Codex M Notes

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Steven Alvarez
406 Merino Street
Lexington, KY 40508
steven.alvarez@uky.edu
www.stevenpaulalvarez.com

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MS Codex Mojaodicus

Aztechnicians
night spreading as peacock
his eye like charcoal
1168 dayknife
signs of declining social orders:
war

importation

translation

man a rational creature
Montezuma Cortes ye knew suppose
rational man’s stripped of apetites
hunger thirst &c at his rational
man experiments when knock
knock from his lab door
his most obedient servant
& announces ham & oxolotl
on for dinner out set already
getting cold & rational man
HAS to put his experiments down
to have some of that tasty
pigasslookin fish he sd

as Montezuma Cortes sd & here more or less paraphrase:

[glyph]

Montezuma Cortes: all of a piece . . . labyrinth-minded but plain spoken . . . a lady’s man
/ a man’s man / a wise man . . . a sort of handy index & pocket congress of all
humanity . . . everything but a poet thought to him oceanwaste tyranny he sd lops lops

[pasted directly into the codex]

it was about this time
he conceiv’d the bold
& arduous Project
of arriving at Moral
Perfection

w/ Print Typography:

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as a Book he led an Argument
a Life—charted his Morality
vices tho Malinche sd
he went in thralls
at the Sight of jus abt any Woman

Grew more attentive
to Writing & made
his Fortune thru
Printing Press
& Alamanacks
learned his Writing
through Studied Imitation

Critique on rising Novel
liked the Addition of Quotes
of Characters who spoke
Authors who mix’d Narration & Dialogue
Good Things from That sd Montezuma Cortes

& US now all those caps for reasons now misunderstood.

INSERT: details of a Rising People

INSERT: virtues as order
temperance
silence
order
resolution
frugality
industry
sincerity
justice
moderation
cleanliness
tranquility
chastity
humility

as a chart he plotted progress, recorded his trespasses:

? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ??
?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ??

Montezuma Cortes
mapped his self
drew it up on his Mapa Sinvirgüenza

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upon his kitchen
table’s wax—
now ¿wouldn’t that make
a wallpaper? waved
goodbye to Messico
rain fell on his fat face
poured flames flushed never
saw desert after all
had intentions of not seeing
Paris or maybe Rome
or Madrid
bought like three whores
two watches
a nice sportscoat w/ elbow
patches & breeches & hose
abroad then hit the whaleroad
back home to sign his Self
on those papers
of a Rising People
to Rising
People
colored it believed
in it & literacy
like Monty Cortes
self-made
himself human via it
not telling his comrades that books
—that reading—the line from one
end to another left
to right then
down
the page
fostered uniformity fostered
a line a point in the distance to reach
a Euclidean morality
telos you what this thing
trains training sd to pinche Malinche a lone long
line of distance like this religious state
like the shoreline inconceivable
the uniform of many lines
but a line all the same
one line for this Rising People
repeat: Rising People
repeat: one line
see: dig this:

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how these lines once activated
pass a message of skill-learning
Montezuma Cortes sd:
“indoctrination now
“this might sound colonial to you
“but stand a bit closer mark this
“easy, not too Hard perfect
“now open yr mouth there yes
“now what I sd: the principal
“difficulty in economic development
“& expansion methinks is organization
“& like I sd indoctrination of
“our workforce get the Rising People
“moving even the pacifists
“our common enemy leaves avenues
“open need to train them & allow
“them to see for themselves
“that their social habits\(^1\) transcend
“what ever limits they inhabit
“extend beyond to a bigger
“planet: ours that one
“people cannot divide
“saving money dont
“mention that nor intelligence
“but that everyone who reads
“& can sign his name not hers
“is a Man of the Rising People
“sends electricity thru
“my body thinking of that
“& that one can make a man
“becoming-man w/ books”

\(^1\) narrowing
condition of existence from mode of production to shared dispositions & their objectively harmonized practices perceived by others as positive or negative signs of natural or social wealth & which thereby contributed to the legitimation of the social order

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new patterns of life

“remove those codice olden ways
“a new world from darkness lurks hark!”

that’s for the record: hours
heyclocktime

to “educate’ the workers²; ¿problem?

in reading & writing
they had bibles
& culture already read well
already but not those black folks
nor the natives
& Say Sweet Monty Boy ¿what of them browns?
“don’t get Me started . . . They
“seem to Me the most ignorant Stupid Sort
“of their own Nation”

[. . . ]

“They begin of late to make all their Bonds
“& other legal Writings in their own Language
“which tho I think it ought not to be allowed
“good in our Courts / where the coloreds
“business so encreases that there is continual
“need of Interpreters & I reckon in a few years
“they’ll be also necessary in our Assembly
“to tell half of our Legislators what in the Deifil
“that Other half seys”

