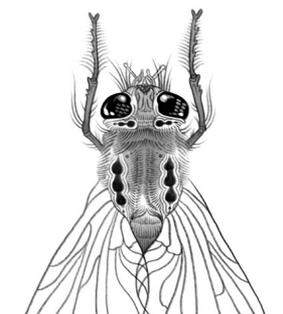
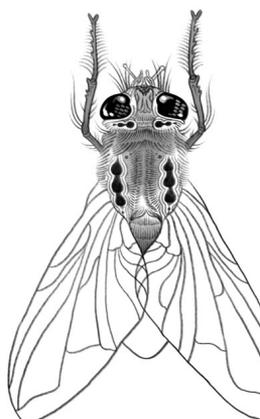
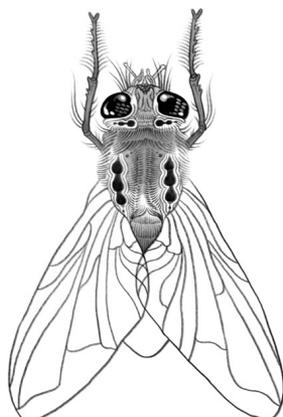
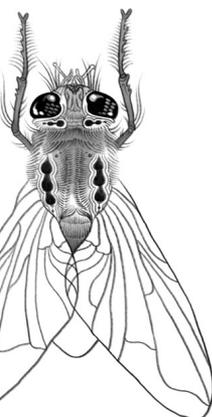
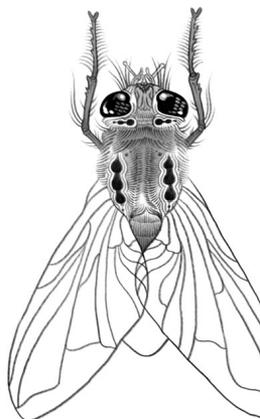
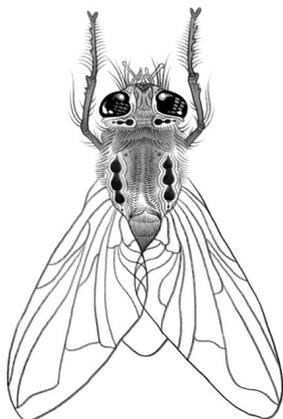
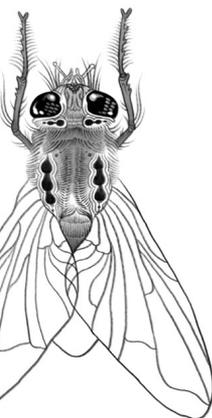
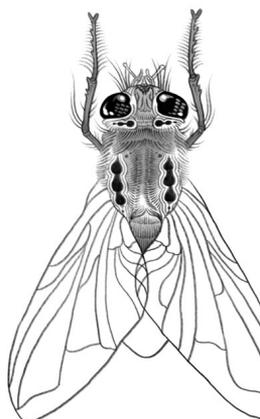
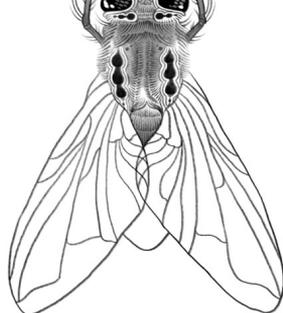
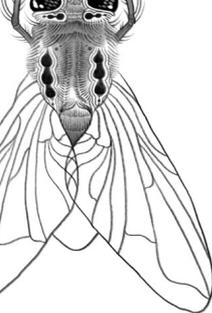




