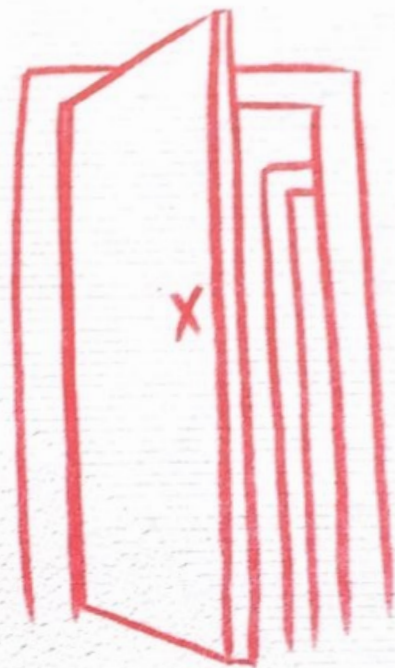




Handwritten blue text, possibly a name or signature, is written across the page. The text is partially obscured by the red 'X' pattern. It appears to be written in a cursive or stylized font.

YOU ARE HERE X
TSOTJRE NOY



Residency Collaborators / Colaboradorxs

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· Stefanía Acevedo · Syafiatudina · Tona Kinich ·
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I.

After the accident
when you are
swimming in your
soul's ocean and
feel you are all
but two of the
yellows you need
to be light, you
imagine you are
a little league
of cities. You
are a knife that
cuts through
concrete panels.
You are a little
click of hope.
You are an
exhibit. You are
an event.

II.

You go on. You go all in on your nightmares.
You get in all versions of you. Play dress up.

III.

“My guy, my guy, this place is not for you,”
is how I learn I’m in the wrong place at
the wrong time. “Stay in your lane,” says
the disembodied voice of this man. But
I am just a digital visitor on this talk
show, but the warning has been sounded.
it’s clear

 skies on this Sunday evening where
only one side of the street gets sunlight. This
walk will take me far from my thoughts and
it’s true. I’m two blocks away before my body
starts splitting and I’m aware of my breathing
and the sun slicing through half of my body.

IV.

Remember yesterday?
Remember at the bus station?
Remember waiting? Two families:
one sprawled against a column, three
boys play-fighting with their dad. One boy’s
leg thrown over his mom’s leg. He is thirteen
maybe, definitely young, virile, unbothered. Then
the second. Two women, three children - two girls,
one boy - tugged around by their brilliant red leashes.

V.

And in this moment,

bending flames become
a movement, a pose,
a request, a finger
of fire that sings
and flaps against a shoe.

This enchantment will keep you
when no arms are around
in the wet rub of an August
morning. When hunger
scrapes like metal rods riding
concrete through
a June afternoon. A promise
gallops along a brittle trail
of stars and is closing in
on your location to show

how providence finds you on the
thickest nights how the wind blows
open an exit through your
congealing thoughts.

Now all these words ride in on the new year.
Now every year demands prose.
Now nothing rhymes but all is muscle
kneading over backbones and ribs
and shoulder bones that thrust
in agreement.

VI.

You are lost

You are here x

You are

tumbling through portals

and

doors

Above is a place you aspire
to be forever climbing
in spirals forever getting
closer to stars.

Within is a place you crawl
to be - enter - tunnel
in spirals through your
navel, gaze inward,
swim through your own
ancient waters.

Below is a place that pulls.
That downward spiral
is instant. You plummet
but never land, and instead
find yourself suddenly
above, aspiring toward x

Your mouth a portal.

Your eyes portals.

Your ribs bridges to portals.

Someone else's skin wraps you up
like a gift and they give you back
to yourself.

In your dream a star cuts a chunk
of its flesh out and throws it
into a cold and dark distance

and you are born to light
the way through.

In another dream you are curled
in yourself. That self is curled
in another self which is curled
in another self and you
are at the center of hundreds
of selves, more secure
than you have ever been.

When you feel misplaced like
 (the shadow of the sun)
 (the shadow of a cloud)
 (the shadow of a beam)
you jump on an echo and
ride it into the ears
of everyone who needs to hear
and whisper I am here I am here I am here
three times so you reappear.

