

**Poetry is the means by which unreality  
invites reality to switch sides**

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## **las piedras que son vivas**

*Fátima Vélez*

agarradas por el espíritu  
las piedras que son vivas  
yaku todo lo vivo del agua  
esto es lo público

kawsak sachá, la selva viviente  
se manifiesta en sueños

las visiones compartidas  
si yo no tuve la visión  
tal vez el hijo tuvo la visión  
tal vez la hija tuvo la visión  
o el perro tuvo la visión  
pregunta a la gente por sus sueños

sarayaku resistirá hasta el final  
la profecía dice  
la tierra se hace desierto  
el río se seca

la guayusa a beber  
a bañarse en el Bobonaza  
energizante sabiduría del agua  
por la mañana  
hay que hacer una travesura  
conviértete en tigre

el kichwa transmite  
conversa cada momento de la vida  
familias descendientes de los árboles  
del puma del agua del maíz

de qué somos descendientes

## **the stones that are living**

*Fátima Vélez, translated by Ezequiel Zaidenweg-Dib*

seized by the spirit  
the stones that are living  
yaku, all that lives in the water  
this is the public domain

kawsak sachá, the living forest  
manifests itself in dreams

shared visions  
if I did not have the vision  
maybe the daughter had the vision  
maybe the son had the vision  
maybe the dog had the vision  
ask the people about their dreams

sarayaku will resist until the end  
the prophecy says  
the land becomes a desert  
the river dries up

some guayusa to drink  
let's go bathe in the bobonaza  
energizing wisdom of the water  
in the morning  
you have to be a little mischievous  
become a tiger

kichwa transmits  
every moment of life a conversation  
families descending from the trees  
from pumas from water from corn

what do we descend from

comunitario alimento de los caminos

la lucha no es solo contra la compañía petrolera  
la movilización es por la vida  
más allá del territorio  
sin territorio no hay vida  
si el sistema nos reconoce nos absorbe  
si el sistema no nos reconoce nos destruye

masca  
coca dulce te despierta  
fuera del tiempo humano  
la fuerza del volumen  
las formas reventadas de verdes  
savia hablante

buenas con todas

los territorios son seres vivos  
con conciencia y espíritu  
no se trata de crear reservas  
que el bosque fluya en su bosqueda  
¡Allpamanta Kawsaymanta Jatarishunchik!  
Por la Tierra Por la Vida Levantémonos

buenas con todos

hawallakta, hermanas, hermanos español hablantes  
venimos a escuchar  
aprendizaje de la coexistencia  
la fuerza de lo colectivo da alegría

la propuesta es un autorretrato  
más que humano

communal food for the road

our fight isn't just against the oil company  
we're mobilising for life beyond the territory  
without territory there is no life  
if the system recognises us it absorbs us  
if the system doesn't recognize us it destroys us

chew  
sweet coca, it wakes you up  
outside human time  
the force of volume  
forms bursting with greens  
wonder creates new ways of listening  
roots burst with talking sap

buenas con todas

territories are living beings  
with conscience and spirit  
it's not about creating reserves  
let the forest flow in its forestness  
Allpamanta Kawsaymanta Jatarishunchik!  
For the Earth For Life Let's Rise

buenas con todos

hawallakta, english-speaking sisters and brothers  
we're here to listen  
learning to coexist  
collective strength brings us joy

our proposal is a more than human  
self portrait

pedir permiso a la chakra  
guayusa chirisiqui jengibre  
corteza de chuchuwasi uña de gato  
río papas siete plantas

kawsak sachá lo que no vemos  
mira  
hasta reinventar los sentidos

a comunicarnos con las plantas  
señora hilda, cuéntenos  
para sembrar la yuca las ancestras jatun mama  
wituk huitos los frutos del futuro  
sana la depresión mejora la piel  
mejora el pelo  
la planta me ha sanado  
me da alegría me enseña a cuidar  
nos comunicamos con el achiote  
el viento el tucán el tuqui tuqui  
así nos comunicamos

hacer del reino fungi  
un instrumento de escucha  
que exista la chicha  
que exista el chocolate  
que exista la cerveza  
el micelio como redes de pesca  
se extiende por la selva viviente  
sentir el árbol a través de los hongos

llamamos a la ceiba árbol de seda de algodón  
da frutos como si diera nubes  
los árboles tienen dolor  
hay dieta para escuchar el dolor de la selva

asking the chakra for permission  
guayusa chirisiqui ginger  
chuchuwasí bark cat's claw  
papas river seven plants  
kawsak sachá the unseen  
gazes back  
reinventing the senses