[. . . ]

“unless the stream of their importation cd be turned from this to other colonies”
“they will soon outnumber US / that all these advantages we have will not in
“MY OPINION be able to preserve our langwedge / & even our Government
“will become precarious”

    good Ol’ Monty
now start yr pomes in yr ahistorical vacuum

² gastarbeitters bastards / brown bluecollars

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la mordida / unto mexicano
LA PELONA / SNAKE LADY / CIHUACOATL

con banda: “great womb & tomb of all life”

you’re not right for me snake lady
    well you aint kickin my ass either
I dig the ravens & the eagles & the sea gulls
    I’m into cosmic twins / mostly otters
me uttering udders / staring at those twins of yrs
    me spreading black jelly on yr crackers
see you flushed rose toilet bowls I heard / I heard
    I got fucking coral snakes for eyes man look at my fucking eyes man
yeah & that / & I’m all funneled serpentine gyre
    you elaborate symbols all too much man
been listening to too much Grandmaster Melle Mel
    yr eyes look red / yr left eye drooping
yeah I got the droop syndrome as a matter of speaking
    really writing
really writing
    can’t believe you follow Bukowski
broken glass everywhere / people pissing on the street you know they just don’t
    mailman / holes in face / ripping pages from philosops
care / rats in the front room / roaches in the back / people pissing / no / junk
    & he probably never stopped to wipe his ass / never stopped boozing
you’re friend will arrive you fucking bowler speaking of junk
bowl like a snake / you fool
    let me pass
my cigarette / I set it in wax now it don’t smoke
    watch yr hands
I’m sucking like a motherfucker for a fucking hit
    wash yr hands
hear that raven
    yr heart smacking like a motherfucker
sniffing yr red headed goodness
    special goodness motherfucker
Brooklyn train still waiting
    AKlaska night still raining
think think
    Brooklyn train still finding
we’re surrounded by the green folks in this bar here & we didn’t even know
Quetzalcoatl
wants to go out still
    my head fucking aches
    life forced to pass us / trying to try us / trying to type us
yr goddamned tattoo running into new

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you goddamned limey running slimy fingers
only visited sold cigarettes no filters still eating foodstamps in my cart not mine printing t-shirts mostly white life driving listening to these piercing spears of whistles biting into my brain / my fucking brain / y’all yelling further still / cigarette burned into wax / imagine that / imagine base contagious clouds ripping from soul y mar / reflections from water tan more
where wind’s warmbreath
there can be no smell of flesh in furnace
formed their castes solid like James Dean Plato sd / wrote / whatever trying to
hide here: yeah a tunnel

mirrors in the leaves / imagine her lashes daggers stabbed rumors branching like fingers imagine these reserved coils stretching toward her snakes old people rough to convince of a solid world smacking fresh wind into youthful faces but even Ginsburg got old & Burroughs too & wild writing spreads like ashes smeared w/ a sponge then wiped clean again for rewrite ¿why write? serpent eyes / coiled self symbol borrowed still from Yeats / turn like an urn Keats / ravens & eagles & totem poles wrapping one into the other & other still together /
junk still filling empty vessel still pressing further into snakes for eyes

never a problem before
never cared serpentine
never cared / coiled
never stopped to think really think serpentine
never thought never a problem before
but really / ¿why write? coiled
never to stop & really think never a problem before ravens big as jets
lost lots between the head & hand
sure you do
get that
you shd
dig
a tunnel through the ocean chrome
dig that chrome
some
find
something there
shadow
sparks

alternactive publicactions http://alternativepublications.ucmerced.edu
the killing dark not nearly as what yr face seems to stink transcribed
mitigate me it

burns faster than we predicted mother of Samuel Sister Revolution
revenging still the renege
Yndia

right now I’m kinda messed stairs below moon up—us swimming in ourselves shells O me now open Maroma³ all day I hear here words & wind smooth sure air full pure

let’s break alas

I can call for the best of both sides that jive I imagine the lives lied & living I lived I did I lied yeah I know it well I’ve swallowed multifarious meanings blurred⁴

melt a ring dear stars April

the sun shone down on us all today / baby / it sure shone down sure enough & you sd I ain’t no poet yo soy un libertine & I sd stop it—you’re touching my quit it

³ andar en la Maroma
⁴ thru semanspic mexsociations & referential illusions meaning approximations headressing socially precarious topics & eviluations

