

The first image is a visual poem with a title that reads: BRAINFØG II.

There is a multi-shaded gray image unfolding like a burst behind the words. The poem's orientation is landscape.

On the left-hand side of the poem, the text reads:

pointed city — hooded figure — he visits a gravesite

woman in a nightgown — her feet al ritmo de sonos

sunken

y jarabes

mass of mourning

pale clown face

of lions & bears

reptile in white space

man isolated —

beaks, stains, & walls

On the right-hand side of the poem, the text reads:

death:: daylight or rather the naked eye

moon:: diurnal as iguanas

death hides during the moon: a frog hops

death behaves through the moon: and hunts at 2am

In the center of the poem, in a circle, the text reads:

mi cuerpo se hizo mil pedazos. vi cuatro retratos. cuatro hombres se rien. el sueño ocupó mi cabeza.

al wip
mat saket friikin
ai krai in mai moust
beisik form
wio e iri saednes

On the bottom left of the poem, the text reads:

... her great-grandma
(?) woke up one day
and took a shower ...
she put on her best
white dress ... she
never woke up again ...
la muerte vino por ella

On the bottom right of the poem, the text reads:

run over — or starved to death

I carried its body — down the street

flies all over — the sclera

buried its eyes

a pungent smell

the stench

of rotting meat

of decay

The second image is a visual poem with a title that reads: BRAINFØG II.

There is a multi-shaded gray image unfolding like a burst behind the words. The poem's orientation is landscape.

On the left-hand side of the poem, the text forms the shape of a box and it reads:

"I went to a funder"
"A distant relative passed away" "I wanted to vomit"
"I walked to the casket and saw all the color and air sucked out of her body"

Inside the box, the text reads:

"emotional" brain
"hard" "soft"
footsteps cracking

In the center of the poem, there is vertical text that reads:

its foot} {was
stuck
on the rug
it fell weak} {it
wobbled
it refused
to eat} {nectar
its wings}
{injured}
it died} {i didn't
know
how fragile} {life was
{i was
busy}
{with
work}

On the right-hand side of the poem, the text forms the shape of two concentric circles, and the outer circle reads:

En el Día de las Madres Abuela visita el panteón where her father, mother, and brother are buried.

The inner circle text reads:

I have not learned to write about grief or palpitations.