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## Circulations

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## Circulations

### Cover Page Footnote

This article is from an earlier iteration of *Diálogo* which had the subtitle "A Bilingual Journal." The publication is now titled "Diálogo: An Interdisciplinary Studies Journal."



# CIRCULATIONS

i was...  
born one spring morn of time not my own,  
w/two tongues, wild eyes & a chocolate skin tone,  
& from labor pains of my beloved mother  
delivering a fertile seed of my father,  
i was cast forth into life-by a gracious act of love,

thus,

i rose...

calmly from shade into high-light  
& took first breath of oxygen one fine day.  
when sun was high in aries,  
& moon degreed in pisces,  
& clouds flowed high above trees,  
derived from earthly bodies,  
composed of worldly species,  
so now this world surrounds me,  
& i delight in harmony,  
& i take flight w/poetry,

thus...

i succeed the degree of this poem,  
& this poem inhabits no home,  
& i know no bounds, no limits, no ends;  
everything flows w/in me  
'cause i am everything;  
the ecstasis as centricity,  
a clear perceptibility;

i am a quest where w/i define my potentiality

beneath the sun,  
below the moon;  
approximated hour of birth:  
an hour before noon,

or something like that diaphanous thread  
that looms our presumed reality  
which truly, is no more than a fool's convention  
or superstition, one deliberate inquisition,  
for that matter, why not rather:

defy all decrees of this apocalyptic age  
bent on destruction of every age,  
every color, every creed, every culture,  
bent on placing lives in early-made sepulchers  
buried six feet under;

why not crush that dividend of a hyperborean  
set to usurp our firmament,  
w/inanitions broadcast on the internet,  
of genocide, usura, oppression,  
violence, atrocity & madness?  
hell bent on creating generations of sadness,



tho' someday  
their sedative torpor  
is not enough to keep me from a dream,

yes, i dream...

besotted w/kinesis  
& self-same intellection,  
this poem is no recollection,  
nor introspection,

this poem is:

the irresistible modality of male expression,  
it is motion of a subject of actuality,  
it is an anti-poem of ontology & osmosis;  
this poem is:  
the kinesis of heart to mind in a space of time  
where nothing is false & nothing is true,  
where things appear as they are,  
i.e., far removed from object & hue;

& w/in this chaotic labyrinth of a poem,  
i sit pensively,  
in my ineluctable melancholy,  
gathering the entelechy  
of my soliptic state  
(w/out the moody brooding).

& all talk must cease w/in sphere of this poem  
'cause i myself un-self myself  
(in past-time found as home),  
& break from old habit of ill-bred thought  
taught to mind @ blooming years of youth,

i unmask my phantom to find truth  
certainly subjective  
& for the collective

body of somebodies,  
composed of oddities,  
blessings & ill-things,  
yet someday, the essence of being  
reemerges & my being is becoming  
till the great end or new beginning,

'cause in this poem,  
time's thinning  
as earth's spinning,  
birthing:  
new life each instance,  
& thieving:  
old lives of existence  
where w/both sky & mind are persistent  
& obsidian water movements are intrinsic.

ISAC RAFAEL GALVAN "Itzalin"  
*Itzalin* is a published poet, artist and Chicago native.