



**AZAHARES**

**2022**

**SPANISH LANGUAGE  
LITERARY MAGAZINE**

# Homegrown

*By Amanda Hubbard*



# Azahares

## 2022

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*Azahares* is University of Arkansas-Fort Smith's award-winning Spanish-language literary magazine. The primary purpose of this magazine is to provide students and community members with an arena for creative expression in the Spanish language, as well as a literary space for writing that presents the themes of the Latino experience. The *azahar*, or orange blossom, is a flower of special meaning. Representative of new life and purity, *azahares* form part of the iconic tradition of the Spanish-speaking world, embodying a freshness of spirit and perspective captured with this publication. *Azahares* highlights student work, as well as the creative endeavors of the greater Fort Smith community and beyond.

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# AZAHARES



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# Madre Eva

*por Amanda Hubbard*



# Papá

*By Gloria Méndez*

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When I was ten years old, I would crawl into bed with Mamá every night. Before we went to sleep, I would grab her Spanish spelling book, and we'd study El Silabario together. She read the words to me and I repeated after.

“Pa, Pe, Pi, Po, Pu. Pa como Papá,” she'd say. P as in Father.

I read the words over and over because she wouldn't let me sleep until I got them right. Though I lay there agitated and hiding my face in the blanket, she would tell me it was for my own good. My Abuelo Adán, her father, had done the same with her before the Salvadoran war took his life.

One day as I was pulling out El Silabario, she told me to put it back. I climbed up next to her, and she pulled me in against her chest. I closed my eyes, and she whispered in my ear:

“Te voy a contar un cuento.” I am going to tell you a story.

Mamá took a deep breath and began to tell me about her home in El Salvador. When she was a child, she lived in a house made of sticks and stones. Along with her two brothers, Mamá lived with Abuela and Abuelo Adán underneath a shanty roof bearing the heat of the sun that came in through the windows. Mamá told me she spent most of her time sitting outside the door. It was as far as she could go. The civil war was escalating beyond the walls of their home, and the neighborhood had become dangerous. Though she could never move further out, the light of the sun brought her warmth. Flowers were beginning to bloom and the smell of spring emerging put her worries at ease.

At night, everything was different.

Government soldiers patrolled the neighborhood looking to kill anyone who was part of the resistance. Tension was rising as the Salvadoran government failed to improve the living conditions of the people. A group named FMLN rose to fight back when a plea for resources had failed. To show complete dominance, the government raided neighborhoods, killing anyone in sight. Families would run and hide as screams and gunshots echoed across the empty yards. Innocent people were murdered. Each day became a battle of survival.

The night robbed everyone of their hopes, paralyzing them with fear.

In the dark, the only thing visible was the smoke from guns igniting. Mamá would lay scared, hidden underneath her bed waiting for the noise to stop. She would not move until the only thing she could hear was her heart beating in her chest. It was what Abuela had trained her to do.

I lay still wrapped in a red wood blanket and hear the fear in Mamá's voice. The shadow of her childhood lives within her, and it reminds her who she is. I feel myself inching closer. She continues on.

After an hour, the neighborhood went silent. Mamá stood for a minute taking it in. Her fears had lessened, and the world outside was no longer so evil. She was about to go find Abuela when she heard footsteps approaching the door. Her body went limp, and she returned to her hiding place under the bed. A masculine voice yelled at Abuela in the front room:



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“¡Dime en dónde está Adán!” Tell me where Adán is!

Mamá waited for Abuela to cry. The house was quiet. The soldier yelled at Abuela once again. This time, Abuela’s voice penetrated the darkness: “No.”

Mamá heard Abuela gasp. The soldier had grabbed her throat and thrown her. She heard Abuela scream. The other soldiers in the room had begun to beat her. Abuela cried out with every hit she took. Mamá began to cry. She couldn’t move. For the next eternity, she listened to the soldiers curse and assault her mother. Mamá felt weak. Each strike filled her heart with pain. Mamá listened until the soldiers’ footsteps thudded out of the house. Abuela, weak and wounded, held onto the wall as she stumbled into the room. She had bruises on her neck and blood running down her face. Mamá couldn’t say anything and ran into her mother’s arms.

Mamá’s father Adán arrived home later that night with food. He was the leader of the rebellion in their community and possessed the desire to become more. He believed in stealing and murdering for his people, and he valued being in control. Because of this, his pride grew each day. Everyone in the resistance had respect for him as he was helping provide for families. Although Abuela was completely in love with him, Adán was becoming a different man. Abuela and the others could not stand to look at how war was changing him. He spent days away from home as he reveled in the attention he was gaining.

One quiet morning, Mamá saw Adán sitting outside the door, and she sat in his lap. He put his arms around her protectively.

They felt the breeze sway through their hair. Mamá was Adán’s only little girl; ever since she’d been born, he had been determined to keep her safe. He told her so. Embraced in his arms was the only place Mamá ever felt invincible. In his arms, everything seemed to stop—time, conflict, even space—and Mamá felt loved.

In that moment, I look up at Mamá. A tear falls down her cheek. I feel the wetness of it land on my nose. I pull myself closer, and I let her silence ring. Mama wipes her eye, and I feel her hold me tighter. Her voice trembles as she whispers the ending of the story.

Against the long grass, slain bodies were visible. The neighborhood had grown more and more empty of the living. Mamá and Adán looked ahead, silently watching the sunrise. The sky shown a pinkish orange, erasing the ferocity of the dark. Adán pulled a book from underneath him and began to read to Mama. The way his deep voice rumbled in his chest was all that mattered in that moment. Not the war. Not the fear. Not the death. Just her father, Papá, and the warmth that radiated from his strong arms.

“Repíte después de mí.” Repeat after me. “Pa, Pe, Pi, Po, Pu.”

Mamá repeated and Adán looked at her with a huge smile.

“Muy bien. Es Pa, Pa como Papá”



# I am Latino and far from home

*By John Mannone*

---

and I am proud. I am South America.  
I am Argentina. I am Uruguay  
y la ciudad de Montevideo,  
the place of my birth.

I am my mother's  
puchero. I am empanadas.  
Sí, soy matambre arrollado.  
I am flan dulce.

I am the fig tree in Buenos Aires  
in the backyard of my childhood  
where mi abuela picked fruit  
for me. The peach and plum,

also. I am the rich dirt in the shovel  
in my grandfather's hands  
as he dug up snake-sized earthworms  
just for me... tenía tres años.

Now, I am their memories  
as their bodies lay still  
under that good, quiet earth  
un poco más cerca de Dios.



# Todo el mundo aplaude

*por Yolanda Sheng*

---

Todo el mundo aplaude  
a las ocho menos un minuto.  
La hora no suena.  
Suena el aplauso.  
Aplaude el crepúsculo.  
Aplaude el susurro del perro.  
Aplaude la sirena del cielo.  
Aplaude a los agobiados.  
Aplaude a los prejuicios.  
Aplaude a los encerrados.  
Todo el mundo aplaude,  
aplaude,  
como si no tuviera nada más que hacer.  
Todo el mundo habla.  
Habla, y no para.  
Media hora ha pasado.  
Tal vez medio siglo.  
“El tiempo no vale nada.”  
“Lo que vale es la vida.”  
“De acuerdo.”  
“Venga, hasta mañana.”  
Todo el mundo está durmiendo  
en la dulzura del aplauso.  
Menos yo.  
Soy el único reloj mudo del mundo.  
No aplaudo.  
No puedo.



# Cisnes reflejando elefantes

por Valeria Méndez

---

Estoy aquí de nuevo con los pies en esta tierra lúgubre. Cada vez que regreso siempre me pregunto por qué es tan oscura y tan negra que se confunde con mis mocasines de charol. Esa opacidad se asemeja a los problemas que me consumen y a las incertidumbres que anido en mi corazón y que me ahogan incesantemente. Las siento como si fueran piedras amarradas a mis tobillos, mientras me hundo en esta profunda masa de agua que tengo frente a mí.

Todos los pensamientos negativos terminan por disiparse cuando levanto la mirada. Miro al cielo y me extraño porque no lo veo sombrío como el terreno que me rodea. Las pocas nubes que diviso se desmoronan cuando mis ojos se encuentran con el fuego que corre al otro lado del río. Aunque las llamas no son capaces de tocarme, siento como si me quemaran. En pocos segundos siento el poder del fuego querer arrasar con mis entrañas y con ganas de arrasar todo este complejo paisaje.

Quiero regresar, pero una tristeza absoluta me envuelve cuando, sin pensar en las consecuencias, decido caminar alrededor del río y detecto las extrañas fisonomías que lo acompañan. Se me escapa una sonrisa inconsciente cuando veo la sombra de varios cisnes reflejadas en el agua.

No puedo evitar recordar a mi pequeña, a la diminuta criatura que lucía igual a los cisnes que nadan frente a mí. Me acurruco en la tierra fresca y opaca y hundo mis dedos en su húmedo manto, cuando siento una cadena de lágrimas que se derraman sobre mis pómulos. La distorsión de la realidad regresa y me apabulla. Percibo la risa inocente de mi pequeña para quemar con más intensidad

las heridas abiertas, las laceraciones que no cicatrizan debido a su ausencia. El llanto fluye cuando llego a pensar que no volveré a verla corretear por la casa, porque no seré capaz de verla brillar de nuevo en el teatro que absurdo que nos tocó vivir con sufrimiento.

