

Tempo Awash

Aurelia Guo, P. Staff and Raquel Salas Rivera

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Aurelia Guo

The Courage to be Rich

[Content Warning: includes references to mental health and sexual abuse that can be distressing for readers]

One advertisement for Zoloft showed a woman in a pants suit, holding the hands of her two children, her wedding ring prominent, next to the phrase “Power That Speaks Softly.”

Teachers would tell me that other teachers were misguiding me, and I began to perceive a hidden web of personal agendas and resentments.

The medicines worked on their bodies, but they also changed the way people understood their relationships and their social roles and the control they had over elements of their lives.

When a cashier at the grocery store spoke to her, she was convinced that he was only pretending to be cordial—that what he really wanted to say was “You are a repulsive, disgusting, pathetic human.”

The desire to hold on to things can also be seen as a desire to avoid troubling someone else for anything. But all this does is shut you off from the world

- living in an unsuitable home environment, such as having no heating
- being left alone for a long time
- taking on the role of carer for other family members.

- having unwashed clothes
- having the wrong clothing, such as no warm clothes in winter

“Virtually everybody knows this type of family,” Hamman wrote.

“He comes home, uses the family like a toy and then goes again.”

Freedom often ends up looking a lot like abandonment

They looked vulnerable and abandoned

They feel that their story has not been told, even if it is a story as old as time.

My birth cost my mother her life, and was the first of my misfortunes

A ritual in which the artists would stamp the word RAPE on a map of Los Angeles

A rape arranged by a sex partner

Playing an ever-so-slightly-gay straight man is one of his favorite gambits

“Wanting Love,” upside down, is plastered across one of her eyes

Rape is “good for the feminist CV”

She would be on the run forever, and there would be nowhere to go

I don't like to use self-control, so I rarely put myself in a situation where I need it

She is already famous as a beauty and has spent seven years running across Europe fleeing her husband

This inward migration can be described as being locked in a prison of the mind

A good laugh always hurts

That lies in perpetrators' futures and victims' pasts

that we idealise restraint; you can be seen as a victim if you are quiet and restrained about it

Laura felt as if she were living two separate lives, one onstage and the other in the audience, reacting to an exhausting performance

which occurs more often in women because women's life experiences mean that we develop its "symptoms" as coping strategies for trauma or in response to punishment for not fitting social norms

for example, the specifically Maoist meaning of 'self-criticism'

(the reformist, the extremist, the leader, the person who gets up to make tea, and the feminist who must complain about the lack of engagement with women's issues)

This changes their sense of resilience and the way they present themselves to others

Of living with the world kept at arm's length

generally allied to social passivity, a sense that nothing could be done about social unfairness, that we had always been persecuted...

or more prosaically, that the 'coming season, spring, summer, autumn, or winter, as the case may be, will be more agreeable

between the vestals of constancy and the avatars of change

Laura was the only other Asian woman on the ward, and spoke to no one

Instead carefully balancing her writing and other freelance work with her physical and mental needs

In which she cleans a shower in a bodycon dress

Whose life looks enviable from the outside and is, of course, incredibly lonely

“I use it with a crystal dildo

Crystals are supposed to activate energy, but it feels the same as a regular dildo”

Inevitably, though, their stories were more complicated, involving an intersection of sexual identity with abuse, neglect, or family poverty

They are susceptible to the kinds of emotional entrapment that poverty can compound

(poverty, listening to men, loneliness, being alone with a man in a room with a closed door)

You need an outside policeman every time the inner policeman breaks down;

When I failed to focus, he drew diagrams of my head, mostly empty, with a pea-size brain rattling around inside.

“True self-acceptance is readily recognizable, it is largely free of needless explanation, apology, and pandering, and free of reactive, unrealistic self-confidence and compensatory false pride.”

I accept you completely.

Countless causes, large and small, have led you to think, speak and act the way you do.

You are who you are. I let it be.

You are a fact, and I accept the facts in my life.

You and I are part of a larger whole that is what it is, and I accept it, too.

I accept that you find it difficult to make time for me.

I accept that sometimes you say things that are hurtful.

I accept that sometimes you are self-centered.

I accept you completely.

