2008

Circulations

Isac R. Galvan

Follow this and additional works at: https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo

Part of the Latin American Languages and Societies Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://via.library.depaul.edu/dialogo/vol11/iss1/17

This Rincón Creativo is brought to you for free and open access by the Center for Latino Research at Via Sapientiae. It has been accepted for inclusion in Diálogo by an authorized editor of Via Sapientiae. For more information, please contact wsulliv6@depaul.edu, c.mcclure@depaul.edu.
Cover Page Footnote
This article is from an earlier iteration of Diálogo which had the subtitle "A Bilingual Journal." The publication is now titled "Diálogo: An Interdisciplinary Studies Journal."
Circulations

I was...
born one spring morn of time not my own,
w/ two tongues, wild eyes & a chocolate skin tone,
& from labor pains of my beloved mother
delivering a fertile seed of my father,
i was cast forth into life-by a gracious act of love,

thus,

I rose...
calmly from shade into high-light
& took first breath of oxygen one fine day.
when sun was high in aries,
& moon degree in pisces,
& clouds flowed high above trees,
derived from earthly bodies,
composed of worldly species,
so now this world surrounds me,
& I delight in harmony,
& I take flight w/poetry,

thus...

I succeed the degree of this poem,
& this poem inhabits no home,
& I know no bounds, no limits, no ends;
everything flows w/in me
’cause I am everything;
the ecstacy as certitude,
a clear perceptibility.

I am a quest where w/i define my potentiality

beneath the sun,
below the moon;
approximated hour of birth:
an hour before noon,

or something like that diaphanous thread
that looms our presumed reality
which truly, is no more than a fool’s convention
or superstition, one deliberate inquisition,
for that matter, why not rather:

defy all decrees of this apocalyptic age
bent on destruction of every age,
every color, every creed, every culture,
bent on placing lives in early-made sepulchers
burned six feet under;

why not crush that dividend of a hyperborean
set to usurp our firmament,
w/inanitions broadcast on the internet,
of genocide, usura, oppression,
vioence, atrocity & madness?
hell bent on creating generations of sadness,
tho’ someway
their sedative torpor
is not enough to keep me from a dream,

yes, i dream...

besotted w/kinesis
& self-same intellection,
this poem is no recollection,
nor introspection,

this poem is:

the irresistible modality of male expression,
it is motion of a subject of actuality,
it is an anti-poem of ontology & osmosis;
this poem is:
the kinesis of heart to mind in a space of time
where nothing is false & nothing is true,
where things appear as they are,
i.e., far removed from object & hue;

& w/in this chaotic labyrinth of a poem,
i sit pensively,
in my ineluctable melancholy,
gathering the entelechy
of my soliptic state
(w/out the moody brooding).

& all talk must cease w/in sphere of this poem
‘cause i myself un-self myself
(in past-time found as home),
& break from old habit of ill-bred thought
taught to mind @ blooming years of youth,

i unmask my phantom to find truth
certainly subjective
& for the collective

body of somebodies,
composed of oddities,
blessings & ill-things,
yet someway, the essence of being
reemerges & my being is becoming
till the great end or new beginning,

‘cause in this poem,
time’s thinning
as earth’s spinning,
birthing:
new life each instance,
& thieving:
old lives of existence
where w/both sky & mind are persistent
& obsidian water movements are intrinsic.