II

*Primer Misterio*

It began as
pelted heartbeats,
    forged to steal. Gales of War.
Rippling shores of Veracruz.
*El año es 1519.* Iron horsemen flood villages.
    Powdered smoke inhaled its path,
    tattooing the pruned walls of
my bastard past.

Arabesque plumes, riddling from *la reina’s* tongue.
Hieroglyphs stain, serpentine
    cadence ‘side my chest. To rancid lungs
skies crept.
Breath in crypt, sulfurically-pitched. Hymns a
bloodline, revealed in poetic. My heartland a lumberyard,
    splintered to self-hatred.
an *Amistad* in revolt –

A sunken slaveship
appears,
    a gallowed theatre coined Salvation – court-gesturing
a bloody pretense,
    Slender blade dangling ‘gainst his neck.
    Her saint, scurrying,
thimbled footsteps.
Caught in mid-flight
    Icarus meets Toltec to brand the
    Tears falling from
jade-studded eyes.
She said nothing, eyes sown to
the diamond-crested crucifix.

    
He –
He pins her down.
the underbelly of *la conquista*
bulging out of blue veins.
    He gropes her milk-filled breasts.
Tongue a bloated garden-snake.
Rummaging *civitas* through the obsidian smoke.
As he gazes
their savage temptress,
curtained to a half-naked altar,
they spread her legs.

Gag her mouth wit’:
cheap textiles.
The Treaty of Tordesillas,
scribbled in feverish penmanship.
Cudgel dangling,
carving the Middle Passage
‘cross her C-Section.
Blade is restless,
aroused at her supple flesh.
Singing, *forgive us of our trespasses*, but
Here lies *Nueva España*,
Here *Portugal*.

In this drunken tirade,
He christens her body,
licensing the way he breaks through
the hymen.

Anchored at naval tides. Vessels rupture;
placenta clotted in vain. The Ark of her Body emptied.
The indolent coils, scraped and denuded.
The womb
robbed of its child.

_Such a primitive place, it cries._
He rams through curdling screams.
Meanwhile the others, in filthed chorus, recite *misterios*.
Waiting for their turn.

Trinity’s entrails
scattered all over earth.
Hand over his breast, staining
his armored cassocks.
Pope Alexander VI, incanting, in tipsy jeer,
“For *la virgen*, for *el rey*,”
The miscarried Kingdom.

As they enter, my revenge lays no exit.
As they enter, I’d witnessed Immaculate Conception.
As they enter, my God lay dying,

_Sighing Her last rite._
I’m arrested in
Anaphylactic shock -
cascades shudder, mouth in jerked reflex.
Corporal prison – hyperventilated cadence. Olive trees’
branches emaciate, leaves singe. My roots flatline.
Rings ’neath my Eyes. Skin yellowing,
dragged dialysis,
fading sight…

“Don’t break focus!”
La reina shouts.

She storms to my temple.
Shoveling her
Interrupting prayer,
voice into my ear.
“Quédate…despierto!”

My eyes shudder,
“I can-…Por que?”

“Cuz if you don’t see this.”
Me tira agua

“No one will!”

As she speaks,
fire blazing atop our thatched roof
mud-brick pillars quiver
con furia.
Twig leaves, maíz stalks, dried nopales.
Lo que sobró del masacre.
El comal, the heart of the universe, left intact.

Within this unwashed dicta,
a child,
conceived out of wedlock,
stares through a puddle of agua bendita.
Only to never see his reflection.