how to communicate with plants  
teach us, señora hilda,  
how to plant cassava  
our foremothers jatun mama  
wituk huito the fruits of the future  
cures depression improves skin  
improves hair  
the plant has healed me  
it gives me joy it  
teaches me to tend to others  
we communicate with the achiote  
the wind the toucan the tuqui tuqui  
that's how we communicate

make the fungi kingdom  
a hearing instrument  
let chicha exist  
let chocolate exist  
let beer exist  
the mycelium like fishing nets  
spreading through the living forest  
feel the tree through the fungi

we call the ceiba silk cotton tree  
it bears fruit as if it were producing clouds  
trees feel pain  
there is a diet for listening to  
the pain of the forest

conversa que nos florece en el corazón  
nos prepara para la muerte  
sentir la tierra, su generosidad  
una canción con mucho sentimiento  
suma amigos en diferentes mundos



a conversation blossoming in our hearts  
it prepares us for death  
feeling the earth its generosity  
a song full of feeling  
making new friends in different worlds

## **Simbiosis**

*en los oficios carpinteros*

*Neronessa*

Un pájaro elige  
un tronco viejo  
para devorar sus carencias

así se adentra vorazmente  
su furor ingeniero  
en la discreta  
oficina forestal

liba crujientes  
de la templada membrana  
atiborrando  
su pequeño arroyo gástrico  
con el inventario botánico  
anidado  
en el  
hígado del bosque

tú y yo  
cuando arrojamos  
bizcas órbitas  
al horizonte  
del verde planetario  
plantados en la paciencia del madero  
nos remontarnos  
a una obviedad fundamental:  
que alivia  
la fiebre  
del místico plumífero  
el canto pecho abierto  
del árbol  
contra la feroz palpitación  
de la polilla

## **Symbiosis**

*in the woodworking trades*

*Neronessa*

A bird makes a choice  
an old trunk  
to devour its shortcomings

and so it voraciously burrows  
its engineering fury  
into the discreet  
forestry office

it gulps  
from the temperate membrane  
gorging  
its small gastric stream  
with botanical inventory  
nested deep  
in the  
liver of the forest

you and I  
when we cast  
squinting blues  
towards the horizon  
of the planetary green  
planted in the patience of the wood  
we go back  
to a fundamental truth:  
that the feathered mystic's fever  
soothes  
the open-breasted song  
of the tree,  
against the fierce pulse  
of the moth

y su minúsculo diálogo  
que teje y trama  
el colapso del tierno muscular

así somos testigos  
de cómo el pájaro  
paladín quebradizo e indomable  
rescata pico raso  
el porvenir  
de la vegetación  
al modular el luto agrietado  
de su arquitectura reciclable  
al esculpir  
en su trova diurna  
el pulmón floreciente de la tierra

and its minuscule dialogue  
that weaves and threads  
the collapse of its tender muscle

and so we witness  
how the bird  
brittle and indomitable  
rescues, beak on bark  
the future  
of vegetation

by modulating the cracked mourning  
of its recyclable architecture  
by carving

with its daily prayer  
the blooming lungs of the earth

# ECHOLOGY (excerpts)

## a Snæfellsjökuls rawlings

# I

[illegible]

environment. I will not ruin the environment. I will not ruin the  
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environment. I will not run environment. I will run environment. I run  
environment. I run iron. I iron. I on. I will. I will iron. I ment I will not  
iron. Ruin iron. Run. I run. I run the run the will. I run the will will  
not ruin the environment. I will not ruin the envi. I will not ruin the.  
Will not. Not ruin the environmentment. Run the will the environment  
ruin. Ruin the ruin. He ment. He vironment. He in. In in. Me in. In  
he then. No ill will. Men not in will ill. In no hen on rue run me. Rue  
no in on in on in no men. I not environment. I will not ruin it. I ill  
not ruin the environment. I Ill not ruin the environment. I I not ruin  
the environment. I I ot rui the e viro me t. I I t rui the e vir me t. I  
I ui he e vi me . I I I he e vi me . I I I e e vi me . I I  
I vi m . I I I I m . I I I I . I I I

## WHOSE WHO

[illegible]



[illegible]

## **OWLUTION vs. WOLVOLUTION**

*Set your note to 'OO.'*

### **REVULSION**

Owls or wolves.

Owls on wolves.

Owls with wolves.

Owls in wolves.

Owls in wolves?

### **EVOLUTION**

Wolves were owls. Now

Wolves whine.

Wolves howl.

Wolves listen.

Wolves utter notes.

