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THE
REACT
IONARY
POEMS

Laura Jaramillo

olywa press

IT'S MORNING IN AMERICA

The central hypocrisies are obscured
in that
Language is beautiful
in the distant crackle of pre-
recorded applause
in the ululations that are
certitude and color.

TROPICAL FASCISM

Writing is boring
and difficult today I am full

of stupid jealousies even the ad
copy and gossip rags

'holiday trips to a country
at war' are lines from

a half-finished war
poem births that uncomfortable

sensation, having been
only a proxy for myself

F U U THINK YOU ARE THE GOD
OF PAINTBALL

I spend too much
time convincing
myself the language
belongs as
much to me
as it does
to them. I am still
not convinced

POST-HEROIC DRAG

How could the word ‘post-
heroic’ even
exist but it does
exist—imported
not from advertising
but from theories
invented to sell
concepts in the *field*
of advertising.

POST-HEROIC DRAG PT. II

Still, she drags her tired
arches her five o'clock
shadow her leathery
bosom into the empty
street

THE WOODY ALLENIZATION OF THE SPECIES

Before bed, potential structures:
rooms that open onto gardens
gardens onto peonies or paper
whites O'Hara's
poems Homer's blind
swept brine
ness blazing
in speech and in carriage. Deliver me with an
arrow
in the tendon/a small storm
in the frontal lobe
to sleep to dreams
tedious
as living

IF YOU DON'T COME TO THE
PLANTAIN GROVE I'LL DIE

You and I keep a box
of shit and pissy
sediment in the kitchen

PSYCHIC DUGOUT

Go there
so our eyes can't
meet here
across the room the Yankees
are playing
like shit this year

HAWAIIAN PUNCH BLACK OUT

It's the kind of party? that's like
a wake too, you know?

Yes, we're made ghosts
kids show up

continue becoming:
apparition
libation.

EROS HOSIERY CO.

Eating this ham sandwich
other transhuman
activities may cross my mind

some endlessly
rehearsed difficulties
in the pregnant heat
like breathing and fucking

TECHNOLOGY PLUS THE ABSENCE
OF LOVE

The morass, aging super-
models, mid-90's danceable
soft rap and wading
 through this-
Who'll be the dirty
agonist in the future face
an oval Buddha to escape
the rain in a corporate
arcade

WHAT THERE IS TO SAY ABOUT REALITY
THAT HAS NOT ALREADY BEEN SAID

Amidst these trees I've invented
and which are not trees
I stand.

-Roberto Bolaño

It's totally not that much
like art.

EPIC MINIMALISM

I, on the other hand, am
miniaturizing so my anger
doesn't lose its
scale.

ABSTRACT REALISM

The Arts & Leisure section informs
you it's time to aspire to
rather than flee
solitude—
authentic but
stylized.

TRANSCENDENTAL IRONY

The church next door
has no sense of music
yet it's the meat
of their communion
with God.

The tambourines'
harangue through
pasteboard—
the very
music
of humanity.

**FWD: WE ARE THE PROTAGONISTS AND
ARCHITECTS OF OUR OWN DESTINY!**

Time is an autoclave spinning
Or time
Is a clavichord played by a nun
eternally it's Tuesday
again. The manuscript is incomplete
on the table the starlings x out the
name of Fate in their restless criss
crossing. Stack of words, Present
and future are false
antinomies

MORTGAGES FOR ALL CREDIT SCENARIOS

I miss Philly like I miss
my father which is how
I can tell the wound
dimensions
not to say—
my father's dead
 neither is Philly

but that from
the wound pours light
on the fact of being
flesh in the world

I live here now.
Who'll return New
York City to its humanity

UNREAL ESTATE

“Sometimes I arrive here and I am standing outside Law and Government High School”—man waiting to get into Bronx Family Court

a unit of measurement that means: several hundred yards away

WITHOUT ROOF OR LAW

Nationalism is when
all the women wear the colors
of the flag on their person/dress
the argument that every
thing smaller
than the nation itself ought
to be dwarfed by the flag

The movie was distributed
in the Americas
under the title *Vagabond*
a value judgment
rather than a translation. The girl
I mean, the one in the movie—
was a speck in the eye
of the nation, the tilled wild-
erness.

PEACE CEREAL FOR BREAKFAST

National Public Radio says we dream
it so it's on t.v. and dreaming is:

We are lovely
today large and violent
as a Trojan horse
insurgent
waves crest
against our copper
belly and we believe
all atoms are agents
in our war.

ÁCA YA NO ME DESVELO

Caught insomnia from *Cops*
lifted from sleep to the bosom of the Law
with firecrackers or

gunfire I think of Absolute Pacifism and the
history of ideas is longer than the future

YOUNG AMERICANS MASSACRED BY
ILLEGAL ALIENS

The autopsy report
on Science
Fiction revealed
prose all purple
inside the belly and
Today inside its maw

BORICUA MOTORS

Sitting on the hood
of a fancy car in a parking
lot in New
Jersey there's a sense of
getting over

The air is gray
green you've got that half-
immigrant
pallor

YOU COULDA GOT SHOT, SAL

The teenagers are gathered at
the corner of 11th and
Wolf in front of the church
to guard the sieve
through which all black
people in the world
enter

I LIKE VIOLENCE CUZ THEY SMELL NICE

They buried the books

In the careless soil
overlooking a stream

Beyond, a man throws
tallboys at a possum.