When my uncles greet me by saying:
You are lost,
they mean:

it is your responsibility
to be found.

If I am lost then
I have taken
myself away from them
I have removed
myself from the situation.

When they ask me:
Where have you been?
you have been
lost
I don't understand because I am
where I have always been
in my body.

I walk to where the horizon
can't reach and shout as loud as sun on skin
I am here I am here I am here.

VII.

Standing at the corner of Liverpool and Berlin,
I can see that this is a place for grownups - serious
people who do serious things.

In the matching apartments on the arranged
street, lights blink on and off as if to say
didn't you hear, this is how adults live. I didn't.
My pinky toes hang out of my canvas boots.

We walk these serious streets, we walk right
through brick walls, our outlines fade in
the street lights. We walk right
into arcade games, cotton candy,
twirling, oscillating lights on the rides.
We walk right into childhood. A pilgrimage
to a promise. A pilgrimage to nostalgia.
A movement through memory. We walk right.

Only that,
at the end,
there is darkness,
where we pour out into the streets.

It should be like this. A passage.

VIII.

There once was a building here

once

Twice I crossed its path

twice

I never went in

never

to rub that missing tooth in that angry mouth

It misses all the people that were there

There once were people there

once

So many missed by so many more

All the exit wounds they blew

through hearts turn to nod at each other

in the street

missing recognise missing

There once was a building here

IX.

(A series of unexplained disappearances)

They were carried off by a song.

They were snatched in the talons of a scream.

They lost their way in the screech of tires.

They couldn't find their way out of the silence.

They were locked up in a speech.

They were following a melody. I think they still are -
trying to place it in a song. The song got ahead of them.
We haven't seen them since.

X.

Meet me:

Where hot water meets cold skin.

In a cascade of warm clouds.

Between the tremors of hands.

Where I put my ear to the ground.

In an exhale, the lights are now out.

In our last conversation, again and again.

In the hook of a dead man's last song.

In a morning hidden from the world.

At the corner of an involuntary smile.

At the nearest rooftop, we need perspective.

Right where the beat was dropped.

Right where our memories stopped

and red gave into green

and our future was yet to be seen.



160 copies of this publication were printed in February 2020 during Gloria Kiconco 's residency with Cráter Invertido in the territory known as Mexico. The residency was organised under the KLA ART Labs program initiated by 32° East in Kampala, Uganda.

Se imprimieron 160 copias de esta publicación en febrero de 2020 durante la residencia de Gloria Kiconco con Cráter Invertido en el territorio conocido como Mexico. En el marco del programa KLA ART Labs impulsado por 32° East en Kampala, Uganda.

EL CAPITANO

89

HOLA
DÓNDE
VAIS?



Z

SPLASH!

SPLASH!

SPLASH!

SPLASH!





La realidad
La realidad

nuevo

DESTINO
INCIERTO

TU BOCA UN UMBRAL
TUS OJOS UMBRALES
TUS GOSTILLAS PUENTES
A UMBRALES

TE ENVUELVE LA PIEL DE ALGUIEN
COMO UN REGALO Y TE DEVUELVEN
HACIA TI MISMO

EN TU SUEÑO UNA ESTRELLA SE LORTA UN PEDAZO
DE SU PROPIA CARNE Y LO AVIENTA
HACIA LA DISTANCIA FR
XXXXXXXXXX

SPLASH!

