

have  
you  
ever  
dreamed  
of  
flamingos?



*have you ever  
dreamed of  
flamingos?*

*mónica teresa ortiz*

*have you ever dreamed of flamingos?*

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Printing & Binding by *Astringent Press*

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astringentpress.com

2023 Garden Party Chapbook Contest

Free Online Edition

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*Birds are the only free beings in this world inhabited  
by prisoners.*

— *Eduardo Galeano, Hunter of Stories*



for Andres Montes



# **we are under a funeral watch Texas**

There is a contagion proliferated by the state in effect for all counties until it is endemic

loss includes:

shelter    electricity    water    lungs    breath    life

~~financial contagions, fears of economic collapse, and new extremes in global inequality; die-offs on an unprecedented scale; mega-everything: mega drought, mega snow; proliferating toxicities corruptions; violence (state-driven, terroristic, individual, stand your ground the government is anti-everything: anti-abortion, anti-queer, anti-trans, anti-liberation, anti-immigrant, anti-Black; ocean acidification, the near-eternal longevity of plastics; the United States of Reagan loves war~~ my vocabulary of diseases continues to increase, ~~there are probably~~ microplastics in my blood now

Stay tuned for further updates

**on the Great Plains  
wildfires**

**just south of**

blue surgical masks  
thrive  
in fields  
wind coughs

we count  
years down  
til the aquifer  
depletes  
we stop tracking

variants

though surprise  
late summer rain  
flushes grass  
hundreds of frogs  
skin

blood

dried

on pavement pinched between  
squished organs

rubber caliche

the ones that survive

drift across the ditch

only to end up  
dangling

from the egret's mouth

who gossip in the pastures  
gathered under an August sun

vacated by the cattle

I never saw any egrets  
before the plague

here  
would we also eat  
what little remains

# report from the IPCC 2022

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] climate, ecosystems (including their biodiversity) and human society. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] emerging risks [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Colonialism causes climate change. Climate change [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] generate impacts and risks that can surpass limits to adaptation and result in losses and damages. [REDACTED] Corporations can [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] mitigate climate change by ceasing to exist.  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Settlers impact ecosystems and can restore and conserve them by freeing the land. Meeting the objectives of climate resilient development thereby supporting human, ecosystem and planetary health [REDACTED] requires society and ecosystems to move over (transition) to a more resilient state ie one independent of capitalism and consumerism. The recognition of climate risks can strengthen adaptation and mitigation actions and transitions that reduce risks. Take action [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] or face catalyzing conditions.  
Transformation entails system transitions- [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] under continued climate change [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] increasingly severe, interconnected and often irreversible impacts will affect ecosystems, biodiversity, and human systems; with differing impacts across regions, sectors and communities.

## **blue heron**

lifts-off rocks  
as rain launches a chaotic tide

floods the city  
fills the belly of underpasses

gill nets discarded in what once was a parking lot  
alligator gar threads the tide

mesh fingers spread out  
for speckled trout

should we pray to Saint Andrew?  
designated patron of fisherman

the church can't protect us  
from a Triassic era survivor living in Buffalo Bayou

a kitchen chair carried by a current  
water never moves mathematically

the kissing bug has come calling  
rushing toward our porch lights we left on during the  
hurricane

## **birds at a funeral**

*the carcass is the canvass*

– Zaina Alsous, “Instructions for Discovery,” from *A Theory of Birds*

you might ask why  
I brought birds to a funeral  
crows never forget  
a murder they first taught  
us how to bury  
our dead but over the years  
we have forgotten how  
to mourn we are not yet remorseful  
enough they  
judge us from the boughs  
where they report  
on our rituals watch us  
shine in our grief