Wolves mutter semitones.

Wolves note territory.

Wolves run the interior.

Wolves will not love. Wolves

Wolves will not move. Wolves

Wolves no more. Wolves

Wolves. Wolves of northern forests. Wolves

Wolves. Wolves in southern forests. Wolves

Wolves. Wolves the first of the lost. Wolves

Wolves. Wolves. Wolves,

## REVOLUTION

Wolves! the low noise of the noise Wolves howl! Wolves overwhelm  
the tree line Wolves know the moon, their silhouettes Wolves!  
Wolves!! who'll howl Wolves' moist souls, their sonowolfish  
Wolves! with their noses, noises, know Wolves!! Wohoholves!  
Wowooooooolves! lves lves Woowo Wooowo  
Woowoolvessolvessolvesolosolvesolvesoloveslovesolvesolves!!!

## SOLUTION

Wolves win when Wolves won when Wolves went when Wolves were  
when Wolves  
    were who were who when Wolfs who who when  
        we were Wolfs when we who  
            were Wolf were we we when we who  
                we who who  
                    Wolf who Wowho Wowho ? who

## RESOLUTION

Wow?

Wowl?!

Wowlf!

## **Bichos / Beasties**

*Ezequiel Zaidenwergr-Dib*

*Translations by Ben Bollig, Alex Beard, Jessica Goodman,  
Paul Howard, Oliver Noble Wood and Rich Rabone*

### **Butterfly**

The real trails low just like the peacock's train;  
But butterfly's a moment made a thing,  
So violent in the fluttering of her wing,  
A wind which lingers slowly and so vain-

ly grows impatient and unfurls. A sneer  
Against the death she wears: a fancy's flight,  
Like all the eye believes that is in sight  
—or almost all— which is not real; turns sheer

And shines, turns golden, makes a muted dance  
From its mutation. If the real adorns,  
Dissuades, and tires, and adds to every dawn  
A substance meek and blind; taking her chance,

She ties the air to her unleashed desires:  
The butterfly, a moment that expires.

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### **Mariposa**

La realidad se posa y es del lento / pavo real. La mariposa, en cambio, / es un instante vuelto cosa, tan vio- / lenta en su vanidad morosa, viento // que se impacienta y se abanica. Es sorna / contra la muerte que la adorna, antojo / que igual que todo lo que advierte el ojo / –o casi– no es real. Sola, se torna-/ sola y se dora, torna en danza muda // su mudanza. La realidad decora, / disuade, cansa –agrega a cada hora / mansa sustancia ciega. En cambio, anuda // el aire a su ansia suelta y va, no obstante, / la mariposa vuelta vano instante.

## Cricket

A long thin ankle runs from his thick rump:  
this froglet, jumping vainly, is the cricket  
and he, though passionate, is but a chicken,  
whose love can only be contralto, plump-

ing for the easy prey. This young Don Juan,  
a tenuous tenor in castrato pose,  
who longs to drain that drop while holding close  
his lover; strong desire, he's overcome,

turned blind by just repeating that one form  
or that one song. Then, taking leave, he starts  
to break his own enchantment. For his art  
is no great shakes: it's a repeated norm,

no cadence, hammered playing learnt by rote,  
a chorus rammed into a single note.

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## Grillo

Largo el tobillo bajo un anca gruesa / de rana, el grillo es sin embargo pollo / con pasión vana por el salto. En su hoyo / de amor se obstina en un contralto, empresa // fácil de buscar presa. Este Don Juan, / en avatar castrato de tenor / tenue, hace rato añeja su licor / que se apura en pareja –así, en su afán // ciego de repetirse en la figura / y el canto, luego, como vino, parte / a propagar el desencanto. Su arte / no es para tanto –es insistencia pura // sin cadencia, martillo que se frota /en estribillo de una sola nota.

## Moth

Up to the attic's air like ash she goes,  
a butterfly turned fag-butt, poor man's pea-  
cock, wardrobe raider, spark of fire set free  
but from drab embers, bouncing off the glow;

an eyelid, satellite, and shade from sun  
whose light turns dull: alighting on the neck  
of someone's coat, she's stamp and seal, but decked  
with filigree. And on that seat's where one

can find her, busy in a crumpled shirt,  
for there she's hidden, gnawing and alert.  
With haste, concision, silent as a thief

she's poked a hole right there beside the pocket  
with her unfailing set of little teeth  
and picked my chest to leave an empty locket.

