραουλοχώραφα,
στοιβάζεται στα τηλεφωνικά κέντρα,
στοιβάζεται στους διαδρόμους των γραφείων
και στις αλυσίδες συναρμολόγησης,
στοιβάζεται στην άκρη των δαχτύλων μου.
Ποτέ δεν ήταν τόσο το ταξικό μίσος
μες στα στήθη των προλετάρων,
μες στο καρδιοχτύπι και τον σαματά τους,
μέσα στην ορθογραφία και το συντακτικό τους.
Ξυπνάνε, πλένουν τα δόντια τους,
ντύνονται, πηγαίνουν στη δουλειά,
και το ταξικό μίσος όλο και μεγαλώνει
γεμίζει με κόκαλα τα λόγια τους,
γεμίζει με λογική την τρέλα τους,
γεμίζει με χαλίκια τα παπούτσια τους,
τους καίει τα πνευμόνια,
ξεχειλίζει απ' τις τσέπες τους,
δεν ξέρουν πια πού να το χωρέσουν.

Το ταξικό μίσος μεγαλώνει,
στα βραχέα και στα μεσαία,
στ' αναλογικά και στα ψηφιακά σήματα,
στα ηλεκτρικά κυκλώματα.
Όταν διέρχεται από έναν αντιστάτη
αυξάνεται η θερμοκρασία,
αυξάνονται τα ηλεκτρικά φορτία,
αυξάνεται η πυκνότητα των δυνάμεων καταστολής,
με την προϋπόθεση ότι το σύστημα
δεν υφίσταται καμία αναντίστρεπτη μεταβολή.
Το ταξικό μίσος είναι πάντοτε ανάλογο
του τετραγώνου της υποτίμησης της εργασίας
και ανάλογο της έντασης της εκμετάλλευσης·
το ταξικό μίσος είναι μια μαθηματική σχέση
που συνδέει τον νόμο της αξίας
με τον δεύτερο νόμο της θερμοδυναμικής
και τις μυοσκελετικές μου διαταραχές.

Το ταξικός μίσος είναι επενδυτικός κίνδυνος,
το ταξικό μίσος δεν δίνει εγγυημένο μέρισμα,
είναι η έκθεση του κεφαλαίου στην άρνηση της εργασίας,
ένας σίγουρος τρόπος να χάσετε τα χρήματά σας.
Το ταξικό μίσος είναι μια περίπτωση κατωτέρας βίας,
ένας κίνδυνος που σχετίζεται με βιομηχανικές καταστροφές,
με δολιοφθορές, σαμποτάζ και άγριες απεργίες.
Μην εκτεθείτε στο ταξικό μίσος
εάν δεν κατανοείτε τη φύση και την έκταση του κινδύνου,
την οικονομική ζημιά που ενδεχομένως θα υποστείτε.

Το ταξικό μίσος μεγαλώνει σε όλες τις ηπείρους,
μεγαλώνει με όλα του τα κουρέλια κι όλα του τα όπλα,
μεγαλώνει σε όλες τις γλώσσες και τις διαλέκτους.
Καθώς μεγαλώνει ανθίζουν οι πέτρες στα χέρια,
χτυπάει η καρδιά στο αμόνι,
καλπάζουν τ' άλογα στο στέρνο·
και σε μένα, αχ, σύντροφοι, σε μένα,
ξεχειλίζει τα ποτάμια που χύνονται στο σώμα μου.

Jazra Khaleed

Class Hatred Is Growing

Each day from morning 'til night,
from night 'til morning,
class hatred throughout the world is growing
it's growing a hundred mega-joules per second,
ten spans per hectare, growing, growing
we never felt the earth so close to us, fallow and deserted,
never our throats had known so much violence,
never our days had so few feet
to run with, never, never.
The nature of our class is carnivorous, voracious,
its blows are calculated and its pain mortal,
as it goes on burying its dead by memory.

Each day class hatred's growing,
it piles up in the produce market,
it piles up in construction sites,
it piles up in strawberry fields,
it piles up in telephone centers,
it piles up in office corridors
and in assembly lines,
it piles up on my fingertips.
There's never been so much class hatred
in the breasts of proletarians,
in their heartbeat and commotion,
in their spelling and their syntax.
They wake up, brush their teeth,
get dressed, go to work,
and class hatred is always growing
filling with bones their words,
filling with logic their insanity,
filling with gravel their shoes,
it's burning their lungs,
it overflows out of their pockets,
they don't know where to put it anymore.

Class hatred's growing,
in both the short and mainstream air waves,
in analogic and digital signals,
in electric circuits.
When it passes through a resistor
the temperature's increased,
the electric loads are increased,
the density of the suppression force's increased
on the condition that the system
isn't subject to any reverse alteration.
Class hatred is always analogous
to the square of the devaluation of labor
and analogous to the intensity of exploitation;
class hatred is a mathematical ratio
connecting the law of value
with the second law of thermodynamics
and my own skeletomuscular disorders.

Class hatred's an investment risk,
class hatred doesn't yield a guaranteed dividend,
it's capital's exposure to the denial of labor,
it's a sure way to lose your money.
Class hatred is a case of lesser violence,
a danger relative to industrial disasters,
with malfunctions, sabotage and wild strikes.
Don't expose yourselves to class hatred
if you don't grasp the nature and the extent of risk,
the economic damages you'll very likely incur.

Class hatred's growing in all continents,
it's growing in all its rags and all its weapons,
it's growing in all languages and all dialects.
As it grows stones blossom in the hands,
the heart beats on the anvil,
horses gallop in the breast
and inside me, ah comrades, inside me,
it overflows the rivers pouring in my body.

(Translated from Greek by Angelos Sakakis)

Vincenzo Lerario

Germana

Il tempo è andato
lo hai toccato attraverso
le mie mani,
sospesa nell'aria,
libera,
sfogliamo l'orizzonte
che i nostri occhi
scoprivano di volta in volta,
abbattendo la prigionia
della libertà
costruita con arte.

Arido

il mare intorno a noi
discarica di pianto
e sogni morti
di anime fatte di corpi
graffiati da giudizi sommersi
di perbenisti poco perbene.
Conosci i miei occhi
ogni mattina riflessi
allo specchio del passato,
pieno di crepe
nate dalla mia menzogna,
solo per paura di vivere.
Conosci il mio respiro
quello che ci passavamo
nascosti per strada
per non annegare
conosci la mia rabbia
impressa in una parete bianca.
Un giorno d'agosto
quando una bicicletta
sgangherata sul marciapiede
rompeva l'orizzonte i corpi
diventavano corpi del mare.

Vincenzo Lerario

Germana

Time is gone
you have touched it through
my hands,
suspended in the air,
free,
we browse the horizon
which our eyes
discovered from time to time,
knocking down the confinement
of freedom
built with art
Barren
the sea around us
a dump for tears
and dead dreams
for souls made of bodies
scratched by submerged judgments
of respectable folks unworthy of respect
You know my eyes
reflected each morning
in the mirror of the past,
full of cracks
born out of my lie,
only out of the fear of living
You know my breath
the one we exchanged
hidden in the street
to avoid drowning
you know my rage
impressed upon a white wall.
A day in August
when a rickety
bicycle on the sidewalk
would break the horizon and the bodies
become bodies of the sea.

Translated from Italian by Lapo Guzzini

Mark Lipman

Sticks and Stones

*for Brendon Glenn (Dizgale),
killed by LAPD, May 5, 2015*

(whisper): Sticks and stones
may break my bones
but the police
are out to kill me. (x3)

Sitting alone
in a cold, damp alley
nothing but stars
above me.

Here come the lights
all shiny and bright
sirens and badges
haunt me.

Hands in the air
and down on the ground
they're pulling their guns
and though I'm unarmed
and pose a threat
to nobody,

they come to shoot me down
just because of my poverty.

(whisper): Sticks and stones
may break my bones
but the police
are out to kill me. (x3)

If you're black or brown

or homeless in this town
they throw you to the ground
the verdict's already guilty.

If you're a suit and tie
you turn your back and lie
making money while we die
shutting your ears to our story.

(whisper): Sticks and stones
may break my bones
but the police
are out to kill me. (x3)

We throw our hands in the air
saying, "Don't Shoot," don't dare
but politicians just don't care;
they only serve and protect the money.

So don't act all surprised
when the People begin to rise
and call out all your lies:
this is the voice of the many.

(whisper): Sticks and stones
may break my bones
but the police
are out to kill me. (x4)

Angelina Llongueras

Aylan Lies Face Down

Aylan lies on the ground face down, the sea's delicately poised him on the beach, right where the sand and the water meet, only a bucket missing at his feet for him to build a castle in the delicate evening sun.

Aylan lies face down.

Mme. Lagarde is happy he's not outlived the age where pensions cease to be cost efficient for those that, like her, rob them,

and suck the blood and flesh of sweet «cheap» children from «cheap» countries scourged and devastated by outsourced armies made of private thugs to avoid restitutions; children placed, like a satanic offer, at her feet, so she can take a bath made of their fragile delicacy and feel rejuvenated, like that Hungarian countess of the middle ages.

Aylan lies face down, sleeping the infinite sleep, together with his Syrian family, his parents, and his eldest brother, 5 year-old Galip. Aylan was 3.

Poseidon came out of the deep inner sea, that sea which is untouched in the heart of all Mediterranean peoples, and crossed the outer sea of desolation, his trident caught in the plastic-bag islands, in the oil spills, in the echo of the absent dolphins, in the dying fish, in the noise of the discotheques where rich tourists consume the heat that's left of the summer amid an alcoholic void and let their anguish like an urbanizable profitable forest burn to ashes in their stupor...

Aylan lies face down.

Poseidon has taken Aylan to ride the hologram of an extinct sea-horse in a fit of compassion, for the suffocation of his little 3 year-old heart.

He's taken him on a visit to the recent ghosts whose voices fill the sea with omens of doom for those of us living without seeing the ongoing genocide of children like Aylan, who flee

from a land filled with demons bought and trained with the huge sums of the neo-cons, to create terror, poverty and doom, and earn Mr. McCain, Mr. Wolfowitz and, yes, old Kissinger, billions worth of weapon sales.

He's taken him to play with many, many other children from Africa and the Middle East, who've welcomed him and his family...

Aylan lies face down.

Poseidon's not bothered to go inland to show him a Greece that's become a branch of McDonalds, sold to the monsters of greed;

rather, the sun, in its bountiful wisdom, has caressed Aylan and softly let him reach the shore of a utopian Greek island on which he's come to be poised with a calm expression, looking down, under the sea, that inner sea Poseidon lets him see with eyes of wonder forever open.

Aylan lies face down and sleeps, and dreams, and wakes me and shakes me, and is inside the water of my tears as I sing a lullaby for him who lies face down on the shore of the Mediterranean common grave, of my Mediterranean sea, my inner sea, my inner pain, my inner heartbreak where Aylan forever lies face down.

Fio Loba

Sarcasmo

Fuera de aquí lacrozo,
Qué no te das cuenta que la policía porta armas,
Qué no te das cuenta del barullo que haces
Tirapiedra
Chancalata
Suficiente motivo para que te secuestre la autoridad
Fíjate, están empuñando el odio
Están secándose el sudor de sus matanzas mensuales
¿Por qué no te prendes fuego como la basura que eres?
A ti un tierno abrazo de Santa Rosita no te sanará las heridas
¿Qué pecado hay en despojarte de tu vida?
Solo las lágrimas de tus hijos por dos mil días
Solo la mugre cobrando vida en el techo de tu choza
Solo unos cuantos carteles de justicia gritando dentro del
socavón
Troglodita maloliente
te postergamos como un buitre
y tu cuerpo de ceniza ahora le pertenece a otro cuerpo que es
azul
Porque el mundo está creciendo y ronca contemplando
encenderse
y
apagarse
las estrellas.

Fio Loba

Sarcasm

Get out of here, you scourge
Since you don't care if the police are armed,
Since you don't care about the confusion you're causing
Stone thrower
Tin-can beater
It's motive enough for the authorities to lock you up
Look, they hold onto their hatred
They're soaking up the sweat from their monthly killings
Why don't you make a fire out of the garbage you are?
A tender embrace from Santa Rosita won't heal your wounds
Is it a shame you've been stripped of your life?
Your children's tears will only last for two thousand days
The dirt on the roof of your hovel will hardly come to life
Only a few posters screaming for justice are inside the
pipeline
Smelly troglodyte
you hang around like a vulture
and your body made of ashes now belongs to another body
which is blue
Because the world is growing hoarse watching itself
ignite
and
burn up
the stars.

