

## #35

Raquel Gutiérrez

I could divine secrets well.

Provide significant Barnum statements.

It compels you to refuse sleep;

bad television your trusted sentinel.

Divining means touching

the fallen telephone wire;

currents so powerful

I mistook them for toxic sex.

I held your revelation and laughed; much

to your chagrin. How identity politics

turn desires for autonomy

into a sitcom. Your Spanish wasn't bad;

it wasn't the best but that was the point. You

successfully passed as desire is a state of mind

sex is automatic passage to whatever Aztlán

and other inconsistencies you sought; Fetish es fuego

I was supposed to be your confessor.

Though hearing how your duplicity

burdened you, lying to your Chicano

friend about being brown,

placed me in sex rehab.  
The failure of essentialism ignited me--  
that we could stop lying--an ontological  
specter. Absolve; give up the dream

of unhealthy desires. This is why us,  
the boring normal surrender to the banality  
of a radical taxonomy meant to free us  
bondage discipline sadism; surrender

How to remember  
that we like feeling bad?

All I can remember is that I am broke and  
feeling bad is a fun cheap date.  
Pretending I was Pitbull or Usher or Drake  
fucking a Kardashian.

Another abject pop song  
that you know all the words to.  
And I am so goddamn lonely  
I learn all the words too and sing along.