

Poems  
about

DOING

THINGS

# Poems about Doing Things

Michael Pérez

first edition: 2017

p<sup>h</sup> press

[puhpress.com](http://puhpress.com)

do whatever you want  
(con este libro).

para Boedo y  
Brooklyn



*.when we walk*

we walk. we walk forward. we walk on  
inflated rubber balls. we walk kicking at  
something once there. we walk with steps silent  
as thoughts, we walk with thoughts thunderous  
as steps. we walk wary and modern. we walk  
between the teeth of others. we walk rolling on  
our hills. we walk into improvised stumbles  
fall into false skips. we walk on top of zzzs that  
have yet to rise slowly. we walk with crouched  
bones spread on porous bread. we walk  
through waves like the mantras of our hips.  
we walk in the thin fingers of warm palms. we  
walk within lines and planes and places and  
litter. we walk confident under hunter green  
scaffolding. we walk weaving a web of walks,  
variably woke to the wanton waving when we  
witness, whether opaqued by optic white  
windows or whatever, a world war waging  
behind our collective what.

*.again we get*

to think that our roads are for us alone.

Too quickly Too often  
do we walk into our coffins  
, steady , into our mind.  
;Righteous fright of bitter rind!

and the flesh zest and juice,  
supremed scraped and pressed loose through  
us  
condensed, concentrates in-  
to things shipped in crates away,  
far

across seas we dont see  
in the words between you and me.  
Soon and Near we must be  
to all our ends, one two and three.

*.áspero*

será el piso de nuestra casa en mis pies. nunca empezamos a pulir ese chispo de losa baldosa que se pudrió a pesar de paneles que habíamos puesto (no?) para protegerlas del salitre ajeno.

olvidando lo lleno que estaba ya con lo que queríamos ver en nosotros, insistí que dejáramos el zapateo en el patio por favor.

ayer pasé por ahí para ver si quedaba un por qué, pero en la búsqueda me postergué; me quedé pensando con la fachada. Las puertas las habíamos puesto al revés, a propósito: no me parecía; pero para mí, eso no importa todavía.

picaportes por ese barrio para esos presentes tiempos no habían, y por supuesto que en nuestros pasados tampoco. pero allá por donde paseábamos por los límites percibidos de prados donde no se necesitan paredes para parar a la sinalefa u otros proyectiles tus pelos me pusieron a pensar en cuánto me gustaba la papaya.

*.de más*

son nuestras palabras personales

andante      balbuceo      cerebral      de-

mandas ego faranduleo gargantería ha-

lagüeña intenciones juiciosamente ka-

bukis luchas llantos murmureos noéticos ño-

ñería onírica perdones querofobia re-

trogradientes sankalpas temor útil vi-

braciones whitmaníacas xantosis y zetas.

; las que en unos

segundos verdes se desharían



*.heat*

i heave  
.hot breathe.

hear wheels heed  
, feel hard  
heavy

where.

where heavy housed  
the herd of whores that left last winter.

hot breathe

helium red  
looking ahead at who's left heeded.

hatred has hands and heads and heels  
holds hats to hide our  
hounds humping for hours  
for highest heavens.

hounds humping for hours.

.hot breathe  
heat heaves

*.miré y vi*

que el todo que perdí  
en verdad no pasó  
así.

no era así, y tal vez ni fui  
yo él que se fugó sin  
ni siquiera enfrentar  
lo que sí.

desde muy dentro de mi  
ombligo sabías  
, riéndote, que sí, era  
mi paladar el que sabía  
a sangre baladí.

isomorfos como lo que sí,  
nuestros eros se iban  
entre ecos de un no y un sí  
vacilando entre  
mi allá y tu allí  
mi acá y tu aquí.