(Translated from Spanish by Judith Ayn Bernhard)

On October 30, 2014, Fidel Flores Vásquez was shot and killed by police in Cajamarca, Peru while fighting an unlawful eviction from the roof of a home he had built himself and lived in with his family for many years. Ample footage of this brutal murder by heavily armed men in full riot gear is available online. The judge who ordered the eviction without sufficient cause was later removed from the bench. The police captain who mounted the attack against the homeowner was subsequently sentenced to nine months in prison.

Jidi Majia

我曾经.....

我曾经在祁连山下
看见过一群羊羔
它们的双腿
全部下跪着
在吮吸妈妈的乳房
它们的行为让我感动
尤其是从它们的眼睛里
我看到了感恩和善良
也许作为人来说
在这样的时候
我们会感到 种羞愧
也许我们从一个城市
到了另一个城市
我们已经记不清楚
所走过的道路
是笔直的更多,还是弯曲的占了上风
我们从哪里来?
我们又要到哪里去?
仿佛我们
都是流浪的旅人
其实我要说,在物欲的现实面前
我们已经在生活的阴影中
把许多最美好的东西遗忘
有时我们甚至还不如一只
在妈妈面前下跪的小羊!

Jidi Majia

I Once...

At the foot of Qilan Mountain, I once
saw a herd of sheep
They were all kneeling
sucking their mother's teats
Their behavior moved me,
especially the gratitude and kindness
I saw in their eyes
Perhaps as people
in moments like this
we feel ashamed
Perhaps when we go from one city
to another, we're no longer certain
if the roads we've taken
have been straight or crooked
Where have we come from?
And where are we going?
It's as if we're all
wandering travelers
Actually, what I want to say is that
in the face of the reality of material desire
we've already forgotten many of the most
wonderful things in the shadows of living
Sometimes we don't even measure up
to the lambs kneeling before their mothers.

(Translated from Mandarin Chinese by Jami Proctor Xu)

Rosemary Manno

January

Freedom is the consciousness of necessity
--Friedrich Engels

Box stores stuffed with a global glut of junk
I complain when it rains
I've nothing to complain about
the poem is trapped inside the light of a dark cloud

a comrade lies
confused aggression
the din of struggle and resistance
is hard to hear in the rain...

To love Fidel is life beyond idea
He always knew that true power belongs to an intelligent
people
who will rise up before we're buried alive

The cops will be many but we'll be more
Comrades are cops who look the other way when they
should,
cops as cadre, the glorious few who always side with the
people
cops as cadre without weapons
when the time's ripe they join the Rebel Army
whole garrisons tumble into the loving arms of the
Revolution

The wolf moon howls, her perigee upon us tonight
she's not a perfect circle
will the sky open?
will we see her light?

Ángel L. Martínez

Four Windows and Two Workers

I stand on the snaking line
at the post office today
where it's easy to grumble with a dozen people,
arms with packages, envelopes and odd questions
waiting for the next worker to help them
amid the spectacle of four windows and two workers
at perhaps any given time,
and on that phenomenon it's tempting to complain.

But my thinking raced to another possibility
for this maddening approach,
for I stand with one foot in Williamsburg
and another foot in Bushwick
and in the distance I'm certain
there's been the youths who may very well
have taken up the spaces shouting, "Next!"
but their future was taken away
as they were forced to stand on lines
as privilege raced by them,
hope was a shadow
forgotten for what they need,
enduring public K through 12 prison camps
only to graduate, as it were, to a dead end,
wearing jail jumpsuits instead of postal pinstripes
and therefore are nowhere near to
alleviating the grumbling
of a dozen people waiting to be served
at four windows by two workers.

Pippo Marzulli

Riot

Poesie come molotov.

Intelligenti.

Distruttive.

Incendiarie.

Rivoltose.

Armate.

Intelligenti.

Pronte all'uso.

Lanciate per le strade e nelle piazze
per disinfettare, con fuoco intelligente,
fascismo & ignoranza,
odio & intolleranza.

Lanciate [er le strade e nelle piazze
per accecare, con fuoco intelligente,
l'occhio onnipresente che vigila aguzzino
sulla libertà d'esser se stessi nell'esser colectivo.

Laciate per le strade e nelle piazze
per illuminare. con fuoco intelligente,
l'orizzonte del buco nero come la pece
che il mondo attrae.

Poesie come molotov.

Intelligenti.

Distruttive.

Incendiarie.

Rivoltose.

Armate.

Intelligenti.

Pronte all'uso.

Tutto muore
perche l'ammazziamo
ma l'amor mio non muore;
in poesie.

Pippo Marzulli

Riot

Poetry like molotovs.

Intelligent.

Destructive.

Incendiary.

Riotous.

Loaded.

Intelligent.

Ready for use.

Thrown in the streets and piazzas

to disinfect, with intelligent fire,

fascism & ignorance,

hatred & intolerance.

Thrown in the streets and piazzas

to blind, with intelligent fire,

the omnipresent jailer eye that polices

the liberty of being ourselves in being collective.

Thrown in the streets and piazzas

to illuminate, with intelligent fire,

the horizon of the black hole like the pitch

that attracts the world.

Poetry like molotovs.

Intelligent.

Destructive.

Incendiary.

Riotous.

Loaded

Intelligent.

Ready for use.

Everything's dying

because we're killing it,

but my love doesn't die

in poetry.

(Translated from Italian by Jack Hirschman)

Karen Melander-Magoon

Great Ocean

Great ocean
You who've given birth to life,
yours is the garden of creation
The sun dapples your face with shadows
that slide like tears down your rolling waves
The moon pulls at your tides
embraces your snowy crests
sings to you
rising full as the sun sets
peach and cherry veils
above a carpet of gold
Great ocean
upon your waves ride boats of souls
chasing dreams
fleeing nightmares of war
seeking refuge on your shores
Great ocean
upon your back
ride ships of state
Dolphins and Flying fish
escape your
rocking cradle
and return
to its bliss
Coral forests
dwell beneath your
vast depths
home to myriad
marine infants
All life spins
through your porous caves
threatened only by
human induced acidity
and human induced sonar

wreaking havoc with whales
plunging to ever greater depths
within your womb
Great ocean
You hear the song of the whale,
the wailing of your own children
the call of the migrant
seeking a home
somewhere
carried in your
eternal
arms.

Sarah Menefee

mantra

[for the street kids]

life goes on
is our mantra
but soon
a cardboard plea
may be a killable offense
slowly or suddenly

and I see
the tents of tomorrow
pitched in the midst of
today's shambles

they shine from within

they come from
their tents down there
at 13th and Mission

they come out from
the shadows of
the freeway ramps
and their illegal doorways
Doc and Angie
stretched beside
each other on
their sleeping bag

say we're occupying
this is our protest

their tiny kitten
sleeping in her hoodie

Afghan War vet
their baby was stolen
because they live

on the street
their little one-
year old gem

all war babies we drown
in its bloody stain

and the kids
on Center

'taking applications
for a girl friend
no credit check
required'

“on the road
training to be a
Pokemon Master
need \$\$\$ for
boba tea & chicken”

“25 cent jokes
4 for \$1.00
1 free” with a
smiley

and only the abandoned young
have myths in their
jongleur-beautiful rags,
their leaps thru the air
of the infinite energy of
nowhere

because the Leap
is all we know
of where.

Michele Teresi (Momo)

Rispetto Operaio

Non voglio il potere
Voglio il rispetto
Per il mio lavoro
Perché sudo
Produco
Creo cibo per la vita

Nei campi
Nelle fabbriche
Nella distribuzione

Non sono un ramo secco
Che produce carta scritta
Dentro un ufficio climatizzato
Per ogni operaio che schiatta
Dieci impiegati scrivono il nulla
(col triplo della mia paga).

Michele Teresi (Momo)

Worker Respect

I don't want power
I want respect
For my labor
Because I sweat
I produce
I create food for life

In the fields
In the factories
In the supply chain

I'm no dead branch
Producing written paper
Inside an air-conditioned office

For every laborer who croaks
Ten employees write down pure nothing
(for three times my pay).

(Translated from Italian by Lapo Guzzini)

Nancy Morejón

Obrera del Tabaco

Una obrera del tabaco escribió
un poema a la muerte. Entre el humo
y las hojas torcidas y secas de la vega
dijo ver el mundo en Cuba.
Era el año 1999... En su poema
dijo tocar las flores
formadoras de una mágica alfombra
que circunvolaba la Plaza de la Revolución.
En su poema, esa obreera
Palpo los días del mañana.
En su poema, amigos, no había Miami ni reclamaciones;
no había mendicidad,
no había ruindades,
ni violaciones de la ley laboral;
no había interés por la Bolsa, no había lucro.
En su poema, había astucia militante, lánguida inteligencia.
En su poema, había disciplina y asambleas.
En su poema, había sangre hirviendo del pasado.
En su poema, había hígado y corazones.
Su poema era un tratado de economía popular.
En su poema, estaban todos los deseos y toda la ansiedad
de un revolucionario contemporáneo suyo.
Una obrera del tabaco escribió
un poema a la agonía del capitalismo. Sí, señor.
Pero ni sus hermanos, ni sus vecinos,
adivinaron la esencia de su vida. Y nunca supieron del poema.
Ella lo había guardado, tenaz y finamente,
junto a unas hojas de caña santa y cáñamo
dentro de un libro, empastado,
de José Martí.

Nancy Morejón

Tobacco Worker

A tobacco worker wrote
a poem on death. Between the smoke
and the crooked dry leaves of the valley
she said she saw the world in Cuba.
It was the year 1999 . . . In her poem
she spoke of touching the flowers
that formed a magic carpet
circling the Plaza de la Revolución.
In her poem, this worker
appreciated the days of tomorrow.
In her poem, friends, there was no Miami nor reclamation;
there was no lying,
there was no meanness,
no violations of labor law;
there was no interest in the stock exchange, there was no
profit.
In her poem, there was militant cleverness, languid
intelligence.
In her poem, there was discipline and reunion.
In her poem, there was blood boiling from the past.
In her poem, there was liver and heart.
Her poem was a treatise on the people's economy.
In her poem were all the wishes and all the worries
of a revolutionary contemporary of hers.
A tobacco worker wrote
a poem to the death of capitalism. Yes, sir.
But neither her siblings nor her neighbors
guessed the essence of her life. And they never knew about
the poem.
She'd guarded it, tenacious and shrewdly,
next to leaves of blessed cane and cannabis
within a clothbound book
of José Martí.

(Translated from Spanish by Barbara Paschke)

Garrett Murphy

Mario Woods Has His Day
(*SF POA strikes out in portrayal of itself*)

The San Francisco Police Officers Association
in a recent public performance
concerning the execution of one Mario Woods
displayed solidarity with their usual petulance,
even after being given the chance to go first
when the supporters of Woods were listening.
As soon as POA was done whimpering
about how so few of the populace
would give them accolades for killing
yet another man of color
(not to mention a proposed Board of Supervisors bill
honoring a Day for Mario Woods)
SF's supposed finest walked off in a huff
but not before threatening the Supes with all kinds of
damnation.

That warning did accomplish one thing---a most
pleasant surprise!

It united the Supes into acting as one,
namely to make that day for Our Mr. Woods
the (no pun) LAW OF THE LAND!
In a futile attempt to save their performance
the POA wails enough waterworks
to empty Hetch Hetchy,
about what about
the officers who die in the line of duty?!
Someone neglected to tell the POA "leadership"
that many officers do have various days,
overpasses, intersections and others named for them
for dying in the line of duty.
Now it's long overdue
for someone to be honored
who happened to die in the line of mis-duty.
And this just in:

Infantries and babies,
including the crybabies,
are considering joining forces
to sue the SF POA for the defaming
impersonation of their characters!

