



VOL. TWO.
OCTUBRE
TWENTY
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CALL TO SUPPORT LAND AND SELF-DETERMINATION PROJECTS IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

One thing this pandemic has made clear is that all we have is each other and the State will never come save us. We have seen alot of great grassroots and autonomous mutual aid projects throughout different communities. Some of us feel there is a need to become self-determined as communities by connecting to the land, growing our food, and being self-sustainable. We want to stop relying on capitalism as much as possible and start creating infrastructure for a radically different world.

The basis for all life is land, water, and the air we breathe, which is still being destroyed by this system, and there is a bigger crisis we have yet to fight and prepare for.

We are putting out a call to folks in the so-called Pacific Northwest to build land projects and support people who are working to do that now.

At the moment we are collecting seed donations, tools, or any other resource you can donate.

We understand this is all stolen Indigenous land, and we want to work alongside Indigenous people who are fighting to take back the land from this colonial capitalist imperialist system.

TO DONATE YOU CAN CONTACT:

joaquinncienfuegos@gmail.com



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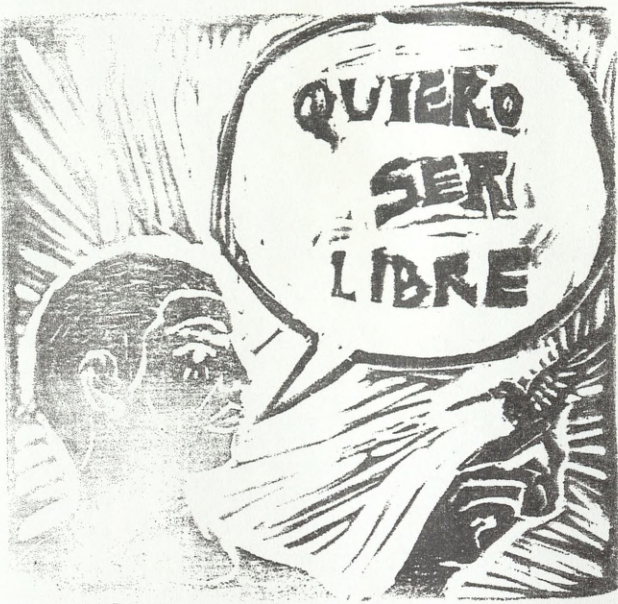
HERE IT COMES...
THE SOUND OF CONFUSION
SO I HEARD
AGAIN

AND AGAIN AND
ONCE AGAIN MY FRIEND
IT LAYS SO SO SO HEAVY DONTCHA THINK... IT COMES
AND GOES I KNOW,
UP UP AND DOWN WE GO, ... COOKING FOR WHAT
MAKES IT'S NOW SNOW SNOW
THINK ITS ALL GOT TO FLOW... I'M TIRED I'M MOVING
BUT GOING NOWHERE, NO PLACE
YOU KNOW ITS HARD TO SHOW THE FACE...
BURNED RIGHT THERE IN
FUCKING WASTED SPACE

I REMEMBER THIS DREAM
100 YEARS AGO IT SEEMED
WHITE IN FRONT OF THIS
BIG ASS BLUE MACHINE
THIS TIME AROUND
GOTTA GOTTA GOTTA
TWIST TO SCREAM
WHAT I FORGOT THEN
IS FORGOTTEN AGAIN
MAYBE JUST A LIL PUSH
HARDER THEN
PUSH AND PULL AGAIN
PULL AND PUSH MY
FRIEND
FRIEND
FRIEND

I WONDER WHO WILL LAY ROSES ON WHO FIRST -
ME OR YOU

A C A B



PRIORITY®
★ MAIL ★

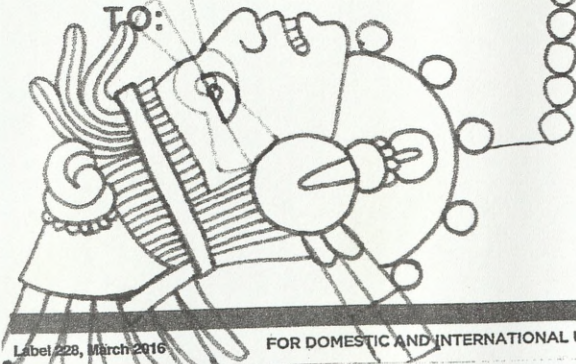
UNITED STATES
POSTAL SERVICE®

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FROM:

