

The only Defensible Relationship to Capitalism is

by Dia Felix

I hold these truths to be self immolating
a tiny baby, a mouthful of sun
spit out wet,
wet fire,

now a teenager tripping out at San Onofre over the sunset

it's like jewelry, it's like silver and gold
it's like fire, but wet fire

Now a career, making a case for either this
or that
it's not that I'm tired, it's just that I don't care.

It was so easy to be a thief,
Why did I bother trying
with novels when this whole time I could have just
printed money

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Now I can see clearly
you're either a thief or a victim.

So I'm a thief, but I refuse
to forget to be a poet too.

This way I can at least
eat the stars
I've stolen.

Or, you steal my stars from me
and I steal them back in my dreams,
swallow them whole.
Burn baby.
Placid reflux.

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A man screams outside
His fury comes in through my closed window like a ghost,
rattling my candlelit early evening.

I'm trying to remember my ancestors
but I'm interrupted by strangers.

In Hell's Kitchen do you need ancestors
or can we all be ghosts together,
composited in time,
all wanting the same thing,
noodles, pizza, love,
and to be drunk
in the warm night.



Do ancestors get mad?
I didn't mean to offend you
Dahlia, Magda, and whoever. Sonja. Sacha. Flora.
The original Fernando.



Before my ancestors were my ancestors,
they were babies.

Before that they were balls of yarn,
and before that, soft teeth.



I want to press cloves
into puffy balls of dough.

I want to walk through Bed Stuy

I want to drink egg nog
in washington square park

I want to be stunning.
I want to dance with John Giorno
in the parish hall,
when the lights go out
because we couldn't pay.
I want to eat lasagna with Diana de Prima
at Spec's

Remember that time there was a mysterious spread of food there? Rumor was someone was left at the altar, and the caterer brought the untouched food to Specs.

I want to find a lady's stolen purse in a bush in Riverside Park and return it to her
I want her to be an Israeli psychiatrist and she invites me up

I want her apartment to smell like cooking farro
I want her to wear dark lipstick and expensive slippers.

I want her to ask me, did you go through my purse and I want to answer honestly,
of course.

I want her to play João Gilberto and offer me some of that farro
I want to sit on her terrace and eat farro with tomatoes, olive oil and parsley
I want her to take out her cigarettes, light one up and say,
it's my first time smoking, I just want to see what it's all about.

Me too, I say, accepting one for myself.

I want her to deprive me of the embrace that I desire.
I want to go home and look her up and find that she is a specialist in smoking cessation and
addiction in general.

I want to have dinner with my father at Pea Soup Anderson's.
I want to say to him, what if everything you've ever done that has disappointed others or
yourself,
what if you could just let everything go and walk into the parking lot totally fresh?
Where would you go?
He'd say, You know, I think I'd like to be truck driver.

I'd like to give my mother a body
and to see her walk comfortably and freely
with no destination
on a long beach
breathing deeply and enjoying the sun on her skin, the scent of the sea

I'd like to be born
with hands like tubby starfish
soft as scallops
with a sweet belly
I'd like to be kissed and held

I'd like to be a teenager, awkward with a terrible haircut and confused power
I'd like someone to give me a copy of Woman Warrior and say, I don't know, I just think you
should read this
I'd like someone to give me a copy of Ariel and say, I can't explain it, it just has this weird pow-
er

I'd like to walk around Paris and cry
I'd like to walk around Chamula and not cry
I'd like to walk around New York like an invisible robot
A high, hungry camera

I'd like to go back to the trailer where I rested as the rain hit the metal skin and I felt liquid
with possibility and the blaze of my blood, I am in motion and I'm gonna keep going

I'd like to meet Peter
I'd like to meet Bobby Ray
I'd like to meet Adrienne
I'd like to meet Ana

I'd like to die and then
get up and do it again