

Tupac Amaru
The De-conquest
The Pachacuti

(... PHONEME starting to murmur
or PHONEUMA - the cadaver and the sound
whisper and assimilate each other equally
like nephéle and phónia - like darkness
of death in the throat - tone and voice
or sound that exercises the tongue
phonaskia murmuring - and here murmurs
the phoné with the small **o** that kills
and the phoné with the large **o** that sounds
die-sighing the last breaths
to stop-then-here murmuring
voice that kills and sounds - sounds and kills....)

In the ancient CIUDAD DE LOS REYES -
Palacio de Gobierno - Pirù Bajo -
also a visionary speaker
with a mother-hen and falsetto voice
would be sad and bad
- you understand:
in this Core-digliera blood fluctuates....

INTERNIGHT of April –
- and we call off :
the five hundred and fifth year now
of the filthy **Conquest** of the earth
by the Humanimal Species
of which we are individuals dividuals

ADVANCED PREHISTORY - FIFTH YEAR
of the PACHACUTI
- techno-illogical age
GLOBAL-LIESATION in **Progress-Regress**
with INTERNETionalism on line ...

Night-wandering tumult of the “murmurders”... :

“... ASESINO ! MATON ! METAKILLER !
FUCK IN MORE ! MORE FUCK ! FUCK ! FUNK !
FUGAZ MORRO DE SANGRE TODO INFECTO !...”

Over the cries the streets another voice
announces that the president is entering
FukGee-MawYe after “**la matanza**”
and he disbellies his great jacket
anti-bullet pro-press and TV :

“...I **super-killer not sub-commander**

who commands obeying those very ones
who now also disobey God “ ...
“NOT EVEN ONE PRISONER! we said
“THIS TIME NO-ONE WILL GO TO PRISON.”
“They grumble too much down there
aquellos del “Sendero Luminoso“
de José Carlos Mariátegui and they take too long
to murder - too slow
until now my death my **phòneuma**
that still speaks and kills little by little...
Murmuring here they shout more loud
but soon I will recall them...
what I am saying? **I will re-kill ?**
Who is tired of killing (?) let him die!
Only by killing will I know I exist... ”

Outside the “luminous” windows
the night-wandering tumult grows – it is rising higher
and it threatens the window sills - **obra que suena.**

FukGee-MawYe tries to decipher
the meaning of the verbal music
that mounts upon “**Lima la horrible**”
as Sebàstian Salazar Bondy defin-ished it

“the great poet” ...
“Ahi de mí ! these great poets of mine!”
“like that other one - Cesar Vallejo ...
... **the red corpse**
estaba lleno de mundos... but can
an ancient corpse be full
of worlds? Which worlds? Only bullets!”

the Post-sident Fuck-and-Murder stammers...

Here they knock at the door - Or not only
at the door. But from the plafond – from below
trucatrucas and **ñolkiles**
and **sikus** can be heard – heavy flute blows
and they seem to break in from another age:

the araucan? the pre-columbine?

The anti-destiny?...

the Murderer President has heard it said – even he

- but he does not understand

- because he does not know...

... and the door of his ministerial
neo-liberalist cabinet

opens wide itself and there appears... who appears ?

The OTHER. He is tall. He is all blue. He is golden.

Like in the Inti Raymi - in the Inca festivity
of the Sun...

this I too know...

“ ... it is the obscene stuttering - President
self-coup-ist that trots in your throat... ”

This man all blue with the sombrero
black and wide brimmed and of sky -
this man here - quartered to the four winds
of Pirù by those four military horses
that were not able to dismember him up there
in one thousand and seven hundred and eighty and one

(... **”no ! no podrán matarlo” !**

Sang Alejandro Romualdo)

this man all blue - the great Condor
Serpent that implumes and flies high -
this man is Tupac Amaru Secundo
who rose in rebellion on the Andes nine years
before the Bastille and who now returns

“...to do what? **what to do?** “

mutters the Murderer - oh the obscene grumbling!

To fulfil make the Pachacuti - President!

The Conquest is finished! the five hundred
years of the Cycle of cosmic Pain

are now over in the One Thousand and Nine
Hundred and Ninety and Two – we got there!

The **DE-CONQUEST** has already Begun!

They appear

- they emerge from the shadows of history

- oh no ! of Pre-History -

the Pachacutec - the Inka Yupanqui -

and from One Thousand and Five Hundred

to One Thousand and Five Hundred and Seventy and two

the Inka Tupac Amaru followed him - the first Inka

beheaded by the Virrey Toledo

who underground hid the head

of the Inkarri so that the body

should not recompose itself.

but it is doing so! It is assembling

under your eyes like the last Inka

in one great body: the PACHACUTI

the cosmic body-event that rises up

under the Core-digliera

and the obscene cataclysm

is transformed into the system of history

- the Pachacuti turns the chaos of the
human self-conquest upside down

and pre-history begins to end:

“the enigma of history and death”

(and also of beauty - its mystery)

The three quartered bodies are reassembled
and the Murderer is comemmurdered...

Juan Santos Atahualpa and
Tomas Catari and Diego Cristóbal
and Micaela Bastidas and Tomasa
Condemayta all appear and now Nestor Cerpa
and the two girls who together with Evaristo
were "executated" to death
at Sant'Isidro and all the others
in the line of the "Long Holocaust"
in the **fire chambers** - and the **Tenacéo** -

the execution muscle by muscle
with the burning pincers upon the living red...

All the Great Faces have gone
to re-appear in the Otherwherever
- man collects something on the earth - of a dark splendour -
- it is the standard of the Inka Tupac Amaru the Second
- the Condor - the Serpiente that implumes -
the Inti - the Sun of the Pachamama -
and he goes away with that sun in his fist

The Sun is high - **that** Sun - chaósmic -
a dark sun... the dark of that sun
too high - and the eyes close
of the new sons of the Last Pachacuti.
We do not hope anymore! We are desperate
with all the desperation of the world.
We will decide how to die
and when and where - "death is ours!
The human species is sad and at horizon -
at the Vorticizon" - the PACHACUTI is here!