

mr. daifuku this is the first poem i write in english

mr. daifuku this is the first poem i write in english

mr. daifuku LOL i'm calling you daifuku this is hilarious

i don't know how my first poem in english sounds (((figuratively i mean, i mean
qua sociolect *qua* idiolect))) (((i mean that *we* mean figuratively *everything*, everything

should be in italics, when i say "in my heart" i say "i am a body i am

a western body" "friedrich nietzsche is my best friend" "the convention of italics

embodies

a tradition" "it is contingent, of course" "hey i'm pretty much contingent"

"thanks")))) i don't know

(~~i don't suspect i can't suspect~~) the

connotations the

possible clichés i'm over-exposing (((like wounds? like desire?))) and/or the

possible strangeness

(((i mean, i'm sure there is strangeness

and i'm glad, i simply wonder

whether it is

a good strangeness, a good strangeness that may make the reader feel

something and feel like a mere thing, like a constellation of knees + eyelids

+ lips

like i always feel

when i read but can't read

i guess for instance kant? the flowers? nietzsche? or, say, a good strangeness

that may make the reader think, is this a poem? why is this poem or "poem"

so odd, because she wanted

it or it's a flaw

of inevitability? take, as a paradigm, "simply", "simply" in "i simply wonder" –

i didn't mean "i just wonder" "it's just, i wonder if" i meant or i think i meant
"i ask myself questions in a simple way" no wonder i do
no wonder i have
this embarrassing tendency, i have
simple strawberries and simple aporias and simple tiny tiny
fluorescent strawberries-shaped supergiants and, of course, flowers the flowers
in my heart;
it's obvious i was going to say, say, "in my heart"
because i possess (~~i think i possess but i don't really possess~~
~~them~~
~~because i'm not a sexist~~)
in my heart,
yes, flowers

as i was kind of saying, i possess all those prodigies
all those sweet fruits and socially awkward stars and all those flowers; the flowers
in my heart
are pretty very pretty
because it's in my heart where nonfiction fiction and maybe love who knows uh
kind of happens, wait wait
i've lost track gotta close these extravagant double parentheses, close
your eyes SURPRISE! SPRING AND ALL!)))

as i was kind of saying, i don't suspect (~~i can't suspect~~) the
connotations
of my (~~socially awkward~~)
witticisms,
of my possible failures, of my possible
ignorance/daring (((i borrow this dichotomy from a spanish saying))) saying it as if i said
"these are the connotations
i want my first poem written in english to be
drank with" "please be aware my lover my

vocabulary

is light & easy, when it's not light & easy please be aware: i borrowed my
sophistication
from www.therausus.com"

since i don't trust (~~i can't trust~~)

the lexical aspect of this poem mr. daifuku

i'll focus instead on structure, i hope it's neither exhausting nor trite, i'm ignorant of
your canon (((now it's my canon too because i live here i belong
here here meaning

i guess the universe? the flowers? america?)))

the first poem i write in english mr. daifuku

is for you but also to submit it

to some literary art prizes thing

my main goal here and in the universe

is to be a flower

and to "talk" (((("talk" is so wrong and/or so figurative

in so many senses))) about

what happened at my place four days ago and what happened at your place
two days ago in america

and to "talk" about what is happening right now but i wonder whether

"i" (((("i" in the context of a poem and of a life is so wrong so wrong)))

am right to write about what

i don't know

so yes it's a meta-poem

and meta-seduction (please be aware: i'm talking

about not talking but but

i found these weird

litotes!

i also found these miniature hopes

in my murky but syrupy but

happy

heart

so yes it's a heart, i'm

happy i found

the keys)

probably we (((america the canon everyone))) don't know nothing (~~nothing~~) and we write
kids and raise

poems and puppies anyways so i confess i knew

my previous questions were rhetorical

:D

offtopic this is dull i'm much a better (?) poet/woman in spanish sorry this is
agrammatical AND

false

the first part of this poem (((i'll continue next week))) is also to discuss what
it is to write a poem in english

being a privileged immigrant etc. (((i want to write about
being and *ser* and *estar*

in america and about

politics because i tend to shout "I CARE ABOUT POLITICS

AND THE ETHICS OF CARE!" all the time still i'm a mess i rain i

snow bluish pinkish flakes of

all misted up

roars all misted up

murmurs all misted up

dissonances and bizarre cultural objects all over

all over

the romantic rain, i

swear

i snow believe me))) wait wait

is this a plausible image, like, snowed rain? wait wait
i want to write about how i write about how
difficult it is
to write and raise
spanish strawberries spanish poems (((“poems”))) in
providence, RI
and also i want to say i bought honey and i hate honey
it’s for you
if you don’t eat it it will die
in my shy oh why so shy kitchen
shelf
and also to ask you at what time does your party end and tonight do you want
me
to come over? we could watch a movie tomorrow