



SLIPSTREAM 43

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"Red" theme issue

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THERE ARE NO WARNING SIGNS

Yet there's the invasive smell of sliced oranges—the obstinate mother: the soft body
hard to sleep in a stranger's mouth. Too often the challenge of self-advocacy is
us human. Red light travels the most miles through the atmosphere & bitter to
become the red tape we rue. All of us, the unnavigable road forward. Despite the
our tongues, the rumor wants nothing for itself but silence. The hour that's passed
farewell. When did the holiness of the day communicate a desire to be passed
geraniums a desire to signal a home? Somehow, we've become the fool, yet spared
the reddening face. Let a better version of accomplishment begin here: with speed
that sets down the non-violent whip. With the untilled acre. The red dress hanging
of the closet waiting to be worn. There's no way around it: if we are to speak
must speak of what we've wounded.

RED FANTA REGGAETÓN R/EVOLUTION

2004

I heard the deafening beat
of the *reggaetón latino*
at a *bar libre* in Jinotepe
rum and red Fanta flowing until midnight
dancers oblivious to Alemán's corruption.
The party (like the politics): red and sticky.
The hangovers had already begun.

2016

I heard a faint beat
of the *reggaetón chino*
in traffic
flowing on a Beijing street
oblivious to Xi's crackdown on corruption.
The street (like the Party): red and sticky.
I never felt more sober.