## naming

most call it climate change now, but before that, it was  
global warming. some refuse to even name the present  
weather isn't just small talk anymore  
migrants bussed from Texas to New York City,  
then returned to rebuild  
cities in Florida  
the way many cleaned up after Hurricane Sandy  
no concern about status or documents when work is needed  
none for the pesticides on skin or the flared lungs after a  
day's harvest  
ends, hardly any land left not subjected to drilling  
fracking brings earthquakes to Odessa,  
a town famous for *Friday Night Lights*,  
abandoned oil wells, and a surge in seismic activity  
during the COP21 they made Koko the Gorilla the voice of  
nature—  
imprisoned all her life, it was called conservation,  
a synonym for borders,  
boundaries inserted between *nature* and humans  
life isn't valued as much as power  
in capitalism, only certain people are desired  
for survival the exodus already started.  
heat, droughts, floods, poisoned waters  
in search of more than labor or refuge—elegies  
already confirmed the state tries to keep our existence  
nothing more than loose  
nations stapled together

## **the future of plastics**

In the Atacama Desert— bones  
100 million years old, a yard  
of flying reptiles unearthed.

Scientists say they had a filter  
system similar to flamingos.  
Tonight I read about these long dead

skeletons and remember a former co-worker  
who was a creationist. He was a boot maker  
that interpreted existence

through the Bible. In that version,  
there is no mass extinction.

Maybe he thought dinosaurs and hurricanes  
caused by a warming planet were only  
speculations, not part of a divine plan.

I do not argue about Jesus, I let go,  
let God, and imagine ski boots

discarded in the sands,  
polyurethanes outlasting scabs  
left behind.



## ask for trumpets finale

*It is not enough to change the bourgeois state... you have to bring it down*

– *Dionne Brand, Ossuary II*

ask for trumpets finale of first world concupiscent eyes  
prepare for a parade where polar caps melt  
and the emperor of ice cream just

be

ca

me

king

call this age the Anthropocene  
paleteros kept peasants  
poets wear gucci shoes to perform and sing of palaces while  
workers cultivate lakes of lithium poppy fields smother our  
faces feet protrude from sediment cockroaches come out at  
last let radiation affix its beam here he comes here comes  
our king the last emperor  
is the emperor of ice cream

## dead birds

*and I am also thinking about tomorrow*  
– Suzanne Césaire

encounter dead birds on walks through  
tunnels crape myrtle juniper ash  
almost never starched  
just explosions  
plumage on sidewalks sometimes cradled beneath shade of  
bush

not sure why I so often notice bodies  
frequently I stare at the ground as if it is going to  
dissolve  
do not trust the earth  
she eats everything I love

memorialize posture of a crow mourned by a soapberry  
pigeon shrouded inside burst of buffalo grass  
arranged like a rose<sup>1</sup> a dove kissed a gutter delicately

---

<sup>1</sup> I bought a red rose in souks of Tripoli, petals pinned between thighs of a book carried through Customs to give to a woman who told me she had a lot to say about dead birds then said nothing more. What sort of woman I fall in love with should be the kind that chases after a snake with a machete, not the kind that kills it, not the kind who knows what a dead bird means and replaces an answer with an absence. I wait for an explanation and study remains of a blue jay at foot of magnolia tree, first bloom of May.

## on US highway 62/180,

you can find Carlsbad Caverns  
mausoleum of limestone and calcite columns once a  
coastline

for a sea

gypsum

iron

salt

sulfur

tell

us

a

story about stalactites

is it a cave or my recollection of childhood

minerals slowly formed by dripping memories

an imagined walk-through jaws

chandeliers suspended off mouths of soluble materials

thousands of years old

post Permian water evaporated and now we have rooms

teeth cast in electric light

filled with explorers on expeditions to watch

30 miles deep

Mexican free-tailed bats corkscrew across the sky

nations love to possess

remaining population come back before dawn

excavate and mine

a promise of consistency

119 known caves

canyons

cactus

and

grass

will

preserve their survival without  
the land waits  
underground

classifications  
for our return

## **gaps**

of information  
misunderstood layers of missing  
    rocks—it's a geological term  
but emotionally, formations attract

Black Witch moths antecedents to loss familiars of Death  
what an auspicious moment to watch empire fall

oh, this return to cottonwood and caliche  
home is nothing but a simulacrum  
map made of cavities  
copies of the future already tilled red clay  
hushed along canyon rims  
bear lashes of wind inside  
a simulation land carries language  
unconformities in translation