terro(a)r

by hilal omar al jamal
illustrated by kristina collantes



terro(a)r

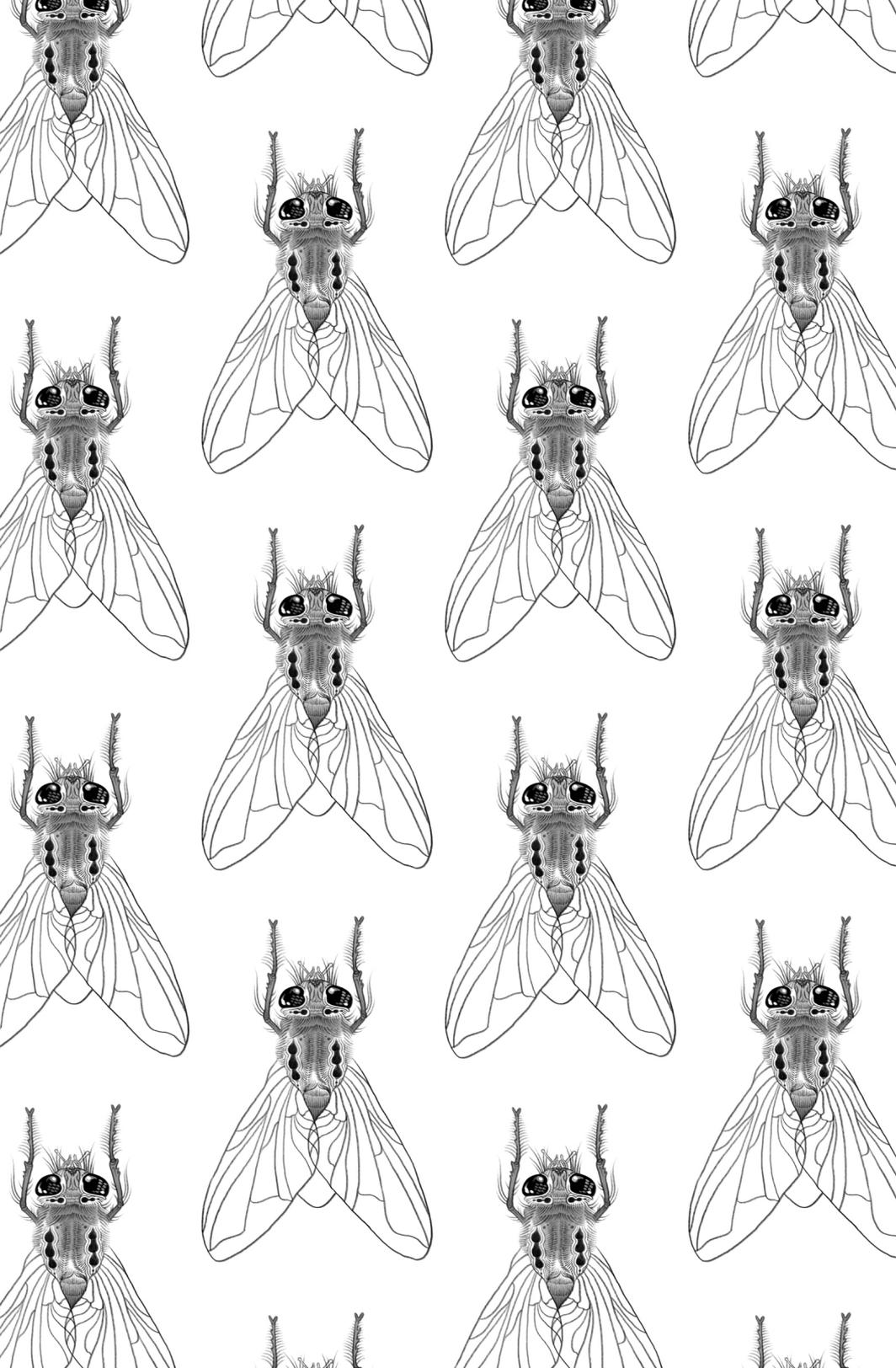
written by

hilar omar al jamal

and

illustrated by

kristina collantes



verses failing, always failing.

this is a first edition. folktale records (2012).

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mother and father, i love you. thank you for the life you gave me. many thanks to my loved ones: my brother and sister, my lovely wife, and my friends. and to the artists and intellectuals whose infectious imaginings shaped my worldview, thank you. thanks to everyone who supported the publication of this project.

kristina, thank you for working with me. and last but not least thanks to chris payne and folktale records for supporting my work.

-hilal omar al jamal

maraming salamat po sa buong familia ko at lahat ng kaibigan ko.