Mis lágrimas se desploman y se fusionan con la cisterna. El impacto hace vibrar el suelo. Los cisnes no se inmutan. No me ven como una amenaza. Hacen de cuenta que no estoy aquí. Pareciera que me ignoran porque reconocen que soy un ser viviente primitivo en medio de esta extraña naturaleza. Me topo con los ojos de esas exóticas aves acuáticas y en ellos puedo ver reflejado el último día que pasé con mi niña y tuve que desprenderme de ella para siempre.

Vuelvo a sentir la sensación de ese dolor agonizante. Recuerdo mis gritos desaforados al distinguir su carita pálida, sus ojos perdidos en otra dimensión. Una dimensión que me era imposible penetrar.

De repente, uno de los cisnes baja su cabeza hasta casi sumergirla completamente. Ese simple movimiento hace que me fije en sus reflejos. Sacudo mi cabeza frente a esta visión surrealista que experimento y los centelleos transforman a los cisnes en un animal completamente diferente. Ahora son tres elefantes y están descansando. Observo dos planos con imágenes diferentes. Creo que estoy perdiendo la razón. Mis ojos se enfocan en los elefantes. El paquidermo que está en el medio parece ser el que guía al resto. Luce como si fuera el pilar del grupo. El mamífero que se encuentra a la izquierda luce gentil y cálido. Me doy cuenta que es una hembra. El último elefante, el de la derecha, es pequeño y está asustado. Los miro a los tres



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al mismo tiempo y siento la unidad, el cariño y la felicidad que experimenta esta familia. Enseguida me distraigo porque el movimiento del fuego me llama la atención. Se expande y el calor me sofoca. Siento cada vez más calor. Las llamas crecen y la tonalidad del ambiente se transforma en un negro rojizo. El poder de los chispazos hace que cierre los ojos por completo.

Cuando los vuelvo a abrir, pierdo de vista a los tres hermosos cisnes y a la tranquila familia de elefantes. Quizás lo inventé todo yo. Tal vez mi congoja los inventó. No sé. Vuelvo a observar el cielo despejado y el agua cristalina. Trato de abrir más los ojos, pero la distorsión de la realidad nuevamente se apodera de mí. Grito porque no quiero dejar esa dimensión confusa, ya que turbia tengo el alma. Aunque duela, aunque me hunda bajo la tierra, no quiero dejar de experimentar esa realidad irreal, pero cuando vuelvo a abrir los ojos me topo con mi propio reflejo. Esta vez no veo ni el espejismo de los tres cisnes ni de los elefantes. Solamente veo mi rostro y siento la pesadez de mis arrugas, mis ojeras pronunciadas, mi cabello revuelto como un nido de pájaros y frescas lágrimas quejillosas rodeando el contorno de mi rostro.

Pestañeo dos veces, tal vez para regresar al mundo surrealista, a mi propio inconsciente, pero no lo logro. Miro el vaso con agua que descansa al lado de mesita de luz y el frasco medio vacío de las malditas pastillas que me recetan. Pienso que quizás tomé más de lo debido. Es posible. No lo sé. Si puedo volver al mundo que exploré creo que vale la pena. Giro sobre mis pies para alejarme de los medicamentos y vuelvo a verla en el cuadro de su primer recital, en esa foto que yace junto a muchas otras. Me acerco a paso

lento. Arrastrando mis pies sin lograr sentir el esfuerzo de movilizarme. Levanto la fotografía entre mis manos y maldigo por lo bajo, porque mis alucinaciones no regresan. Las demando porque ya no puedo volver a sentir a mi hija con la misma intensidad. Lo único que recuerdo son las delineaciones de los animales y, al mismo tiempo, mi propio sufrimiento en colores tétricos. Me pongo a pensar cómo la perdí. Quería un futuro mejor para ella y por eso decidimos tomar el duro camino de cruzar la frontera hacia los Estados Unidos.

Me equivoqué. Fue un error. No debería haberme arriesgado. El sufrimiento para preparar el viaje y tratar de atravesar ese hostil lugar no valió la pena. Nos mintieron los coyotes y mienten los medios de comunicación. Ese país no es lo que se muestra por televisión. No existe el sueño americano. ¿Quién habrá inventado esa expresión? ¿Cuántos ingenuos todavía se lo creen? Me dijeron que la caminata era larga, pero no me alertaron del peligro. No se podía soportar el calor y estábamos extenuadas. Gente mayor se desplomaba en esa tierra seca y nadie movía un dedo. No podíamos. No teníamos la fuerza por ser seres humanos dignos. No somos seres humanos. Los humanos no le hacen esto a otros organismos vivientes. No hay seres humanos dignos de reconocimiento en Latinoamérica y tampoco en este norte maldito. A Daniela le empezó a doler la cabeza. Constantemente lloraba y la única forma de consolarla era sostenerla entre mis brazos, ya casi vencidos, pero saqué fuerzas y continuamos siguiendo al grupo. No sé cuando me dejó. Eso me fastidia. Falleció sin que me diera cuenta. Es mi culpa, pero estaba concentrado en el trayecto porque tenía que continuar caminando firme y erguido. Los árboles mueren de pie y yo iba a seguir ese ejemplo. Ya no puedo decir lo mismo.



# My Grandmother's Farmhouse

*By Lissa Batista*

---

I remember the smell of earth that incensed once the rain came, the red dirt ran bloody and dried a heavy brown. Whatever shoe or shirt stayed outside would have to be thrown away because the dusting of the red dirt hardened on the clothesline or in the creases of sneakers.

I can't tell you much about the house itself, except I remember the chipped paint on the outside walls that did its best to cover the thick cement and red clay bricks.

Chicken coops, man-made lakes, cemetery owls perched on the branches of the anga tree, small monkeys swinging, snakes in the shrubs, wild horses and rebel cows trying to get in through the wire fences.

Every celebration was baptized with an animal from the farmhouse. We used mostly chickens. The matriarch would go into the chicken coop and snap the neck. Hold the neck as if you were holding a rope. Pull, then twist. Once the chicken is limp, you'd notice the extended neck, dangling a few inches longer than it did.

My father would call us to the backyard and hand us the limp chicken with the long neck. He said we had to tenderize the meat. He would go first. Take the dead chicken. Swing it around and above your head. Then, when the momentum is right, let it go. The key is to make sure it slams full force into the wall. Repeat until bored or until someone finishes cutting the watermelon from the vines in the garden.

My uncle wore jeans, a silver belt buckle with a skull of a cow imprinted on it. His leather boots, creased with clay, were worn and ready for the wet, cool mud that kept the pigs clean in the pen. A straw hat. A dark button down,

rolled sleeves. A pocket knife, 6 inches on the hook of his waist.

He told us if we were going to watch animals get slaughtered, do not feel pity for them. They won't die.

My uncle wagoned a pig onto a concrete slab that covered the water well. I extended an arm out when the pig was in front of me. The pig opened up his eyes, letting out one more squeal and kicked out. My uncle was faster, slit its neck.

I watched my uncle take a flamethrower to the pig, burning off the bristled hairs, the skin. The smell of burnt body still faintly lingers in this memory. He incisioned every limb, another incision from neck to anus, incisions to remove all organs, burying the ones we won't use in this meal.

I saw a black pig escape from the pig pen and make its way to the skirts of the forest. He was almost freed. My uncle pounced; one arm around its neck, the other under its arm.

I don't see how many times my uncle stabbed the pig under arm but the pig's squeals finally stopped. He removed the knife, and a fountain of blood squirted in the sunlight like midday sprinklers.

When I smell bacon, I smell burnt, body hair. I can't remember the inside of the house because I don't go back there.

I stand outside the paint-chipped wall, the porch full of watermelon seeds. The monkeys swinging, the cemetery owls perched on the anga tree.



# Santero

*By David Estringel*

---

I'm a peculiar one, the old women used to say.  
Mother heard me laugh in her tummy  
before I was born.  
Dodged death—over and over—  
since the time I could crawl.  
Saw red lights peek under doors  
and old ladies in black walk through walls  
in the middle of the night  
then...disappear.  
I could find anything—anywhere—in the house  
for a quarter  
and tell you who was at the other end of an incoming call.  
Dreams come true and words  
manifest.  
I know not all good spirits are beautiful and  
the dead don't have eyes.  
The most powerful gods are small  
enough to sit in the palm of your hand,  
while others  
couldn't be bothered to move molehills.  
I can make you love me with a jar of honey,  
cinnamon sticks, and slices of orange.  
Make you go away  
with the light of a wick and wet, hot twist of a chicken's neck.  
Gods speak to me (of you) through sacred cowrie shells  
and I can rip infernal monkeys off your backs  
with bouquets of herbs and white flowers, sprayed  
with perfume, rum, and cigar,  
tied with white ribbon.  
I know life seeps  
from noses and mouths of the dying  
like hot breath in winter air  
and I can keep Iku—Death—at bay (but not away).  
I hear my mother is laughing...wherever she is.



# Identidad

por Samantha Duque

---



Originalmente hice esto para mi proyecto de clase de español. Nos dijeron que podíamos pintar algo que tuviera que ver con un país de habla hispana y hacer investigaciones sobre el tema. Elegí a Frida Kahlo porque es una de las artistas mexicanas más famosas. Era una persona muy única y creativa. Me considero una persona creativa también. Descubrí lo mucho que tenemos en común. Al final de

mi investigación, noté muchas similitudes. La identidad fue la que más me llamó la atención. Ambas somos una mezcla, su madre era mexicana/española, y su padre era alemán. Creo que encontrar la identidad propia fue y es una lucha para nosotras debido a esto. En la pintura, agregué un toque de mí al agregar mis *piercings*.



