

## **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 appetites  
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:

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

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:

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<sup>1</sup> 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”

---

<sup>1</sup> 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

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 workers<sup>2</sup>”: ¿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 Defil  
“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

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<sup>2</sup> gastarbeiters bastards / brown bluecollars

**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 philosophs  
 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

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 rewipe ¿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

*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 renegade*

**Yndia**

right now I'm  
 kinda messed stairs  
     below moon  
         up—us swimming in ourselves shells O  
 me now open Maroma<sup>3</sup>  
 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 blurred<sup>4</sup>

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

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<sup>3</sup> andar en la Maroma

<sup>4</sup> thru semanspic mexsociations & referential illusions meaning approximations headressing socially precarious topics & evaluations

**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

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

*b*

& 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

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

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

**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*