-kristina collantes

super-villainous

i'll raise my kids to feel, in the pits of their stomachs,
murderous. i'll raise gut-wrenching death-lords; manic queers
will spawn from my loins.

i'll raise nervous baby birds, song-birds. heaven help them. i'll
power-sand their beaks to nubs just because. my little boy and
my little girl will mutilate the little cowards, clipping their wings,
caging them, and finally sucking at their eye-sockets to feast
not so much on their brains as on their souls.

my boy, with a cock like charlie bronson's, and my daughter,
a chain-smoking drag-princess, who'll look an awful lot like
elizabeth taylor, will be raised in a loving home to carry on the
family trade, to deal in love and death and terror.

love or death, naught but terror.

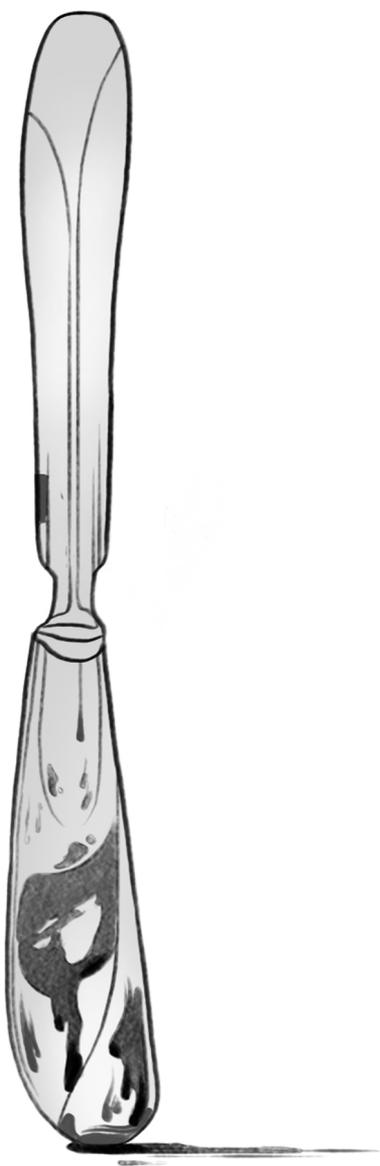
my little girl will castrate her first husband with a butter knife
and stuff her menstrual-blood-tainted panties down the
cuckold's throat. and her love of death or love will do them part.

my son macaulay and daughter miley will be politicians,
absolutely empowered and absolutely corrupt. my children of
the gott-damned, true believers of the one true faith, will feast
on real flesh and blood; they'll mercilessly, always mercilessly,
consume, and it'll do them good. the brains and guts of armies
of cripples and retards will give them strength.

and when my children fuck, they'll feed. they will have been taught that to make love or death is quite literally to feed, biting, sucking, savoring every kiss.

and you will know my disciples by the trail of bled.

from our thrones in our burning home, their mother and i, hallowed be our shame, will reign over their world, like an everyday violence, like an everyday corruption, like an everyday love or death or terror, like a good lord of flies: *contra natura*.



perla patricia

amá, know that you've raged in me
like a good woman should.
know that you've roared in me
like the wildfire of a wildflower
overwhelmed and recoiling
with disaffection
and with infuriatingly grotesque love:
mad love.

know that you have been my power.
please, know that you have been my power.

i've been the eve that i am
because of the twilight that you are.
i've become the nights when i found you at my bedside
crippled by the gut-wrenching miscarriage of my absence,
grief-stricken by the cowardice, the mercilessness,
of my marching naively into the frivolous murder
of your daylight, night and night again,
fraught at the killing of your boy, a misadventurer.

your sobbing into the pale dark of my revels has instilled
in me that good humility of my sappy heart of hearts.
so, you've made me as strong as a pearl trembling.
it's been your incandescent pearly everlastings
wailing sing-song and slightly out of tune
in my heaviest of hearts.
lovelier than any other sadness that sings not so sweetly.
lacklovelier than any other born to trouble.

know that you have been my power.
please, amá, please,
know that you have been my power,
and i have been your man,
born to trouble,

for fun a chainsaw: sex or destruction

[large close-up of the bare foot of the statue,
its big toe prominent.]
luis buñuel, *l'age d'or*