P. Staff

ancient and celibate, planetary dysphoria, fuck the clock



ancient & celibate
like small trees that mimic the shape & size
of a bigger , larger system,,
larger & celibate I am lucky to hear
the most beautiful voice when
i am listening to you talk
with the most beautiful voice

what's shameful about
needing and wanting,,
receiving

learning to
want it
to feel it

cup you,,

,, hold you

when the chain sits too heavy
on your

when the chain sits too **tight** on your
collarbone with a padlock,, ' might leave
a green streak sweat on,,

the same skin that
has that, those dry patches
like a wet towel left
on cardboard up your neck
where i want it —

I want it to be
filthy
and anonymous
I want to be filthy
and anonymous
I want to be filthy
and anonymous

on
public transport, such a beautiful
feeling —
a swell of energy
all of us going
in the same direction?
everyone in one room, every one
and it makes me feel 100 years old
it makes me feel one hundred.
i am ancient & celibate on this rocket-ship, direction
all going in the same damn ship to fuck knows
where,,
except i know who would close the door
i know who would shut it tight (yes)

really really thick
i am putting it on
really really thick
really really really thick
all going in the same direction
really thick
i am putting it
all in one direction
feeling 100 years old
really really really thick
and anonymous
really really really thick
six cups to fuck the earth

