

Arielismo by Sarah Hall

Old Batista glows
in his own moonlight—

we do not kiss and tell
of the Magpie. We are not
liberators; the people
liberate themselves.

Martí winces at our slant
of light. Unlike us,
he dies with his face
toward the sun. We rather feign
conceit at the tip of our cold, steel
revolver, brush our teeth
with the barrel and cleanse
our body in another's red fall—

encouraging our sons
to martyrdom, but forget to give
ourselves. Tip our straw chairs,
fill our lungs with stale cigars,
our kidneys with fermented grapes,
sweet branch of cane—

further preserving our stolen
identity.

We are the indigenious.
The hungry.
The mestizzo.
The mulatto.

We are Ariel.

Herr Heuvo by Sarah Hall

Your heart smells
of rotting eggs
decaying in my mouth.

Won't you be
the Czar of me?

I will pay what is due
unto Caesar; my love
should suffice.

Oh don't dispose of me
my king. My Christ-
like figure bearing the cross
on your own.

Let me burn your effigy.
Honor me as your royal
servant. Won't you take me
off your wall for this event?

Won't you let me pass
your throne so I may
throw a rose in your memory?

Even in death
you have my full devotion.

Even if it shall come to be
the rather uncomely death
of the breath
of me.