¡ven, ven, muerte, amor; ven pronto, te destruyo;
ven, que quiero matar o amar o morir o darte todo;
vicente aleixandre, *amor o destrucción*

*

a battering of intestines, a fist-fucking
of your man-slaughtered gash deforming.

lava in primordial bile ponds seething:
your concupiscent toes, twisting, teething.

this fascination with grunting chainsaws,
two at a time goring cunt-gut,
penetrating your waves of crashing claws.
your fetid reek of bradford pear, slut,
expiring like awkward groans as loads are blown.
my holey patrimo(a)ney: domestic violence,
scor-pious, i lust after libertine throne,
after punctuation, abalone,

after a reaming. sex-streams running gun cold;
pestilential coitus; tristan and isolde.

avalanche

lily-bird like lady-dog
in a livid bog
forever-rusting
tree-limb
leaf-like swimming bug
tug of war that tore her dress
to press those rosy hips to lips
it makes my belly ache
a little liver burst
and spilt a verse
she caught me by
my flaps of skin
to say "help me,
little kid."
and i replied
"help me?"

flustered like a stuttered wing
clipped or snipped
unfluttering
the lift is less than
catch my drift to sea (?)

we're boats caught in an avalanche





dengue

“i think i have dengue fever; i need to go to the hospital.” we’re in the car, together, and the sound of sirens arriving at the scene reminds me to make this about me: “i feel really bad. look at this bulbous wound where the mosquito bit me. it’s really bad, right?” across the street is a mother on her knees cradling her son who gushes warm black currents from the fatherfucking his motherfucking father put in his skull. when rilau and i step out of the car, it’s into the burning day in such a way as to deliver us unto them. together, alas, alack. “meu filhote! nossa senhora de aparecida, me ajuda!” she shrills. it’s a black boy in her arms, and she’s a black woman like a cradle of sediment at the bottom of rio paraíba—their blackness is important because we’re a racist. seems to me that she’s standing out in front of her shanty. but it could be anyone’s shanty. the boy is shirtless in a pair of training shorts. one of his havaianas smacks against the tough white sole of his foot as he convulses, passing e(r/x)otically into the hereafter. “¿vamos?” i ask myself.

we walk past her to the officer holding the gun. i say to him, “when you shot him, what did you feel for him?” the officer responds as he turns the gun to our head, “i felt that my hand was god’s hand and my trigger finger a concentration of his good will and judgment.”

“filho-da-puta, why don’t you shoot his mother too?” i want to know.

turning the gun back to the boy's mother, steadying his hands, closing his left eye, his tongue protruding from his mouth, from between his lips, he pulls the trigger twice more in quick succession. clack clack, et al. she falls into the immediacy of dying as the gunshots ring out like lightning claps through the favela's narrow hallways, the broken windowpanes of decaying shanties rattling not unlike all of our sad lives, our histories. her brains burst into a cloud of mosquitoes buzzing, and she melts into a puddle of petals, something like a deathbed of roses.

"i'm sure i have dengue; i'm certain."



alleg(ria)ory

said the shovel to the pen, “we men do weep ink to irrigate the stones of soils.”

said the pen, “and, we men are hardened at your lament. hardened at the flesh of you. ”

the cow begged, “but what’s to be said of us women? we ruminate in spite of all of you men.”

their bullheaded labors reproached: “well, aren’t you all something bestial.”

said time haughtily: “and what are you if not worldly?”

they did all grumble then into the pits of their stomachs their dying words: “what more have we been than faint existence and the possibility of dying?”

all: “dying perfectly.”



sign job

two days ago:

“i wrote it on my application. and i told sandra i couldn't work sundays. she said she wouldn't schedule me. she told me, dad. and, andy drove by earlier; he saw me sitting on the curb. i was tired, man. it's too hot. i stood up right when i saw that jalopy he pushes around town turn the corner. he didn't say nothing when he pulled up, but i'm sure he saw me. he's a fat pussy. he's going to say something to mom for sure. who? alright, whatever, call me back though. bye.” he ends the call and takes a seat on the curb. he sighs and mumbles to himself, “i should fuck sandra, swipe andy's job, and andy can go fuck himself.”