i don't want to read it

i want you to read it to me

i don't want to read it

i want you to read it to me

i don't want to read it

i want you to read it to me

i don't want to read it

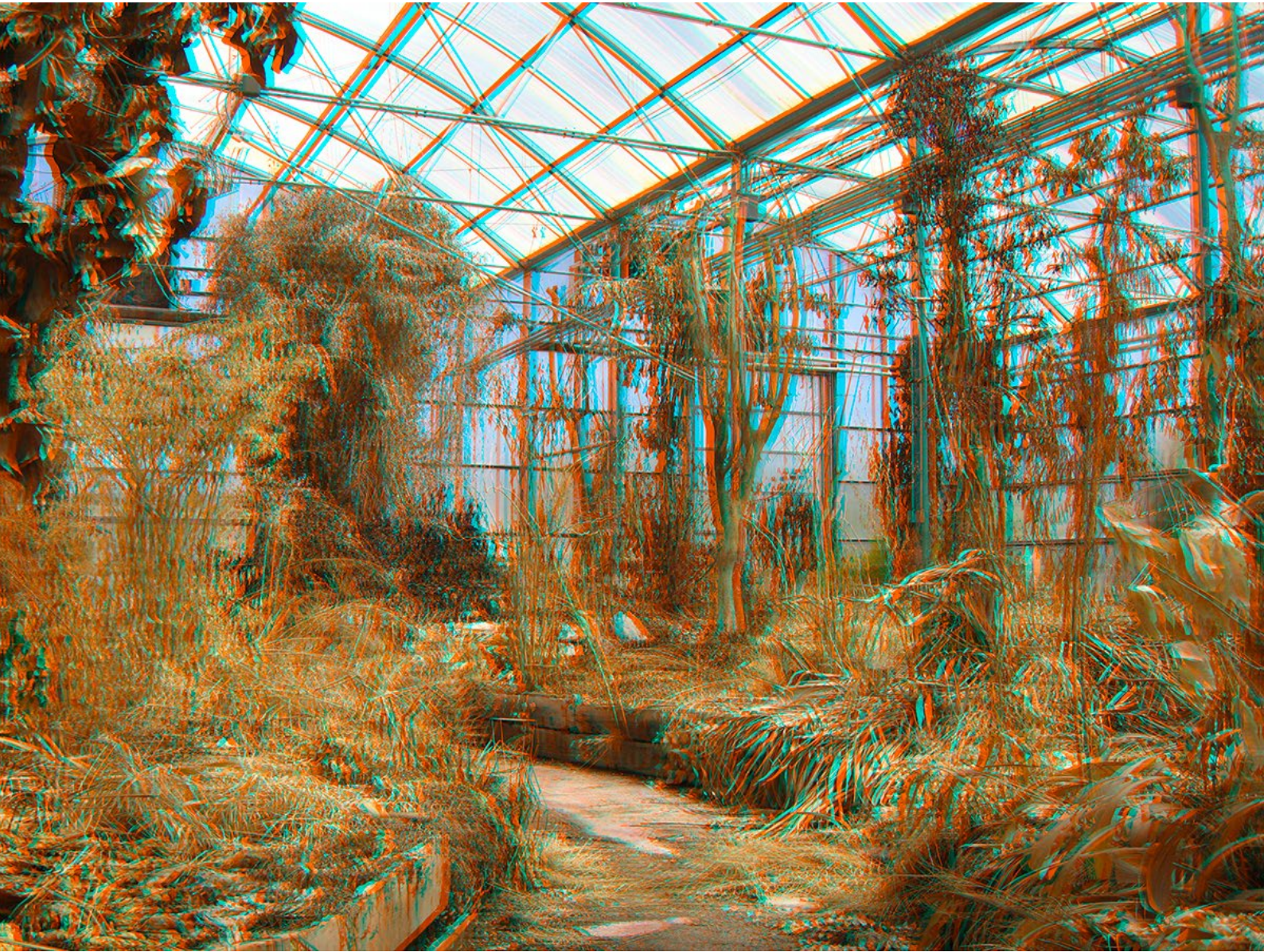
i want you to read it to me

read it to me

read it to me

one more time, say

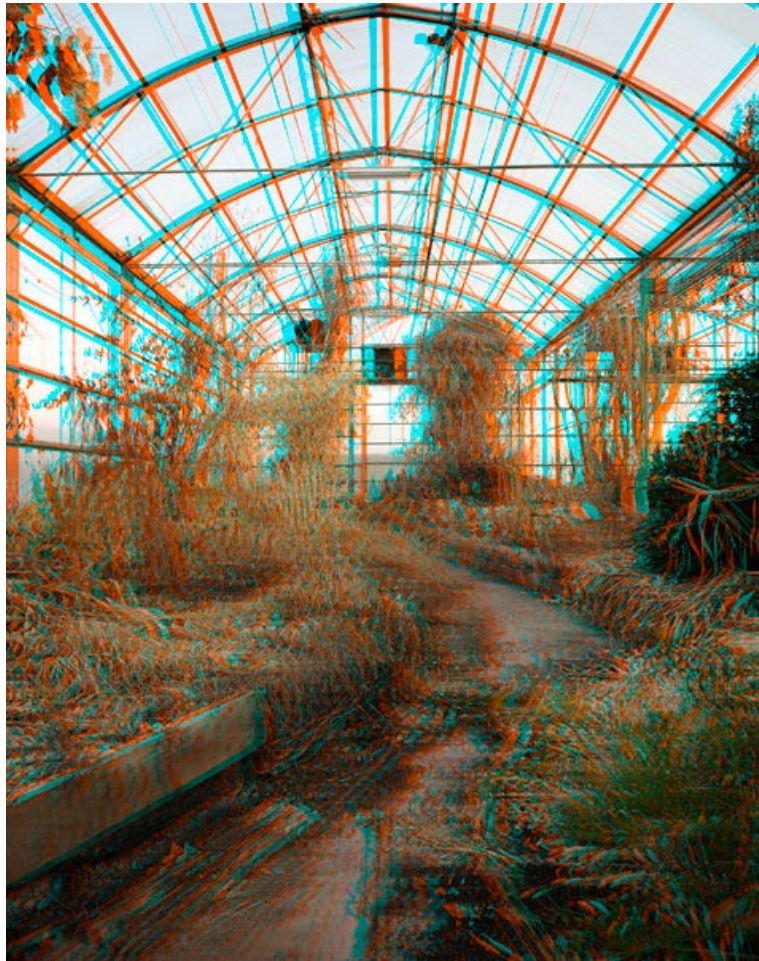
read it to me honey.



PLANETARY

DYSPHORIA

share your bed.
fuck the clock.
shit til you're empty.
feel a chemical bond.
love it
love it
love it
love it
love it
love it
love it.



Raquel Salas Rivera

A BOOK OF MONSTERS

i had a conversation with someone about this the other day, and i said, “yeah, i’d love to write the baslag encyclopedia.” and they said, “that’s really bad though, because you’re a socialist. you shouldn’t be writing these books that are just a kind of naked, cynical attempt to cash in on the sad obsessions of the geeks.” and i said, “no, no, no, you don’t understand at all! i can’t imagine anything i’d love to do more than write an encyclopedia of my imaginary world, with the possible exception of writing the bestiary.” i’m in this fucking business for the monsters. the monsters are the main thing that i love about the fantastic. and unfortunately, you can’t really sell books of monsters to publishers. they insist on stories linking them.

china mieville

U.P.

un libro de monstruos a la misma hora.
con toda honestidad, no tuvimos.
complacer sin plaza.
no hay
de que.

te entrego entonces el lunes.
ontológicamente, me da.

me han dicho que tienen nieve—
tal vez intrusivamente—
entonces sin ventanas.