GENTE
SIN
RAZON

TO:



Label 228, March 2016

FOR DOMESTIC AND INTERNATIONAL USE

MANIK. ¡:Mano Azul!:

Ayer fue una día como cualquier otro... Rodeando por todas partes de la ciudad, con una sonrisa mientras escuchaba unas buenas rolas y bailaba con la brisa... Hasta que me pase de lista y me caí...

Noté como mis manos fueron las primeras en llegar al piso. Sentí la mayor parte del impacto en mis manos, salvando el resto de mi rostro.

Aparte del impacto obvio, me quede impactada mentalmente... observando mis manos por un momento.

No sentí dolor, si no que lo sentí fue pura energía: **Energía y Conocimiento**

Recordaba como la mano posee la energía de nuestro planeta **Tierra**.

Trayendonos aprendizajes de la transcendencia de la dualidad. **¡:MANIK!:**

Su esencia es la curación, a la cual se llega a través del conocimiento.

El poder es la realización, por lo que se abre un portal infinito de espacio para expresarnos, movilizarnos, **SER Y HACER**, sanar nos y sanar.

Sentada en la escarpa, Me puse a pensar de las mil y una oportunidades que me dan las manos para **"REALIZAR"**

Cuánta importancia y valor tiene nuestro trabajo/tarea diaria, nuestros gestos y movimientos que

dependen absolutamente de las manos

Cuánta sanación ocurrirá cuando nos agarramos una a otra de la mano

Cuánto nos aportan y ofrecen...

Un poder mágico tan grande que hasta sin tocar, impacta la realidad

Cuántos movimientos cotidianos son mecánicos?

Haciendo perder la dimensión del tesoro de poder ser independientes, creativos, sanadores, que se desprenden pura y exclusivamente del movimiento de las manos con las manos.

Ya después de todas estas observaciones junto con muchos pensamientos más... Llegué a la conclusión de que hace mucho tiempo, en varias formas, estas manos me han estado salvando

#Agarrame De La Mano #YCurame El Mundo

WHO SAYS THESE WORDS
ARE ALWAYS BOUT LOVE
WHEN ARE THEY NEVER NOT
WHO SAYS THESE WORDS
ARE ALWAYS ALREADY BOUT RAGE
WHEN ARE THEY NEVER NOT
IM 83 WITH A BULLET
GOT MY FINGER ON THE TRIGGER
IMMA PULL IT

A C A B

BABA ALWAYS SPOKE OF BONDAGE
ONCE HE BUILT A TOWER TO THE STARS!
BOUND TO YOU, WE LOOKED DOWN FROM
BEYOND THE CLOUDS.
WHAT DID I MISS?
YOU & ME? US & THEM?
LOST WITH YOU, WE JUMP!
EARTHBOUND, WE MEET THEM AND
REJOICE!
TOGETHER WE BUILD PERPETUAL BONDS.
THIS LOVE, THIS VOO DOO...
I WAKE UP, STARING AT THE LEDGE OF
THIS SKYSCRAPER.
HOW I MISS YOU. I AM BOUND TO YOU

baba always spoke of bondage.
who says these words are always bout love
once he built a tower to the stars!
when are they never not
bound to you, we looked down from
beyond the clouds.
who says these words are always already
bout rage
what did i miss?
when are they never not
you & me? us & them?
i'm 83 with a bullet
lost with you, we jump!
got my finger on the trigger
earthbound, we meet them and rejoice!
imma pull it
this love this voo doo...
got my finger on the trigger
i wake up, staring at the ledge
of this skyscraper
i'm 83 with a bullet
how i miss you.
when are they never not
i am bound to you
who says these words are always already
bout rage
i am bound to you
when are they never not
how i miss you.
who says these words are always bout love



B A C A

A C A B



STILL FALLING

[...]