Majid Naficy

آمریکا! این پیوستِ خونین را پاره کن

مجید نفیسی

پس از کشتار آرلاندو
مجید نفیسی
پس از کشتار آرلاندو
هر بار که دیوانه ای اسلحه می کشد
و مردم بیگناه را می کشد
:قانونگذاران دو پاره می شوند
یکی از روان درمانی سخن می گوید
و دیگری از نظارت بر کشت افزار
اما هیچ کاری صورت نمی گیرد
تنها فروش اسلحه بالا می رود
با شماره ی دادخواستها روی شبکه
تا کی باید تماشاگر بمانیم؟ >
> آمریکا! این پیوستِ خونین را پاره کن

"تاجران مرگ می گویند که "پیوست دوم >
> حافظ جان شهروندان است >
> در برابر دولت مرکزی >
> و جانیان خرده پا >
> اما این دروغی بیش نیست >
> برای پوشاندن دستهای آلوده شان >
> ما در مبارزه با خودکامگی >
> تنها به آگاهی و سازماندهی نیازمندیم >
> و در مقابله با بزه کاری >
> به دادگاه پلیس و توان بخشی >
> نه شهروندانی سلاح به کمر >
> تا کی باید تماشاگر بمانیم؟ >
> آمریکا! این پیوستِ خونین را پاره کن

> کشت افزار چون شکلات و چیپس >
> چیزی و سوسه انگیز است >

- > اگر می خواهی حافظ خانواده باشی
- > در خانه اسلحه نگه مدار
- > بسیاری از مردم با انگیزشی ناگهانی
- > همسران خود را کشتند
- > و نوجوانانی با تپانچه ی خانوادگی
- > به زندگی خود پایان دادند
- > آه از این وضع خسته ام
- > اگر هفت تیری داشتم
- > شاید بجای نوشتن این شعر
- > خود را می کشتم
- > تا کی باید تماشاگر بمانیم؟
- > آمریکا! این پیوست خونین را پاره کن

Majid Naficy

America! Tear Up This Bloody Amendment

After the mass shooting in Orlando
every time a lunatic shoots a gun
and kills innocent people
the lawmakers split in two camps:
One speaks of mental health
and the other of gun control,
but no action is taken.
Only, the sale of guns goes up
with the number of petitions on the Internet.
How long should we stay spectators?
America! Tear up this bloody amendment.

Merchants of death say that the Second
Amendment protects the lives of citizens
against the federal government
and petty criminals.
But it's only a lie
to cover up their dirty hands.
To fight against despotism
we only need consciousness and organization,
and to stand against crime
we need courts, police and rehabilitation
not citizens with guns at their waists.
How long should we stay spectators?
America! Tear up this bloody amendment.

A gun, like chocolate and chips,
is something tempting.
If you want to protect your family
don't keep guns at home.
Many people have killed their partners
because of sudden impulses
and teenagers have ended their lives
with their families' revolvers.

Ah, I'm tired of this situation.
If I had a handgun
I might've killed myself
instead of writing this poem.
How long must we stay spectators?
America! Tear up this bloody amendment!

Bill Nevins

En La Guerre

Let's not weep, nor mourn this child, friends.

Vamos!

I know the truth firsthand of Dylan Thomas's words,
"After the first death, there is no other",
roared out by the Welsh Bard
when a child burned in the London blitz,
so long ago—
yet, somehow, recently,
for no death is truly forgotten,
neither that of my child nor yours,
nor theirs.

As children die in the fire-drone blitz,
America now rains down upon the world.
As children die in Syria Iraq Yemen Afghanistan Pakistan
Palestine Israel Paris Chicago Albuquerque—
As a child dies in a father's arms on our very own highway—
Road rage, some sigh, knowing this is truly Havoc, the dog-
cry of War!
O Jerusalem, O al Quds! O Burque! O Children!
Wherever bloody fools fling blind bombs, blades and bullets!
Oh, why oh why must these or anyone's children die?
Why must this child Lilly have died?
Where in hell were those guardian angels, fairies and watching
ancestors
which we pretend float somewhere outside this world of cold
murder?
They were, in truth,
nowhere.
They never were. Never shall be.
To believe in some blind god that saw THIS happen
and sat by, dumb and passive, impotent,
who did not or could not act,
would be to dishonor the name of any imagined nonexistent

deity.

Let's leave off fantasies, folks.

Let's instead believe in the lives in the smiles in the breathing
joy---

In the reality . . .

of children.

Let's believe, if we must believe,
in warmth. In sun.

Not in ice. Not in death.

Not in cold machismo.

In the earth. In the mother.

Even as the storms tear our world, tear our decent hearts, tear
our minds.

But, like brave Dylan, let's not mourn.

Let's just believe in that sweet joy.

No more first deaths.

No more.

Let this first death be our last.

Let's not stand and weep in this darkness, this waning light.

Let's move, people. *Vamos!* Towards the next dawn.

Contra la Violencia! Contra la Guerra!

Dorothy (Dottie) Payne

No Song Can Be Sung

No song can be sung
to dying children
who will never
awaken;
No grace given
before an empty table.

The hounds of hell
have driven us out,
the merchants of war
have made us desperate,
the battering rams of hate
lurk like menacing vultures
waiting to take whatever
is left.

No song can be sung.
No grace, however amazing,
can be given;
none can be forgiven
as we sit motionless
while they slaughter
our children.

How can we allow
our hearts to keep beating
after witnessing this?
How can we hope to look those
who survive in the eye?
How can we keep turning away
from this holocaust of
all who dare to exist
without hate in their hearts,
without money in their pockets,

without war in their fantasies,
without the need for greed?

No song can be sung,
no poem written
as long as we
remain silent.

So the strongest among us rise up,
take to the streets,
vow to end
this evil that seeps
into the sheets where
the children sleep
and unsung innocents
can no longer even dream.

This arch of evil
has overreached
borders,
has droned death
relentlessly,
driven us out
into their war zones,
has made us forego
begging for what's great
that's ours;
has bent us over once too often,
left us to bleed fearlessly
far too many times.

So, we must become hymn and psalm,
make melody of our great green revenge--
we must grace the pages of a New Script
with the diligence of Job.
We too have been put to the tests:
our auditions are endless.
No symphonies for us,

just handshakes, heartaches,
and common grace.

They said the boy took
what wasn't his,
defied and pushed back,
and the man flaunted that toy gun
that looked so real--
dared to pretend
he was master of
his own body--
thought he could own
the space around it.

They said the woman
talked back,
used her tongue
like a rapid-fire weapon--
had no fear of them--
owned her own mind
up until the very end,
sang her own righteous hymn
heard the world over,
composed *our*
new world order
as she pure-cursed them
and gasped her last breath,
promised them
their evil was ending
with her heartbeat;
said they could never
silence this.

And they say
she sang
as they strangled her,
first a shriek,
then a muffled little gurgle

turned melodic lisp:

"This body, this song
is not yours to own,
I will return as millions,"

--took her fear
and made it theirs--
raised her eyelids skyward
like a celestial choir--

hummed young Trayvon's Song,
gasp'd Eric Garner's final breath,
gave her Sandra Bland smile
as she accapella-vowed
a retaliation of the spirit
holier than they could know,
ancient as a harp.

And we heard it,
heard the whispered symphony
which was her life,
saw the tracks
in the snow
rejoicing
the arrival of
our inevitable

"Hallelujah!"

Gregory Pond

his name was trayvon martin

his name was trayvon martin
but it could have been emmett till
another young son
whose biggest claim to fame
was in the way they both got killed
an ill-fated whistle
iced tea and bag of skittles
what were the crimes
that ended their lives
so young and for so little?

prejudice and bigotry
live in infamy
colorblind eyes see
only black and white
who plays the victim?
who pulls the trigger?
who gets to claim civil rights?
security man - better stand your ground
black hood - must be up to no good
and whether it's the other way around
nothing was handled the way it should

obama said f he had a son
he'd look just like trayvon
well, i already have a son
who i stress over dusk till dawn
could even the president protect my boy
if he's targeted, profiled or killed?
or will his be the next name
we're fated to remember
half a century later
will young black men's death
still be run-of-the-mill?

his name was trayvon martin,
but it once was emmett till.

Paul Portugues

Gaza

he closes the door to darkness and bends like an old tree over
his son
wraps himself around him with the calm of a summer shade
while the terror bombs of Gaza scatter butterflies in happy
flowers
and shatter the faint smile on the boy's quivering lips

they wait with pain for all the dying children to stop crying
if only a thousand prayers would lift them to heaven
where the stars are kids skipping beyond the beyond
but he never found them under his father's house of stone
now dust

and when he wept for his true love she'd already become a
galaxy
as he lifted her from the rubble her heart became the song of
birds
he hears every morning when they visit her grave of roses and
tears
under the tree they climbed as children marrying their
future as one.

Tony Robles

Smiling Faces

There are people
in this city that
haven't smiled
in years

Faces with scars
that betray hearts
carved into the bark
of trees

Faces that carry
the legacies of
languages alien
to the blood

Faces turned
inward looking for
the illusive sanctum
of smile

The black suppressed
laughter of bones
kindling the memory
of spirits

The sphinx
is a fallen crown
A frown

Smiles stored
in jars
preserved by
who knows what

There are people
in this city that
haven't smiled in
years

How many
years
can you
fit
into a smile?

Julie Rogers

For The End Of Submission

*Oppression that cannot be overcome does
not give rise to revolt but to submission.*

--Simone Weil

for Jyoti Singh

As they eyed her she appeared
to be an object, clay yoni in a roadside stall,
breasts pressed flat in a centerfold
open faced easy target, a boy's wet dream
with no name, no heart, no home, no life.

When they took her, the child, the girl, the woman
pinned as a butterfly in a black frame,
an alley, a room, a bus, a public toilet
they say she lured them—skin, eyes, small soft hands
fingernails dug in, cries like a cat
on prowled streets where porn hits back.

After they had her she fell,
a crumpled candy wrapper, half eaten fastfood
tossed in a gutter, a package ripped of strings
like torn newsprint to wrap meat soaked in blood.
But why don't they see her in the headlines?
Screams from a gagged mouth become whispers.
If she tells they don't believe. They blame her.



Infocard by Anonymous

Lew Rosenbaum

Cattle Call at Bond Court, April 10, 2016
(For my granddaughter)

Bid 'em in, get 'em in
Bid 'em in, get 'em in

I've smelled the best preserved corpses of my generation
rotting on the bench of justice,
their putrefied flesh exuding wriggling maggots,
their grins drip blood from jagged teeth;
manicured corpulent fingers
write our names out of their skeletal history
as they administer punishment for just us.

Bid 'em in, get 'em in.
That sun's hot and bright.
Let's get down to business and get home tonight.
Bid 'em in, get 'em in.

Their thug minuet a pale reflection of hip-hop culture.
They sit atop our drowning broken bodies,
push us into the depths of despair
neck deep into the muck of their pustulent swamp.

Bid 'em in, get 'em in.
Four hundred dollars, do I hear five?
Five hundred dollars, now look alive!
Bid 'em in, get 'em in.

No longer needing us for their wealth and power
they glare down from the judgment bench
out of sneering vacant eyes of evil,
their forked tongues pronounce the ransom
necessary to keep you from serving in their cage.

I watch, aghast, the parade of youth to the block

and then away to prison
paying retribution for the political act
of being alive and poor in America;
for the criminal act
of being poor and alive in America
they have no answer for the criminal of want
except the jail
the bullet or
the concentration camp.

Five fifty and who'll say six?
Don't mind them tears, that's one of her tricks.
Bid 'em in, bid 'em in.

Twenty five thousand and she's gone.
Pull her down bailiff, get the next one on.
Bid 'em in, bid 'em in.

Even as one after another after another
march off to the awaiting cells,
still the death grip on the American rack weakens,
the flaccid finger activating the robots that draw and quarter
us
atrophies with the awakening
of a new generation in birth,
awakening to new ideas that
harness the technology that can feed us,
shatter the corporatocratic judicial scream.

(Verses in italics are from a spoken word piece, made by Oscar Brown, Jr., that recreates a slave auction. The last italicized verse is an adaptation from the original to conform to the events of April 10.)