# Palo Santo

*By David Estringel*

---

Rub me with egg...  
Whip the switch...  
Wash me in quita maldición...  
Cleanse me with rompe saragüey  
and take this stain  
away.  
Light the palo santo  
from the wood box of  
herbs and poppets  
under the bed,  
letting arms swing  
flaming sticks like censers,  
making holy  
these places (head spaces)  
of mists and creeping shadows.  
Sweep, clean, these tainted walls,  
con ramos de oraciones poderosas  
and smoky ribbon,  
sending his specter—su duende—  
back to the dark of  
corners and cobwebs  
of its master's bedroom.  
Release me  
and give me peace.



# Letter to the Chupacabra

*By Gustavo Barahona-López*

---

You roam the borderlands  
Searching for your bleating prey.  
I heard you killed a man once.  
I heard you are the size of a man.  
Did the Border Patrol  
Ever try to stop you?  
A drawing of you circulated through  
The tabloid news: slouched back,  
Razor claws, and sharp-looking hair  
Shit brown in color though  
I don't think the portrait did you justice.  
Primer Impacto my ass.  
At night, I would open the blinds  
To my window fully expecting  
To see your red eyes waiting for me.  
If I'm honest, I'm disappointed  
You were never there.  
You the missing link, you  
Abandoned extraterrestrial pet.  
How scared you must have been  
To be hunted by us?  
How many accusations of murder  
Or livestock massacre  
Have sullied your name?  
If you ask me, the real killer is the  
Border. The real killer is the wall.  
The real killer is the river.  
Is the desert. Is ICE. If you ask me,  
They've gulped down more blood  
Than you ever could.



# Weathering

*By Gustavo Barahona-López*

---

Torrential rain silences  
The unmaking of desert dunes.  
Cactus throat swells  
And I call it love.  
Love, that clash  
Of clouds, that smell  
Of slipping touch.  
Love takes refuge  
On the snake's fallow  
Tongue. Sand overfills  
Its own wanting.  
Love carries the  
Body's minerals  
In its vanishing light.  
The waiting too  
Is love. The drought  
And the flood. The thirst  
And the drowning.  
Let me be ground  
Water enough  
To quench the unseen.  
Let us lick  
The purple  
Off the  
Fallen sky.



# Rematriation / Rematason

By Tezozomoc

---

*"We support the full sovereign expression of all our Indigenous relatives and believe that it is through the process of Rematriation that we reclaim our identity, our culture and our ways. Much of our cultures are deeply rooted in our Earth Mother and celestially connected to the matrilineal, uterine lines of our families, our people and our nations that extend beyond this world." —Rematriation.com*

My father passed away  
back on Nov 8th, 2006.

It was not a surprise  
nor a sudden event.

He had been fragmenting  
in place for over 8 years  
in a Delano nursing home.

In 1998 he had been diagnosed  
with leukemia;  
cancer of the blood.

He was a typical banal mexican man  
from the ranchos,  
what they call a 'chero,  
from rancho.

He was driven  
by the materiality  
of his subjectivization.

He was a man prone  
to what Josiah Luis Alderete  
calls the, "Chinga tu madre blues!,"  
a default exclamation  
when buttressed  
by situational impotence.  
Typically, paired with  
the, "Si no me la puedo coger,"  
failed proposition.  
During his chemo treatments

he failed to take care  
of his latent diabetes  
and he suffered several strokes.

The irony of the, "Chinga tu madre blues,"  
is that he survived and recovered  
from leukemia,  
but his totality had been shattered  
by the catastrophic strokes  
he had endured.

He began to enter  
a long enduring  
fragmentary flow  
of mental health  
decomposition.

There were the physical  
violent episodes  
where he broke doors  
and sheetrock walls.

My mother  
weathered and worn  
was the good soldier,  
but the war was  
bigger than her.

Like a good Adelita,  
she refused to abandon  
the battlefield but concede  
and we finally took him  
to a Delano hospice center.



---

It was a good clean facility  
recently built  
and my uncles lived within  
minutes of the facility  
and would visit him  
when my mother couldn't.

Migrations  
are transgenerational  
traumatic events  
moving at different  
velocities and across  
Multi generational bodies  
Of varying tensile strength.

My grandfather  
came with the Bracero program of 1942;  
Mexican cheap labor to buttress  
the 2nd world war.  
He was the anchor  
pulling across  
The norteño narrative space.

The suspended lives  
that needed to disconnect  
from the materiality  
of their bioregionalism.  
Mas cariñosamente  
conocido como  
tu terruño.

The deterritorialization  
of ribosomal organelles  
ripping through endoplasmic reticulum  
and nuclear envelopes  
shattering the four strands  
of eukaryotes and prokaryotes rRNA.  
Unwinding my progenitor.

Today, my father is  
buried in Delano

at the Northern Kern Cemetery District  
off of Garces Hwy.

It wasn't the one  
my mother had paid for  
she had allocated two  
spots in the Forest Lawn Cemetery,  
even though there is no  
forest left, just lawn  
with tombstones  
and mausoleums.

His family wanted him there.  
But they forgot to pay  
And my mother bore that debt.

A small epitafio  
signalling, el reposo,  
the rematriation point,  
the re-wombing,  
the gestacional maternal reclamation.

At the interment hole  
we gathered as a sanguinal collection  
of strewn DNA strands  
vibrating and rattling  
in an attempt to heal  
a wound.

The Catholic priest  
swung his golden ornate thurible  
with its myrthy incense,  
like a Foucaultian pendulum  
marking the start of reclamation.

The priest began to voice  
the final Catholic Sign of the Cross Prayer,  
I heard in my mind,  
In the name of gravitational forces,  
in the name of weak nuclear forces,  
in the name of strong nuclear forces,  
in the name of electromagnetism.



# Ulysses in Puebla

*By Brent Ameneiro*

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He cleans his lips with two wipes of his Jorge Campos jersey.  
Damn that new kid in school. Damn him. Hope he trips  
and can't play for a few weeks. Churros or a chicharron. Choices.  
He has tainted recess with his flashy moves. Tainted.  
Elias from Argentina. Chucho with his black hair slicked back.  
This boy from California walking through the market with his family  
and his cracked tooth. The new kid with his strong kick. Too strong.  
The new kid kicked the ball and the boy from California  
spun around to block it. Fell on his face. Cracked his tooth.  
Churro. Yum. Stuck on the end of the sugary bread  
two flies buzzed, stuck. Hidden above the ash  
in the sky, a red-legged honeycreeper wanders  
the empty space. The sky. No sound.  
Flowers its feathers are, take this world  
and tuck it in your gentle wings, take this.



# Rational Motivation: An Interview with Daniel Bolívar

*By Steve Davidson*

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Like most people, I have been impressed by the power of motivational thinking. America was built, dare we say, on motivational thinking. The Declaration of Independence is something of a motivational document, and certainly inspiring are the works by Benjamin Franklin, as well as those by the iconic American novelist, Horatio Alger, with his philosophy of self-direction towards the American Dream.

I was fascinated that a Latin American psychologist, Daniel Bolívar (by rumor related to the great liberation leader Simón Bolívar), had written a book on motivation, *Cognitive-Messiah: The Power of Rational Motivation*, which was roaring through the bestseller lists from San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, to Montevideo, Uruguay. When a Hispanic social science colleague at the Technological University mentioned she could link me to the author, I gladly accepted the opportunity.

Lecturing schedules and international travel being what they are, it was many months before Bolívar and I could connect. Finally, however, benefitting from coincidental seminar schedules at the University of California, we found a chance to lunch together. We met at the Cocina Cibola in glamorous Laguna Beach, on cliffs overlooking flowers, palm trees, the beach, and the ocean. Dr. Bolívar was fashionably late, but because he pulled up in a white Bentley Continental GT convertible, I forgave him.

About five-foot nine, lithe and quick as a jaguar, Bolívar had a blazing smile, and a warm, hearty laugh. He was wearing brown, woven leather loafers, khaki pants, a red striped oxford cloth shirt under a faded red cotton sport coat, and, because we were eating on

the patio, a straw fedora hat and Balenciaga sunglasses. We quickly ordered grilled-chicken burritos with chocolate mole sauce, and sangrias, served with lots of ice, and slices of lime and orange floating in gold wine glasses.

Though he spoke perfect English, with a faint Venezuelan accent, he was an excellent listener, as if he wanted to make absolutely sure what he was being asked. In responding, he usually looked away, out over the sand and the tourists to reflect a moment, as if he wanted to be certain he was expressing himself true to the facts. Then, looking directly back, he answered clearly and confidently, at length. And so the interview began.

\* \* \*

**I:** Many people say that some of the greatest civilizations of the world were those in what is now called Latin America, in the pre-Columbian world. How do you see that?

**DB:** *Por supuesto!* How could I not agree? [Laughter.] Yes, yes. You know...it is interesting...when people imagine, or paint, what they believe to be a mythical lost world, somewhere truly splendid and enchanting, they usually arrive at something that looks like Chichén Itzá, El Mirador, Tenochtitlán, or Machu Picchu, cities of the Mayans, Aztecs, or Incas. Creations magnificent, and timeless, fantastically well-conceived.

**I:** And yet, a handful of Spaniard swashbucklers seemed to have little trouble smashing these wealthy, advanced cultures. How do you explain that?

**DB:** *Qué pena.* One has only so many tears for the tragedies of the past. Renaissance



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Europeans...Dutch, English, French, Iberians... simply rolled through indigenous groups across the globe. Written language, big ships, steel weapons and armor, guns, explosives. They wielded, once, an unbeatable technological edge.