RRRRR



sensaciones Vapor vapor vapor vapor vapor

ESTADOS UNIDOS TERRITORIO

UNA VEZ
HUBO UN
EDIFICIO
AQUI

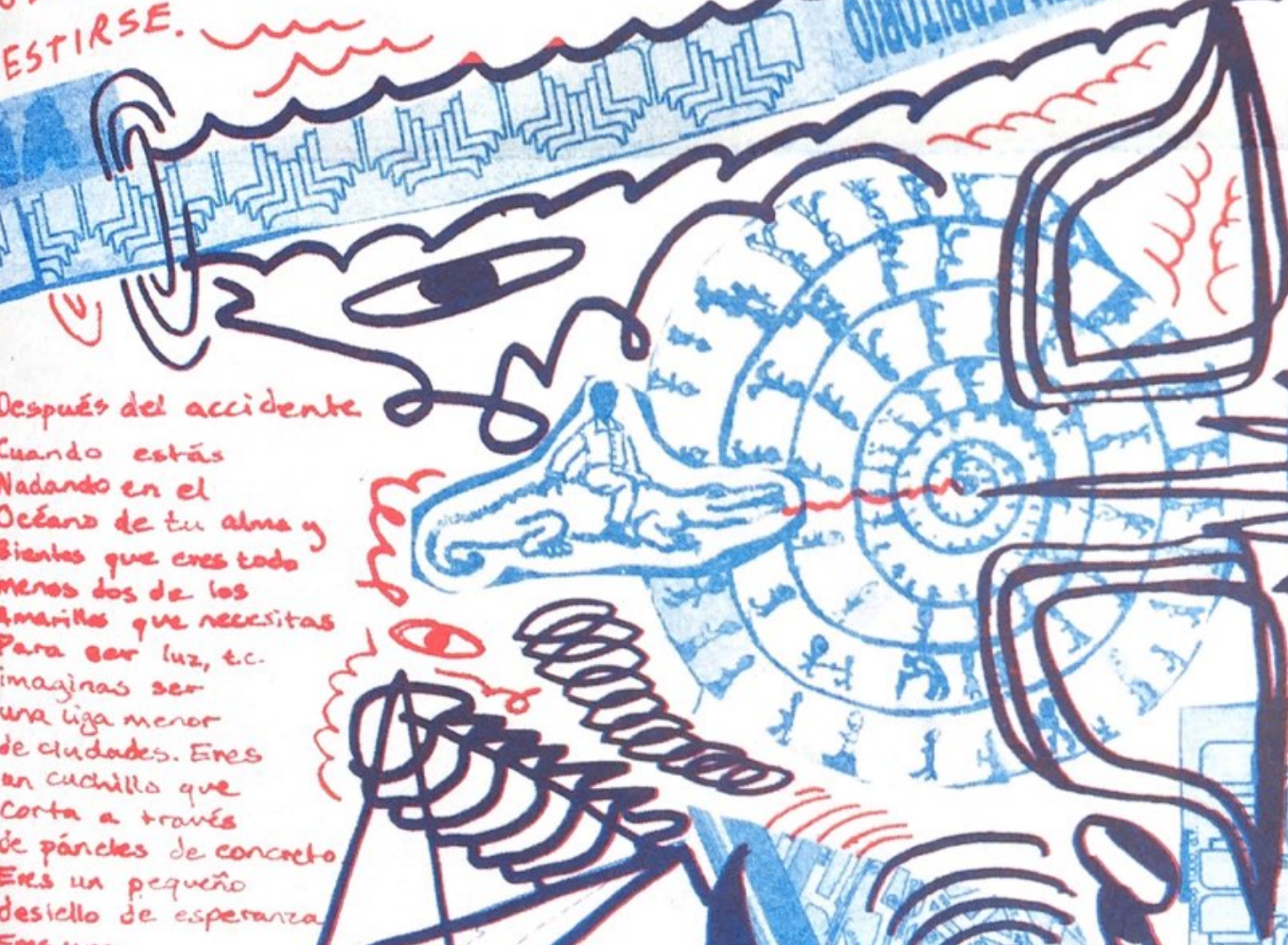


UNA
VEZ



ANTE. VAS CON TODO EN TUS PESADILLAS,
TODAS LAS VERSIONES DE TI.
ESTIRSE.

ESTA USTED EN TERRITORIO



Después del accidente
Cuando estás
Nadando en el
Océano de tu alma y
Sientes que eres todo
menos dos de los
Amarillos que necesitas
Para ser luz, etc.
Imaginas ser
una liga menor
de ciudades. Eres
un cuchillo que
Corta a través
de pánches de concreto
Eres un pequeño
destello de esperanza
Eres...

4. Autos
abandonado
refugio de
delincuentes

delincuentes
de
Africa

ESTA USTED EN TERRITORIO

En otro sueño estás entrosado
Sobre ti misma. Esa misma est...

vapor



y SUSURRAS ESTOY AQUI
ESTOY AQUI

ESCUCHAR

FUMMMM