

I. The Claimant*

**Pardon me, Mister President, but I will not offer you
my hand
you are not my friend. I
cannot welcome you
You are not welcome
no one is.**

*Luz María Dávila, Villas de Salvárcar, mother of Marcos and José Luis Piña Dávila, 19 and 17
years old.*

**It is not fair
my boys were at a party
and they were killed.**

Massacre on Saturday, January 30 in Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua, 15 dead.

**Because here
in Ciudad Juárez, put yourself in my place**

Villas de Salvárcar, my back, my fulmineous paradox

**for two years now murders are being committed
many crimes are being committed**

to commit is a glittering verb, a radiant vertigo, a lethargic tremor

**many crimes are being committed and nobody does anything.
And I only want justice
to be done, and not only for my two children**

the dead anguished, the fulmineous massacred, the glittering lost

but for everyone. Justice.

To confront, to skewer, to claim, to throw it in his face, to demand, to exact, to require, to
vindicate.

**Don't tell me "of course," do something!
If someone had killed your child,
you would look for the murderer under every stone**

under every stone, under stone, under

but since I don't have the resources

alms for the birds, my bones
my flesh
of your flesh my flesh

put yourself in my place, put yourself
my shoes, my fingernails, my stellar shiver

**I can't look for them because I don't have
resources, I have
my two sons dead**

Byagtor: burial in the open sky which literally means "to give alms to the birds."

I have my back. My tear. My hammer.
I do not have justice. Put yourself
in their place: Villas de Salvárcar, there
where they killed my two sons.

You are not my friend, this
is the hand I do not offer you, put yourself
Mister President
in their place, I give you
my back

my thirst, I give you, my shiver unknown, my anguished tenderness, my glittering birds, my dead

And the very small woman in the blue sweater left the room, wiping her tears.

*Texts by Luz María Dávila, Ramón López Velarde, Sandra Rodríguez Nieto, and Cristina Rivera Garza.

I. LA RECLAMANTE*

**Discúlpeme, Señor Presidente, pero no le doy
la mano
usted no es mi amigo. Yo
no le puedo dar la bienvenida
Usted no es bienvenido
nadie lo es.**

Luz María Dávila, Villas de Salvárcar, madre de Marcos y José Luis Piña Dávila de 19 y 17 años de edad.

**No es justo
mis muchachitos estaban en una fiesta
y los mataron.**

Masacre del sábado 30 de enero en Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua, 15 muertos.

**Porque aquí
en Ciudad Juárez, póngase en mi lugar**

Villas de Salvárcar, mi espalda, mi fulmínea paradoja

**hace dos años que se están cometiendo asesinatos
se están cometiendo muchas cosas**

cometer es un verbo fúlgido, un radioso vértigo, un letárgico tremor

**se están cometiendo muchas cosas y nadie hace algo.
Y yo sólo quiero que se haga
justicia, y no sólo para mis dos niños**

los difuntos remordidos, los fulmíneos masacrados, los fúlgidos perdidos

sino para todos. Justicia.

Encarar, espetar, reclamar, echar en cara, demandar, exigir, requerir, reivindicar

**¡No me diga “por supuesto”, haga algo!
Si a usted le hubieran matado a un hijo,
usted debajo de las piedras buscaba al asesino**

debajo de las piedras, debajo de piedras, debajo de

pero como yo no tengo los recursos

limosnas para las aves, mis huesos
mi carne
de tu carne mi carne

póngase en mi lugar, póngase
mis zapatos, mis uñas, mi calosfrío estelar

**no los puedo buscar porque no tengo
recursos, tengo
muertos a mis dos hijos**

Byagtor: entierro a cielo abierto que significa literalmente “dar limosnas a los pájaros”.

Tengo mi espalda. Mi lágrima. Mi martillo.
No tengo justicia. Póngase
en su sitio: Villas de Salvárcar, ahí
donde mataron a mis dos hijos.

Usted no es mi amigo, ésta
es la mano que no le doy, póngase
Señor Presidente
en su lugar, le doy
mi espalda

mi sed, le doy, mi calosfrío ignoto, mi remordida ternura, mis fúlgidas aves, mis muertos

Y la mujer bajita, de suéter azul, salió del salón limpiándose las lágrimas.

* Textos de Luz María Dávila, Ramón López Velarde, Sandra Rodríguez Nieto y Cristina Rivera Garza.

XII. Horrorismo

Cf. Between Medea and Medusa the gesture of the victim. The shards.

I never want to read these words again: “My son died in my arms.”

“My son died in my arms,” Cinthia Salazar Castillo reported.

I never want to read these words again: “The bullet was meant for me but it killed my son.”

“The bullet was meant for me but it killed my son,” she added.

I never want to read these words again: “They were soldiers, all in uniform.”

“They were soldiers, all in uniform,” the mother protested.

And resurrection?

“Those were minutes of terror, of fear, of rage,” she repeated again and again.

