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## Circulations

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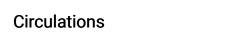


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## **Cover Page Footnote**

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."

## GROULATIONS

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 potentialit

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' someway 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 someway, 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.