I: And how do you explain that?

DB: It's not so mysterious as it might seem. Atlantis.

I: Atlantis?

DB: The Greek islands, most importantly Atlantis, are unique. Atlanteans are almost unknown in history. A secret society. But they existed, as Plato mentioned, and they were, in addition to being quite kind, technologically brilliant. In ancient Egyptian language Atlantis was called "Ka-Ptah"—"The Spiritual House of Master Craftsmen."

So much of history is luck. The Greek islands are fortunately distant from the coasts of Egypt and Canaan, so were spared all that pointless destructive violence of antiquity. It is even so today—Egypt and Canaan are mired in conflict, and the Greek islands are sanctuaries of serenity, havens for artists and intellectuals. No aggressors could find the Atlanteans on their Mediterranean islands! Therefore, the Atlanteans had the leisure and the luxury to discover history's most powerful system of thought—science.

Thereby, the keys to indigenous kingdoms all around the world were, in effect, handed to the possessors of science, to the masters of technology! It was only a matter of going, as they say. And so the Renaissance, Atlantis's child, sailed across the globe, and into spectacular triumph.

I: How does that relate to the Americas in 1492?

DB: *¿Cómo?* As I am proposing, the technological superiority of Renaissance Europeans can be traced, should we be so inclined, right back to the engineering and mathematical genius of Atlantis—from London and Paris, back to Rome and the Etruscans, then back to Athens and Miletus, then to the empire of the Mediterranean, Thera and Knossos—Atlantis, the cultural fountain.

Nonetheless, the tragedy of Latin America, the crushing of indigenous genius, isn't so much in the technological realm, as in the psychological realm.

I: How so?

DB: *Es obvio.* Look, the French, British, and Americans rolled through Polynesia, as they did in Latin America. But Polynesia is made of islands, which provides safety, and enough emotional security to think. The Polynesians, though nowhere near as technically advanced as the Mayans or the Incas, were blessed with their secure island insight.

Their insight was that the Europeans had big boats, yes; metal, yes; guns, yes; written language, yes—but that didn't make them superior beings. All it meant was that somewhere along the line they had picked up superior tools. And the Polynesians could pick up those same tools. Which they did.

Within a few years of encountering European written language Hawaiians adopted reading and writing and immediately became the most literate people in the world. Almost as soon as they grasped that the European ships were



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carrying cannons, the Polynesians put cannons on their catamarans and became a seriously dangerous, agile naval force.

Even today, Polynesians recognize the superiority of their Aloha culture, their Bora-Bora love of life and beauty, their easy, joyful, respectful integration with nature. *¡Eso es!*

**I:** So, how does all of that relate to Latin America, and to your book on rational motivation?

**DB:** Don't you see? It is all about conceptual liberation. Let me explain.

There are four sections to the book: Belief, Commandments, Faith, and Charity. The first section, Belief, provides the Horatio Alger principle. People need to believe in themselves. They need to be able to see themselves as heroes in their own lives. They need to think, "I can do this! I can reach my dreams! I can live the life I choose!" It requires much convincing.

**I:** Is that so hard?

**DB:** Sí, sí. This first step, believing, is the hardest for most people. People who have been culturally traumatized find it nearly impossible to see themselves as the equals of the traumatizers. They become mystified, as the psychiatrist Laing pointed out. As if a veil had been pulled across reality, and they were blocked from seeing their true selves, their true possibilities.

That first step is the big one, pulling aside that veil, so that people can recognize and celebrate their true potential. *Levantat la cortina!*

**I:** And the second section?

**DB:** ¡Los mandamientos, sí, sí! The commandments! The original Commandments, from Sinai, are fine. But in Cognitive-Messiah are primary motivational commandments. There are four of them. I describe them at length in the chapters, but I can summarize them.

Commandment One: Visualize your dream. Know where you want to go. Don't wait for some castle to rise out of the lake and show you your home. Design your dream home yourself. Don't be afraid to imagine. Don't be afraid to be bold. This is your destination.

Commandment Two: Build the path to your dream home, your dream city, your dream life. Stone by stone. Fact by fact. Book by book. Class by class. Reason by reason. To reach your emerald city on the mountain, you must build the road, then walk the road patiently, however steep, however long.

Commandment Three: Join with others. Don't march down the road alone. Family, friends, teachers, coworkers, mentors. Learn from each other. Help each other. There is power in numbers. There is confidence in a shared mission.

Commandment Four: Rejoice! Don't fail to drink the wine at the altar of your dreams, at your palace of accomplishments when you get there. You have worked hard. Celebrate! And share the victory with your team. Success that is shared is holy!

**I:** Okay; I follow that. And the third section of your book?



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**DB:** ¡La fe! Faith. Motivation is like the Search for the Holy Grail. It is, in its soul, a romance. A novel. Like all good novels, it has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

**I:** So...how does that go?

**DB:** The beginning of the story is the shock: you can be great, but you must believe! Then, in the middle, comes the hard part—fighting all along the path to the gleaming dream, every day, in the dust and the heat, in the cold and the rain, in the day and in the night, across the deep, dangerous river of life toward the stars, toward the light, and never giving up. That demands faith. Faith in oneself, faith in one's possibilities, faith in one's family and friends, teachers and mentors, and faith in the final justice of the world, faith in the soul, y posiblemente, of the Earth.

At the end of the romance, if the mind is strong, if the legs endure, and if luck is kind, the hero arrives at the Good Life, a life of love and beauty, science and intelligence. A New Atlantis, as the Renaissance philosopher put it. ¡Aquí estamos! This dream life is now your life!

**I:** The fourth section of your book is Charity. That seems like an odd way to end a discussion of rational motivation.

**DB:** [Laughter.] Not where I'm from! I am Latin American through and through, despite receiving my degree from Miami. My people are kind, and good, and beautiful, and smart. But they have one flaw. They conceive that knowledge and wealth are to be looked down upon. It's not so. That is a cognitive error. And that cognitive error interferes with motivation.

The Ten Commandments? Knowledge. The Sermon on the Mount? Knowledge. "For everything there is a season"? Knowledge. Farming? Roads? Bridges? Dentistry? Hospitals? Knowledge. So, knowledge is a good thing, a necessary thing.

Treasures and mansions are good things, too, in the right way. So many things in the world that we need, like food, clothing, medicine, and education, require wealth.

**I:** You seem to have your feet on the ground, as we say, to have as your touchstones the wisdom of the ages.

**DB:** [Laughter.] That is my Basque heritage! Never lose touch with the essentials—love of nature, love of humanity, hard work, beautiful, clean cities, and, sobre todo, wonderful food!

**I:** How is it, do you think, that people become confused, and see good things as bad things, and then because of that lose some of their drive?

**DB:** ¡Así es! The motivational problem here is created by a logical fallacy. Goodness is not a matter of "either-or", but rather a matter of "both". That "both" combination demands a cognitive leap, a radically new angle on being, a higher level of understanding of living, and of sharing. There is no guilt or shame in educational and financial success if people's final objective is charity! That's what the fourth section is about.

**I:** But how do you rationalize personal success and charity?



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**DB:** Así lo veo: at every step on the path of a boldly successful life people can be generous—charitable. As they learn at school, they can share that learning with family members, and with neighbors who are possibly not so lucky as to get an education. If business is going well, and they have plenty of food, many treasures of milk and honey, to put it one way, they can invite in for a meal those who are less fortunate. If they have a large home, a mansion, as it were, they can open their home at festival times to those for whom such a visit would be a revelation, and possibly a motivation.

The world is a shared home. Those who have gained more can, and should, provide for others, as well as for themselves. As Jackie Kennedy once said, in Venezuela—every father, mother, and family deserves a fine education, well-paid work, and decent living; until that happens, no one should feel settled.

**I:** So, you are saying people can be motivated, educated, and successful, and still be good people—is that right?

**DB:** ¡Exacto! A deep, committed attitude of honest charity justifies personal success, because that success can benefit others at every step on the path, and at the end of the path. If the wealth and wisdom were never generated, they could never be shared. To be shared, they first must be generated. And to generate, the most primary step is to motivate. Motivation, then generation, then generosity. So does personal success contribute to the saving light of the world!

When the end of life befalls, when it is time for the Great Transition, those who have gained

much knowledge, in books and papers, can bequeath that wisdom to the world forever—charity. Those who have gained much wealth can pass it on to others—charity. Thereby does the whole community, the espíritu del mundo, prosper via individual realization. Charity, and the goodness and hope it brings, is the final crown in self-development, the final victory of rational motivation.

\* \* \*

As the shadows of the palm trees began to darken the flowers, and as the tourists began to drift away from the beach, Dr. Bolívar glanced at his black and gold Balenciaga watch and announced he needed to add some finishing touches to tomorrow's neuropsychology lecture. He insisted on paying for our meal, which I thought nicely...charitable.

Outside, he gave me an enthusiastic hug, saying, "You must come to Caracas! I have a fine house and a beautiful wife, Magdalena, on Isla Margarita. We will be your hosts. We will sit on the terraza, and sip Santa Teresa rum mojitos as the sun sinks, and plan the resurrection of the world! ¡Vaya con Dios!"

With that, he slid into his Bentley, and, in a dignified blast of cumbia music, and with a wave of his hand, vanished into the evening.



# Education for All

*By Guilherme Hergami*

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# Puebla

*By Brent Ameneiro*

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Houses like parakeets  
perched on a dirt road.

There's an arcade  
two blocks down where we used to play.

No seat belts  
and a cross hanging from the rear-view mirror.

Boys washing windshields,  
their sisters selling bracelets at the red light.