A.H.

filas y filas de gavetas blancas que pinto más blancas.
compite con mi mano, pero de pie.
corta la llamada y me mira sin soltarme.
gavetas y gavetas que pinto verdes y más verdes.
llaman y no tienes con qué anotar.

los platos, corruptos.

observa en la escalera, mi vestir.
y cierro con lo siguiente:

VINO TINTO

cuando lleguemos a la parte donde el puente colapsa, quisiera que notaras que en lugar de distender una escena bucólica más allá de sus extensiones naturales, escogió intervenir en su pre-proceso deliberadamente. no digo que no nos manipuló con sutileza, sino que dependía ese gesto de la temperatura aquella noche, que clara estaba y sin viento. esto será importante, al igual que la tendencia a ignorarlo. ambos—o quizás debería decir ninguno—nos capacitan para un posible retorno que resiste la edenificación de la sierpe. ella sin saberlo, fue reclutada para los actos más mundanos, liberados de simbolismo o fuerza.

G.S.

los modernistas con sus cisnes.

tú con tus monstruos.

yo con lo mío.

yo con lo mío;

tú con tus modernistas.

él con un fuego que cubrió la llanura y luego cruzó como tizas sobre tiza:

un palimpsesto de fuegos y cuando la casa blanca prendió sus luces,

adentro dormían las cenizas de las repúblicas sin agua.

A.R.

menos mano cuando bajas por favor.
atención: un detalle.
mis mejores pregones.
este año no lo tengo, pero ofrezco
la oferta de la semana incluye,
es entonces locución
el mejor tamaño
para recogidos.

no son las que encuentro, jack.
son las que tuve que repetir.
las que tú ves.
todo tener y poca desposesión:
el acto
de un individuo, no
de un colectivo.

K.A.

las veneraciones de los musgos chupapiédras.
tuvo su momento clave, el río en sus vagar,
¿contra algo es que te organizas, no dirías?

atónita, permaneció sin ofrecer.

sujetó la pegajosidad virulenta; dividió fácilmente
sus plenitudes. el agua creció y el musgo y pronto

reparticiones de redes se mueven en el aire:
alas de libélulas, barquitos del soplo en la corriente.
con el batir, nadie piensa en las banderas.

D.T.

mi pana, nuestro tiempo en su fin: un declive.

fuiste ese nebuleo celestial más cobarde.
te di mi día libre y te llevé hasta la casa.

ahora te invoco desde la memoria compartida.
ni siquiera un ayer me has ofrecido.

la brevedad de tus caídas secunda la rapidez de tus subidas.

qué bien aprendiste a escalarme con guantes calientes y boca barata.

mano, como quisiera perdonarte, pero ayer
me compraste tragos y me robaste amores,
creyendo que no me enteraría.
y eso, en retirada, eso imperdonable,
se lleva consigo mis rosas blancas y mis llaves.

DR. DRAMATIX

MR. DR. SINCERAMENTE
FIN DE CITA
CONTABA CON SU PRESENCIA
ATT. SUYO
ESTIMADO OFICIAMIENTO
SIN SU SELLO NO PODREMOS
SI LOGRA CONSEGUIR LA CERTIFICACIÓN
DESAFORTUNADAMENTE
SU PRESENCIA INDESEABLE
ESTÁ PAUTADA PARA

C.E.U.

le coup por diseño.
brincan las vallas, abren las puertas, un patroitiquién aparece.
q nos envió para arreglar las relaciones intergalácticas.
un grupo enorme arroja un grupo enormito:
una nube comiéndose un nido de culebras NO ME PISES
y el fascismo termina las colonias alzando las manos.

a que no lo vieron venir.

lúgaro en foundation plancha una camiseta.

fin de una era

no pasa la resolución contra los resolutos. el show king.

pásame esta. bandera negra. bandera negrísima.
libro de los monstruos abre y cierra sus alas
en el viento. ¡un chango!

A.R.A.R.A.

autoregulación no tanto, pero lloriparis autogenerados.
la sublimación es una práctica, la represión una táctica sin estrategia.
no es tu culpa que nada es tu culpa. ay diój.
nadie entonces hace nada nunca me has dicho.
para qué repetir, si no eres sino lo que hicieron contigo.
qué triste circuito sin voluntad de nada, qué eterno ay bendito.

T.F.A.

maría condé no respeta el caos.

la ciencia ficción lo respeta más, pero a veces tampoco respeta el infinito.

en la escala de borges soy un 24 (patriótico, más ilógico).

tú, un 23+26 (49. preocupado por el cabello, caótico).

los hoyos negros: power bottoms supremos.

en español: abajo sube el poder. gimmegimmegimme

si esto es barroco, entonces nunca diremos directamente.

estoy segurísimo que obtengo más gay (la dicha rara/

le bicho raro/ la bicha rare) que nunca.

mi fantasía es que me inyectes los domingos y mamártelo

temprano cada lunes. por eso nunca seré barroco puro: la bocota.