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“Those were minutes of terror, of fear, of rage,” she repeated again and again.

The balance: two dead children. High-caliber weapons. Easter Sunday.

The word: shard. The words.

They began shooting, shooting and shooting.

As violence encroaches and takes on unprecedented forms, it is difficult for our contemporary

language to give it plausible names: Martín and Bryan Almanza: Nuevo Laredo-Reynosa-Matamoros.

An ontology of vulnerability: what exposes us to dependence on others: to their care as well as their capacity to do harm.

Someone bleeds to death in the brush. Someone breathes, frightened. Someone fears.

The word: shard. The words.

They began shooting, shooting and shooting.

I never want to read these words again: “They began shooting, shooting and shooting.” I don’t want the word defenseless.

“I told one of them, who was aiming his weapon at me, I told him to kill me, since anyway two of my five children were already dead,” the mother commented.

I never want to read these words again: “They kept on tossing grenades at us.”

“They kept on tossing grenades at us,” she recalled.

The mother still shows the marks of the shards in her face, chest and arms.

The word defenseless. The gesture of the victim.

Two coffins, all white, containing the remains of Bryan and Martín, mourned at the wake in the humble home at 1135 Esfinge Street, in the densely-populated neighborhood of Los Colorines.

An ontology of vulnerability, a human condition that exposes us to dependence on others: to their care as well as their capacity to do harm.

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XV. HORRORISMO

Cfr. Entre Medea y Medusa el gesto de la víctima. Las esquilas.

No quiero volver a leer las palabras: “Mi hijo murió en mis brazos”.

“Mi hijo murió en mis brazos”, relató Cinthia Salazar Castillo.

No quiero volver a leer las palabras: “La bala era para mí pero mató a mi hijo”.

“La bala era para mí pero mató a mi hijo”, agregó.

No quiero volver a leer las palabras: “Fueron soldados, todos uniformados”.

“Fueron soldados, todos uniformados”, denunció la madre de familia.

¿Y la resurrección?

“Fueron minutos de terror, de miedo, de coraje”, repitió una y otra vez.

“Fueron minutos de terror, de miedo, de coraje”, repitió una y otra vez.

“Fueron minutos de terror, de miedo, de coraje”, repitió una y otra vez.

“Fueron minutos de terror, de miedo, de coraje”, repitió una y otra vez.

El saldo: dos niños muertos. Armas de grueso calibre. Domingo de Pascua.

La palabra: esquila. Las palabras.

Empezaron a tirar, tirar y tirar.

Mientras la violencia invade y adquiere formas inauditas, la lengua contemporánea tiene una dificultad para darle nombres plausibles: Martín y Bryan Almanza: Nuevo Laredo-Reynosa-Matamoros.

Una ontología de la vulnerabilidad: lo que nos expone a la dependencia del otro: tanto a su cuidado como a su ultraje.

Alguien se desangra en el monte. Alguien respira, amedrentado. Alguien teme.

La palabra: esquirila. Las palabras.

Empezaron a tirar, tirar y tirar.

No quiero volver a leer las palabras “Empezaron a tirar, tirar, y tirar”. No quiero la palabra inerte.

“A uno de ellos, que me apuntaba con su arma, le dije que me matara, total que dos de mis cinco hijos ya estaban muertos”, refiere la madre.

No quiero volver a leer las palabras: “Nos seguían aventando granadas”.

“Nos seguían aventando granadas”, recuerda.

La madre de familia aún presenta las huellas de las esquirilas en la cara, pecho y brazos.

La palabra inerte. El gesto de la víctima.

Dos féretros, en color blanco, que contienen los restos de Bryan y Martín, son velados en la humilde vivienda número 1135 de la calle Esfinge, de la populosa colonia Los Colorines.

Una ontología de la vulnerabilidad, condición humana que nos expone a la dependencia del otro: tanto a su cuidado como a su ultraje.

When there is nothing to say, we say nothing. The death toll in Mexico's dirty war, impossible to verify, fluctuates: 120,000 or 130,000 or 150,000. Silence is a form of speech. There is nothing to say. The number of desaparecidos, disappeared people, also impossible to verify, perhaps categorically so: to be disappeared is not to be available to be counted. 24,500 or 27,000 or 30,000 or 300,000. When there is nothing to say, we turn to the words of others. Héctor Cerezo, member of the Comité Cerezo human rights group: "What we're seeing is that once again the federal government is making the disappeared invisible—disappearing the disappeared." We turn to the words of others—recourse in the form of writing known as translation—in order to listen rather than speak. We can't translate the border. The border is untranslatable. The border is a translation. The border untranslates us. There is nothing to say about the border, so what is said is also unsaid. At the border, there is no original to be translated, there is only history, which is language, or which is the impossibility of language in the face of violence. Everything is left unsaid. There is nothing to say. There is everything to say.

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Los Angeles
October 2014

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