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Motus animi continuus

Mark Anthony Cayanan

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Table of Contents

<i>Roberto F. Santiago</i> / I get along without you very well	6
/ Tongue-tied	7
/ Single	9
<i>Sarah Wisby</i> / thirteen breakups	10
<i>torrin greathouse</i> / All I Ever Wanted to be Was Nothing at All	15
/ In Which the Queer Trans Girl Writes Her Estranged Mother a Letter About the Word Faggot & it is the First Word to Burn	17
<i>Vivian Underhill</i> / Apparitions, and What They Want	19
<i>Bettina Judd</i> / 1. Fear	29
<i>Joseph O. Legaspi</i> / Mothering	30
<i>Emerson Henry</i> / Alternate Universe	31
<i>Shelley Wong</i> / Peak Fall Foliage.	37
/ Night Ride.	38
<i>Lily Kaylor Honoré</i> / Bzou	39
<i>Abayomi Animashaun</i> / Mourning.	43
<i>Mark Anthony Cayanan</i> / Motus animi continuus.	45
<i>Denise Bickford</i> / Underworld.	56
<i>Zeli M.</i> / I Went to the Bridge and Realized I Love You	57
<i>Sophie Klahr</i> / DRIVING THROUGH OKLAHOMA, LISTENING TO THE RADIO	74
/ PARKED, CALIFORNIA	75
/ ALL ROADS	76
<i>Damitri Martinez</i> / Bat Outta Hell.	78
<i>Isaac Ginsberg Miller</i> / David, Balletic.	91
<i>Corey Sabourin</i> / Back Then	92
<i>Lukasz Drobnik</i> / Landmines	99
<i>Kanika Agrawal</i> / from <i>Okazaki Fragments</i>	100
<i>Serkan Görkemli</i> / LoverZ.	113
<i>sam sax</i> / EASY FAST QUEERS	120

<i>Yujane Chen</i> / asylum	122
/ removal.	123
<i>Eric Stiefel</i> / As If Yesterday Were Made of Silk	124
<i>Elizabeth Tran</i> / Half-Fish, Half-Wish.	125
<i>Jensen McRae</i> / The Mystery of the Somerton Man	135
<i>Robert Carr</i> / Translating the Birthday Songs of Birds.	136
<i>Raquel Gutiérrez</i> / A Brown Butch Fantasy In An Unnamed Metropolitan Center	137
/ ARIZONA:	138
<i>Contributor Bios</i>	139

They agree on songs to sing
Each wail's pitch

How long to stand against the wall
Arms folded, pensive

Before again heaving
Beating their breasts

Rolling on the floor
And breaking out in tears.

MARK ANTHONY CAYANAN

Motus animi continuus

Of course he loves this servitude, almost loves the daily battle between will and weariness,
the want, the wishing it away

takes along a needle, when someone leaves the table for a minute, drops a little blood from
the pricked finger into the red wine, and admits to this the next day. One must be calm,
follow to the end this novelistic logic at the expense of survival

half his body in the drying cement. They've asked him to sing carols to keep him awake

In the privacy of his bathroom he takes off his dentures, the part that makes him human

not a relic of the past, a raffish flirtation, a trap for fools: to say things little by little, to merely make

early dictionaries house different species of mosquitoes and have words for the six kinds of fever: daily, tertian, imagined, weak and prolonged, desirous, and severe and intense

He inhabits the rage of a white man who, white rage over-brimmed, doesn't know how it feels to be second-guessed

collects the photographs in an album: ashtrays brimming with cigarette butts, an unmade bed, a damp stain on the wall, everything that resists photography. Days devoted, at intervals of hours, to following the changes of shadow and blight

the rolling landscape with its reliable winter rains and photogenic summers, the name recalling musket fire and viticulture

