

Inside the circle is the song
Ocean-*Oceano*
A million iridescent mirrors emerging
Our earth, an ocean, a blue drip that brings us all back
To the creepy crawl of dna
Chain together- we are all chained together
Clashing against the chattering cultures of forgetting
A helix flash blaze – under the surrounding airglow
We are all refugees from a history
of skewed lines on burning maps
Inside the circle is the song

Here, all of us are flare stars, seeds of the cosmo
some will break out against the symmetry of
kkk klan echoes and imperialist librettos
against policies written for the sale of ak47s
and Hummers Arnold will never drive
some will stand against wind storms
some will scream for us to
'look at who we locking up

we are all surrounded by our own inkblot creations
daily Rorschach testaments to our sense of being
of creating our own time our own acts

inside the circle is the song

and policies written by policy makers who make like vegas bound houdinis
gamblers illusionist
vanishing our youth from city streets and b-ball park games
our young folk gone
from homes and church halls our people our gente-gone
now these sick trick magicians without magic
need to go

we are all soup kitchen oracles
who know our stories our simple ways
the soil, the roots, the earth that spins us wildly to a frenzy
inside the circle is the song
we will not fall asleep at the
faux sound lullaby of hollow bells
that try to drown out the sonata of freedom

remember the collapsing compass points to you

this is the revolt of the microcosm
your cells confronting you
helix fires
electric cells
juntos actuamos
together we act
inside the circle is the song

keep this real
before a melody is struck
we all hear the skull- the bone ricochet

this is about math-division
4 into 2
2 by 4 swing hit hate crime stories
of lost allegories
attacks on our story tellers
hate crime stories of hospitalized *abuelos*, grandfathers
apple and grape pickers
picked off by 16 year olds who
are picking themselves apart
into pieces
fragments of their former hues

this is a story of ropes contextualized to dehumanize
stories of an evolving humanity
unbreakable timelines
of ICE RAIDS
on asian sweat shop surgeons who stitch up the bodies of
yellow haired dolls
and little girls who won't see their mothers get home
and outside his cab, the praying taxi cab driver is spat on
beaten by god bless the usa ex soldiers who can't let go of the guns
they no longer hold

and multiprismatic terror threats can dull us all into forgetting
into scattering like broken granite
all hard and in little pieces
no
te digo que no
I say to you, no
Hear it

One second-hear it

Inside the circle
Hear it-inside is the song
hear it, *escucha*

Inside our circle is our song

inside this circle is our song