

Mario Hernandez

On an Art Show Honoring Three Deceased Hip Hop Stars

The newspaper had a secret,
With its freckles and pores like an animal hide,
And the pointillism we crashed through like sledgehammers through a curtain of gongs.
The newspaper, like a fish tank, is a cube enclosing an environment,
And consciousness is a box
Of recordings of corrugated throats creaking in wind,
And two eyes, tacking like snakes
Across the adjoining yards of an anonymous life.
If you fill a bathtub with saltwater and fish, and lower it into the sea—
That's all a human life is.
That's what the newspaper was trying to say,
Its raised dots repeating like buds across the tongue of every dirty page:
The universe is one and won't tolerate partition.
And what the DJ was trying to tell us, scratching on his albums,
Was that the tongue is also a needle, scratching the disk of the air
And that our bodies speed through time
Like his diamond meteor through the arteries of vinyl.
The brain is split in halves like a seed, and its unfolding song
Displaces the inextricable substance of reality.