## **there is breath**

between wind & water  
essence lifted from mouth of creation to cosmos  
sky but wings beating into motion  
another dimension  
entrance & exit interrupted by the sun  
if we divide travel into shivers  
inevitable waves occur  
forming a lip in the heavens  
elements ecstasy gratitude  
graceful  
shipping our future into swells  
carried out by the wind's hand & the sea undresses  
revealing a galaxy beneath threads of light  
until gravity bends & desire unravels            a plural-verse  
we just didn't have the imagination for silence

## **after a James Drake lithograph**

the local news advises us to have an evacuation plan for  
family and livestock in case of a wildfire  
we been in a drought since 2011  
grass burrs roll across the lawn the wind comes calling  
from the South unbothered by architecture or anything in its  
path  
today in the town square women gather to show their quilts  
inside the same building that houses the annual stock show  
in February  
hogs cattle lambs sheep penned for auction  
bid by the thousands  
in our neighbor's yard a redbud tree wakes up  
it is the second day of Ramadan in the second year of a  
plague  
and I am looking at a stray crow feather fixed on dried leaves  
distilling blue under the April sun

## **have you ever dreamed of flamingos?**

*Because God wasn't educated in the empire*  
–*Maria Paz Guerrero, God is a Bitch too*

a flamingo sunbathes in Port Lavaca because  
they escaped from a Wichita zoo in 2005 thanks to God  
their wings hadn't been clipped yet the bird wasn't  
ever caught again and since flamingos aren't native to Texas  
an educated  
guess is that this flamingo spotted in  
the Gulf of Mexico is no. 492 but the  
tag on the leg is unreadable so all we know is that no. 492  
fled the flamingo empire  
and possibly traveled 600 miles to Corpus Christi to find  
God  
in the salty shallows, some mistake a spoonbill for a  
flamingo but no there is only one pink and white bitch  
on the beaches of South Texas and in my dreams too



## **look up for a UFO**

in the night sky just before Ozona  
the red car spits out of gas  
plunging forward on I-10 at 2 am  
only hot lungs of the desert are awake  
somewhere out there I know there are aliens  
perhaps seated at a table eating fried catfish  
or navigating the constellations in their vessel  
I stand below the lone blue light  
clicking the handle of the pump until its exhausted  
gasoline spurts out—wets my boot  
I hope the aliens read my poem  
and wonder how I am doing

## **the spider**

obscure on a bar stool with you in neon Turkish tobacco  
Woodford Reserve it's too late too drunk  
to go home darling let's dance til it the rain  
stops  
we run wet through the parking  
lot  
I  
hush  
I  
bow  
I  
hope  
to be the spider plucked from  
your mouth by God

## keychain

Three years have gone by since I walked up and down Rafic-Hariri Airport, just before I left Beirut for a layover in Copenhagen, on the way back to Texas. Cedar trees really do grow everywhere here, and nothing has ever tasted better than a shot of Arak on a beach in Batroun. I bought a keychain on the way to the boarding gate, put you in my pocket, and crossed oceans. Remember drinking a Turkish coffee in that old house turned cafe, where across the street I could still see bullet holes in the buildings. I went there nearly every morning until the last when a taxi took me to the airport and realized I was alone. You are a portal to a moment before the pandemic became a glitch in the fabric of our lives. Now I can't go outside without a mask and an anxiety attack. My hands scrubbed raw with sanitizer. All these memories are nothing but scales of dreams that continue moving when I finally sleep. I look at you and remember that night along the Corniche, where I saw the rocks of Raouche and the Mediterranean for the first time, where a couple of men danced to music like lovers saying goodbye before the sea took them. Watched their spontaneous ballet. I read that Raouche was once the Kraken whom Medusa's head turned to stone. The men unknowingly stand upon a monster's remains. Suppose this poem is about love—how an emotion shapeshifts you. Queerness always feels familiar, even with strangers. Night hides our faces, the platonic turns into the erotic, and our energies recognize desire better in darkness. Now I know why the poets came here and never left.