Gabriel Rosenstock

Three Haikus

tá a bpáirt féin
ag préacháin ann . . .
an coimpléasc tionsclaíoch-mhíleata

crows too
are part of it . . .
the industrial-military complex

~~~~~

domhan folamh  
croí folamh  
canna déirce folamh

an empty world  
an empty heart  
empty begging can

空し世よ

空し心よ

空の缶

tuim warl  
tuim hert  
tuim mealie poke

~~~~~

í ag féachaint siar
ar áit nár bhaile di –
cailín gíofógach

she looks back
to a place that was not home –
Roma girl

家でない
ところへもどる
ジプシーの子

she leuks back
tae a place thit wisnae hame –
traiveler lassie

*(Written in Irish and translated
into English, Japanese and Scottish
by the Author)*

E. San Juan, Jr.

Lagalag Sa Makati

Alumpihit sa umaatikabong trapiko, wala ka pang trabaho
ilang buwan na't pasabit-sabit
lamang.

Nagbilang ng poste't bituin, inabot nang siyam-siyam.

Sumasala sa oras, narinig mo ang Like a Virgin ni Madonna.

Bulate sa tiyan o sa lupa? Batid mo ang likaw ng bituka ng
mga mariwasa, pero ang
payo nila'y mangisay ka muna.

Mailap sa himas kung nagigipit....

"New World Order" na raw kaya balewala na ang iyong
ngitngit. Kaladkarin mo ang
baro't saya habang nagpupuyos--

Pinagtakluban na ng tala at putik ang pamumuti ng iyong mga
mata.

Nakasupalpal sa pusod ang makinasyon ng burgesyang
lipunan ngunit anong
magagawa.

"Mama, palimos nga." [Sa malas, malas.]

Kapus-palad, kumain-dili, habang nagpipista ang mga bantay-
salakay ng "demokrasya."

Bagamat lalay-dila na, hindi lamang lawit ang pusod o
tumbong.

Sa talampakan mo'y nakintal ang hieroglipo ng mga ginisa sa

sariling mantika habang tinutukso ka ng katas-Saudi.

"Magkano ba, Miss?" [Kalakalin ang sarili upang di magdildil ng poot.]

Natisod sa damo, baka ang talas mo'y sa bato tumalab. Ingat lang....

Ayaw mong magkamot ng tiyan. Malalamangan ba ng pagong ang unggoy?

E. San Juan, Jr.

Wanderlust In Makati, The Philippines

Whirling in the maniacal traffic, you're still jobless and traipsing here and there.

Counting posts and stars, you arrive at "nirvana."

Unable to catch time, you're assailed by Madonna's "Like a Virgin."

Worms in the guts or in dirt? You know the twisting innards of the bourgeoisie but their advice for you is to bear the pangs, convulsing....

Eluding caresses when you're up the wall.

"New World Order" is here, they say, so to hell with your rage. Drag your cloak while fuming--

Meteors and mud shroud your whitening eyeballs.

Pushed up your wazu are the machinations of capitalist society, but what can you do?

"Sir, alms...." (Pluck it out, bad luck.)

Dispossessed, disinherited, while the ghouls of democracy feast on....

Though your tongue's hanging out, your navel and anus are still stuck....

On your footsole is inscribed the hieroglyphic of those fried in their own fat while tempted by Saudi juice.

"How much are you, Miss?" (Sell yourself so as not to lick the

salt of contempt.)

Tripped by leaves of grass, your sharpness will sensitize the rock. Beware....

You don't want to scratch your belly. Can the turtle overtake the monkey?

Skeletons of tanks and bones of the killers and their victims criss-cross the deserts of Kuwait and Iraq.

Autonomy? Or each one grabbing for one's self?

You wandered up to Ayala Avenue. With eyes shut swallowing your balls down your throat.

Prawns dreaming, carried by the waves....

You rush on the train in Dr. Zhivago (the movie) but we only reach Tutuban station.

In the dungeon of your fantasies the scent of gunpowder penetrates and seeps in.

Because forbearance cannot yield nor garner, hold tight the sharpest blade you can grab.

(Translated from Tagalog by the Author)

Natacha Santiago

¿Qué es terrorismo?

Cómo pensar
que ese niño que me mira
entre trapos y arenas de un desierto bien desierto
con ausencia de alimentos y cultura
que sólo bebe agua si la acarrear los mulos
es responsable de un crimen a este lado del globo.
Quien logrará convencerme de que ese niño
de mirada perdida sin asombro y con hambre
es terrorista
En su agonía ni los sueños vuelan
porque no sabe soñar
sólo ahora
cuando caen cosas que explotan con mucho ruido
y asustan y matan a su gente que grita corre se esconde
oyó por primera vez la palabra avión
todavía no sabe muy bien qué es
porque vuelan tan alto que apenas se les ve
Sólo escucha su tronar en el cielo o en la tierra
Y su confusión es cada vez mayor
cuando oye decir que lanzan comida
y su gente sufre llora y muere en vez de alegrarse
Además, acaso será justo eso de quedar huérfano
sin saber a ciencia cierta lo que es un avión
que lo maten de una vez
-en realidad muere un poco de hambre cada día-
porque lo culpan de que en algún lugar pasó algo
quizás tan malo como esto
Y se pregunta el inocente inocente:
¿qué es terrorismo?

Natacha Santiago

What is Terrorism?

How to think that that child looking at me
amid rags and the sands of a very deserted desert,
with an absence of food and culture,
who only drinks water if mules transport it,
is responsible for a crime on that side of the globe.
Who'll be able to convince me that this child
with the lost dreadful and hungry look
is a terrorist?
Nor do dreams fly into his agony
because he doesn't know how to dream
And only now
when things are falling and exploding with great noise
and terrifying and killing his people, who shout run and hide,
does he hear the word *airplane* for the first time
And still he doesn't know very well what's going on
because they fly so high he can barely see them
He only hears their thunder in the sky or on the ground
And his confusion is greater every time
when he hears said that they want to help them
and his people are suffering weeping and dying instead of
rejoicing
Moreover, maybe this remaining an orphan, without
knowing with scientific certainty what an airplane is,
is just---in reality he's dying of hunger every day---
because they blame him when something happens in another
place
perhaps as bad as this,
and ask the innocent innocent:
What is terrorism?

(Translated from Spanish by Jack Hirschman)

Sandro Sardella

Discanto A Pugno Stracciato Appassionato

si appoggia a un bastone
la lingua ha una grana grossa
ha occhiali da professore buono
non sporcarti
le domande come un tuffo
nelle teste di paglia
che tutti ridono

qui ci vuole un bicchiere
dove le ore si contano a bicchieri
tra scheletri di cementi
su un lago di ghiaia
il caldo sbombava

nel luglio lievitava
la lingua che sognava
per ascoltare il fuoco
di occhi gettati nel buio
a testa in giù
nell'accorciamento del tempo
sulle rotaie
lo stendere di lenzuola
tra detriti rottami scarti
la rabbia di chi spera
cammina
bolle
proprio come in Egitto

ma qui più a nord
i muri di lamiera di
cassette inventati
le facce colore di mattone
dove c'è una luna sgraffignata
e stronzi di piccioni

appesi al posto delle foglie
come prigionieri
come buchi di serratura
fra nuvole strappate dal vento

tra tombe scomposte
tra ceneri grigiastre

ma qui
nel seme del dire
la diossina della storia
scorre dentro
dove vuole
quando vuole
nel buio della coscienza
per svegliarsi dal sonno bianco
per sollevare la testa

a volte i giorni arrivano colorati
in un mare di nebbia industriale
e parli ancora
e scrivi ancora
di papaveri rossi
del fruscio nell'afa rancorosa
degli slogan slavati sui muri
del sole fresco delle cinque del mattino
di un fianco sfuggito all'indumento
di una lingua che calda si mischia alla tua
delle crepe nelle mura dei potenti
dei padroni della guerra
del fuoco che legge le vene dei vinti
del devastamento della Terra dei Fuochi
delle macerie di Seveso di Marghera di Taranto di Gela
del subire per lavorare
della brace dei sogni assopiti
del pensare in greco nella vertigine della Storia

scrivi
di poesia che accoglie e impasta rabbia e amore

cammina
parla del vivere male
urla del male di vivere

cammina
rompi i coglioni

pugno di carta straccia
vestito della festa

salta
scavalca

resiste il mio il tuo il nostro canto.

Sandro Sardella

Harmonizing With A Wasted Impassioned Fist

it leans on a walking stick
the tongue has a coarse grain
wears genial professor's glasses
don't sully yourself

questions like diving
into the straw heads
everyone's laughing

we need a glass here
where hours are measured in glasses
amid concrete skeletons
on a lake of pebbles
the heat was beating down hard
in the month of July floated
the tongue, dreaming
that it may listen to fire
of eyes thrown into the darkness
upside down
in the cutting short of time
on the railroad tracks
the stretching out of sheets
amid debris scraps waste
the rage of those who hope
walk
boil
just like in Egypt

but here further up north
the sheet metal walls of
invented little houses
the brick colored faces
where there's a mooched moon
and asshole pigeons

hanging instead of leaves
as if imprisoned
like keyholes
amid clouds torn off by the wind
amid untidy tombs
amid grayish ashes

but here
in the seed of telling
the dioxin of history
flows through
where it will
when it will
in the pitch black darkness of conscience
awaken from white sleep
to raise one's head

sometimes the days arrive colored
in a sea of industrious fog
and you still speak
and you still write
of red poppies
of the rustling in the resentful mugginess
of the faded slogans on the walls
of the fresh new sun at five in the morning
of a hip slipped out of clothing
of a warm tongue mingling with your own
of the cracks in the walls of the mighty
of the masters of war

of the fire that reads through the veins of the defeated
of the wreckage in the Land of Fires
of the rubble of Seveso of Marghera of Taranto of Gela
of submitting in order to work
of the embers of dozing dream
of thinking in Greek in the vertigo of History

write

of a poetry that welcomes and kneads together love and rage

walk
speak of living ill
scream of the illness of living

walk
be a pain in the ass

wastepaper fist
party dress

jump
overstep

my your our chant endures.

(Translated from Italian by Lapo Guzzini)

Jürgen Schneider

*Nationaal Museum van de Weerstand,
Van Lintstraat, Briïssel*

Vier Frauen, die sich schön gemacht
Mit Handgranaten, anzugreifen
Den nazistischen Feind.

Wie belanglos der Frauen Rouge,
Sich anzuschmiegen
An den narzisistischen Freund.

Jürgen Schneider

*National Museum of the Weerstand,
Van Lintstraat, Briïssel*

Four ladies are made up pretty,
With hand-grenades to attack
The Nazi foe.

How trifling to daub oneself
With women's rouge
Onto the narcissist friend.

(Translated from German by the Scott Thompson)

Nina Serrano

Burning Bright

Igniting the night sky
in flames
making a smoky morning
The landlords collecting insurance money
The tenants turning out homeless
The pace of the events accelerating
over the decades
in San Francisco's barrio
as real estate prices skyrocket
towards the witnessing moon.

“Fire! Fire! Fire raging all about!
Here come the firemen to put the fire out”
But where will you live
when upscale housing replaces
your burnt old cozy place?
Where your family sheltered from the storms
ate, rested and dreamed, partied with friends,
mopped the kitchen floor,
changed light bulbs,
in HOME SWEET HOME?

Raymond Nat Turner

Thanks, Mama Harriet!

I cried, “Help, Mama Harriet, help!” and you, beautiful young warriors, came Toyi-toying from Ferguson, Baltimore, The Town, etc. Through teargas clouds, pepper-spray storms you came tying traffic into hangman nooses, shutting malls down like open and shut cases of killer cops who walk. You came wrestling your minds out of the hands of exploiters!

I cried, “Help, Mama Harriet, help!” and you, beautiful young warriors, came incandescent, kicking, screaming out of capitalism’s womb—waters breaking, unleashing torrents of energy, sending surges of resistance, electrifying our streets, illuminating our steps like Las Vegas nights! You came galvanizing, mobilizing, organizing through wet blankets of false consciousness, suffocating confusion and despair, plastic cuffs, ‘protest pens’, ‘free speech zones’, police state checkpoints and jagged resting places of Boomers bamboozled by the state’s complex simplicity!

I cried, “Help, Mama Harriet, help!” and you, beautiful young warriors, came, waistbands concealing questions. Came, actions unraveling riddles wrapped in enigmas, shrouded in superstition: What’s the State? What’s this octopus with ten thousand tentacles, all circling the wagon? What’s this creature of constitution, courts, judges, legislators? What’s this machine of mediators, arbitrators, governors, generals, admirals, wardens, agencies, bureaus, spies, snitches and—foot soldiers, sons of slave patrols—the police, all on the same page in the same Playbook?