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## Polilla

Ceniza al aire en el desván, colilla / de mariposa, es el faisán plebeyo  
/ que acosa el guardarropa. Es un destello / de brasa parda en torno  
a la bombilla; // es párpado, satélite y sombrilla / de un sol en sepia.  
Brilla sobre el cuello / de aquel gabán, y es estampilla, sello / en fil-  
igrana. Arriba de esa silla // se ovilla la camisa en donde ella, / que  
ahora se esconde, fue a dejar su huella / e hizo mella a la altura del  
bolsillo // con premura, concisa. Y aunque calla, / va derecho y no  
falla su colmillo, / que me mordió en el pecho una medalla.

## Scorpion

The scorpion is made with fleshy back  
whose arm holds out a blade. Like me? Or you?  
Two pins, but blunt, pin cushion that's run through.  
It's not a front. It's us. It matters jack-

shit: if the world's a thimble, metal hand-  
kerchief, then why not duel? We can make  
ourselves into arachnids, scarring nac-  
red, yet what lacks and stings can also stand

as lure and bait. So come on, just admire  
the scorpion, whose fate, allure and skill  
to hypnotize with tales perhaps he will  
soon tell. No lies. For though he'll freeze in fire

in front of us he dangles our shared story  
just like a carrot leading on a donkey.

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## Alacrán

El alacrán carnal, el de la espalda / del brazo con puñal, ¿soy yo?  
¿sos vos? / Dos alfileres romos en un cos- / turero es lo que somos.  
Al final, da // igual: si el mundo es un dedal, pañuelo / de metal, de  
batirse a duelo. A cada / cual su alacrán, su lacra nacarada, / pero  
la nada y su aguijón –sabelo– // son señuelo y carnada. Hacete fan  
/ del alacrán –su don, su impar talento: / hipnotizar con la ficción  
del cuento / pendiente. Y no te miento: el alacrán // frente a los  
dos suspende nuestra historia, // vaivén del burro ante la zanahoria.

## Wasp

With eyes that fill with sparks, a needle wired,  
this yellow ember marks a strip of soot  
dust, coal black, in the air, a swan turned coot  
who, furious and garish, has been fired

to hunt for water underneath my skin:  
a runt forge, or a dwarf peak on the land,  
volcano that erupted on my hand,  
abruptly on your touch. I, you, her, him

are all at heart blood siblings, of one phylum,  
when flashing by you wear your prison things.  
I'm happy to forgive a little sting;  
I know there's nothing bitter in your violence

I've also made mistakes, forgive me too:  
Against my will the stinger does love you.

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## Avispa

Chispa en el ojo, aguja que se crispa, / brasa amarilla que dibuja  
un tizne / de carbonilla sobre el aire, cisne / pobre que, fastidiado,  
fuiste dispa- // rado en busca del agua de mi piel, / es fragua brusca  
ese volcán enano / que levantó en el canto de mi mano / tu manto a  
rayas. Yo, vos, ella, él, // somos hermanos en la mella, un solo / filo,  
centella en traje de presidio. / Te perdono el ultraje. No te envidio /  
tu encono. Sé que es natural el dolo. // Yo también hice el mal. Vos  
perdoname / que aunque no quise tu agujón te ame.



## Earthworm

Those days when life abroad hurt like a scar,  
I chose to be an earthworm: separatist  
in spirit, like the ostrich. Neck that missed  
its nape, he's upside down. No country, far

or near: his lot's the earth. He's something more  
that just a naked knot of string untied,  
a stripy sock, but footless, feeling tired  
and crock. This annelid declines, ignores

the water, light or sky, in bitter soil.  
He's not a larva, he's a moving root.  
He tunnels down, to find that what he suits  
is lurking under cover; pierced by foil,

his cross, a jewel on the hook, positioned  
neatly: lure or bait to feed the fish.

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## Lombriz

En días que el destierro es cicatriz, / querría ser lombriz. Un avestruz  
/ separatista, cuello sin testuz / del revés. Sin confines ni país, // su  
nación es la tierra. Al fin, es más / que una desanudada desnudez, /  
o una media rayada sin los pies, / desinflada. Este anélido jamás //  
anhela, en el agreste suelo, luz, / agua o cielo –no es larva, sí raíz /  
en movimiento. Escarba y es feliz / con un lento recelo, aunque en  
su cruz // –ensortijada en el anzuelo– es / la carnada, alimento para  
el pez.