Robbed by the police.  
Kissed by someone else's mother.

Fútbol, carne asada,  
waiting for the water to be delivered.



# Etiquetas

*por Braden Cole*

---

Veintiséis semanas antes, etiqueta prematura.

Sano, próspero, etiqueta.

Ataques sin explicación, miedo. No hay etiqueta.

Sólo preguntas.

Cáncer, la etiqueta que podría ser la última.

Luchador, frágil, cansado de ver la etiqueta de mi diagnóstico en el espejo.

Más fuerte, sigo luchando, decidido en cambiar la etiqueta.

Sobreviviente. Una etiqueta en que me puedo regocijar.

Mentor. Una etiqueta a la que pueda aspirar.



# Pecking Order: Mercado Principal

*By Jeff Schiff*

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Those with numbered stalls  
authorized AC and laminated roofs  
are first

Then those near the communal spigot  
able to scour on demand  
hygiene their greatest coup

Then the rest  
Those unexpectedly proud of their wares  
blender parts say or faux Gucci

Those forced to condense  
tarp and rope their kiosks  
every blessed night

Those forced to shill  
legendary tonics  
slurries and potions

Those selling Mayan made in China  
and Mayan made  
in Bangladesh

Those forced to make the circuit  
with expired  
afterthought shlock

Those who hop on your bus strapped  
with bandoliers of chips  
and repackaged chicharrones

Those with broken indigenous  
infants on akimbo hips  
trucked in to twang your pity bone

Those trumpeting scratch-off dreams  
Those muling for other vendors  
Those guarding caches of returnable glass



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Those who shine and buff  
their forlorn  
into your leather boots

Those gutter bound near the shoeshine court  
hawking whatever they're issued  
oddlot matchbooks and single smokes

Those who profit from the uproar of your bowels  
Two Quetzales to enter their latrine  
two Q's

for that wad of Nube Blanca  
that puck of reclaimed soap  
that incomparable relief



# Not

*By Jeff Schiff*

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Not my first

third world barkathon  
sleep pierced by jumbled curs

Not my first courtyard fountain

mask and lull  
bus and phlegmy snores be damned

Not my first sandaled morning shuffle

through volcanic ash  
season of belch and spew

Not my first migratory warbler

pink-headed wine-throated bar-winged  
feathers that could spawn a new faith

Not my first central market

Guava Guayaba Jocote  
every stall a fruity similitude

Not my first for sure Juan will Jose will Rafael will

unclog tomorrow replace tomorrow spray tomorrow  
your running toilet your fusty curtain those bugs beneath the kitchen sink

Not my first roadside cairn

twig cross photo frame bits and memorial bobs  
sum of zigzag rattletrap eyes for an instant pulled from the road

Not my first shardtopped wall

charged razorwire hedgehidden compound  
whittled bamboo keepthehellaway

Not my first cobblestone lurch

wine and local tidbits lovey-dovey purr and coo  
home to consummate on rented sheets



# Step Forward

*By Amanda Hubbard*



# Momento exacto

*por Jorge Enrique González Pacheco*

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Homenaje a mis cincuentas

Ha llegado a la vida la ocasión perfecta,  
que la experiencia espera,  
en ese ojo avizor de la sonrisa  
donde las presencias bien exhibidas te harán más fuerte.

Es el tiempo de crecer y creer en quien  
eres, en llenarte del optimismo,  
aquel que te faltó por incapaz e inexperto.

Cuando andas por lo árido  
la vida se acomoda a tu paso,  
debes de escucharte interiormente  
y no dejar que otros pensamientos perturben.

La poesía nunca te faltará,  
su esencia del ser nuevo  
te vendrá de mil maravillas.

Ha llegado esa estación  
en la que elucubrar en voz alta  
no significa locura,  
sino luz de sabiduría.

Olvidar el pasado no está prohibido,  
pero sin voces de este mejor se anda.

Las rosas del rosal nuevo la haces tuyas,  
no te es importante la desdicha del ojo criticón  
y a zancadillas rápidas dejas atrás la noche malherida.

Ha llegado ese equilibrio que desde siempre esperabas,  
se dibuja en las paredes de tu consciencia,  
a tu lado trae su resplandor  
que te prepara para el próximo salto.



# Cuento de un amor tonto

*por Jorge Enrique González Pacheco*

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Alguien me llamó tonto  
por el gusto de mirarte a toda hora,  
y por las letras que digo  
y ve no más como pura palabrería.

La ciudad a esa hora  
en la que alguien creyó ofenderme  
hervía en su inquieta lentitud.

Los mercados cerraban  
y un solitario hombre desandaba Sevilla  
sin temor a la llama del verano que llega.

Alguien, que podía haber sido nadie  
lanzó dardos al amor que siento  
y vive y anda y se impregna de ti mismo.

El milenio rueda y yo sigo pegado a mi devoción,  
al creer que cada vez que me sonríes yo te importo.

Pero no sabe que aprendí a jugar el juego.  
Y ese hombre que cruza el fuego  
de la ciudad a mediodía, en la hora  
en que los mercaderes van a su siesta,  
soy tú mismo que me contemplo en una nube  
que algún día caerá y no resurgirá  
en la maldición tuya,  
que no entendió la fidelidad por mí  
y dibujó toda su malicia  
en oraciones en contra,  
que por amarte nada tienen de tonto.



# El tercer piso: Tres poemas

por *Aleqs Garrigóz*

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## **A VECES LA MÚSICA TE HIERE**

Y no quieres hacer nada,  
mas que darte  
en posesión.  
-Un secreto cordón umbilical  
se presiente  
en todo alrededor-.  
Como una red  
siempre recomenzada,  
algo teje con aguja finísima.  
Pez inocente,  
apenas te darías cuenta de tu lugar.  
El mundo es  
un silencio crepuscular  
comunicado sólo en lo incomprensible.  
Sin embargo,  
el hombre gime.  
Pues es el alimento de los dioses.  
A veces te das cuenta:  
fluyes a la deriva  
en una resaca ancestral  
que del carnaval tiene el sacrificio.  
Y no quieres hacer nada.

## **MONOTONÍA**

Es tarde.  
El sol asoma tímido  
a bañar espaldas  
en conmiseración dudosa.  
No vamos a reflexionar.  
Una sedición inadvertida se ajustaría  
a su lugar entre las cosas.  
Porque estamos enojados,  
desdeñamos la belleza.  
Así los niños  
olvidan los asombros primarios  
y ya nadie mira la trampa.  
Pero, como sin querer,  
un estar tan así te delata  
con su irresponsabilidad;

y la pregunta finalmente te reclama:  
bostezar  
o vivir.

## **LOS SOÑADORES PARTIRÁN CON EL CORAZÓN DESTROZADO**

¿Por qué si el mundo es ancho  
nos pudre el mismo rincón?

El amigo no nos abraza. Nuestro Dios  
no nos sostiene.  
La rueda de la fortuna nos ha dejado abajo.

Es un orden diminutivo  
cegando simpatías:  
un despiste perverso  
de alimentar formas sin contenido  
y castigar los respiros.

Falsedad abominable sólo  
por la ignorancia de estrecharla  
como a la mayor dádiva de la historia.

Calla, habla. Alude, desdeña.  
Esto no es un poema.  
Es un torpor de cristales de melancolía  
sobre un blanco  
que sigue esperando.



# An homage to travel post-Covid

by Nikita Wemmerus



# Fantasy Literature

By Brian Potts

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## I. Frost

Moore

Saint Crispin's Day  
Speech. Who would not  
Rush to battle  
For King Henry?

## II. Nobel

Kipling  
Faulkner

We happy few  
Defied the odds.  
Then some had sense  
To practice French.

Heaney  
Dylan

## V. Pulitzer, Nobel

## III. Pulitzer

Anne Sexton  
Won fame for  
*Live or Die*.

And for that matter  
Ernest Hemingway  
Seems to like to give  
Five syllables to  
Many of his books.

What did she  
See in her  
Looking glass?

*For Whom the Bell Tolls*  
*To Have and Have Not*  
*The Torrents of Spring*  
*Winner Take Nothing*  
*Islands in the Stream*

Seven dwarves  
Walked three times  
'Round Snow White.

*Men Without Women*  
*A Farewell to Arms*  
*A Moveable Feast*  
*Dateline: Toronto*  
*The Undeclared*

## IV. Lucille Lortel

William Shakespeare  
Won this award  
For Outstanding  
Revival of

1899  
Oak Park, Illinois  
1917  
Kansas City Star  
Ambulance driver

*Henry the Fifth*,  
Which runs more than  
*Henry the Fourth*,  
What with the great

The Pulitzer Prize  
1953  
Then the Nobel Prize  
In Literature  
1954



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**VI.**  
**National Book Award**

Our Theodore Roethke  
Wrote “My Papa’s Waltz” in  
Iambic trimeter  
And won the Pulitzer,  
National Book Award,  
Guggenheim Fellowship.

William Carlos Williams  
Also won National,  
And the Pulitzer Prize,  
And the Bollingen Prize  
For arresting lines like:  
“Lie 6 woodchucks ready”

Elizabeth Bishop  
Also won National,  
And the Pulitzer Prize,  
Guggenheim Fellowship.  
“Paris, 7 A.M.”  
“Arrival at Santos”

Robert V. Remini  
Also won National  
For his third volume of  
*Andrew Jackson*, which his  
Editor almost did  
Not allow him to write.

Dusen wanted one book:  
“I can’t sell two volumes.”  
But at a show he said:  
“You can have two volumes.”  
Then at another show  
He agreed to the third.