CALDER DAZE
DRUG INDUCED HAZE
AND THE RHINESTONE COWBOY
ASKS: HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN BREATHING?

FADING IN FADING OUT
WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS?
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT

ONE FOOT IN THE WATER
ONE ON THE SHORE

ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS SLIDE THRU THE BACK DOOR
TAKE THE HAND
NOW BREATHE THE BEAT
JUST SHAKE SHAKE IT SHAKE IT

ELVIS
GAVE ME SOME PILLS
DROWNED SWALLOWING ALL THEM ILLS
AWAKE FOR THE SCREAM
ASLEEP IN THE DREAM

200 HEADS IN GLASS CASES & NEEDLES IN HER EYES
MEANWHILE... I WAS STILL THINKING
HELTER SKELTER WHO'S NEVER FELT HER?

ELPOEP IN AMERICA

YR BIGGEST PROBLEM WITH WWII
IS THE POOR RECEPTION YR GETTING
ON YR TV
HUE IS YOU
YR JUST TRYING TO WATCH THE GAME
BUT THE GAME HAS BEEN CALLED
DUE TO ACID RAIN
AND YOU GOT MONEY ON IT
SO, DAWN IT, WHO WON?

"THIS IS BULLSHIT!" YOU CHARGE
& "NO IT'S NOT DONE!"

THE PICTURE IS FROZEN
YOU PICK UP YR PHONE TO CRY LIKE A BITCH
BUT NO CABLE PROVIDER PICKS UP THE OTHER END OF THE SWITCH
BUT THE BUILDING YR CALLING HAS BEEN
PULVERIZED TO NOTHING MORE THAN A RADIOACTIVE VAPOR
SO YOU CHECK YESTERDAY'S SCORE INTODAYS MORNING PAPER
& SO YOU OPEN YR DOOR BUT YOU CANT SEE THE SKY
A MAN IS ON FIRE & HE'S ROLLING THE FLAMES OUT
TRYING NOT TO DIE
HE PLEADS FOR YOUR HELP
HE'S WEARING A BLUE LOS ANGELES SHIRT
YOU MAKE A DISGRACEFUL FACE & THEN DISTASTEFULLY
BEGIN TO BLURT

"HOW ABOUT THEM DODGERS?!"
YOU TURN YOUR BACK & GO BACK INSIDE
YOU SIGH, "FUCK L.A. SON & I HOPE HE DIES"
YOU CRY "WHAT THE FUCK!"

& ARE CUT OFF BY AN INTRUSIVE EXPLOSION
& REFLECT NOT ON... & THE BREATH OF ITS EROSION
"THE RAINERS ARE JUST SNEAKY ENOUGH TO DO THAT"
YOU JUST KEEP ON BLABBLING
YOU BRAINWASHED AUTOMATON
YOU CANT SEE REALITY FOR ITSELF NOR THE

DESTRUCTION UNRAVELING
& AS YR BEING MARCHED OFF TO YR FEMA CAMP ZONE
YOU JOIN THE OTHER STOOGES
NO 'ACCUMEN ONLY' CONFUSION
COMPARING OLD HIGH SCHOOL BRUISES
YR FLAPPIN G YR GUMS TO HERDS OF OTHERS LIKE YOU
TALKING BOUT YOU STILL THINK THAT YR GOING HOME!
YOU ARE A DUMB ASS
STILL ASKING FOLK
WHAT THE SCORE WAS

"ODE TO THE STROBE LIGHT ROOM
UNDER THE STAGE OF CHUCK E. CHEESE
ANIMATRONICS PUPPETS"

YOU DONE FUCKED ME UP FOR LIFE.