## **Mauve Sea-Orchids (excerpts)**

*Lila Zemborain*

*Translated by Mónica de la Torre and Rosa Alcalá*

when the flower opens its thoughts to the  
restlessness of things a cellular language bursts  
from the most distant portions of a chain of  
sounds materialized in chemical processes that in  
essence do not involve the brain but the connection  
between the ends and the tissues; emotion, like a  
cable charged in an evening storm, emits dangerous  
sparks as the inanimate suddenly becomes electric  
eel, phosphorescent dragon in the cerulean night,  
whip of light; in that synaptic process in which  
the spark renovates the signals, the sounds of  
the inorganic fulfill their reinvigorating function;  
honeysuckle, water-diviner, planetary, molecular,  
entwined, cavernulous; chains of sounds  
imprinting the miracle of the conversion of one  
substance into another

life in the city, in the confines of men, is a lacking  
conduit for the wild daydreams overwhelming  
you; to break that pact never understood by  
bees in the perfect angle of language and the  
tracks of blood; oh hunger devising myriads of  
sinister thrills! the thickness is there; when  
the irresistible beauty of angst surrounds you, let  
open the gush flowing in your veins; there  
the flower feeds on manure so that the crack of  
desire can soften on your forehead; what do  
you know of the jungle? do you know its environs,  
the incipient line of trees, the monkeys' effective  
shriek, the sibilant pace of insects? you know  
nothing of what calls; the jungle is the buzz  
of a green chatter, the truthful exactitude of  
words and not the stench trapped by the orchids;  
jumble your cellular foundations, open your eyes,  
look at the species, touch the thickness, amplify  
the sense of touch at the ends of your body; it is  
not in the water where sound dissolves; it is in the  
groves, where the serpents are growing

the lizard aims its golden eyes at the rocks that in  
time will turn to sand, and the wind slips through  
life's waters; an incident in the brilliance of  
hydrangea surprises her as she winds a hose that  
like a viper refolds itself after inciting temptation; in  
this brutal way, vibrations make themselves felt,  
even when age causes bodies to recoil from  
their unexpected whims; to attract and reject is  
perhaps an uncontrollable desire, or rather, sense  
can be found in casting the nets, like sliding  
into an area of water that grazes the proximate  
radiance of rocks, with a remote shudder unable  
to warn against the imminent outlet where sea and  
current perform their continuous embrace of  
rejection-attraction; to be guided by the  
senses towards that re-encounter, without sky to  
guarantee future arrival or rather to let one be  
carried by the amazement of not knowing the  
exact direction of the legs or cardinal points;  
the sun appoints a certainty with its sword, but there  
is no indication that this is the direction of the  
waves, of the rocks, of the body gliding towards  
the celestial abyss of light

the waves advance on this clear afternoon,  
the height of wings bring calm, the dendrites speak  
of an instant that is the only presence, though  
in the simultaneity of it all, it becomes extinguished  
and leaves no trace; scenes that do not alter the  
course of existence, not even the feather that  
rocks itself in the distance and is saved in the  
conscience as sky's white subtlety; a baby cries, in  
the thickness of his mind he demands what he  
does not have, he is hungry or sleepy or has been  
bitten by a mosquito; the mother deciphers  
the trace of his cry; nothing prevents the dog  
from smelling shoes, or the sun from hiding itself in  
the billboard or heating the face with its shadow;  
resistance acquires light, the eyelashes hum, feet  
of sand kneel before the uncertainty of the  
moment, already air and ocean and undulation and  
a sky of pearly insistence; to be in that sky  
nothing more than a particle in the detached  
decipherment of a vanishing afternoon

*To Héctor Viel Temperley*

sky ocean sky in the liquid horizon of air inhaled  
like life's precious fuel, and then, from exhaling  
fleeting the opposite horizon, green's earthy  
profundity in the remaining breath, a moving  
surface that leads to the edge, dune that tilts towards  
the yellowish sky, green in the distance of brownish  
depths, the most polished stones, and air inhaled  
once again from the blue, while arms and legs  
complete the extension, exciting the water, if it  
weren't for the continuous movement of cells that in  
their elemental latitude float without effort in this  
ocean of amazement: who would dare in their  
heated course crawl submerged in the effluvia; it is  
a slow drag, with enigmas, with infra-human  
sounds in the shadows, without oxygen, the virtual  
blinking of blue and brown, warm raceme, a scratch  
offering itself to the current, blood that drags itself  
through the body and through the ocean on a  
surface without foundation, only movement admits  
movement, only movement admits distance  
intended without return, she drags herself parallel to  
the bay, and from above she appears as a line,  
as an insect in the disturbed current, a simple  
rhythmic unfolding, a subtle opening of waters