earlier that day:

andy's wife wakes eleven minutes before the alarm sounds. it's a unilex brand alarm clock—not a clock radio. it's now ten minutes to six o'clock in the morning. when its hands cut time in half, a sharp, urgent chime will sound and resound like this:

ding—

ding—

ding—

it will sound and resound three times. then andy, with his eyes still shut, will reach out to it, and he'll quiet the room. at that moment, andy's wife, with her eyes still closed, will extend a loving hand, and the tips of her fingers will kiss the small of his back. he'll flinch with a nervous jerk; you see, he's a desperate and pathetic man.

for now, in anticipation of that sounding and resounding, she'll alternate between thoughts of the touch, the flinch, the jerk, and the time. all the while, she'll keep her eyes as if sleeping, and she'll mull over her worries, her eyelids trembling like all those things that go unnoticed. he'll leave for work shortly after and won't be back until late in the evening. andy works two jobs; he mans the front desk of the vine valley inn on weeknights and works a minimum wage supervisory position in the sales office of kemper homes, thursday through sunday.

now i'll tell you about (s)andrew.

june 16th, 1996—the pine valley inn:

(s)andrew gelatin: wiggly fucking prick—(s)he's a bloodsucker.

(s)he has a look like adrian brodey, skinny tweaked mosquito, and the bags under (s)his eyes are heavy. (s)he looks old. (s)he's twenty and six. once (s)he gave head and ass to a big fucking fat jalopy with a shriveled prick and a big gut for seventeen dollars. (s)he made him sick. he hadn't been sick. he made his wife sick. she hadn't been sick. they all couldn't have been unhappier or more full of life.

now, a different andy, sandra, karla, (s)andrew gelatin, different wife—the officer, the officer's wife, his son—

present day:

“my son's working a sign job. he just graduated high school, so i asked my wife's girlfriend sandra to hire him. did i introduce you to sandra, mark? no? she was the cute blonde with the red shirt and the tits i introduced you to at the barbeque. yea, her. right, buddy. anyway, he holds a big arrow down the street from those track houses by the 79—right there on ramsey. big fucking arrow, 'kemper homes' (in black bold print on a yellow board). it's his first job—margot? no, she hasn't sold a fucking property in four months. unbelievable—kid's working though—”

yesterday—outside of the vine valley inn—5:59am:

(s)andrew's thinking of (s)his first job—his name was andy. (s)his former boyfriend, mark, set it up. andy was very polite and delicate with (s)him. (s)he has the liquor and coke rage. "fuck you, mark. fuck you! fuck you!" (s)his voice is a trembling eyelid.

"shut your mouth, you understand? i need you to listen, o.k.
are you on any medication or drugs?" asks the officer.

"no," whimpers (s)andrew.

"bullshit. now, listen to my instructions—stand straight, tilt your
head back, close your eyes, and estimate thirty seconds in
your head. you tell me when you're done."

"out loud?" (s)he asks.

"in your head," the officer snaps—

sleeping.

30 mississippi

29 mississippi

28 mississippi

27 mississippi

26 mississippi

sleeping.

25 mississippi

24 mississippi

23 mississippi

22 mississippi

21 mississippi

sleeping.

20 mississippi

19 mississippi

18 mississippi

17 mississippi

16 mississippi

sleeping.

15 mississippi

14 mississippi

13 mississippi

12 mississippi

11 mississippi

sleeping.

10 mississippi

9 mississippi

8 mississippi

7 mississippi

6 mississippi

sleeping.

5 mississippi

4 mississippi

3 mississippi

2 mississippi

1 mississippi

ding—

ding—

ding—

ding—

ding—

“andy?”

ding—

(das) ding—

“andrew, honey?”

(10,000) ding(s)—

(10,000) ding(s)—

(10,000) ding(s)—

“andrew,” her voice is shrill and urgent,

“andrew, my god—“

(das / 10,000) ding(s)

...