With a glass to his lips he indulges in light gossip, the sort that begets ruin. He leans back on his chair when the gables collapse

provocateur, who pours wrath into the wrong cup, puts climax before penetration. In the afternoon shame crawls upon the wall like the setting sun

soon after the residents sleep on the streets, the aftershocks continuing well into midnight, the floor above them against a man's broken back. They listen to the gurgling as they pray for rescue

He spends his most vital years denying the value of revelation, holding with both hands a bouquet of mirrors

the tongue that says This tastes good but whose natural modesty forbids it to say more: all other declarations are technical mysteries on the plastic wrapper

only sugar mills, none worth more than a few pesos. When they're drafted to work in gold mines thousands die, unable to farm and forced to live on palms and bananas

When they open fire he runs through town and hides in the cubicle of a public toilet; the government however grants them omniscience

realizing the plan, bludgeoning him, stuffing the body into a culvert in a field where birds often congregate. Then they return to their homes

the windiest months, soil frozen from December through most of March

He wears bermudas and sandals, can play nice if they can only prove they're on his side. He'll let them, their brothers, live, give them a box of vitamins

the exploitation of language isn't in the prose but in the writer—prose in pantyhose and from false eyelashes

from lusty fern clusters, misshapen trees with hairy branches that shoot flowers milky as semen; between the knotty stalks of bamboo the eyes of a tiger sparkle and the dream spores

He knows just where to press the wounds so they hurt enough, prove inspirational enough

O cautery that heals, o consummating hand, o touch so fine it satisfies eternity. The lamps
of burning fire, o deaths out of life

they gut a pig, snap a chicken's neck, burn the entrails, perform an exorcism, anything to
ward off evil: amulet, rice in a cone, a red carpet, envelopes with sloppy calligraphy

An exaggerated shrug to go along with his bewildered expression, as if to ask Who, me, he
wears skirts, codpieces, and breasts, all made from the city's nightly debris

a little sleep, locked together, for an interval. Let the evening mount. Let him ride

both grander and stranger than someone new can imagine, the graffiti roaring into beauty
when the train homes into a station, passengers as alive as startled birds. They've kept the
windows open to give the illusion of life from within

He hopes, out of his cowardice, for the best: to be the great betrayer. Hearing bits of human voices streaming down the drainpipe—always the belief in being gracious—he slams the window shut

madness being fashionable at the moment: a dictator and his actors recreate an asylum before a national theater

on train tracks, in front of an all-girls' school, across bedroom mattresses and rattan settees, through their fingers a man sprawled on the sidewalk, here's one last glance

Note

The poem draws Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*, translated by Stanley Appelbaum, as well as the following: the accounts of Raymond Manalo and Oscar Leuterio, via Patricia Evangelista; the diaries of Joe Orton, entries from *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; the fiction of Italo Calvino, translated by William Weaver, of William Gass, and of Hervé Guibert, translated by Christine Pichini; the letters of Frederick William Rolfe (Baron Corvo); news/feature articles by Jenna Adrian-Diaz, Daniel Berehulak, Tats Manahan, Rey Panaligan, and Miguel Paolo P. Reyes; the *Nô* plays of Yukio Mishima, translated by Donald Keene; poetry by Anne Carson, St. John of the Cross, translated by Gerald Brenan, Forrest Gander, Jaime Saenz, translated by Forrest Gander, and José Garcia Villa; and the essays of Louis Althusser, translated by Ben Brewster, Linda A. Newson, and Peter I. Rose.

ARIZONA:

I brought my altar to the shrine of the sinner. A petition for my lost lover to make her way back to me. And the only place that could house my humble yet unreasonable request was El Tiradito. A place built on the burial site of one Juan Olivares, an 18 year-old worker who had began an illicit love affair with the doña of the hacienda he worked for in a Tucson in transition following the Gadsen Purchase of 1852. Some stories cite the object of Olivares' affections as his mother-in-law but a story of classed desire seems more plausible considering the impenetrable caste system of the day. Olivares was shot and had his body dumped in a nearby ditch where neighbors buried him on the spot. A few months later and people began to notice miracles taking place inspiring a chapel to be built in honor of Olivares, the one who was cast out.