splitting the glandular softness that contains her and  
incites her towards a destination, opposing, unstable  
in the current, while the air enters and leaves  
through the mouth and the blue plunges  
itself in the gaze and the body is only a surface  
in this vain surface that envelops her, the slow crawl  
of the legs extends its simultaneous texture, a  
synchrony that looms in the ephemeral silhouette  
erased with each stroke's expulsion of air

the algae stamps in the hand a marine alphabet that  
becomes extinguished if the hands penetrate the  
green like two symmetrical plants, palms that push  
the water and vegetal filaments; a compact green  
sifts the colors golden while the sky is a celestial  
secretion in the advance; only the blue expands its  
fixity only when she turns and offers her back to the  
waves; without horizon to limit the gaze, the clouds  
approach the wake and then the body is just a  
surface that extends itself towards the heights; with  
her arms she'd like to reach the universe, but the  
rhythmic flexion towards the finish submerges the  
gaze in a fleeting puddle, and again the sky in the  
distance advances, but expelling so much air  
separates her from the nothingness that is the depths  
of the skies



## **do plants imagine flowers?**

*Eliana Hernández-Pachón*

*Translated by Ezequiel Zaidenwergr-Dib*

do plants imagine flowers?  
a flower is an idea  
unopposed to matter  
an idea that springs forth  
collectively like pansies  
in Spanish we call them “pensamientos”, meaning thoughts  
they spring forth on rooftops on sidewalks  
in planters  
pansies are telling you  
think of the plants  
coming up to you

the shape of a flower is an invention  
there is no doubt in the plant's thinking  
a plan in the plant's thinking  
facing action:  
a flower, hopefully many  
hopefully a flock

and for other sweet forms to spring  
like fruits  
to conceive a sweetness  
soft to the touch like a peach  
a sweetness  
that attracts animals,  
reaching from the stomach to the mind  
and from the mind to the stomach

so much yes in flowers  
for thoughts to act upon

a scientist says  
what this kingdom is offering  
is perception with no organs  
sight separate from the eye  
closer to swallowing  
to being all eyes searching

a kind of hearing  
able of underground water  
able to be all ears  
all hairs listening

he says, if that is not seeing  
then I don't know what it is  
if tracking in the dark is not hearing  
then I don't know what it is

if that is not the proof  
of headless thinking  
of underground reason  
of scented reason

a naked thought like those of plants  
nothing between them and the world

a kingdom that doesn't flee from itself  
like animals

\*

1

flowers, someone said,  
are the brains of plants  
but it must be said  
they're brains expanding  
on the sexual plane

flowers produce forms, not shaping  
but rather  
concentrating a force:  
it's more like turning humans into bees  
more like Darwin said  
I want to see the catasetum  
when it releases its pollen  
he said  
I won't rest until it bends  
its spine in my presence  
he said  
and turned into a bee  
he discovered how orchids like to be touched,  
saw how pollen keeps on traveling,  
strays far away from the story  
of the little bee and the flower, that rusty  
heterosexual myth:  
in flowers there are tissues that are triggered  
as soon as they are touched  
they can sense horny insects  
climbing their stems,  
scientists see it, poets see it, Darwin saw it,  
and then they can't see anything else  
they spend their youth looking at them,  
they have so many types of organs  
that another species has separated into  
masculine  
feminine  
and they feel them together  
and one in them doesn't exclude the other

2

there where the flower's form  
doesn't know how to take it

instead of traveling, it attracts  
instead of moving forward, it extends  
like the angel's trumpet,  
like broccoli,  
they give themselves over to a task  
unthinkable in other kingdoms:  
to move without traveling  
towards what you desire

to be a master like the flower  
in the art of appearances  
to be, as it is said, a flourish,  
pure demonstration,  
knowing that once pleasure  
begins it is already about to end,  
when everything wants to last  
to be seasonal  
like an adored body  
like a flower's body

being a flower's body as well  
as a means of communication  
between bushes and insects  
between bushes and dogs  
between humans and bushes  
not hiding our sexual organs  
not hiding sex