# when we are together I love New York

after Frank O'Hara

everyone I know has the virus  
when we slip out onto the streets people space out along  
sidewalk for testing on Roosevelt Avenue  
to see if they have the virus  
we avoid the public on New Year's Eve  
negative PCR test is required to prove I don't have the virus  
when I arrive at LaGuardia a year after the pandemic began  
former cop Eric Adams is sworn in as mayor  
amid a surge of the virus  
pandemic salivates at the opportunity to spread  
among voters  
I hope for louder calls to abolish police but all I hear is  
coughing/coughing/coughing  
they ask us to keep voting instead of keeping us all alive  
what if instead of putting our faith in elections  
we just believe in each other?  
cops are another kind of contagion  
but the only disease anyone will name is an airborne virus  
that thrives from community spread  
there are more than three or four variants of the virus  
quarantine only lasts a few months  
thanks to the government and the CDC  
I stay inside the apartment with my beloved and we watch  
cinema but the virus  
remains outside so we binge  
episodes of *My Love from the Star*  
a K-drama about an alien that arrived during the Joseon  
dynasty and before a virus  
halted productions and social distancing became  
part of our vocabulary  
alienation is another symptom of the virus  
I don't touch anyone but my loved ones  
mostly everyone in Jackson Heights masks up  
I should feel safer from the virus

but 7 local trains dragging from Flushing to Hudson Yards  
give me anxiety  
when I'm with you I forget the virus  
isolated us although I wonder if anyone else  
hears all the coughing/the constant coughing  
we plan our solstice together and Queens is hushed  
I try to understand the feeling that Frank O'Hara described  
when there was  
no virus  
*are we being* cheated  
out of  
a marvelous experience?

## **why does a shark eat a songbird?**

the obvious answer is hunger  
feathers of a brown thrasher scattered  
vomited onto the deck of a boat, reverse hunger  
from the belly of a tiger shark caught off the coast  
near Mississippi, I wonder what hunger  
disorients you songbird, without knowing the route  
towards heaven, jawbone witnesses hunger  
whose wings will fail during flight  
and thrust you into the hunger of frenzied waters

## **words after Jessica Lanay**

I have questions you no longer answer stillness has lasted  
five years and counting this is the land where we buried you  
flesh

raised in dust layers my skin cannot wash off it is the only  
land I have left here in this county that will go dry once the  
Ogallala runs out of water did you come here knowing you  
might run out of

dreams

did you come here to spit on land in hopes the plains would  
be more fertile than the desert did you come here looking for  
prophets who promised we had time to salvage water did  
you come here looking for milkweed whose habitats have  
turned into power lines and cables gaps filled by

buffelgrass

did you come here looking for euphoria  
what invasive species will grow over you this is not the land  
that birthed you none of us can return home anyway I watch  
the jackrabbit shoot out of the garden of plastic flowers  
where you

sleep

I dare not even whisper  
the ground anything but

tender

## **if I**

was a sound what would I be  
would I be an ocean risking time

that enforced place where maps are made  
would I be dust

deviating across the plains  
a menacing parachute

would I be a wind snatching hands off a tree  
creaking and lingering in my mouth

would I be a poet in love with wounds  
repeating in lyric

would I spit out language  
curved into a seashell

would I be a heartbeat humming like a metronome  
asking Death if they are coming to dinner



## **do you remember**

the pond where we used to fish? Do you remember the big catfish that could be caught and frozen to fry another day? Do you remember how to butcher venison perfectly so all the meat fits inside the freezer? When my father was a child, his mother would receive surplus once a week from the government. She prepared grits in a hundred different ways, at home and in the hospital kitchen where she worked. Now my dad won't eat them. Do you remember how I named el chivo the first day we met in the backyard where he ate grass and weeds and never differentiated food the way I do. I've never tasted goat not after I saw his carcass swing from the rafter of Grandpa's garage, already peeled and ready to stew. Do you remember the way I bawl after I read about floods because I know Death rides those waters, same as a plague that waves through the air and across lands that had names before Europeans came? Now we have parking lots, 7-11s, prisons, fences. Do you remember that we will make small, delicious meals of conquistadors yet?