THE DIRT KNOWS ME
 THESE HANDS ARE MY MOTHER'S
 THEY WILL BE MY DAUGHTER'S
 THESE HANDS BELONG TO THIS DIRT.
 THEY ARE FRIENDS OF THIS RIVER STAINED RED.
 HOW FAR WE WERE MADE TO TRAVEL
 THESE HANDS ARE NOT FRIENDS OF THIS CONCRETE.
 SUCH UNFAMILIAR STONE CRUMBLES WHEN I TOUCH IT.
 THESE HANDS ARE TOO STRONG FOR THIS PLACE.
 MY HANDS TELL THE STORY OF MY HOME.
 OF THE DIRT & WATERS THERE.
 THE STORIES YOUR HANDS TELL ME
 SOUND FAMILIAR.
 THEY TREMBLE WITH RAGE JUST AS MINE.
 THEY TEAR DOWN ENTIRE CITIES
 THIRSTY FOR THEIR FAMILIAR WATERS.

THE DIRT BENEATH YOUR NAILS,
 THAT DIRT KNOWS ME.
 OUR HANDS HAVE EMBRACED EACH OTHER,
 SOMETHING FAMILIAR.
 WE'VE STRUGGLED THROUGH CALI & LOS ANGELES
 AND FOUND OURSELVES IN TIMBUKTU.
 THE HANDS HERE ARE FAMILIAR,
 BUT THE STORIES SOUND THE SAME,
 OUR RAGE IS GLOBAL, INESCAPABLE
 OUR SOILED HANDS

TO ALL THE LOVERS I ALMOST HAD BEFORE
 MAYBE I SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU
 THAT I LOVED YOU
 MAYBE YOU ALREADY KNEW
 COULD YOU SEE IT IN MY SCRIPT ?
 SO SUBTLE SPARKLING
 LIKE THAT CUMSHOT SHINE DRIP.
 THE SADNESS IN THE SMILE
 SOUNDS LIKE I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE
 BABY
 SUGAR
 HONEY
 DARLING
 MAYBE I SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU
 THAT I LOVE YOU
 MAYBE YOU ALWAYS ALREADY KNEW
 BUT ALAS...
 C'EST LA VIE.
 FUCK ALL YALL
 ALL YOUSE TURNED OUT TO BE
 PIECES OF SHIT
 I THANK THE UNIVERSE
 I DREW THE LINE.

when I close mine
 what have eyes taught you?
 I only see hers looking back
 swimming in the poisonous delusion that has
 ripened in her mind
 where a seed has been sprouting from the start
 where the only reflection is my hope that has shivered up.
 I can hear my bones crackling
 the rue my net's embrace
 the walls of my heart trembling
 and the storm in my eyes mourning the loss.



ROCKING DOWA SNACK IN THE MIDDLE OF WOULD WE DE
 PANDEMIC
 BITTER LEMON CHOC/TEARS
 CANCEL JACKSONVILLE BUT OPEN UP THE SCHOOLS (BUT NOT
 BARBON S LOTZ)
 SEND IN THE ZITI COOKS @ PORTLAND SEATTLE ALBUQUERQUE
 MILWAUKEE PHILADELPHIA MINNEAPOLIS KANSAS CITY
 ATLANTA DC DETROIT OAKLAND
 PERSON
 WOMAN
 MAN
 CAMERA
 TV
 EIGHT DEAD AT FORT HOOD NAMED AFTER A CONFEDERATE
 GENERAL
 FRANKLY, DON TRUMP WISHES CHRISTIANE WITL
 YEEZY WANTS HANDEH TUDMAN
 THE MISE OF THE KANSAS
 ROGER STONE GUILTY TO THE BONE
 143,000 AMERICAN DEATHS AND SOARING