like orchids

**WET DREAM** (excerpts)

*Erin Robinsong*

The space came to greet us, space showered down on us

The space elaborated us    space elected us

The space said fill me with your mind of gesture      space

Goaded us the dark sky above us

Where we moved space was more space

And it opened for us

The night was just beginning and already

We'd remembered how to make our own heat      how to make anything

in the air

How to have bodies                  how to think with our fingers & our hair

## How to receive space, how to thank the dark

Offering                      how to move the air how to rattle

The room      how to flame      how to motion

How to surge how to dreambody    how to pray how to feel us how to go

Forever for however long      how to travel      how to power      how to

Love existence                      how to respond to the glamour of night

How to think with our hips how time unspools from us

How we pattern existence how we drink from the cup of newness

nowness & night

## THE FORCES THE FORMS

This form of life eats beauty  
Eats beauty to survive

Beauty its fuel, trashed beauty  
At all costs is the economy

But you actually can't kill beauty  
So the economy is very unstable

So beauty, but beauty will  
Eat the economy

Beauty will unmake  
Our devices and the shame

Shapes we made tending  
Them. Love will eat our brains

When we're tired  
Of not checking the source

World without brains  
World without checking the source

Of the world  
Without checking the source of the forces the forms

What else aren't we knowing  
If we don't know

How to make beauty again  
How to unstitch ourselves

How to face ongoing violence  
That is this form of life, as gentle

As mundane of heart to say  
Not even babies, not even you

Who loves beauty. Self-interest is  
Apparently the great motivator

And where is the self-interest

Where is the breathing  
Self-interest could be

Not wanting to burn in your own bed right  
So soaking the pillows & mattress in a nerve gas

To basically burn in your bed a whole new way  
In this system that doesn't love anyone

Not even babies in their sleep to know  
This as the world

But they still know it isn't, we do know  
In every part of us we know

The way the chemical companies  
Protect us

Also the way the sun comes into our room  
To shine on this provincial experiment

In power. How can we know  
What we know?

The dress on that goddess is hideous  
And night & day we sewed & stitched it

Even after the gown of fire melts the town  
Even when the gown of wind shreds the house

Way after we knew when the pattern said  
Gown it was a shroud we were making

And making. This realism is killing us.  
Realism carpeting over the shimmering

We are when we destroy  
A shabbiness posing as the world

And work for the boss of beauty

## QUEEN OF HEAVEN

The ecstasy of communication  
I haven't been having, and Venus  
The evening star, Queen of Heaven  
Is "dry as a bone" David Harry

Grinspoon says in *Venus Revealed*  
Of footage taken inside her "thick and opaque"  
Privacy, the Baltis Vallis snaking over southern  
Plains, passing massive arachnoids, petal-type volcanoes

In the Delta of Venus winding through plains south of Ishtar  
Terra to Atla Regio where bloom lava flowers 100 miles  
Wide. Venus is similar in size and composition to Earth  
And may once have been more temperate & more lovely

When those Vallis flowed, and flowers not of  
Lava but fecundity's openings opened before  
Becoming so hostile, the weather permanently  
Overcast with sulphuric acid and 500 degrees

Another way Venus is similar to Earth is  
She has about the same amount of carbon as we do  
All of it in the atmosphere, cooking once and future  
Mere creatures. If we also put all our carbon in the air

We too would cook beyond all life and death.  
Time is strange there, a day is longer than a year  
And that makes sense to me. What if the body  
-What if!!!? is a slower flower, rotating the opposite

Way to everything Law while being cooked on Earth  
More slowly. As the morning star is the evening star  
We were warned by the goddess of love & war & rain  
& storms to keep it in the ground of the bend of the world



## LUBE OF YOUR EYE

If intelligence survives, and it will  
If intelligence survives, and it's all that survives  
Will the water inside us remind us  
Of that time we were a river during  
The lube of your eye, the wet of your tongue  
During the Columbia River so you can speak  
Time, temporarily river vein of the world  
To move in as us to become someone else  
Evaporating into a pulse of damp thought  
That remembers where it's been and what it is –  
It is a diving bird, it is a watersnake watching it  
All in S-curves of fluid time as rivers at every scale  
Makes the motion that evening and concrete & everything  
Is, though yesterday did not appear to move at all.  
Rivers of air, rearranging particles from here to  
Places I have never been. If I breathe  
If I breathe them in and send my love  
In particles to greet you, whoever you are, if you are  
Rhythmically through the thought of the world, entering  
Me at different moments, adding, changing change.  
If my thought privates and goes on sleeping the sleep  
Of lack given to me by fascism in the water, fascism in the air  
Will love's liquid moving through tell me if thriving  
Survives? If thriving survives, and it will  
Will rivers, will veins, will eyes? If I breathe? If I breathe you  
Into my mind, would I hear you, if we heard you  
Would we understand, is understanding enough  
Never is. What will eat us, anything?  
Everything?

## **LATE PRAYER**

May our weapons be effective feminine inventions that like life.

May we blow up like weeds, and be medicinal and everywhere.

May the disturbed ground be our pharmacy. May the exhausted  
hang out in the beautiful light. May our souls moisten and reveal us.