## notes on a starry night

*YOU CANNOT SOLVE THE ISSUE OF “CONSCIOUSNESS” IN TERMS OF THEIR BODY OF “KNOWLEDGE.” You just can’t. Just as within the medieval order of knowledge there was no way in which you could explain why it is that certain planets seemed to be moving backwards. Because you were coming from a geocentric model, right? So you had to “know” the world in that way. Whereas from our “Man-centric” model, we cannot solve “consciousness” because “Man” is a purely ontogenetic/purely biological conception of being, who then creates “culture.” So if we say “consciousness” is “constructed,” who does the constructing? You see?*

*– Sylvia Wynter, from an Interview with Proud Flesh: New Afrikan Journal of Culture, Politics & Consciousness, Issue 4 (2006)*

*for Ariana, Bernard, Jesús, and Lexi*

1. Again today I say that shit is bad.
2. My declarations are not a nightmare nor are they hyperbolic.
3. Just this morning at breakfast we hear of another death.
4. Another procession will drive past our house on a winter afternoon.
5. The black hearse will inch along the road we share with the cemetery.
6. People will gather and watch their beloved lowered into the red clay.
8. After the funeral, there is a distortion of memory and knowledge curdling together.
9. Is grief an ontology?

11. I count the number of starry nights.  
A green comet will pass by on an almost full moon.
12. One that hadn't come close to us in 50,000 years give or take.
13. Scientists noticed its trajectory while searching for supernovas or gamma-ray bursts.
14. No one could have predicted the green comet cutting across the fiber of our universe like a marble rolling chaotically through the stars.
15. I scan the clouds through the web of oak tree branches spread out against the night.
16. We buried Buster the Jack Russell just a few feet past the roots of the rotting trunk.
17. I didn't flinch nor look away even while a chorus of dogs cried out in the ministry of darkness.
18. The green comet could be a portal opening up another dimension.
19. I want to witness the once-in-a-lifetime moment but I don't believe what western scientists tell me.
20. They didn't invent the calendar nor navigate the stars before GPS.
21. I laugh loudly then because it is 18 degrees outside and I am only wearing a hoodie.
22. It hadn't occurred to me to dress properly.
23. February wind gnashes against my face.
24. I lean against the tree to wring myself free of consciousness of my questions about why there are more deaths than comets and whether or not I am actually moving, standing on a magnet, or in the presence of ghosts.

## notes on un/writing nature

*And it was written  
Up in the book of life  
That man shall  
Endure forever more  
– Damian Marley, It Was Written*

My first encounter with nature was monochromatic fields  
and crows somehow  
I know there were hidden birds calling out names  
the dead perched on wires near the highway reading  
off a list of the past  
somehow that seems plausible to me  
there weren't any bluebonnets or cotton that day we met  
it was February the year that Reagan began his terror  
now I want to intervene  
on the concept of nature and time  
stabbing through space  
I am after deviance  
there is evidence for this argument  
be careful listening to me— this is a narrative  
not about nature though  
the operative in this context is a different source material  
that in order to function  
we must un/write re/write re/imagine  
how did I get here

I board a plane at John F. Kennedy airport  
bound for Termina Roma  
hop a train to Spoleto where we manage  
to pile into a taxi and spiral  
through streets to a villa on a hill  
obscured by a wall and bushes

it is raining and the landscapes are lush  
there are many variations of this story  
linked to physical and metaphysical  
perhaps this is a revision from an event horizon  
I come downstairs from my room  
to drink Umbrian wine and deconstruct laboratories  
I'm personally invested in poetics but that's not the topic  
the arrangements are interventions scheduled  
spread out across spaces we occupy  
we are many but we are not the children of Apollo  
several people test positive for COVID 19  
they quarantine alone in big rooms  
we open windows  
cotton swabs in our nasal cavities  
start the morning  
fog like a tidal wave sweeps over hills  
thinking about the command "shoot to kill"  
in the absence of is the place of surveillance  
we must be secrets  
orchestrated noise vibrating ambient sounds  
in space without time  
sanctuary isn't for us  
we huddle underneath an awning and embrace  
fresh scents mingling amaretto and tobacco  
sometimes I drink tea on the terrace and look  
out at the hectares of olive trees  
there are textures of green I cannot comprehend  
one day it rains and you ask me how I feel  
ungrounded I reply  
you smoke your cigarette  
unbothered  
I encounter intimacy  
when I press my hand against  
rotted wood

