

Illinois

*Correlé, correlé, correlá
por aquí, por allí, por allá,
correlé, correlé, correlá,
correlé que te van a matar*

Victor Jara

and the bills are life or they are evaporating

and they throw fresh bills at us when we speak or they beat us and take
away our bodies

it is private, mystical money

they pay mystical entities to print money now

they pay mystical entities to resurrect money now

they pay mystical entities to eat money now

they pay mystical entities to raise the value of rice three hundred percent

and to scrub the remains off the bath tubs when the fathers and mothers
drown themselves because they no longer know what it means to buy rice

they throw private money at us and ask for liquid and light sweet crude
and the quantifications of the murmurs of our toddlers

they cover our bodies in silicone gel and probe us with tools made out of mercury little things made out of steel little things with lenses and data chips and there are bodies that sit far away from our bodies and they see what's going on in there they want to know what the value of our blood is our skin our hair the eczema cracks on our legs

this wiggling probed body is a kind of dance party for the amount of liquid we hold in our mouths

last night I dreamt I was on *The Millionaire Matchmaker* I was not the millionaire and I was not a bachelorette and I was not the matchmaker I was the space between these things the beautiful air that made possible love between ugly men and women from different tax brackets it was me who made this happen I dreamt of this and there was a grenade strapped to my beautiful eczema leg

but there is no one there to support me when I am cornered by the stale breath of the authoritative body who wants to know how I have benefited from the outsourcing of my form and content, my mind and body, my skin, my legs, my mouth

I do not know how to say that I have been shocked my legs have been privatized my fingers removed for austerity I don't need my hair anymore don't need both eyes really don't need five pounds of body fat reduction reduction reduction innovation reduction reduction

funny these infusions of foreign blood it's like there's no goddamn difference between "you" and "me" anymore

they open the door to the theater or maybe it is an arena they store us in

cold air comes in through the alley and the girls eating cardboard sandwiches scamper inside like rats

the authoritative bodies hook us up to needles attached to the wall

our bodies feel warm when they hook us up to the meds

and they say here drink this juice it will make you want to try on designer clothing forever

and to speak forever about television commercials (CLICHÉ) while thinking about killing white people who twist through mountains in luxury sedans to escape the lives they lead primarily on the internet

and we do this we ride luxury sedans through imaginary hills

and in one clip I pick up a tree trunk and throw it like a baseball at the home of a man who really loves his insurance policy

as if it is life or deathfulness

and then they show me a video of my father getting his hand hacked off with a saw

and they want to know how I feel

how do you feel little boy little boy little boy you stupid Hiroshima-
Dresden-obsessed Jew

you feel better now that your daddy's entitled to health insurance?

it is water we want and not juice

but who owns the water

it is impossible to know who owns the water

no one can track down the bill of ownership for the water

and where are the trucks with the bottles of water

and the bodies crammed into them

they are like life or evaporating words in parentheses

not enough breath to finish the words

a nation of words stuck in parentheses

the words roped up like atrophied bodies

~~the toddlers in my mouth the rotten bills the light sweet crude~~

I do not own my mouth

I want to know who owns my mouth
but it is impossible to find the papers
they rumor my mouth is owned by a conglomeration of suits from
Malaysia, Germany and Singapore
are there Qataris are their Saudis are there Chinese who own my mouth
I need an identifiable destination to mark on my lips
so that when they dissolve they will go to their appropriate owners
they split up the bodies they send them around the world
this way no one will know who we belong to
there is a thing called evidence and a thing called love
I see it squirming in the village
have you heard the one about the mother who lost her baby to the bank
she straps a grenade to her leg, steps into the Bank of America and blows
up her leg
the customers are warned to watch out for their bodies
before she blows up her leg

and they run out the door (except for the suicidal ones)

and her leg and the money go up in flames

this is in Illinois

(negative twenty billion!!)

the security guards at the bank have been replaced with soldiers carrying Israeli Uzis

the woman with the grenade strapped to her leg

I hold her in my dreams

she is singing a song it's called run run they are going to kill you (or buy you)

on her back is a tattoo of a guitarist whose hands they cut off but the tattoo is more than a tattoo it is an identity that forges in through her skin and into the blood she does not own anymore

{walk quickly they'll beat you and pay you and love you}

the teller at the bank runs into her car and shuts all the windows

she wants those who watch her

to believe she has air conditioning

she does not have air conditioning

she can not afford a car with air conditioning

it is an August afternoon in Illinois

she turns on the ignition pulls into her garage and lets the fumes fill up

at which point the authoritative bodies take me away

they think I am the woman with the grenade on her leg

but I am not *the* woman with the grenade on her leg

all the women we know carry grenades on their legs when they go into
the Bank of America

it is too protect them from CEOs

but son I'm not lazy

I swear I will do just about anything

for rice and blood and water

and the hepatitis vaccine

and to have the lice removed from my hair

and the fleas sucked out of my skin