Toyon: Multilingual Literary Magazine

Volume 69 Issue 1 Volume 69: The Sex Issue / El Edicion del Sexo

Article 25

2023

Escuincles

Juan J. Madrigal Garcia Cal Poly Humboldt

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/toyon



Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Madrigal Garcia, Juan J. (2023) "Escuincles," Toyon: Multilingual Literary Magazine: Vol. 69: Iss. 1, Article

Available at: https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/toyon/vol69/iss1/25

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Toyon: Multilingual Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

Escuincles

Ferdinando del Arroyo

developed than that of Mick Kelly, Biff Brannon, Jake Blount, or Dr. Copeland. He is not a deity, just another townsperson struggling to work out his identity. To assert that any one main character is the protagonist would be a decoding of the novel that reveals one's own conditions of perception. In The Heart is a Lonely Hunter. McCullers envisions a world where identity is static, communication collapses, and all identities, regardless of categories of social identity, and their mutability or immutability, suffer as a result.

Works Cited

- Adams, Rachel. "A Mixture of Delicious and Freak": The Queer Fiction of Carson McCullers." American Literature, vol. 71, no. 3, Sep. 1999, pp. 551-83. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/2902739.
- Bloom, Harold editor. Modern Critical View: Carson McCullers. Chelsea House Publishers, 1986.
- Clare, Tullis. "New Novels." Time and Tide, April 1943, vol. 24, pp. 302.
- Clark, Beverly Lyon and Melvin J. Friedman, editors. Critical Essays on Carson McCullers. G.K. Hall & Co, 1996.
- Davis, Thadious M. "Erasing the 'We of Me' and Rewriting the Racial Script; Carson McCullers's Two Members of the Wedding." Critical Essays, pp. 206-19.
- Free, Melissa. "Relegation and Rebellion: The Queer, The Grotesque, and The Silent in the Fiction of Carson McCullers." Studies in the Novel, vol. 40, no. 4, winter 2008, pp. 426-46.

Hidden behind racks of clothes, stuffed and

heavy with his dad's dress shirts,

shiny satin and colorful,

Boxes stacked to make a perfect bench,

My eyes barely making out his,

In dark closets. Small bodies,

- Graver, Lawrence. "Penumbral Insistence: McCullers's Early Novels." Modern Critical Views. pp. 53-67.
- "Cultural Identity Hall, Stuart. and Cinematic Representation." Parker, Critical Theory, pp. 543-553.
- ---. "Encoding/Decoding." Parker, Critical Theory, pp. 801-
- Lubbers, Klaus. "The Necessary Order." Modern Critical Views, pp. 33-52.
- McCullers, Carson. The Heart is a Lonely Hunter. The Modern Library, 1993.
- McRuer, Robert. "Compulsory Able-Bodiedness and Queer/Disabled Existence." Critical Theory: A Reader for Literary and Cultural Studies, edited by Robert Dale Parker, Oxford UP, 2012, pp. 353-63.
- Paden, Frances Freeman. "Autistic Gestures in 'The Heart is a Lonely Hunter." Modern Fiction Studies, vol. 28, No. 3, Autumn 1982, pp. 452-63.
- Parker, Robert Dale, editor. Critical Theory: A Reader for Literary and Cultural Studies. Oxford U P, 2012.
- Steele, Alexander. "Estrangement and the Consequences of Metaphorical Deafness: Reconsidering The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter." Journal of Literary & Cultural Disability Studies, vol. 15, pp. 57-73.
- Spivak, Gayatri Chakravortry. "{A Feminist Reading: McCullers's Heart is a Lonely Hunter\"." Critical Essays, pp. 129-41.
- Wright, Richard. "Inner Landscape". Critical Essays, pp. 17-18. Originally published in New Republic, 1940.

La primera comunión de Dani,

My older brother.

We snuck under one of the tables,

with one of the bottles of sparkling cider, sirviéndonos en copitas de plástico tablecloth curtains,

and tossing them back like we saw our dads do. Grabbing each other around the shoulders, like the night they broke the glasses

and left them on the porch for us to find in the morning, The bottle empty

My eyes were closed when he opened the door,

Mi primo.

His brother's shoes, I recognized in the doorway Light, milky red behind my eyelids.

The uneasy shame in his eyes That wouldn't meet mine, told me not to look up.

We didn't dare look up.

Malcriados

Toppled down behind us as we climbed down,

porque la caja de sus botas

Enojado, como se pone

Its crisp corners crushed beneath our weight

out into the bedroom,