I cried, “Help, Mama Harriet, help!” and you, beautiful young warriors, came trusting fresh unvarnished perceptions that the State PROTECTS private plans, ‘too big to fail’, Cayman Island crowds, SERVES 99% pig fots & fists—knuckle sandwiches, boot burgers, baton blows, taser and loads of hot lead—compliments of the 1%.
You sensed it ain’t broke—every epithet, insult, punch, kick, baton blow, bullet, serves superbly! You realize you can’t fix the robber’s gun leaving skeletons wasting in doorways on cardboard mattresses, hands curled into cups from begging...
You feel you can’t tinker with terrorists’ bombs, blowing up Food Stamps, Social Security, Medicare, and your schools...
And you can’t adjust clubs suppressing free speech, smashing strikes, shielding scabs, crushing resistance, and drum-majoring for wars, slaughtering class Brothers and Sisters by the thousands in Africa, Asia and Latin America!

I cried, “Help, Mama Harriet, help!” and you, beautiful young warriors, you ‘fit the profile’
Toyi-toying from Ferguson, Baltimore, *The!* Town, etc., vying for mastery of mass struggle’s myriad forms: sit-ins, boycotts, marches, mass meetings, mass rallies, teach-ins, freedom schools, freedom songs, sabotage, armed self-defense: doing the difficult---
Today—the impossible might take a little while...

Gilles B. Vachon

Longue Mémoire des Printemps

Paris des mois de mai et mai de mon lycée
Vous vous levez aux yeux de l'âme
Là où brillent les fleurs des marronniers et les filles
du square d'Anvers Oui c'est ainsi
le printemps au galop surgissait
derrière les vacances de Pâques
Et le lycée Rollin rajeunissait alors
Dans le mai de mon âge

Le Paris des Nazis a fait fleurir mille profs
Résistants j'en ai rencontré sept ou huit
Et un seul a pris possession de Paris
Jacques Decours mort fusillé
Il avait l'âge de se battre
(À son ombre ignorée j'accumulais les gnons je cassais
Mes lunettes sur l'avenue Trudaine)

Jacques Decour grand marronnier tué
Branches prises dans les combats obscurs de l'esprit
Arbre clair jeunes feuilles et devenu terreau
Et seul mon vieux lycée t'a fait révérence
Ami de mai le mois des premiers feux

Pour ce journal que tu créas
Pour les éclairs que tu vécus
Pour l'effort mûri de ressusciter
notre élan détruit
Pour l'exemple que tu laissas et les lettres
Et pour la mort où tu chantas
Jacques Decourdemanche et Jacques d'avenir
Jacques non-fataliste comme Jacques Bonhomme
Jacques des jacqueries fauché noyé
depuis plus de mille ans

Le printemps
Et Paris
Te saluent
Tous les printemps
Tous les Paris
La forteresse de ton lycée
Te saluent.

Gilles B. Vachon

The Long Memory of Springtime

Paris in the month of May the May of my lycée
your eyes of the soul awaken
there where flowers shine in the chestnut trees
and on the girls in square d'Anvers
Yes this is how spring takes off
suddenly there she is
after Easter vacation
and the lycée Rollin became young again
back then in the May of my age

Paris under the Nazis flowered a thousand professors
in the Resistance
I met seven or eight
and only one took hold of Paris
Jacques Decour shot dead
in the age of battle
(Unknown to his shadow I amassed knuckle sandwiches
and broke my glasses on avenue Trudaine)

Jacques Decour great chestnut tree killed
branches taken in the dark fight of the spirit
shining tree of young leaves became compost
and only my old lycée bowed down to you
friend of May in the month of first fires

for this journal you created
for the genius you lived
for the passion to resurrect our destroyed spirit
for the example and the letters that you left us
and for your death where you sang
Jacques Decour in this round and Jacques for the future
non-fatalist Jacques like Jacques Bonhomme
Jacques of the jacqueries
mowed down drowned out

for over a thousand years

Springtime
and Paris
salute you
every Spring
and all of Paris
the fortress of your lycée
salute you.

(Translated from French by Rosemary Manno)

**Jacques Decour was a communist writer in Paris WW2 who headed the National Committee of Writers, and led the resistance by organizing important underground magazines. He was murdered by the Nazis in 1942.*

Poncho Villa

Rullo di Tamburi

Prima che tutto finisca
esploderà l'ultima stella rimasta
prima che tutto esploda avrò
ancora gli occhi per guardare
i pugni da alzare
la testa per pensare.
Lacrime da cocodrillo
allagano maschere da clown
per chi come spugna assorbe il mondo
con un colpo lo muta, bagna e brucia.
Chi non può più nemmeno piangere
non ha smesso di ridere
e tra una risata e l'altra
arriviamo impalando padroni.
Manda sbirri, malastampa e malaffare
porta morte, malattia e solitudine
manda via nelle fogne, negli scantinati
le voci le braccia le teste
d'ogni singolo granello di sabbia
che raschi via dal tuo cuore d'acciaio.

Li senti i tamburi?
Li senti i passi?
Le senti le grida?

Stiamo arrivando.

Poncho Villa

Drumroll

Before everything ends
the last remaining star will explode
Before everything explodes I will have
eyes still to look
fists to raise
a head to think.
Crocodile's tears
flood clown masks
for those who suck in the world like sponges
mute, soak and burn it.
Those who can no longer even cry
haven't stop laughing
and inbetween laughs
here we come impaling rulers.
Send cops, journalistic and financial malfeasance
bring death, disease and solitude
send away to the sewers, to the basements
the voices arms heads
of every single grain of sand
that you scrape off your heart of steel.

Do you hear the drums?
Do you hear the footsteps
Do you hear the shouting?

Here we come.

(Translated from Italian by Lapo Guzzini)

Antonieta Villamil

Barbwired Fruit Days

The sun is a Moroccan woman who drives her veils across freeways. Her light spells have to go where there's no rush.

The full moon, a trusting Indian woman, walks her incensed accent through the streets. Praise has to go inward or she might not taste the sweetness of grief that takes one back to a home long ago.

A day like this, the sun in the shoes of a Polish woman, walks her longing, a black droney cat. Fills with dulcimer music that drifts from the leaves of succulents.

A coffee bean, the new moon, comes with the profile of a Colombian daughter of misfortune, going down one sip, endures the land of lethal fields, where soil of mined feet cups her insomnia.

Midday is a nap in the gown of a Nicaraguan girl; armed with no laughter, pins to her trash can the paper face of a dictator; keeps war and distance in the spice cabinet.

Today is shopping day, a Russian woman drags a cart with the kind of frenzy, who goes to the market to exchange all the groceries for a stack of paper, when lonesome days shape into lost love letters.

But listen, this is not about how days follow women, eyes disguised on loaned mascara. This is about exile moons twisted into faces. Droned police raping our dreams. Toilet dictators murdering our children.

This is about a roaming tribe on the brink of new millennia and how the tongue of a woman on a spring of voices, warns of upcoming red air. How a crescent moon,

The mouth of a woman, spells a haiku:

Stuck to our palates
migration days choke us like
taste of barbwired fruit.

David Volpendesta

Psalm To The Impoverished

They can't turn the salt
on their brows
into sugar
Pain in their eyes
and poverty
are the lash of scorn
given to the lives of workers
who live on their backs
as the whips of the rich
whirl through the air,
as they're snapped
with a flick of the wrist
to jar the atoms of consciousness
hammered by iridescent pain
that reduces screaming men
into pools of flesh.

Capitalism's a sadist
sharpening its fangs
only to bite into flesh
so that blood coagulates
in the muscles and sinews
and pours
from the hole
in the mouth
until it slows to a drop.
In this age
when capitalists
revel in their wealth
everyone else
gets an ear of moldy corn
that was rejected
by well-fed farm animals.
Human beings want to know

Where will it end?
Mothers clutch infants
with lips too dry to wrap around a breast
and eyes swimming in bitter tears.
Men of god repeat the gospel
It's not a sin to bow before the rich
while corpulent leeches live off the wealth
that others create.

Drugs keep people anesthetized,
religion keeps them babbling
There's a new astrology,
one where human beings
are liberated from exploitation
so the planets can revolve
around the stars
around men and women who dance
the dance of revolving
chimes in the rapture of the wind.
Freed from the scourge of violence
Empires will crumple
when their walls evaporate
from the transparency of their lies:
A dusty book
with a broken spine,
the letters are a retired alphabet
of profit and greed
in a chapter of humanity
that soon will be ending.
Banks won't be able to afford
the interest they'll be charged
while their worthless currency
keeps burning a hole in their soul
and clinks on the cement
like a copper coin.
Wealth gave them the appearance
of immortality
but the mortality

of living
showed that they were ephemeral
like buzzards
swept from their nest
by a hurricane.

Cathleen Williams

City of the Future

ancient basin tar pit
desert plain dry wash flood
willow cottonwood alder
brown rain river
sheen of oil
the great body sprawled out
freeways throbbing through
skid row young old stubborn
where poverty pokes a broken bone
through skin

here the sun will peel you down
down to your sizzling shirtless nub
belongings scattered
clothes of wingless angels
denuded in heaven and dropped collapsed
to hot asphalt to grease glazed street
we are standing at Sixth and Julian
by the desperate discount store
piled sidewalk plastics straggly trees
further down
apparel factories cheap labor
the last low fortress of work

standing here to organize here to work
in the hollow of the city's hand
we're talking thinking
about what revolution is
here decay and resurgence
here LA city of the future
eternal migrant seeking shade
a door to leave ajar a window of sky
a way to resist
transience displacement loss

what else to do but prepare
cross the bridge that isn't there

the world wheel
is revolving
the evening breeze is rising
from the Pacific
we can feel it
on our faces
cleansing the city
and its beloved life.



Photographer: Unknown, *Foundry Worker*

Xiao Xiao

灵魂的姊妹

——献给茨维塔耶娃

困得要命，却没有半点睡意
躺在木板床上，挤进门缝的寒气
露出指甲掐我的眼皮
那些填平深渊的尸骨
正被死亡和灰烬表达

一双眼睛退出镜片，你

——茨维塔耶娃

在落叶中度命的俄罗斯女人
仰着头，前额很高
不得不撤退到叶拉布加
远离克里姆林宫心脏，与一个时代决裂

我在北京呼吸哀伤

度过铁锈和

子弹拒绝泪下

监狱敞开大门

奔向罪名的兄弟、姐妹、爱情

像一支巨大的队伍

被铮亮的手铐锁在正午的铁窗上

我饿，却咽不下食物
胃剧烈地嚎叫，反抗
如此敲打的内部疼痛
谁也无法用金属锁起来

正如你，遥远的俄罗斯姐姐
苦难而高贵！你无家可归
一线生计悬在青山外，昏暗的灯光
可以目空你单薄的身躯
你头顶的灿烂，依旧

茨维塔耶娃，我灵魂的姐妹
坚持你的苦难就是坚持你的高贵
请用一朵西伯利亚的雪花
和一个血缘的词
抵押我的前世

我要挽着你的手穿过帝国的黑暗
再一次控诉天空，控诉死亡
我写诗，替你活下去

Xiao Xiao

Soul-Sister

For Tsvetayeva

I'm so tired but not the least bit sleepy
I lie on a plank bed; the cold air coming through the crack
in the door sticks out its nails and pokes at my eyelids
Those skeletons that fill the abyss
are given voice by death and ashes

A pair of eyes retreats from the lens. You,
Tsvetayeva, who endured a life among fallen leaves,
looking upward with your high forehead.
You had to retreat to Yelabuga
so far from the Kremlin's heart, broken off from an era

I'm in Beijing, breathing grief,
surviving days of rust and blood
Bullets refuse to let tears fall
The prison opens its gates
and I rush toward accused brothers, sisters, and love
who are like a giant army
cuffed to noon's barred windows with gleaming handcuffs

I'm hungry but I can't swallow any food
My stomach howls fiercely
rebellious against the pain inside
No one can use metal to lock them up

Just like you, my faraway Russian sister,
suffering yet noble! Homeless,
you made a life beyond green mountains, dim light
could overlook your frail body
Your bright aura, still there

Tsvetayeva, my soul-sister,
persevering in your suffering, persevering in your nobility

Please use a Siberian snowflake
and a term of kinship
to mortgage my previous life

I want to hold your hand and walk through the empire's
darkness,
to accuse the sky and accuse the dead once more
I write poems to live for you.