divinity in its crude grains  
Jodi Rave Spotted Bear tells us it's all quantum physics  
movement of consciousness still astonishes me  
architecture of lands resistant to monoculture  
can you hear mercy in the breath of winter heath  
where do I learn this grammar of atoms  
tell me how you draw a map  
show me the playgrounds  
of crumpled gardens  
I spend a lot of time alone  
a lot of time talking to you  
technically though  
I spend most time listening  
though now I wonder if  
it is the abolitionary kind  
outside on the lawn with the poet Stella Nyanzi  
our collective thinks  
about the bloody baptism  
of water, land, and nonhuman life  
anointed as the wild the jungle the uninhabited  
conservation and preservation are Puritanical inventions  
parks become aesthetics and the outdoors off limits  
*protected* by game wardens and rangers  
still the sounds of police and tendencies toward properties  
how is the meaning of found not the same as stolen  
archives become artifacts become objects extracted and  
displayed inside a museum  
Kamaru asked us who possesses the voices of our dead  
there is no ephemeral answer to that  
frequencies we must disturb  
once we recognize pleasure  
we drink Campari in red plastic cups  
beneath a sky's membrane  
constellations as evidence there are aliens

stars plummet in between our exquisite quiet  
travel wildly through our cortex  
rise and collapse of your chest  
as you inhale exhale  
I can hear your heart reaping  
will we be unloved  
while we dream of home  
can't we unproductively listen to rain  
heavenly bodies plummet  
while we run out of hours  
chaos locates a politic  
dispels policing of our love and practice of our bodies  
which we cannot inventory or index  
through this illegible prism we are told to  
divorce ourselves from grass, water, trees, wind  
this is unacceptable  
Stella says that poems will transport us to freedom  
if I don't seem that excited  
it's because I am working  
to decentralize the poet  
use my words as documentation of spectres  
even ghosts have dreams  
I wake up sleepless  
inside a room overlooking giants  
mist peeling  
light shifting  
to the rooster's ring at 5 am  
where I am  
my body shocks       unsettled  
story I imagine Sylvia Wynter sitting down to write  
while I learn to walk  
ground opens into fields of mushrooms  
house stacked with strangers  
let us consult criticism

ask how to avoid reproducing a spectacle  
the wife is shy  
here at Villa Pianciani  
but I have read news on the election of Meloni  
fascism rising  
that's what is reported  
but fascism never went out of style  
even Godard told us imperialism killed cinema  
while Wynter wrote that "America was  
the continent of 'little history' in which darkness had its  
being"  
and here            here I am  
enjoying an espresso at a villa in Spoleto  
this is not a poem about inherited damages  
it is an aubade on the infinite line    of all our tiny griefs



## about the author



*credit: Muindi Fanuel Muindi*

**mónica teresa ortiz** is a poet born, raised, and based in Texas.

## artist statement



**Ashley-Devon Williamston** (they/them) is an anthropologist, poet, and collagist. Humans are their favorite animals, and their life's work is dedicated to uncovering and inspecting the complexities of us—the universe's rarest creatures. A roaming child of the South, they currently live in Brooklyn, NY where they are an MFA student at the Writer's Foundry.

*Texas is Burning* (cover art) is a two-part digital collage that speaks to the urgency and destructiveness of environmental crises while also maintaining hope for a liberated future.

## acknowledgments

I am grateful for the editors, poets, friends, and family that have supported my work through the years.

The following poems have appeared in these publications.