*.im just trying to wise up*

remember words dont say much,  
( and actions dont either ),  
that everyone is just waiting even  
when they arent waiting  
, or dont think they're waiting  
, or know that they're not waiting.

see the recursive fictions  
in everyday functions  
where strong coffee and yellow beer  
keep us  
more in than out  
even if all we want is for there not to be an  
in or an out.

think past the models of variable clay  
that we make of  
ourselves and others and for  
ourselves and others,  
thinking that with them  
, or because of them  
, or in spite of them  
we are outside of us, seeing  
their others with  
our eyes.

im just trying to wise  
up.

face the blues small against skies  
above this thin earth;  
hoping the grass' grip keeps  
keeping us safe from  
drifting up quick and  
conclusive yet careless past  
any limit of concern.

be present in between when  
our nows become our befores  
before  
time ( with our help )  
leaves nothing left behind  
except for afterwards an ambiguous feeling  
of things that once were  
, and the nothing left behind.

*.at night*

everything is ellongated.  
the smallest sounds of things  
(probably) imagined at a distance  
vibrate gaseous tides of a place the moon  
doesnt reflect on – i think i hear

tires rub on the tired  
epidermis of asfalt  
as the engines ride in time  
with the hum of buildings still  
still growing at a distance  
still smaller than the echoes shaking  
the empty spaces within our bones  
yet to fold under the years of

terrible postures held before shortly lived  
stars and other twinkling bodies that watch  
our past selves sit at a distance.

its because of these  
maybe  
that we feel a slow expansion  
digits in larger clocks at a distance  
slouch forward slower than the small hands of  
wristwatches  
things outside of ourselves spilling

further out of themselves  
and in a savage blankness  
we loiter until other things  
stop.

*.faced*

for the first time with the few thoughts you found with haste, you went through a fine mesh of finely grained fennel, seeds of fair fields far from yourself. curled, furred, laid flat on the floor you ground yourself in having done things that felt real and for sure sure of yourself you forget having forgotten. faced with the few yous left further in yourself, the few yous that in yourself, you left. was it you who left the few yous further in yourself? Farther than forests filled with feeble fates, farther than farts from fanged fairies (or from fear of them), you hid (from) that, which for moments, was you, freighted to a distance from their them.

your fertile foot feel again the straw in flat grass. fast the wind flies past. searing feats of suns inflate you. dry, felted the few flames you touch, you know yourself, now, free. you unfurl the fat fingers on your feet. you feel firm life between them.

*.y tú*

sintiendo la suave resistencia de Serafín, te acercaste más a las cenizas y los globos y ojos y lobos y rojos te ojearon tras las hojas. y cuando les musitaste sin sentido en vocales y consonantes

entendiste entonces y ahí, las funciones de  
los fonemas hermanos.

llevado enredado lejos por afuera por las fuerzas de corrientes labiales (y otras linealidades significantes) viste tersos los aterrados versos que vivían trabados entre hilos de devorados textos.

cómo comían los bichos imprevistos que se aprovecharon del mito que no te habían dicho. y carcomida, como las palabras rechazadas, te querían; cómo te querían; quién te quería.

de qué no te quejaste cuando te enteraste que de lo que pensaste ya se bebió lo debido y los que, al final, te debieron algún algo ya se fueron , hallando allá lo que contigo no dieron.



*.for you i leave the few blue shoes*

left lulling leaning on  
our livingroom rug's latest lows.

Before, though, i leave to  
hear only in thoughts your heaves,  
i thank you for the hows

that

, later, i found among the things you had  
left.

Before i leave i thank you.

*.when the utterances spoken ended*

you searched for the voice that would give  
your words and grammars sense. Markovian  
you marked your probablistic trayectory through  
ribbed chambers of an inner acoustic space.

they argue that probability is what will save  
their sciences.

you eat the letters you can while spitting out  
the ones you can't yet. fiberous like green  
stalks, the undigestable sights that your eyes've  
seen rest below the piles of bile that wait to be  
disappeared along with the things you were  
supposed to remember.

they argued that there existed laws (which in  
any case) were to be followed.

you will the minutes that are to read that which  
only blossoms in temporal warmth. Slow the  
sounds of foliage age, the only noises not fit for  
statements that end with periods



This book was printed  
*in riso* by La Impresora  
in Santurce, Puerto Rico.

March, 2017