May our actions be deft as the inhale after a dream of suffocation.

May the oligarchs get enough to eat in their souls.

May we participate in the intelligence we're in.

May we grow into our name. May political harm

be a stench that awakens. May we not be distracted.

Let our joy repeated be power that spreads.

May our wealth be common. May oligarchs come out  
of their fortresses and become psychologically well.

May their wealth be returned to the people and places.

May we shift slide rise tilt roll and twist.

May we feel the very large intimacy

And may it assist us.

## ABOUT

**Fátima Vélez** was born in volcanic land. She is a story-teller, professor, PhD candidate, and cultural producer. Fátima has published the collection of poems *Casa Paterna, Del Porno y las babosas, Diseño de Interiores*, and the novels *Galápagos* and *Jardín en Tierra Fría*. She is part of *Como un Lugar*, a collective of Latin American poets based in NYC.

**Ezequiel Zaidenwerg-Dib** is an Argentinian writer, translator, educator and photographer. His most recent books are the novel *50 estados: 13 poetas contemporáneos de Estados Unidos*, a novelized anthology of fictional contemporary American poetry; and *El camino*, his versions of the Tao Te King. He's a member of the New York-based *Como un lugar* collective. He sends daily poetry translations through his email newsletter, *El poema de hoy*.

**angela Snæfellsjökuls rawlings** is a Canadian-Icelandic interdisciplinary artist-researcher. rawlings' books include *Wide slumber for lepidopterists* (Coach House Books, 2006), *Gibber* (online, 2012), *o w n* (CUE BOOKS, 2015), *si tu* (MaMa Multimedijalni Institut, 2017), and *Sound of Mull* (Laboratory for Aesthetics and Ecology, 2019). In 2024, rawlings founded *Snæfellsjökul fyrir forseta* (Glacier for president), Iceland's first rights of nature movement.

Argentinean poet **Lila Zemborain** is the author of eight poetry collections, compiled in Buenos Aires as *Matrix Lux*. *Poesía reunida 1989-2019*, three of which have been published in English: *Mauve Sea-Orchids* (Belladonna Books, 2007) translated by Rosa Alcalá and Mónica de la Torre; *Guardians of the Secret* (Noemi Press, 2009) translated by Rosa Alcalá; and *Soft Matter* (Quantum Prose, 2023) translated by Christopher Winks. The poetry collection *Matrix Lux*, translated by Lorenzo Bueno, is forthcoming this year by Belladonna Books. From 2004 to 2024 she curated the KJCC Poetry Series at NYU, where she co-founded the MFA in Creative Writing in Spanish, and currently teaches. In 2007 she was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for her three-book series *Álbum*, to be published between 2024 and 2025 by Beatriz Viterbo Editora in Argentina. Its first volume *El linaje escondido* appeared in April 2024.

**Neronessa** is an award-winning Dominican-Costa Rican poet and impact entrepreneur pursuing an MFA in Creative Writing at NYU. She has published *La Estirpe de las Gárgolas* and *El Volcán de la Matriz Electroelástica*. A speaker at the United Nations and NYC Climate Week, her work spans literature, multimedia collaborations, and sustainability advocacy, earning recognition from the Cartier Women's Initiative Awards, Premios Latinoamérica Verde and Forbes.

**Eliana Hernández-Pachón** is a writer and educator from Bogotá, Colombia. She has an M.F. A. in Creative Writing in Spanish from New York University and a Ph.D. in Hispanic Literature from Cornell University. Her book *La Mata* (in English, *The Brush*) won the National Award of Poetry in Colombia in 2020. She is the co-author of *Plantas del camino*, a book on weeds and healing, and edited the anthology *Un florero que se rompe/A Vase that Shatters*, which features short stories and poems by members of the Truth Commission of Colombia. She is part of *Como un Lugar*, a poetry collective that runs an independent press in Buenos Aires and organizes a Latin American poetry festival in NYC.

**Erin Robinsong** is a poet and interdisciplinary artist working with ecological imagination. She is the author of *Rag Cosmology* (2017) and *Wet Dream* (2022), both winners of the AM Klein Prize for Poetry. A PhD candidate at Concordia University (Montreal), Erin's research-creation work focuses on regenerative, relational, and embodied poetics. Her performances include *Zone of Exaggerated Dreaming*, a solo work set in the abyssal ocean, and collaborative works with Andréa de Keijzer and Hanna Sybille Müller, including *This ritual is not an accident; Facing away from that which is coming*; and *Polymorphic Microbe Bodies*. Erin grew up in Coast Salish territory, on Cortes Island, Canada.

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