(Translated from Mandarin Chinese by Jami Proctor Xu)

Jami Proctor Xu

Hoi An

Your name means: "the gathering of peace"
In the waterways nearby the Vietcong hid from American
soldiers
On the boat as we pass the coconut palms where they hid, I
wonder
if my uncle came to these waters to fight before he returned
home
and spent years drinking himself into oblivion, wanting to
forget
gunfire in water, regret bleeds, guilt of what our government
did
and does in these waters in distant deserts on islands on its
own soil
Our young tour guide says:
It's important that tourists come now,
that they enjoy themselves
so it's possible for all of us to move past the war, to try
to heal
My Vietnamese sister has sent me here, to this city she loves
for the old buildings, the ocean, the river, the old wooden
Japanese bridge
I walk across it with my son, American and Chinese blood
flowing
in his veins Yes/No with human blood borderless in his
veins
At the riverside he lights a candle in a pink lotus
sets a wish afloat on the water, beside the wishes of others
who've come here: Vietnamese, Chinese, American, French,
Japanese
In the photograph I took of him holding the lit flame
his face glows reddish-orange his expression peaceful
In wartime bomb lights, children's faces glow
Reddish-orange
In the fields fell Agent Orange dropped by soldiers sent by

my government
In the dense green cancer-grown mornings of infants
exploded
we ride a bus from Hoi An to My Son
in English the name written means my son
As my son and I walk past the bomb craters near the temples
here,
I pray for all those who died, who survived
My Son, each child
who died here is all of ours, each child who lives
is all of ours,
blood flowing borderless
I've come to this city where peace gathers
to be in the present
to remember the past
In Hoi An
as my son and I swim
in sunlit, powerful ocean waves
a drowned butterfly floats through the water
into my cupped hands.

Eric Yankee

Private Property

Feed the man,
 watch his house grow.

Whose God has the plans?
 Who has the bricks, Solomon?

Our hands are cut.
 Our husband
in the Stars and Stripes hat
 is in bed with the machete.

We've become the missing drones.

 We're all found dead.

I'd like to look at you,
 but I can't hear you anymore.

The slaves arn't well fed
 and they still scrape meat
from skinny bones
 left behind by the exterminator.

The principles are distorted.
 The real evangelist left last night
 and he's not coming back
 to our desert.

Withdrawing is now necessary.
 Time to fill in our own blank checks.

Feed the man,
 watch his house grow.

This world was ours last night, Solomon.

When did we let the ants take over
the temple?

Private property only exists
to keep you from climbing
their endless elevator shaft.

They want you to recoil.

They want you to beg.

We can all laugh up at the moon,
but it's better
to find our way there.

Donald Ray Young

Fall Guy

What would it take
to heal and not kill?
Maybe I could
formulate a pill

I'd make it
real,
Imperialism
would have no zeal

Cease attacks in the Middle East
Put an end to this
horrid beast
Fallen soldiers, rest in peace

There'll be no more combat
Dress the wounds
Inflictions pierce
mind and body

McDonaldization
controls the nation
Super-sized
inequality feeds me

The great debate
All-time greatest predator
Speak your mind
First Amendment right

Who rolls the dice
for the undercaste,
the lowest
of the lower class?

Snake eyes!
What a surprise!
Would you like an order
of the bean pies?

I can only imagine
your staunch reply
as we look above
to our resentful sky

Don't worry...
I'll be the Fall Guy.

Tim Young

Putting Mice Before Me

On every channel I've seen them grieve
They're seethingly at odds with U.C. Berkeley
Apparently someone sought to uproot the trees
They're pissed/they're peeved/
They squawk about preserving the trees
They squat/they refuse to leave/
They literally live in the trees
Life or limb they vow to protect the trees
They seek understanding/empathy/
Meanwhile the State of California
celebrates my wrongful conviction and intends to kill me!
On Death Row I languish in disbelief
wishing I were just as cherished and esteemed
as one of those damn "Oak Trees"!

On every channel I've seen them grieve
A blind man could see their hypocrisy,
for had "Cecil the Lion" been "Cecil the Negro"
his demise would not have been lionized!
In fact he'd be just one more nappy headed
"super predator" that was "brought to heel..."

I've seen them grieve...
Amerikans wept over the death
of Harambe, the silver-backed gorilla,
but never did they weep for the likes of
Trayvon Martin, Laquan McDonald, Alton Sterling,
Oscar Grant, Eric Garner, Freddie Gray, Akai Gurley,
Sean Bell, Amadou Diallo, Michael Brown, Kenneth Harding,
Philando Castile, Alex Nieto, Mario Woods
or Tamir Rice!

Through all my days I've seen them
endeavoring to be green and save nonhuman things:

the Whales
the Beaches
the Dolphins
the Wetlands and the Marshes
the Owls
the Ozone
Even lab Rats and Rodents
the Condors
the Eagles
and, yes, the precious trees.

It's an unconscionable sin
putting mice before men,
but I've seen many
treating pets better than human beings,
and though they're quick to pamper "Fido"
they historically ignore the plight of the "Negro"!

Yuri Zambrano

Refugiados De Todos Los Paises ¡Unios!

Metámonos dentro de los ojos
de los niños de esa carpa rota,
aquella en las que las gotas de lluvia
se colaron en la madrugada
confundiéndose con lágrimas que ellos nunca sintieron.

Los abuelos de esos niños y sus tíos
se mataron entre ellos.
Una guerra civil los puso aquí a jugar
entre primos de diversas lenguas,
espirales sin fondo buscando asilo
en un campo incendiado con cenizas y escombros
de su propia historia.

Son miles de hormigas humanas recorriendo casi
100 km por día.
Marcados por pasos de elefante, mamuts de otros tiempos
caminan conmigo.
Kirguistán arde, Al-Zaatari se replica como virus sin frenos...
Dohuk, Shatila, Kilis Öncüpınar, Erbil,
Samos, Chalkero, Tracia y cientos más: hacen lo mismo.
Guerra cruenta en Yugoslavia... yugo es labia y Tirana.
Croatas y Serbios juegan Prístino fútbol Bosnio y sin hogar.
El pan allí es tan duro que nadie lo pelea, solo lo esconden,
A veces lo comparten con sus hijos, se lo comen cuando
nadie los ve.

Gaza es solo niebla convertida en estadísticas,
en genocidio,
son simples sonámbulos sin destino alguno
sólo la tercera parte de mis ancestros —dice Fátima—
ya no es refugiada porque ha muerto.
Los desplazados del Catatumbo y Caquetá
huelen a café, pero también a plomo incrustado,

sangre seca dinamitada y hemorragias de dolor
en las huellas de sus pies.

El nuevo orden mundial devora niños somalíes y afganos
con mandíbulas de dinosaurio troglodita y cara de mujer sin
útero.

Todo medio oriente tiene 10 millones de almas sin donde
dormir.

Tadjikistan es una epidemia de Polio sembrada por manos
oscuras.

La Plaza “Azadi” en Teherán, grita por sus fantasmas kurdos,
por aquellos que corrieron alguna vez huyendo de su gas
sarín....

Salónica recuerda inviernos y nieve de segunda guerra
familias congeladas.

A la salida del metro y en las bancas de la Plaza Victoria
varios pares de tenis y una silla de ruedas, no tienen dueño.
En el surrealista malecón al lado del mar de Volos, tres niños
con zapatos rotos juegan retando al océano,
en su memoria solo hay bombardeos que los ha dejado
sordos.

Los barcos encallados miran los argonautas
bajo la nube gris de la tarde mustia,
semejan un trío de peces navegando en tus ojos
flotando en lágrimas de incertidumbre
que emergen tras los rieles de un tren volador.

En Bruselas, París y Ginebra dos señoras musulmanas
de Kosovo se pierden en los medios de transporte
piden de comer, solo por suerte.

Son felices, se les nota.

Al menos la gente en las calles los rechaza (REPUDIA).

No hay porvenir, sólo desesperanza.

No hay miseria, sólo desasosiego.

Vienen cargando sobre sus hombros
maletas repletas del desaliento de la humanidad

cruzando montañas en filas eternas de familias,
hambre sin sentido, ordeñando los Yaks en tierras de nevados
huyendo de la bala perdida
la xenofobia, el muro separa-conciencias
La tragedia humanitaria de la deshumanización hecha barbarie

Por eso digo,
nuestra convalecencia mental
es la herencia que nos lega la historia de la humanidad.
Gritemos en silencio
pero también escribamos
exhortemos, incitemos,
incendemos nuestras propias ruinas
porque hay aun gente que les dispara
disfrazados de gobiernos solidarios jugando a matar,
que los quiere aniquilar, sin dejar huella.

¡Ábranse las fronteras!
Digamos con toda la fuerza de esa historia,
por todos los niños que nacerán sin patria
hijos de nuestros hijos, peces lágrima abajo
con todos los humanos que queden
dentro de nuestros corazones:

! Refugiados De Todos Los Países, Uníos !

Yuri Zambrano

Refugees Of All Countries, Unite!

Let's get into the eyes of these children
dreaming in that broken tent
where raindrops without any hope
were sneaked this dawn,
mingling with tears that they never felt.

The grandparents of these children and their uncles
killed each other a couple of hours ago.
A civil war put them here to play
among cousins with different languages,
bottomless spirals seeking asylum
in a field on fire
with ashes and rubble of their own history.

They're thousands of human ants hiking almost
100 km per day.
Stained by elephant-steps, mammoths of other eras
walk with me.
Kyrgyzstan burns. Al-Zaatari is a replicating virus
without brakes.
Dohuk, Shatilla, Kilis Öncüpinar, Erbil,
Samos, Chalkero, Thrace and hundreds more do the same.
Bloody war's flowing in Yugoslavia and Tirana: "If you go,
it's love, yeah..."
Serbians and Croatians play a pristine Bosnian soccer game
with the homeless.
Bread is so hard and old, that nobody fights; they just
hide it,
sometimes sharing it with their children, eating when nobody
sees them.
Gaza's only fog transformed into statistics, into genocide;
they're simple sleepwalkers without any lane,
only a third part of my ancestors —says Fatima—;
it's no longer refugee, because now is dead.

Displaced people from Catatumbo and Caquetá
(in Colombia) smell coffee, also smelling like
incrusted lead,
dried blood dynamited and hemorrhages of pain
in their footprints.
The New World Order devours Somali and Afghan children
with jaws of a troglodyte dinosaur and the face
of a woman without a uterus.
Central Africa with southerly winds cries out dusty roads,
hunger and desolation.
The whole Middle East has 10 million souls without sleep.
Tajikistan is an epidemic of polio planted by dark hands.
Azadi Square in Tehran is shouting through its Kurdish
ghosts, those who once ran, escaping from their sarin gas. .

Thessaloniki remembers winters and snows and the Second
World War's frozen families.

On leaving the metro, on benches of Victoria Square,
several pairs of shoes and a wheelchair have no owner.
In the surreal promenade, beside the sea of Volos,
three children play with broken shoes confronting
the ocean;
in their memories are bombardments that have
left them deaf.

The run-aground boats watch the Argonauts
under grey clouds of a withered noon;
they resemble a trio of fishes sailing inside your eyes
floating in tears of uncertainty,
emerging behind the rails of a flying train.

In Brussels, Paris and Geneva
two muslim Kosovar ladies are lost.
They ask to eat, or for a chance to...
They're happy, it's noted.
At any rate, people on the streets are rejecting them.

So, they're alive.
No future, no hope, only despair.

No misery, only edginess.

They're carrying on their shoulders
suitcases full of dejection bestowed by the humankind;
traversing mountains amid eternal lines of families,
with senseless hunger, milking yaks of snowy highlands,
fleeing stray bullets,
xenophobia, the wall separating consciousness,
the humanitarian tragedy of dehumanization made barbarism.

So I say, our mental convalescence
is the legacy that the history of humanity is bequeathing us.
This is our silent shout,
and then we can write,
can exhort, can encourage,
can burn our own ruins
because there are still people who today are shooting,
disguised as solidaritous governments but playing to kill,
wanting to annihilate them, leaving no trace.

Open up the borders!
Let's say with all the strength of that story,
for all the children who'll be born without a country,
our children's children, fish-tears-down
with all humans who are still
in our hearts,---

Refugees From All Countries, Unite!