Flannery O’Conner  
Also won National,  
The O. Henry Award,  
Immortality on

United States postage,  
And—God willing—the race.

**VII.**  
**Neustadt International**

Giuseppe Ungaretti  
Won in 1970.  
Next came the Columbian.  
Then came Francis Ponge of France.  
Then Elizabeth Bishop.  
A silver eagle feather  
In the cap of the winner.

The great Allen Tate served as  
A nominating juror  
For the inaugural year.  
But why would a new critic  
Care for life-time achievement  
Awards when they might obstruct  
Close readings of single texts?

Mario Luzi later  
Nominated Tate for the  
Silver eagle feather, but  
That year Francis Ponge of France  
Won, and who could have stopped him?  
Jacques Derrida? Why bother.  
Sponge soaking in existence.

One does not apply to win.  
You may not seek the feather.  
It falls upon whom it wills.  
A mapless unmarked treasure.  
“The Oklahoma Nobel.”  
You could show it in a case  
And stamp feathers on covers

Of your books, new and old, and  
They would fly like eagles off  
Shelves of stores and libraries  
And dive screeching to tablets



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For a healthy price to add  
To the prize of Fifty Grand.  
(But I hear eagles don't screech.)

But maybe you wouldn't stamp  
Feathers on your books because  
They already sell themselves.  
Take Octavio Paz, who  
Won in 1982.  
His covers fly featherless,  
Cleaned with "plucked feather dusters."

Or take Mia Couto, who  
Won in 2014.  
His covers don't strut feathers.  
Except *O Último Vôo*  
*do Flamingo*, shrimp-pink rose.  
Or Max Frisch of '86.  
No room for floating feathers.

### **VIII.** **Nobel Prize in Literature**

What is it with Señor Márquez?  
*One Hundred Years of Solitude*  
*Love in the Time of Cholera*  
*Chronicle of a Death Foretold*  
*The Autumn of the Patriarch*  
*Bon Voyage, Mr. President*  
*Cubano 100%*  
Beautiful titles, to be sure.

But why does he dictate that eight  
Syllables fill his best titles?  
*No One Writes to the Colonel*  
Say the rank like the Gran Maestro  
Does in *Across the River and*  
*Into the Trees* and you'll have it.  
Preposterous proposition?  
Just lost in translation you say?

*Cien Años de Soledad*  
Still have trouble believing me?  
*Como se Cuenta un Cuento*  
*Me Alquilo para Soñar*  
*Relato de un Náufrago*  
*Crónicas y Reportajes*  
*Operación Carlota*  
*Obra Periodística*

Even his awards come in eight:  
Nobel Prize in Literature,  
Neustadt International Prize.  
Major awards, fra-gí-le like  
Alluring Italian leg lamps.  
Make you wish you could read Spanish  
So you could see what you're missing  
Beneath the gossamer lamp shade.

Even his birthday comes in eight:  
March 6, 1927.

Even his middle name has eight:  
José de la Concordia.

"Greatest Colombian ever."  
Even his children come in eight:  
Rodrigo García Barcha,  
Gonzalo García Barcha.

Rodrigo directed *Four Rooms*,  
*Five Six Feet Under* episodes,  
And the award-winning *Nine Lives*,  
To improve papa's legacy.  
In his *Ten Tiny Love Stories*  
Susan Traylor, once up for the  
Independent Spirit Award  
For her Valerie Flake, played Eight.

Gonzalo, with a mustache draped  
Below his nose like his father,  
Designs graphics, sketches portraits,  
And travels the world like Gabo:  
Paris, Barcelona, New York.  
Married Pía Elizondo,



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Photographer, panelist for  
2016 Monochromes.

Gabriel García Márquez,  
Latin American master  
Of magical realism  
Casting spells of communism  
In the cadences of his life:  
Allotting parallel doses  
To children and titles, saying:  
“I am a poor man with money.”

## IX.

### 9mobile Prize for Literature

You picked NoViolet Bulawayo  
In 2010? Zvakanaka!  
Won Truman Capote Fellowship  
Won Caine Prize for African Writing  
National 5 Under 35  
Then *We Need New Names* won four awards:  
9mobile Prize for Literature  
Hemingway Foundation/PEN Award  
L.A. Times Book Prize Art Seidenbaum

And also the Betty Trask Award.  
And it was shortlisted for three more:  
The Guardian First Book Award and  
Barnes & Noble Discover Award  
And the Man Booker Prize in '13.  
She went to Cornell. She might be in  
Kurt Vonnegut's karass. Or maybe  
They'd have a granfalloon festival.  
Vonnegut never qualified for

9mobile Prize for Literature.  
But he won other precious prizes:  
Writers Guild Award, Seiun Award,  
Hugo Award, Audi Award, and  
Two Halls of Fame. He hid underground  
During the bombing of Dresden with  
Other prisoners of war and won

The Purple Heart for an injury.  
“World War II made war reputable...”

Sports Illustrated told him to write  
A short piece about a racehorse who  
Jumped a fence and ran away. Kurt stared  
At a blank sheet for hours. Then he typed:  
“The horse jumped over the f\*cking fence.”  
Except he did not censor himself.  
Vonnegut failed as a Saab dealer.  
That is why the Swedes never gave him  
The Nobel Prize for Literature.

“[C]hoosing a best book...is absurd,” said  
Kurt, who was often a judge himself.  
“It's not like judging an ice-skating  
competition.” But isn't it though?  
Kristi Yamaguchi won pure gold  
At the Olympics. She also won  
The Heisman Humanitarian,  
Dancing with the Stars, Thurman Munson,  
Gelett Burgess Children's Book Award.

Burgess wrote “The Purple Cow” and said  
He'd kill me if I quote it. I won't.  
Meijer puts its Purple Cow in prime  
Position to promote it. I don't  
Buy it 'cause it's simply horrible.  
The poem's not great, either. Neither won  
Any awards so far as I know.  
Yet marketers award Purple Cows.  
But “creamy-colored cows” makes more sense.

Philip Roth won nine major awards:  
The National Book Award two times  
The National Book Critics Circle  
The PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction  
The Pulitzer Prize in '98  
The PEN/Faulkner again in '01  
AAAL Gold Medal, '01  
PEN/Faulkner again, '07, and  
Man Booker International Prize.



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Alice Walker got tons of letters  
After she won the Pulitzer and  
The American Book Award for  
*The Color Purple*. Her readers wrote:  
“I feel we have won them together.”  
*Now Is the Time to Open Your Heart,*  
*Taking the Arrow Out of the Heart,*  
*Revolutionary Petunias.*  
“Maggie can’t appreciate these quilts!”

9mobile won 2018  
Telecom Company of the Year,  
Best Telecoms Customer Service,  
Market Friendly Operator, and  
Best Marketing Company. “We are  
Not just a telecoms company.  
We are an enabler of life and  
Of dreams! We are 9mobile—here for  
You, here for naija!” So so motto.

## X. How to win Fantasy Literature

You draft five living and five eternal  
Authors. And your friends also make their picks.  
You can trade authors with your friends all year.  
You get one point for each new poem your  
Poets publish during the year. Living  
Poets tend to earn more points here, but dead  
Poets sometimes publish posthumously.  
Take Emily Dickinson. She died in  
1886 after publishing  
10 poems during her quiet lifetime.

After she heard the Fly buzz when she died,  
Her family discovered a treasure:  
40 handbound volumes of fascicles,  
1,800 or so unheard poems.  
Emily’s sister Lavinia had  
A “Joan of Arc” feeling about the works.  
So she enlisted Mabel Loomis Todd  
Who worked with Thomas Wentworth Higginson  
On *Poems of Emily Dickinson*,  
Published from the grave in 1890.

A savvy player drafted Dickinson  
For the 1890 season on the  
Strength of her 10 published poems and with  
Hope that maybe they would win an award  
In 1890 or maybe someone  
Would discover more poems to publish  
And—Eureka!—the savant struck pure gold!  
And he held Emily like Gamestop stock  
All the way to The Moon, a Chin of Gold,  
And rode the wave to 1945

When *Bolts of Melody* hit the presses.  
So you never can tell when a poet  
Might save his best for after his last breath.  
Take Shakespeare, who died in 1616  
With only half his plays ever printed.  
A genius picked the Bard for the season  
Of 1623 and—Sing hey-ho!—  
*The First Folio* collected 18  
Plays for the first time, plays that might have died  
Otherwise after Globe performances.



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Take Shakespeare as early as possible.  
Then you get points for lifetime achievement.  
And you get points for every revival.  
And you win points for shelf-space occupied.  
And you win points for all-time best sellers.  
And you win points for readers' choice awards.  
*Hamlet* and *King Lear* usually go deep  
In elimination knock-out brackets.  
Points for household words coined,  
like: "household words"  
From the rousing Saint Crispian's Day speech.