WE ALL HAVE A STORY... AS I EDIT MY BOOK,
 I FIND I DON'T BLEED UNTIL PAGE 111,
 WHEN I HAVE BONDED WITH RAGUEL,
 THE MOMENT WHEN I WATCHED HER FOURTH BIRTHDAY
 WORKED AND WORKED A LITTLE TIME... WORKING HARD TO BE
 FREE... FREE ENOUGH TO EXPLORE HIS WORLD AROUND...
 HIS LIFE PLANS... BE CAREFUL ABOUT YOUR
 PLANNING...
 TOO RETHODOICAL,
 AND YOU'LL LOSE YOURSELF IN UNTOLD PARTS...
 TOO SPONTANEOUS AND YOU'LL SEE YOUR
 STORY TURN FROM EPIC DRAGON ESCAPE
 TO HORROR FILLED ROMANCE
 FINDING A MEDIUM OF CRAZY THAT'S JUST
 RIGHT FOR YOU...
 AND NEVER FORGET... TO REMEMBER THE DETAILS
 LIKE THE NIGHT YOU TRIED MARIJUANA
 AND COUGHED AS THE SMOKE HIT YOUR THROAT...
 NEVER STOP WRITING
 #YOU CAN EDIT YOUR STORY
 #JUST NEVER STOP WRITING

I WAS BORN IN NEW YORK CITY
 DID YOU HEAR ME? NEW YORK CITY
 THE NICE PART
 I'M THE EPIHOME OF CLASS
 LET'S JUST SAY I'M CULTURED AF
 MY ABS ARE INSANE
 THEY SAID I COULD'VE BEEN A MODEL
 OR WHATEVER, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO
 BTW I HAVE PERFECT FITCH
 ONCE, I TOOK ONE OF THOSE MD TESTS
 I WON'T TELL YOU THE RESULT
 BUT LET'S JUST SAY IF I TOLD YOU
 YOU'D FUCKING DIE
 BUT TONIGHT
 I'LL DIE
 RIGHT HERE
 IN THIS MEXICAN FOOD RESTAURANT
 IN THE VALLEY
 OF A HEART ATTACK
 ON MY BIRTHDAY
 ALONE
 IN THIS COMICALLY OVERSIZED SOMBRERO
 AND THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR SUIT
 AND THE MANAGER WILL FIND ME
 AND STUFF ME
 AND HANG ME ON THE WALL

A HOMELESS GUY TOLD ME SO

there is a fog
 that has not cleared
 its density so much
 all i can feel is it
 to traverse this
 is to learn of the unknown
 i have become lost in it
 this embrace is familiar, intoxicating
 after this eternity of wandering
 at last it subsides
 as my eyes adjust to the light
 i see you your eyes, dark as the fog
 familiar and intoxicating



THESE BEASTS- MY BEASTS-
 WHEN I HAVE NEGLECTED AND ABUSED
 AND SILENCE
 THEM WITH CLOTH AND WIRE AND JUDGMENT
 WHEN ALL THEY WANT IS FREEDOM, WE CAGE
 ON THESE BEASTS-
 AND PLACE THEM
 FEEL THEY CAN TAKE THEIR EVIL PROJECTIONS
 THESE BEASTS-VIOLENT BY CLEANING EYES.
 SPEND MONEY-
 TWO TRAPS ON A BILLBOARD- AND YOU WILL
 NOT MINE-
 OWNERSHIP- AS THOUGH THEY ARE THEIRS AND
 THESE BEASTS- REASONS SOME MEN FEEL
 WORLD
 THESE BEASTS FEED THE HUMANS OF THE

A U A B T HE SE

I'm still standing on my alphabet,
 counting all my a's, b's with some i's, o's,
 pronouncing the wrong words simply trying to
 express what I'm feeling in words.
 speaking too raw,
 neglecting to tell these pure feelings,
 no matter how fluent I get... we still speak different
 languages...
 when you express deep emotions in riddles,
 are we just playing hide n seek? or are we just telling
 the game through times?
 except now we run and hide our feelings...
 but who's to judge... we all have our part in the
 circle... ready to start canceling
 it's the game that we been taught to play since we
 were children...
 since before we could even hide our words we've
 been hiding our true faces... speaking out simply to
 show some fake expressions,
 for now I close my eyes behind the trees...
 "copy" 11.2.3... in hopes one day you can express all
 that you truly mean.