(Translated from Spanish by the Author)

Lorene Zarou-Zouzounis

The Color of Blood

Pure is the color of this boy,
his sister, her mother,
this father, his grandchild,
this grandmother, her daughter,
this grandfather, his brother---
target practice---all fade into white extinction

Jaundice yellow in each almond eye,
backdrop for jagged squiggly veins,
yellow smudge in the center of white narcissus
going to sleep up the hill,
enlivening this people's earthy life before and after.

Juvenile girl and boy soldiers take in brainwash briefings
for campaign easily accomplished without repercussion.
Slick-named to commemorate before annihilate,
an illegal zealot settler from New York claims
another's land,
rifle belted on one side----who only knows one side,
when suddenly a deep blue-faced boy appears, then
disappears.

Pure is the color of this boy,
his sister, her mother,
this father, his grandchild,
this grandmother, her daughter
this grandfather, brother---
targeted innocents all, turned white out of the blue

deluge of red shots ---west, east, south and north---,
followed by blackout on a bed of green ground, as all colors
of the suppressed Palestinian flag are exhibited
in a representation of another expiry.

This brother, this sister, this mother, this father,
this grandmother, this grandfather,
possess abundance of hues at birth and onward to extinction,
turning ever more vivid while boy and girl decorated killers
grin narcissistically.

Then comes thumping contact with creator Mother Earth
at final restful, sighted and breathing second...
along with this sister, this mother,
this father, this grandchild,
this grandmother, daughter in their collective
losing sensation, losing departure
from a simple game of marbles to a yonder world, singing...

“Oh where, oh where has my pure, short life gone?
Oh where, oh where has my innocent sister gone?
Oh where, oh where has my lost brother gone?
Oh where, oh where has my grieving mother gone?
Oh where, oh where has my imprisoned father gone?
Oh where, oh where has my wise grandmother gone?
Oh where, oh where has my clever grandfather gone?
Oh where oh where can we be?
Oh why, oh why can't we all be free?
Oh where, oh when was I sold for target practice?
With guns loaded and protected by The State,
funded by other States, then lied about and passed as truth?
Oh where, oh when was I abducted from my hot kitchen
and story time with Sitti, or napping under apricot groves
near a yonder white dwelling with hues of red--always thick,
always bright, finding myself in a realm of ultimate fateful
light?”

In this people's once prized and Fertile Crescent, land of
vivid jutting colors—soothing oranges, cheerful loquats and
lemons,
comfortable greens and the mysterious purple of a
grandmother's
figs---irrefutable, abundant, tangible, edible---belonging to

them,
before being walled in, exiled though never forgotten,

because this people's life evokes love, generosity, beauty,
harvest, appreciation, pride, ingenuity, animation of the colors
of a once peaceful, plentiful and sovereign existence---
filling endless acres with olives, oranges, apricots and fig
trees,
filling hearts with wisdom, story and folktales,
filling bellies with contentment and history;
until one day--- leading to every day---,when the color of
blood
turned white, over and over, for years and years and years,

mind and body numbed grey while imprisoned, tortured
and denied a trial for political activism, and non-violent
demonstrations against land and water theft.
And expulsion, denial of residency, equal rights, dignity,
building permits, travel permits, commerce, roads, sea, air
space
is life under subjugation and occupation by newcomers, with
land confiscation, child kidnappings, murder, home
demolitions
leaving one vanishing soul after another in the dark night
of arrest and confinement, while the history of a people
ebbs into sub-humanity, as seen by indoctrinated captors.

No harvesting of olives, or a family walk to Jericho or
Jerusalem!

No mornings of strong, sweet coffee with neighbors
gossiping!

These people no longer see the brilliant orange, magenta
and gold of sunset and baby-blue sunrise that colored their
world.

These people no longer see and pluck delicate
green and black olives sustaining for generations--
after being uprooted by Caterpillar bulldozers made in
Philadelphia,

clearing the way to erect illegal settlements dotted with pools
and rows of dwellings.

The sky these people want to share falls upon each head.
The illegals don't see scatterings of summer's red poppies,
a gift, a blessing, and the national flower grown underground
so to not attract attacks. They don't see and feel the once
beautiful, flawless Palestinian skin faded to shades of a
poignant,
pale grey. Nor do they see or gaze at the visiting peace dove
that dangles a moist olive leaf in its beak each new sunrise.

* *“Sitti” or “Tateb” –grandmother in Arabic.*

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES

MELBA ABELA is a Filipino-American artist and poet. She also translates from Tagalog and lives in San Francisco. BENJAMIN ALCALÁ is the pen name of a member of the Albuquerque, New Mexico Revolutionary Poets Brigade. He writes in both Spanish and American. LISA ALVARADO is also with the Albuquerque RPB and is a novelist and literary critic as well. MARYAM ALA AMJADI was born in Tehran in 1984, raised in India, writes in English and currently lives in England. ADRIAN ARIÁS is an international prize-winning Peruvian Bay Area poet who has been enlivening the local poetry scene for the last 14 years. His is one of the most inventive theatrically poetic voices, a continuous shamanic entrancer. ABIGEAL AYENI is an African poet who lives in Italy, works with the RPB poets in Pesaro. IDLIR AZIZAJ is the Albanian author of *Verbstones*, published bilingually by CC. Marimbo; he is also the award-winning translator of James Joyce's *Ulysses* into Albanian and lives in France. MAHNAZ BADIHIAN is a poet and translator of Persian poetry, as well as a painter. She is a member of the San Francisco RPB and is noted for her superb readings in Farsi of the poems of Jelaluddin Rumi. LYNNE BARNES, an important San Francisco progressive poet, is preparing a large collection of her work for publication. JENNIFER BARONE has been active at street venues in San Francisco for a number of years and has published three books of poetry. PAOLO BATTISTA is with the RPB in Avellino, Italy and sings and plays piano with the Zotica music group there. ALESSANDRA BAVA is co-founder of Rome's Revolutionary Poets Brigades and editor of Rome's RPB Anthology Vol. 1 (2012) and *Articolo 1* (2014). She's editor of *Nuova Antologia di Poeti Americani* (New Anthology of American Poets), and is writing a biography of Jack Hirschman. JUDITH AYN BERNHARD is a founding member and past chair of the Marin Poetry Center and a current member of the Revolutionary Poets Brigade. She lives in San Francisco with her husband, Byron Spooner, and teaches writing. Her book of poems, *Prisoners of Culture*, is

available from CC. Marimbo. KRISTINA BROWN is a member of San Francisco's RPB, and an activist lawyer in the struggle to keep the soul of that city in the communities that poetry---and not any techno-fracking---best serves. FERRUCCIO BRUGNARO is one of Italy's major worker-poets, whose poems have been translated into American, French Spanish and German. Like Brugnaro, LEONCIO BUENO is one of Peru's most formidable worker-poets. At 96, he's received the highest award of the Casa de la Literatura Peruviana in 2016. BARBARA PASCHKE, who has also translated the poem of Nancy Morejón in this anthology, is also a founding member of the Roque Dalton Cultural Brigade, as well as of the SF/RPB. TOM BURON was born in 1992 in Evry, Belgium, and has responded brilliantly to the police brutality theme of these days and this anthology. LIDIJA CANOVIC, originally from Montenegro, became a featured poet of the Poets 11 series of the Districts of San Francisco and recently become a member of the SF/RPB. YOLANDA CATZALCO is Mexican-American and was born in 1950. She has twin daughters and an extended family and is a member of the SF/RPB. NEELI CHERKOVSKI is an internationally recognized poet and biographer. His latest collection of poems is *THE CROW AND I* (R.L.Crow). He recently returned from reading tours in Mexico and Italy. DOMINIQUE CHRISTINA, an African-American, is one of the foremost poets in the United States. A Denver mother of four, an educator and the winner of the 2012 and 2014 Women's Slam Poetry, her recently published *They Are All Me* (Sleeping With Elephants Press) is worthy of the highest praise. MARCO CINQUE is a distinguished Italian poet, musician, photographer and member of the Rome Revolutionary Poets Brigade. His recent *At The Top Of My Voice*, translated by Alessandra Bava and bilingually published by CC. Marimbo, is the work of a major activist poet of Italy. FRANCIS COMBES: his *Cause Comun* (Common Cause), translated by Alan Dent, is one of the most important books of engaged poetry since the Millennium. He is a member of the Revolutionary Poets Brigade of Paris and is a relentless

internationalist. THOMAS RAIN CROWE was an editor of North Beach's Beatitude Magazine in the '70s; then he returned to North Carolina, founded the New Native Press, which publishes with an international slant. JOHN CURL is co-editor of this anthology and author of *Yoga Sutras of Fidel Castro*, *Revolutionary Alchemy* (collected poems), and translations of ancient Aztec, Mayan and Incan poetry. He is chair of PEN Oakland, and a member of the SF/RPB. DIEGO DE LEO, an Italian-American immigrant of more than 35 years in the U.S., began writing poetry at the age of 76. His book of poems, *Encore*, is a bit of a miracle and, though a recent victim of the Ellis Act, his work has appeared in the *People's Tribune*, and he's come into the SF/RPB. The Palermo, Sicily RPB is sustained by, among others, SILVANA aka DINKA, a powerfully engaged poet and activist. CARLOS RAÚL DUFFLAR represents the New York City RPB, a welcome addition to these many international brigades of poets. AJA COUCHOIS DUNCAN, the highly sophisticated Ojibwe-French-Scottish poet has just seen her *Restless Continent* published by Litmus Press. AGNETA FALK is the Swedish-born poet/painter member of the San Francisco RPB. She's returned from a month-long series of readings throughout Italy, where her poems are published by Multimedia Edizioni. JACK FOLEY is a voice for poetry very well known over KPFA-fm radio in Berkeley, but he and his late wife Adele published many books together as well. KATERINA GOGOU was one of the finest Greek poets of this generation, a tragedy of a rock&roll death some years ago. Now, Greek-American poet ANGELOS SAKKIS, who's also translated the poem of Jazra Khaleed in this anthology, has translated the collected poems of Katerina for publication. RAFAEL JESÚS GONZÁLEZ, bilingual poet in Spanish and English, published in the U.S. and Latin America, was thrice nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and honored with a Lifetime Achievement Award by the City of Berkeley in 2015. His book *La musa lunática/The Lunatic Muse*, 2009 is in a second printing. (rjgonzalez.blogspot.com). ADAM GOTTLIEB, poet/emcee, teaching-artist, musician, community organizer,

and revolutionary from Chicago, co-founded the Chicago chapter of the Revolutionary Poets Brigade. He's a regular contributor to the People's Tribune. MARTIN HICKEL lives in Marin and works as a database consultant in San Francisco. He has published numerous chapbooks and often recites his work in readings around the Bay Area. GARY HICKS has dedicated his poetry and activist actions in the last 35 years to the communist transformation of the United States and especially the liberation of his own African-American people, along with all others of the working class. His latest book is *Itching for Combat*, poems published by Vagabond Books of Venice Beach, California. JACK HIRSCHMAN, who's co-edited this anthology, is the emeritus 4th Poet Laureate of San Francisco (2006-2009), one of the founders of the SF/RPB in 2009; of the World Poetry Movement in Medellin, Colombia in 2011, and a member of the League of Revolutionaries for a New America (LRNA). His 2nd *The Arcanes* (2006-2016) will appear in December, 2016. GABRIEL IMPAGLIONE, born in Argentina in 1958 and living in Sardinia, is a poet, storyteller and journalist. He directs the international poetry magazine, *Isla Negra*, co-organizes the poetry festival *Palabra en El Mundo*, and is on the co-ordinating committee of the World Poetry Movement. JAZRA KHALEED is a remarkable political poet who lives in Athens and writes in Greek, though Chechnyan by heritage. He is featured in the recent *Austerity Measures* anthology of contemporary Greek poetry published in New York. VINCENZO LERARIO is with the RPB begun in Pesaro, Italy, the first Brigade formed in a prison anywhere. MARK LIPMAN, recipient of the 2015 Joe Hill Labor Poetry Award, founder of Vagabond Books---writer, poet, multimedia artist and activist,---is author of six books of poetry and is an active member of the Los Angeles RPB. ANGELINA LLONGUERAS, born in Barcelona and today a member of the Chicago RPB, is author of *To My Friend Nathan Thornton: in Memoriam*. Her poems have appeared in *Amor Eterno*, *Occupy SF: Voices from the Movement*, *Heartfire*, *Poems for the Hazara*. She's an online activist extraordinaire. FIO LOBA is thepen name of an important Peruvian poet