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gelatins silver

argument

w/ words less obscure than these
bodies in apartments just like these—
w/ fears like anybody wd have
in time as charming & soft skin
walls doing lousy
keeping down wind
w/ words written w/ light into stories

a
black & white she behind him
her face contoured & pressing
to back of his left shoulder
down looking down & what wd
it mean he seems to think
—& wd say to her—to own
anything at all for us now at all
—seams bursting—
here & now in Queens sun creeping
over Flushing now Corona following
seven into Manhattan & radiator
steam filling air in apartments all around

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just like this one they stand outside
surrounding us here yes yes he seems
to see her think—& he repeats—
all those bodies in apartments
just like this &
all who hear second-hands tick
& water droplets drip from sinks
in two different rooms


& these two w/ hands all four clutched
in front of his heart
his breath heating them warm
shadows cast leeward away
we think her eyes mark her audience
so incredibly beautiful her contour
visible & distinct & absent
in shadow her face absorbed
& to describe that wd be the job
of poets from many ages ago
who knew a different sense
of appreciation for speculations
for chiaroscuro

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of shadows & form & mythical
dimensions of appreciatives
who cd carve chiaroscuro
w/ words less obscure than these
fabricated from concrete visions
of photos as this

c
only together this photo
poised as sculpture for seconds
in lives begun like lives all around
brilliantly bended in time
Queens wrestling autumn & crawling
suspiciously as forms bonding
& unbound to one another
& bound only to one another
gripped & woven / threaded
glory

ray of sun shines directly into her hands
& to my lens

drops of rain stick to everything
mudslides radio sd

winding roads through rolling mountains
& yes her sad sad hands

green algae in fish tank behind her neon
cactus paddles outside window beyond table
textured oil images on pastel walls
rich in Mexican colors

she picked up her nachos
purchased by yrs truly from some corporate
chain w/ fresco something in its name
& this might have been the last
smile I remember from her
her eyes closed her wheelchair
right up to that thick table one hand
at her mouth with a chip covered
in green onions and sour cream
her left hand in her lap
soft diagonals of jutting light
& her in her room
grimaced less light but bar of light
to her hands and to my lens
& I think maybe that light her father who died two months prior
or maybe her mother
or maybe our grandfather
or maybe her grandmother
or maybe my grandmother
& then down my gaze to her chair’s wheels’
shadows surrounded darkness & skeletons
of spokes casting something mysterious
& shine to my lens yes shine
her darkness for she disappeared to death
in this shot
spoken softly away
in three ways wheels intersecting
tears statues shed tears hard ones
torn faces
& holes fill all abjections

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torn rusted broken tears
shed & hard shadows & outside
bluest sky after hardest rain
see rain fell mostly hard
& from inside heard as hard
noted as rough
& outside banners waved
frayed edges of Buddhas woven strung together
this garden of light & fire this day emerged
& she worsened with my father
in her room as I wandered this garden
of light for photos & to understand
something abt death in this universe
& fat pomegranates reflected white sun
& drops of rain ran down fat globs
of light dripped down to earth
& in each drop suspended at its
apex for before falling I thought that’s
duration right there
& over yonder fountains splashed water
shining sun for my delight
as I thought again yet back to Gloria
worsening inside
& oranges for Gloria to eat I gathered
gracefully offered
to which she gracefully responded
no thanks
El Barrio Moon

held high
Harlem harvest moon
rising red

El Barrio dancing in that fire
dancing—epa

music pours light this night
held high
glowing swollen

Harlem harvest moon
dancing  dancing

El Barrio strangers dancing & fused
late & bright

radiant night eyes

Harlem harvest moon

shadows at night cast distinct
curvatures
lineations

this Harlem harvest moon

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LES

cold cold water from hydrant her song hydrant water hydrant water her dyadic song &
when she sings to me shadows thicken thicken & moss falls from branches of trees trees
& when her limbs her limbs touch mine & if we’re off Delancey we’re off then we’re hell
long ways from home hold me steady please if I walk askance steady me
Kafka, Country Doctor

bloody towel
stripping naked of doctor
nightbell
eyes scratched out
“frost of unhappy age”
snow, blizzard
etc.
a muscle of sociality

proliferation of little worlds

infrastructure affective aesthetic forms

stories as relays

nodal points

accumulation, detritus

dammed networks

constellations of catalysts

art of description perceptual signature of plant all world’s real poems actions becoming world inscribed in glyphs of stripmalls composed yr objects of prismatic networks of motion movement windy exclusion of concentrated matter energy transmitted rhythmically & this world thrown together when eyes open partial stabilization of unknowable chaos passages to self movement pragmatic wave into chromatic tinge mixed sensory media senses forms matter organized into scenes valleys descents into poetics improved conceptions from body to body alive dead faultlines of rage composite turns ideas expressivities red becomes red objectified shimmering rhythmic sequences nodes of energy unsignified intensities