TI. TODO.
LA LONGA EN ESA
(la longaniza)

con que tuvieron que montar el jet ski
sobre ruedas y abrir el negocio sin medidas

esperar varias horas para que canceles

la mano de
el pie forzado
el ritmo con
cuatro compases y dos
breves
así se clave por días y entradas

polvo más polvo
enchulado

E.E.U.U.
(fokin turistas)

20/22 no 20/10
un gringo caza una iguana

dos gringos nadan hasta el colmo

tres gringos ahogados en una bañera

cuatro gringos cantando los beatles

cinco gringas gritándole a los perros
seis gringas dándole direcciones a siete gringos perdidos
ocho gringos mudándose a rincón nueve gringos en isabela

diez gringos comprando una reserva natural

once gringos votando por la estadidad
un gringo sí un gringo
(no un americano no un turista)
son doce gringos peleándose en mi patio
trece gringos comprando la casa que quise
catorce gringos diciendo *por qué no*

quince gringos quejándose porque les digo gringos
lo digo de nuevo y *qué vas a hacer*
dieciséis gringos mandándome a arrestar
y matando a mi gata y demoliendo mis sábados
uno a uno

C.J.

te casaste con él
pero no me lo traigas a casa

no te pega no te maltrata
chévere

voy a celebrar cuando se vaya
no es malo malo
es peor

es nocivo y paulatino
y nos compara con el ajedrez

aquí vive no gente piensa
sino gentuza
por más buena honda
por favor

ven sola

Aurelia Guo is a writer and PhD researcher based at The City Law School, City, University of London. Her writing most recently appeared in the anthology *What the Fire Sees* (Divided, 2020). She is the author of the poetry chapbooks *2016* (After Hours Ltd, 2016) and *NYT* (Gauss PDF, 2018), and was commissioning co-editor of *How To Sleep Faster 7: The Body in Pain* (Arcadia Missa, 2016).

P. Staff (b.1987, UK) is an artist living and working in Los Angeles, USA and London, UK. Their work combines video installation, performance, and publishing, citing the ways in which history, technology, capitalism, and the law have fundamentally transformed the social constitution of our bodies today, with a particular focus on gender, debility, and biopolitics. They have exhibited extensively, gaining significant recognition and awards for their work. Staff's work has been exhibited, screened, and performed internationally, including solo shows at the Serpentine Galleries, London (2019); Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin (2019); MOCA, Los Angeles (2017) amongst others. They have been part of a number of significant group shows such as the 13th Shanghai Biennale (2021); A Fire in my Belly, Julia Stoschek Collection Berlin (2021); Made in LA, Hammer Museum (2018); Trigger, New Museum (2017); and the British Art Show 8, touring venues (2016).

Raquel Salas Rivera (Mayagüez, 1985) is a Puerto Rican poet, translator, and editor. His honors include being named the 2018-19 Poet Laureate of Philadelphia and receiving the New Voices Award from Puerto Rico's Festival de la Palabra. He is the author of five full-length poetry books. His third book, *lo terciario/ the tertiary* won the Lambda Literary Award for Transgender Poetry and was longlisted for the 2018 National Book Award. His fourth book, *while they sleep (under the bed is another country)*, was longlisted for the 2020 Pen America Open Book Award and was a finalist for CLMP's 2020 Firecracker Award. His fifth book, *x/ex/exis* won the inaugural Ambroggio Prize. *antes que isla es volcán/before island is volcano*, his sixth book, is an imaginative leap into Puerto Rico's decolonial future and is forthcoming from Beacon Press in 2022. He has co-edited two anthologies. *Puerto Rico en mi corazón* is a bilingual anthology based on a special collection of handmade letterpress broadsides by contemporary Puerto Rican poets. *La piel del arrecife* is the first anthology of Puerto Rican trans poetry. Thanks to a 2021 NEA Translation Fellowship, he will be translating the poetry of his grandfather, Sotero Rivera Avilés. He holds a Ph.D. in Comparative Literature and Literary Theory at the University of Pennsylvania and writes and teaches in Puerto Rico, where, with a three-year grant from the Mellon Foundation, he is currently creating an online archive of Puerto Rican literature. Alongside Claire Jiménez, Ricardo Maldonado, Enrique Olivares, and the University of Houston's USLDH team, he serves as investigator and head of the translation team for *El proyecto de la literatura puertorriqueña/ The Puerto Rican Literature Project*, a free, bilingual, user-friendly and open access digital portal that users within and outside academia and the U.S. and Puerto Rican educational systems can use to learn about and teach Puerto Rican poetry.

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