[on the Great Plains]	<i>Hayden's Ferry Review</i> 2022
[blue heron]	<i>Hayden's Ferry Review</i> 2022
[birds at a funeral]	<i>Hayden's Ferry Review</i> 2022
[The Future of Plastics]	<i>Earth Hacks Zine</i> 2022
[ask for trumpets finale]	<i>A Dozen Nothing</i> 2020
[dead birds]	<i>A Dozen Nothing</i> 2020
[on US Highway 62/180]	<i>Annulet: A Journal of Poetics</i> 2021
[unconformities]	<i>Chiricu Journal</i> 2022
[there is breath]	<i>Borderlands</i> 2021
[after James Drake]	<i>Fence #40</i> 2023
[the spider]	<i>The Brooklyn Review</i> 2021
[after Jessica Lanay]	<i>Scalawag</i> 2022
[Do You Remember]	<i>The Brooklyn Rail</i> 2023
[Notes on a Starry Night]	<i>Infrarrealista Review</i> 2023
[I wake up]	<i>Split This Rock!</i> 2023

The past three years have been a struggle. I am deeply grateful to those who have held me, loved me, supported my work and spirit, and inspired or provoked my mind. I am grateful for y'all: Génesis Mancheren Abaj, Ko Bragg, Alysia Harris, Maryam Ivette Parhizkar, Oscar Moisés Diaz, Frisly Soberanis, Keni Guillen, Sequoia Maner, Ariana Brown, Bernard Ferguson, Jesus I. Valles, Heidi Schmalbach, Jonathan Lowell, Jeannelle Ramirez, Charlie Lockwood, Aurielle Marie, Crystal Good, Anoa Changa, Jasmine Williams, Delaney Vandergrift, Ignacio Carvajal, Sarah Rafael Garcia, Heidi Andrea Restrepo Rhodes, Laura August, Xu Li, Nichole Arocho Hernandez, Ashley-Devon Williamston, Maribel Falcón, Erika Ramirez, Hana Masri, Maria Oliveira, Fernando A. Flores, Taisia Kitaiskaia, Claire Bowman, Annar Veröld, Raquel Gutiérrez, Sandy Soto, SG Huerta, Emma Pask, Joe Bratcher, Dalida Benfield, Christopher Bratton, Sybille Gorneille, Jodi Rave Spotted Bear, Kamaria Shepherd, Lexi Ahluwalia, Lutivini Majanja, Neo Sinoxolo Musangi, Muindi Fanuel Muindi, Nicky Coutts, Rachna Toshniwal, Ripley Kavara, Stella Nyanzi, Joseph Kamaru, Ali Williams, Elly Vadseth, Julia Ramirez Blanco, Leonie Harkes, Marco Caricola, Ondiso Madete, Anselm Barrigan, JD Pluecker, Steve Bellin-Oka, Lorena Alvarez, Azani Creeks, Irene Vázquez, Evie Shockley, Tonya Foster, Khalisa Rae Thompson, Jeff Sirkin, Pete Miller, Leticia Urieta, Richard Z Santos, Maria Magdalena Arréllega, Itzel Alejandra, Christina Noriega, Faylita Hicks, Yoalli Rodriguez, Ash Ngozi Agbasoga, Cloud Delfina, Juania Sueño, Alicia W. Wright, Heather Kayed, Nour al Ghraawi, Evan Coyne, Mallika Singh, Sebastián H. Páramo, Khushboo Panjwani, Conor Kanso, Anneysa Gaille, Rebecca Gorena, Isabella Lorraine Zoizack, Marissa Perrea, Karla García, Yvonne Marquez, Gloria Delgadillo, Zaina Alsous, Pavithra Vasudevan, Roger Reeves, Manal Al Hajj, Haithem

El-Zabri, Daniel Runnels, Erika Stevens, Josefina Castillo, Lance Weihmuller, Ashley Hicks, Cadi Burns, Laura Villareal, Christopher Morgan, the Garden Party Collective, and my family: Salvador, Soledad, Nicholas, and Carlos Ortiz, as well as the Montes and Ortiz families.

*what if instead of putting our faith in elections  
we just believe in each other?*



mónica teresa ortiz asks, “will we be / unloved / while we dream / of home / can’t we unproductively listen / to rain—or stars falling—/ while we run out of hours?” Turning away from grief is easier for many people, life is more manageable if they pretend there’s no cause for alarm. ortiz takes up the heavy work of documenting disasters as they unfold. Timely and forward looking, ortiz’s *have you ever dreamed of flamingos?* taps into our modern griefs. Pandemic, climate crisis, and government failure abound in this collection.

- Laura Villareal, *GPC Judge & Girl's Guide to Leaving* (University of Wisconsin Press 2022)

