

# This Is My Last Report

By Juan Felipe Herrera

This is my last report:

I wanted to speak of existence, the ants most of all,  
dressed up in their naughty flame-trousers, the exact jaws,  
their unknowable kindnesses, their abyss of hungers,  
and science, their mercilessness, their prophetic military  
devotions, their geometry of scent, their cocoons  
for the Nomenclature,

I wanted to speak of the Glue Sniffers  
and Glue Smoothers who despise all forms  
unbound, loose in their amber nectars, I wanted  
to point to their noses, hoses and cables and networks,  
their tools, if I can use that word now—and scales and  
scanners and Glue Rectories.


I wanted you to meet my broom mother  
who carved a hole into her womb  
so that I could live—

At every sunset she stands  
under the shadow of the watchtowers  
elongating and denying her breath.

I wanted to look under the rubble fields  
for once, for you (if you approved), flee  
into the bullet-riddled openness and fall flat,  
arched, askew, under the rubble sheets  
and let the rubble fill me

with its sharp plates and ripped dust—  
alphabets incomplete and humid. You,  
listen,

a little closer  
to the chalk dust—this child swinging her left arm,  
a ribbon, agitated by unnamed forces, devoured.



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