

BOVINE INTERVENTIONS



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Emmanuel Catorino Montoya

Kelly Taylor
Victor L. Martinez
Max Phillips
Margarita Luna Robles
Genny Lim
Jeffrey L. Hess
Niki Leacock
Ezzat Goushegir
Jorge Herrera

John Zuckerman
Cindy Bosley
Stuart Lundquist
Nikki Herbst
Jenny Gregorich
Pedro Ramirez
Matthew Saul Lippman
Joy Lyle
Marvin Bell

Eric Roalson
Dore Anderson
Matt Wilkins
Duane Big Eagle
Alexandra Rios
Liz Finch
Sesshu Foster
Paul Cassella
Olga Montes de Oca

AT THE DOORWAY

I was standing at the doorway
Looking at the sky
I didn't know the heart of the earth is wrath.
Perhaps not wrath,
A layer is incompatible with another layer
Or is not composed
Or . . .
Suddenly the earth quake
In the afternoon or the night.
And the sky poured all of its stars in the ocean
And the moon
Indeed was that full
Drowned itself in the ocean.
My mother was standing at the doorway
She was waiting for her children
All the mothers were my mother
And my child was playing in the alley
All the children were my child.
And my husband, or my father
Or my brother,
Or my sister . . .
Or anybody else
Was walking on the bridge.
In the afternoon or the night,
Suddenly the earth quake
And the sky poured all of its stars in the ocean.

And the bridge collapsed.
Two lovers, their kisses
Became lichen on the stone and iron.
Smashed meat, bone, teeth,
And blood.
I was waiting at the doorway
Suddenly all of the sounds turned to silence.
I heard a voice from faraway.
"When it happened, it has happened".
And I have seen alot,
Not only the earth quake
But they quake the earth.
Not wrath of earth
But the greed of ones on the earth
And I have seen the corpses
Without a head
Without the teeth
Without the hands.
Even I have seen a picture on the wall
That has been shaken with the wind,
When a house has been collapsed.
Even the sharpness of a broken plate,
That forked a heart.
And even I have seen a father
Who returned home from the factory at midnight
Holding a packet of oranges
And he didn't know his children's brain oranges
Have been crushed under the load.
I don't know in which feelingless feeling I was,
That I supposed,
Human forgets the history.
But in a certain moment,
Remembers it.

And then,
The stars will return from the ocean to the sky.
And moon . . .
And I will stand at the doorway again
And I will look at the sky again
And the earth will quake again.
Or,
Will be shaken by ones again.
And again . . .