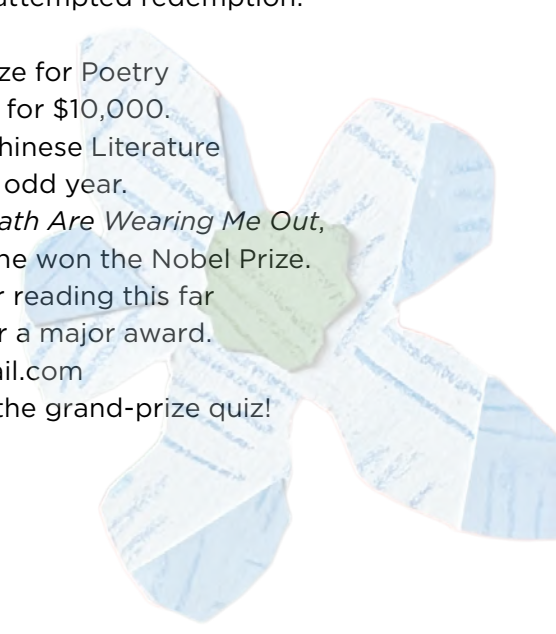
"Knock, knock!" "Who's there?" "Devil ink."  
"Devil ink  
Who?" "Devil incarnate." "Make short shrift and  
For goodness' sake good riddance to you, a  
Farmhouse laughing stock who does not  
know that  
All that glitters is not gold, who waits with  
Bated breath to break the ice to kill a  
Brave new world and all our yesterdays and  
Kills with kindness, murder most foul, a most  
Sorry sight, who makes me sick at heart from  
Time out of mind! So I send you packing!"

Amanda S. C. Gorman is also  
A good pick in an early round, so young  
And so good, with so many more poems  
Ahead of her and so many poems  
Already blazing into frozen soil  
And blooming forever in a meadow.  
Youth Poet Laureate, Los Angeles.  
First National Youth Poet Laureate.  
Signed a three-book deal with Viking after  
A bidding war, so those points could be yours.

Win points for each award your authors win.  
So if you held Waciny Laredj in  
2015 then you won points for  
Katara Prize for Arabic Novel.  
So many prizes to peddle the books:  
National Book Critics Circle Award,  
St. Francis College Literary Prize,  
Balint Balassi Memorial Sword,  
Next Generation Indie Book Awards,  
Nebula Award for Science Fiction,

Jan Michalski Prize for Literature,  
Launched in the tenth month of 2009  
And first awarded in 2010  
To *The Lazarus Project* by Hemon,  
Finalist in 2008 for the  
National Book Critics Circle Award  
And National Book Award, not to be  
Confused with *The Lazarus Project* film  
Though both were released in 2008  
And both deal with attempted redemption.

Bobbitt National Prize for Poetry  
Comes with a check for \$10,000.  
Newman Prize for Chinese Literature  
Pays \$10,000 every odd year.  
Mo Yan, *Life and Death Are Wearing Me Out*,  
Won first, and then he won the Nobel Prize.  
Congratulations! For reading this far  
You win a chance for a major award.  
Send [bcjpotts@gmail.com](mailto:bcjpotts@gmail.com)  
An email to receive the grand-prize quiz!



# Lista de contribuidores

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**Brent Ameneyro** recibió la Beca de Excelencia en Poesía Sarah B. Marsh Rebelo 2019, la Beca de la Semana de Poesía de San Miguel 2020, y fue seleccionado para leer en la conferencia binacional RE-BORDER de la Universidad Estatal de San Diego.

**Gustavo Barahona-López** es un escritor y educador de Richmond, California. Su chapbook *Loss and Other Rivers That Devour* será publicado por Nomadic Press en 2022. Los poemas de Barahona-López se pueden encontrar en *Iron Horse Literary Review*, *Puerto del Sol*, *The Acentos Review*, *Apogee*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, entre otras publicaciones.

**Lissa Batista** es una residente de Miami nacida en Brasil, inspirada en su entorno, desde las iguanas hasta la salsa. Ella es una estudiante, una maestra enseñando en la escuela secundaria y siendo madre de su hijo, su esfinge amante de los suéteres, y su perro adoptado en el refugio; simultáneamente.

**Guilherme Bergamini** is a Brazilian reporter, visual artist, and photographer who has been awarded in national and international competitions and has participated in collective exhibitions in 44 countries. For more than two decades, he has developed projects with photography and the various narrative possibilities that art offers. His works dialogue between memory and social political criticism. Bergamini believes in photography as the aesthetic potential and transforming agent of society.

**Martha E. Bieber**, artist and retired Spanish professor, had tea with Ladybird Johnson in her 20s, raised children in her 30s, exalted bilingualism in her 40s, finally visited Europe in her 50s, revised her vision of the cosmos in

her 60s, played with grandchildren in her 70s, and as she enters her 80s, she knows the best is yet to come.

**Roger Camp** es autor de tres libros de fotografía, incluidos los galardonados *Butterflies in Flight*, Thames & Hudson, 2002 y *Heat*, Charta, Milano, 2008. Su trabajo ha aparecido en numerosas revistas como *The New England Review*, *Phoebe*, *Folio* y *The New York Quarterly*. Su trabajo está representado por la Galería Robin Rice, NYC.

**Braden Cole** estudia en la Universidad de Arkansas - Fort Smith. Su meta es ser trabajador social.

**Samantha Duque**, hija de padre colombiano y madre mexicana, es estudiante de la Universidad de Arkansas - Fort Smith terminando su último semestre. Su especialidad es la comunicación. Le encanta ayudar en la comunidad, y es la razón por la que extendió su pasantía en la organización sin fines de lucro llamada Mane & Miracles. Se especializan en terapia de caballos para niños con necesidades especiales. En su tiempo libre, le gusta probar nuevos productos y compartir reseñas sobre ellos en línea.

**Dr. Steve Davidson** es psicólogo clínico en Laguna Beach, California. Ha desarrollado una nueva teoría de la personalidad y la psicoterapia llamada operaciones humanas. Concibe a las personas como sistemas orientados a objetivos dirigidos a la supervivencia.

**David Estringel** es un poeta y escritor que vive en la ciudad de Temple, Tejas. También es el autor de la colección de poemas y cuentos, *Indelible Fingerprints*, y dos chapbooks:



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*Pinchazos, Periferias y Comer Peras en la Azotea.*

**Aleqs Garrigó** (Puerto Vallarta, México; 1986) escribe poesía desde los 15 años. Publicó su primer libro de poesía en 2003: *Abyección*. Posteriormente aparecieron *La promesa de un poeta* (2005), *Páginas que caen* (2008) y *La risa de los imbéciles* (2013), entre otros. Su último libro publicado es *El tercer piso* (2021). Ha publicado poemas en medios impresos y electrónicos de México, España, El Salvador, Colombia, Estados Unidos, Argentina, Brasil, Honduras, Perú, Nicaragua, Chile, Brasil, Italia, Perú, Venezuela y Suecia. Poemas de su autoría se han vertido al inglés, francés, neerlandés, turco, italiano, rumano y otomí.

**Amanda Hubbard**. Artista y madre. Amanda Hubbard studied at UAFS in 2018 and received a BS in Music Performance with an emphasis in classical singing from Utah Valley University. While studying at UAFS, she was able to put on her first solo art show with a series of watercolor paintings about love and family. She began drawing at a young age and is now a freelance illustrator, having most recently had her artwork featured in videos for LDS Living and Deseret Book. Her artwork is heavily influenced by family, religion, and motherhood. She currently lives in Farmington, Utah with her husband and four children. Growing up, her mother taught her Spanish and a love of Latin American culture. Her love of Hispanic culture and language has been rekindled thanks to the many times she has watched *Encanto* with her children. In addition to art and music, Amanda has a passion for culture and languages. She has lived all over the United States as well as in Korea and Japan and also spent some time in South America.

**Jorge Enrique González Pacheco** es un poeta cubano. Tiene publicado seis libros entre poemarios y antologías, su más reciente título es *Habitante Invisible* (Ediciones Deslinde, Madrid, España, 2020). Ha recibido varios premios, dos de ellos son el «Delia Carrera» de poesía (Cuba, 1996) y el 2018 «Seattle Mayor's Art Awards».

Poemas de **John C. Mannone** aparecen en *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Anacua Literary Arts Journal*, *Artemis Journal*, *Poetry South*, *Acentos Review*, *Baltimore Review* y otras publicaciones. Fue galardonado un Jean Ritchie Fellowship en Appalachian Literature (2017). Él es un profesor jubilado de física que vive cerca de Knoxville, TN  
<http://jcmannone.wordpress.com>

**Gloria Méndez** es alumna en la Universidad de Arkansas - Fort Smith. Es de Van Buren, Arkansas y en su tiempo libre le gusta leer poesía y salir con amigos. Le encanta bailar bachata y reggaetón, especialmente Bad Bunny. Es fan del USWNT y de la selección FC Barcelona. La música es muy importante para ella, y la usa para expresar sus emociones. Vive feliz con su perro Duke y sus millones de juguetes.

**Valeria Méndez** es estudiante de Estudios Hispánicos en la Universidad de Austin Peay. Es costarricense y se mudó con su familia a los Estados Unidos en 2019. Es amante de la literatura y los estudios culturales y vive en Clarksville, Tennessee.

**Brian C. Potts** es un abogado en Indiana. Su poesía aparece en *The Scribes Journal of Legal Writing*, *The Westchester Review*, *Penumbra*, *The Antonym* y *Delmarva Review*.



# Lista de contribuidores

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**Jeff Schiff** es el autor de “That hum to go by,” “Mixed Diction,” “Burro Heart,” “The Rats of Patzcuaro,” “The Homily of Infinitude,” y “Anywhere in this Country.” Cientas de sus piezas han aparecido en más de ciento treinta publicaciones en todo el mundo. Enseña en Columbia College en Chicago.

**Yan Sheng** es hispanista y traductora china, nacida en Shanghai. Es doctoranda en Estudios Hispánicos de la Universidad Autónoma de Madrid. Obras de traducción: Soledad y compañía: Un retrato compartido de Gabriel García Márquez, y *The Essential Neruda: Selected Poems* (español-chino)

**Nikita Wemmerus** is a psychology major and music minor at UAFS. She comes from Wister, Oklahoma, but she considers Arkansas a second home. She loves to make and create things. Her hobbies include gaming, music, arts, and crochet, to name just a few. She loves to travel and visit different places.