A yellow candle, a couple of cigarettes, some yellow flowers stuffed into the same Topo Chico bottle I drank out of earlier that day, and a sign taped to a couple of old drum sticks that read: *Regresa A Mi.*

Kanika Agrawal is an Indian citizen and longtime “temporary alien” in the US. She studied biology at MIT, where she came to love restriction enzymes and fluorescent labels, and earned an MFA from Columbia and a PhD in English from the University of Denver. Her work is forthcoming in *Best American Experimental Writing 2020*, *Black Warrior Review*, and various SFF publications. **Abayomi Animashaun** is the author of two poetry collections, *Sailing for Ithaca* and *The Giving of Pears*, and editor of two anthologies, *Others Will Enter the Gates: Immigrant Poets on Poetry, Influences, and Writing in America* and *Walking the Tightrope: Poetry and Prose by LGBTQ Writers from Africa* (with Spectra, Tatenda Muranda, Irwin Iradunkunda, and Timothy Kimutai). He teaches at the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh and lives with his wife and two children in Green Bay, Wisconsin. **Denise Bickford** is a queer poet from midcoast Maine. Their work has appeared in *Stolen Island*, *Glint Literary Magazine*, *Lipstickparty Magazine*, *Black Napkin Press*, and is forthcoming from *Baest Journal*. Together with poet Sam Campbell, they run *Wend--* an online poetry and art journal. Denise's chapbook, *Repka*, is with Dancing Girl Press. They received their MFA in creative writing from Boise State University in 2016 and currently reside in the Rio Grande Valley in South Texas. **Robert Carr** is the author of *Amaranth*, published in 2016 by Indolent Books and *The Unbuttoned Eye*, a full-length collection forthcoming from 3: A Taos Press. Among other publications, his recent work appears in the *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Sugar House Review*, and *Tar River Poetry*. Additional information can be found at robertcarr.org. **Mark Anthony Cayan** is from the Philippines, where they've published two poetry books: *Narcissus* and *Except you enthrall me*. They're a PhD candidate at the University of Adelaide, and their new work may be found in *Cordite*, *Kritika Kultura*, and *Lana Turner*. A recipient of fellowships to Civitella Ranieri and Villa Sarkia, they teach at Ateneo de Manila University. **Yujane Chen** is a queer migrant alien from Taiwan. Their poems are forthcoming or have appeared in *Black Warrior Review*, *the Shade Journal*, *Bettering American Poetry*, & others. A recipient of fellowships from Winter Tangerine and Pink Door, they are currently earning a B.A. in Ethnic Studies at UC Berkeley, where they are an intern with the Multicultural Community Center on campus. Find them online @yujane_c. **Łukasz Drobnik's** writing has been published or is forthcoming in *Quarterly West*, *Lighthouse*, *Bare Fiction*, *SHARKPACK Annual*, *Mojave Heart Review*, *Cartridge Lit* and elsewhere. He has written two novellas in his native Polish, *Nocturine* and *Cunninghamella* (Forma, 2011). An English version of *Nocturine* is forthcoming in 2019 from Fathom Books. **Serkan Görkemli's** short fiction has appeared in *Chelsea Station* and is forthcoming in the spring 2019 issue of *Ploughshares*. His book *Grassroots Literacies: Lesbian and Gay Activism and the Internet in Turkey* won the 2015 CCCC Lavender Rhetorics Book Award. He was a fiction fellow at Lambda Literary's 2018 Writers Retreat for Emerging LGBTQ Voices. Originally from Turkey, he has a Ph.D. in English from Purdue University and is an associate professor at UConn Stamford. **torrin a. greathouse** is a genderqueer trans womxn & cripple-punk haunting the greater Boston area. She's the author of *boy/girl/ghost* (TAR 2018) & winner of the Peseroff Poetry Prize & Palette Poetry Prize. Their