whose work Judith Ayn Bernhard has brilliantly translated. JIDI MAJIA is the vice-director of the Chinese Writers Association in Beijing, and a major poet of both China and the Yi minority within that country. Omerta Publications in San Francisco has just published his magnificent *For Vladimir Mayakovsky*, translated by American poet-in-China, Denis Mair. The Jidi Majia poem in this anthology has been translated by Jami Proctor Xu, an American poet who's translated Jidi's selected poems. ROSEMARY MANNO is with the SF/RPB and is a translator as well as poet. Her selected poems, entitled *Marseille*, are being readied for publication. She's translated Gilles B. Vachon's poem for this anthology as well. ÁNGEL MARTÍNEZ has taken the lead in organizing the poets of the NYC/RPB. PIPPO MARZULLI is a poet born in Bari, Italy in 1978. He's a journalist and literary editor as well, has performed his poetry in theatrical spectacles and, in 2014, founded RPB of Bari. A major poet-organizer, he's helped form Brigades in Salento, Taranto, North Puglia, Avellino, Barletta and Palermo. KAREN MELANDER MAGOON, a member of RPB, has sung major roles in opera theaters throughout Europe. She's currently singing in *Lady Sings the Blues*, and works in Engagement at Agesong, doing group therapy. Her poems have been featured in the *Homeward* newspaper, and she's with the SF/RPB. San Francisco poet SARAH MENEFE is a homeless and poor people's rights activist. She's a founding member of the League of Revolutionaries for a New America [LRNA], the Revolutionary Poets Brigade, OccupySF and 'First They Came for the Homeless'. Her most recent collections are *Human Star*, *In Your Fish Helmet*, and *Stella Humana* [Italian & English]. Along with Dinka (above) MICHELE TERESI (MOMO) is an activist poet with RPB of Palermo, Sicily. NANCY MOREJÓN, the great Cuban poet, was recently in California where her latest book, *Homing Instincts*, was published in Chico, CA by Cubanabooks, translated by Pamela Carmell. Nancy has given many readings throughout Northern California in recent years. GARRETT MURPHY is well known in the Bay Area as an African-American political and

human nature satirist. His chapbooks include *Call 9-1-1 (and Mister Punch)*, *Mother Nature Has Become a Terrorist!*, and the novel *Yang But Yin: The Legend of Miss Dragonheel*. MAJID NAFICY, Iranian by birth, is with the LA/RPB and writes in both Farsi and American. BILL NEVINS lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He teaches at the University of New Mexico and hosts monthly RPB poetry gatherings. His book, *Heartbreak Ridge and Other Poems*, is published by *Swimming With Elephants Publications*. Contact: bill_nevins@yahoo.com and Bill Nevins on Facebook. A film about him is at www.committingpoetry.com DOROTHY (DOTTIE) PAYNE is an activist, painter, poet and international educator. A world literature and writing teacher, she spent her most recent five years as curator of *ArtInternationale Gallery* in San Francisco, where some of the world's most accomplished artists/ poets/ musicians were featured. Her book, *Birthmarks*, was recently published by *New Native Press*. In 2015 she and Jack Hirschman were the first poets from the U.S. to participate in a poetry festival in Havana, Cuba, after the thaw between Washington and Havana. GREGORY POND, who is an African-American poet with the SF/RPB, was recently featured in the *Haight-Ashbury Literary Journal*, with pages devoted to his important poetry. PAUL LOBO PORTUGES' books include: *The Visionary Poetics of Allen Ginsberg*, *Saving Grace*, *Paper Song*, *Aztec Birth*, *The Body Electric Journal*, *The Silent Spring of Rachel Carson*, *On Tibetan Buddhism*, *Mantras*, *Witness*, and *1,000 Poems of Love and War and Breaking Bread*. TONY ROBLES is a major poet-activist in the Bay Area, whose poems and stories appear in the book, *Filipino Building Maintenance Company*. He's been especially active in protests against the vicious Ellis Act that has evicted so many in California. JULIE ROGERS has authored six chapbooks and a collection of poetry, *House Of The Unexpected*. She's published a Buddhist hospice manual, *Instructions for the Transitional State*—which helped to launch a non-profit hospice training program—and most recently, *Street Warp*. LEW ROSENBAUM is a longtime activist poet and cultural

worker, as well as being a member of the RPB of Chicago. His writings also appear in the newspaper, the People's Tribune. GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK (b. 1949 in post-colonial Ireland): poet, haikuist, novelist, playwright, essayist, author of over 170 books, mostly in Irish. His most recent translation from the Irish is the poems of Cathal O'Searcaigh, *Out of the Wilderness*. E. SAN JUAN, JR., brilliant Filipino poet and cultural critic, is one of the most honored Marxists in all of North American academic life. He writes his poems in Tagalog and translates them into American, and he's written the finest essays on cultural revolutionaries in the communist dimension than anyone's in the U.S. in this generation. NATACHA SANTIAGO is a professor in the university in Havana, and an award-winning Cuban poet many times over. SANDRO SARDELLA is an important Italian poet and painter who read at the San Francisco International Poetry Festival in 2012, and exhibited his marvelous paintings in a huge presentation of his art. One of his paintings graces the pages of this book, along with his powerful poetry. JÜRGEN SCHNEIDER was awarded the Acker Prize for his translations of many poets from the U.S.--including the translation into German of the poems of Jack Hirschman---and Ireland. SCOTT THOMSON, who translated Schneider's poem, has translated the *Collected Poems of Georg Trakl*. NINA SERRANO was awarded the 2104 Oakland PEN Award for Excellence in Literature for *HEARTSTRONG, Selected Poems 2000-2012*. In 2012, she received "best book award" from Artists Embassy International for *Heart's Journey, Selected Poems, 1980-1999*. Serrano produces *Open Book: poet to poet* on KPFA-fm, radio, and *La Raza Chronicles*. She's one of the founders of the Mission Cultural Center in San Francisco. RAYMOND NAT TURNER is the Poet-in-Residence with the *Black Agenda Report*, and the former Artist-in-Residence @ Robeson-Langston-Sterling. He graduated CCNY, lived in California but at present lives in New York City. GILLES B. VACHON is the former director of the *Maison de la Poesie (Rhône-Alpes)* in southern France, whose selected poems, *Fais Cr dit A La Folie*, were published this year. He is the French

translator of Jack Hirschman's poetry. PONCHO VILLA is one of the poets in the RPB of Bari, Italy. He often reads at the immense arsenal in Bari where the poets, artists and musicians of that city have occupied the fortress and transformed it, building a theater, a play area for children, a gallery and library, all under the flag and spirit of Anti-Fascism. ANTONIETA VILLAMIL is an international award winning bilingual poet and editor, with over 11 published books. Her latest book *Arcana de los Dominios Imaginantes*, published by Aveditor in 2015, won the International Latino Book Award 2016 for Best Book of poetry in the United States. Villamil directs the annual poetry review and salon "Poesía Féstival" at the Literary Center Beyond Baroque, and she's a member of the LA/RPB. DAVID VOLPENDESTA is the author of four books of poetry, his most recent publication, *Friends Who Are Living* (CC. Marimbo). His translations have appeared in Otto Rene Castillo's *Tomorrow Triumphant*, which he co-edited with Magaly Fernandez (Night Horn Books), and *Clamor of Innocence*, which he co-edited with Barbara Paschke (City Lights). He also co-edited *Homeless Not Helpless* with Barbara Paschke. He's a longtime member of the SF/ RPB. CATHLEEN WILLIAMS is a poet, civil rights lawyer, co-founder of the Revolutionary Poets Brigade and an activist in the homeless movement. She's the editor of *Homeward*, an important newspaper for the New Class of the poor and homeless, which is published in Sacramento. She's a member of the League of Revolutionaries for a New America (LRNA). XIAO XIAO (real name: Xiao Youjun) is a poet and translator and editor of the Annual Edition of Chinese Modern Poetry, and the Qinghai International Poetry Festival Special Issue. Her own work has been translated into English, German, French, Japanese, Farsi and Arabic. Her books include: *The Woman and Poems Under the Tree*, *Time Standing on Its Tiptoes*, *More Grief-Stricken Than Grief*. JAMI PROCTOR XU is an American poet who, however, because she writes in and translates from Chinese, is considered by the Chinese to be a Chinese poet as well. She reads her poetry at festivals everywhere in China and most recently in Vietnam as well. She

lives in Walnut Creek, California. ERIC ALLEN YANKEE is a member of the Revolutionary Poets Brigade of Chicago. His work appears in the People's Tribune, Between the Lines, Quail Bell, Overthrowing Capitalism: Volume 2, and others. He is co-editor-in-chief of Caravel Literary Arts Journal (www.caraveljournal.org). The brothers Young, that is, DONALD RAY YOUNG and TIM YOUNG, are on Death Row in San Quentin Prison for murders that occurred 20 years ago, and for which they insist they have been framed. Their poems can be reached through Google, as well as the story of their travail. Both have written poetry for many years. They have been published in the BayView newspaper of San Francisco. YURI ZEMBRANO is a physician with long activist experience having missions in many countries in war conflicts. He also is director of the World Festival of Poetry (WFP), with many books of revolutionary poetry and verses for kids. In an optimistic world, each time that Yuri writes a line, or a verse, he accepts as true that the healing power of poetry can give more hopefulness and unity for humankind every day. LORENE ZAROU-ZOUZOUNIS is an important Palestinian poet and activist in the Bay Area, whose work has appeared in Heartfire: Second Revolutionary Poets Brigade Anthology, and The Poetry of Arab Women: A Contemporary Anthology.

GRAPHIC ARTISTS

Co-Editor JOHN CURL did the cover and book design of this anthology, as well as of the two previous volumes of *Overthrowing Capitalism*. JUDY JOY JONES is a photographer, a performing artist and author of an opera libretto of Frieda Kahlo and Diego Rivera. She lives in the Bay Area. SANDRO SARDELLA has contributed two paintings from his Refugee Series works. He is one of Italy's finest poet-painters and lives in the the Varese area of that country. VASILY VERESHCHAGIN's painting *The Apotheosis of War* (1871), dedicated "to all conquerors, past, present and to come," was banned from exhibit in St. Petersburg.

REVOLUTIONARY POETS BRIGADE MISSION STATEMENT

NOW

As poets we are uniquely positioned to seize the possibilities of the time, bringing language to life and participating in the movement that is gathering as we speak...

IT'S TIME

Poetry has always been and continues to be not only the way the poet listens to his or her innermost being, but a way the spirit of the times, in its most forward-looking incarnation, is expressed and heard. And the times we're in, of crisis and the cry for transformation, particularly needs the news, as poet W.C. Williams said, "without which we die."

We say what we see: and that is the system which cannot rest until it extracts every drop from a desperate earth: capitalism. We say what we see: and that is the oppression of our class, driven to the streets and alleys of our cities, driven to the muddy fields, all because there is no profit in maintaining life and health. We are the harbingers of revolution and the awareness that underlies and drives it.

FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY POETS

In our common struggle toward freedom, each individual instinctively reaches for the best tool at hand. As artists, we have the most powerful tool of all, the ability to inspire, transform, and liberate, just in the nick of time as it happens, as the sick old ways rust, choke, sputter, and fade. Poets, those at the compressed razor sharp edge of social thought, and all fellow artists of visionary courage, stay mindful of this historic opportunity, lead with strong revolutionary voice for all humankind to genuinely live and thrive in common spirit!

BRIGADE

Therefore, we want to create a Revolutionary Poets Brigade, to respond to the demands of the moment – provoking the future

out of the confused minds of today, inspiring with the passion of the living word, in preparation for the development on a wider and larger scale of the uprising, the action that will overthrow this system of greed and exploitation.

As a network, we can be present and participate in the popular resistance that is going on around us by holding poetry events, by reading and speaking at demonstrations, and by publishing broadsides and pamphlets. Join us.

"Camerados . . . will you come travel with us? Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?"

—Walt Whitman

REVOLUTIONARY POETS BRIGADE
<http://revolutionarypoetsbrigade.org/>