# Engage in Culture with the UAFS World Languages Department

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The literary magazine *Azahares* forms part of the array of professional opportunities which the World Languages Department at the University of Arkansas - Fort Smith provides its students and the greater region. The Bachelor of Arts in Spanish prepares students to meet the qualifications for employment opportunities in medical, business and government service, as well as to complete graduate work in Spanish. As part of the graduation requirement, semester study-abroad options provide Spanish majors the opportunity to immerse themselves in the language and culture of Latin America.

As part of the focus on preparing students for success in a global society, the World Languages department offers a Certificate of Proficiency in Spanish for Workers in the Helping Professions, with a specialization in either social services or healthcare. This certificate is open to current students as well as current members of the larger workforce. In addition, students can obtain a Teaching English as a Second Language (TESL) -

Certificate of Proficiency, the TESL minor, and an endorsement for Teaching English as a Second Language, grades P-12. This program of study exceeds the minimum credit hour requirements for the Arkansas Department of Education and addresses all the competencies identified for the licensure area. TESL Certification allows teacher licensure candidates to add an Arkansas state ESL (English as a Second Language) endorsement to their teaching license. Current UAFS students can add these courses to enhance their future employability. Teachers already working in the field can add this endorsement as well. TESL Certification is also designed for international students who are preparing to teach English as a Second Language.

For more information on the World Languages Department at UAFS, please feel free to contact Dr. Mary A. Sobhani, Department Head at [Mary.Sobhani@uafs.edu](mailto:Mary.Sobhani@uafs.edu). Visit us at [www.uafs.edu](http://www.uafs.edu) or find us on Facebook @UAFS-World Languages Department and @UAFS Azahares

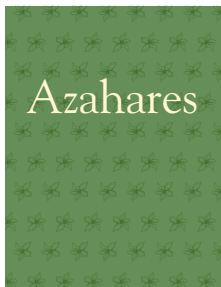


# About the design

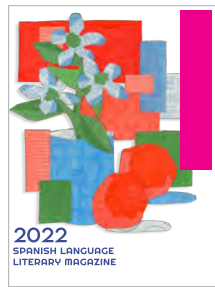
In the Art Department at UAFS, we put learning into action. Since the Spring of 2018, students working towards a Bachelor of Science in Graphic Design have designed the *Azahares* Spanish Literary Magazine as part of their sophomore-level Print & Publication class. Students each present designs for both the cover and inside pages to the editorial board of the magazine, who in turn selects the finalists. These students then head up teams, as might happen in a professional design studio, to complete the design and typesetting for the entire magazine. The original cover designs that were presented to the Editorial Board appear below.

At the University of Arkansas-Fort Smith, NASAD-accredited programs in Studio Art and Graphic Design provide a strong foundation in the fundamentals of art, composition, craftsmanship, and close study of the history of Art and Design. Studio Art majors go on to advanced study in printmaking, book arts, drawing & painting, and work towards a capstone body of work. The Graphic Design curriculum trains well-rounded, competitive designers skilled in interactive and mobile design, user experience design, strategic branding, typography, publication design, packaging, illustration, and image making.

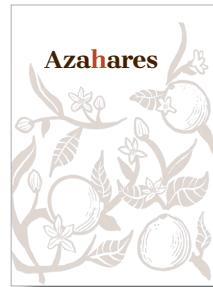
Micaiah Barnett



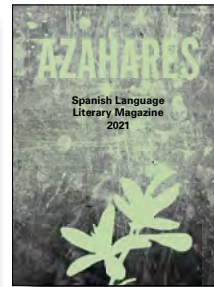
Samara Camyn



Carlee Davis



Ashley Grizzle



Joanna Hernandez



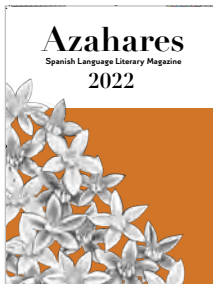
Javiya Lawson



Felipe Martinez



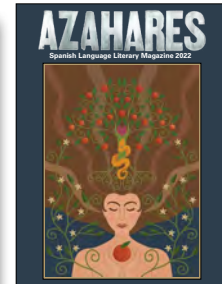
Molly Ralson



Katie Redhage

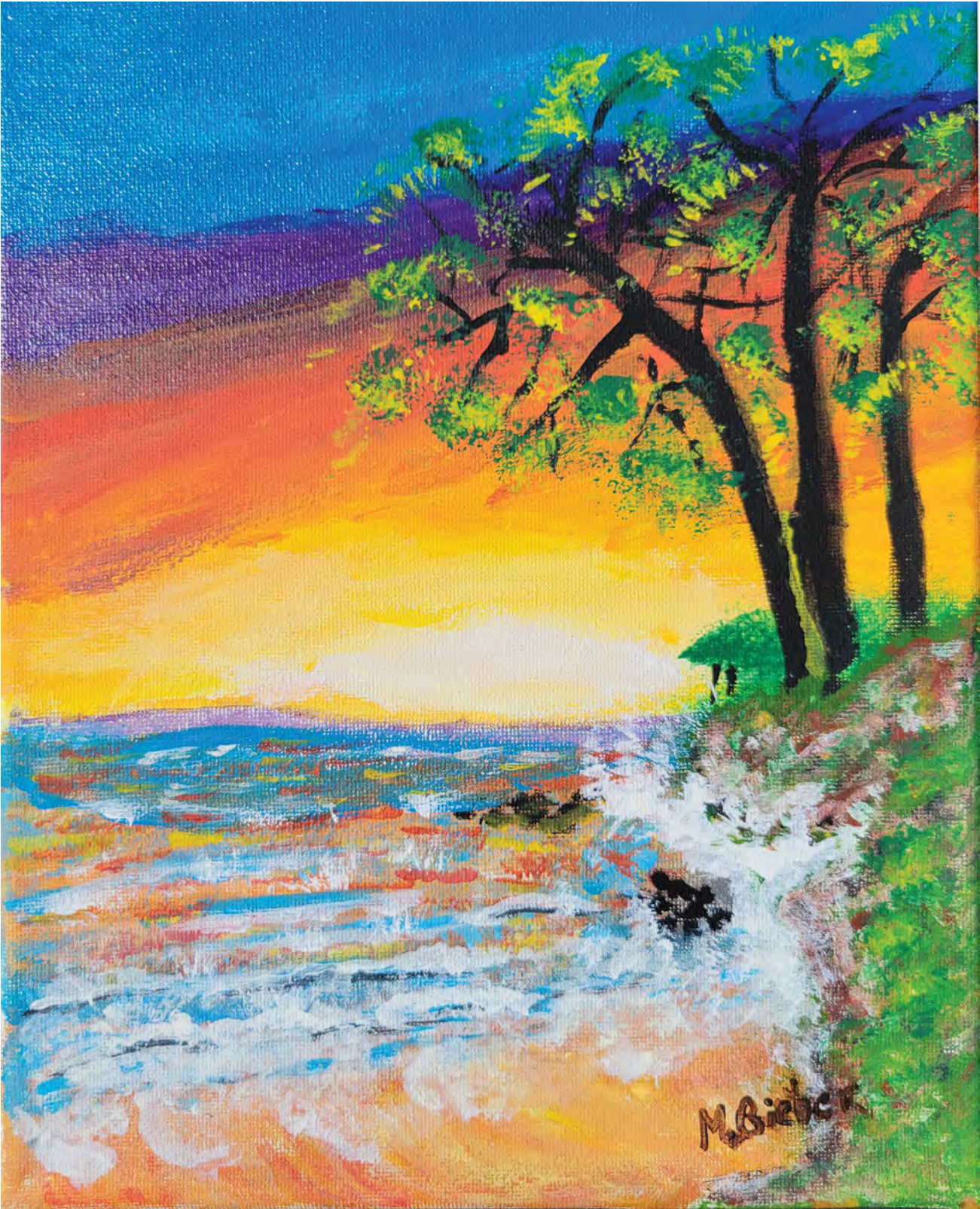


Ellie Tiffée



# Hogar y ultramar

*by Martha E Bieber*



# Azahares 2023 Call for Submissions

*Submission Deadline: November 1, 2022*

All written submissions must be primarily in Spanish, or if in English, they must thematically reflect Latino culture. All artwork and photography must reflect the culture of the Spanish-speaking world.

Anticipated publication date for this edition of *Azahares* is Spring 2023.

## **General Submission Requirements and Guidelines:**

- On-line submissions only through Submittable.com:  
<https://azaharesliterarymagazine.submittable.com/submit>

## **Poetry Submission Requirements:**

- Poems must be submitted in the page layout intended for publication
- 100-line maximum per poem

## **Prose Submission Requirements:**

- 3,500 maximum word count

## **Artwork/Photography Submission Requirements:**

- Color and black-and-white submissions are accepted
- Indicate medium used on the submission form (watercolors, oils, digital photography, etc.)
- Save as .jpg or .png file, with as high a resolution as possible (between 300 and 1200 dpi)



# Pink Broom Guanajuato Mexico

*By Roger Camp*



Lo que diferencia azar de  
azahar, lo que hace  
que el uno no huela a nada y  
el otro sí, es la h,  
que es una hache de  
perfumería.

*Ramón Gómez de la Serna, Greguerías*



UNIVERSITY of ARKANSAS  
FORT SMITH