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Cortex

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Ah, elections! You only know what the white, weathered faces say. Through the high voltages, as the evening thaws and you eat your tv dinner, that tastes like microwave air. The man in the psychedelic spray tan mouths the buzzwords "criminals, dictator, MS-13, keep America safe." When they mention El Salvador on tv, it slips between the gaps of your fork. Along with the mortality rates of Kashmir, the crisis in Sudan and your leftover green beans. When I hear El Salvador, I swallow flimsy grief, along with whatever unspeakable cheesy sin I indulge in tonight. The books on Reaganism are moth-eaten and abandoned in the darkest aisle of the library. The stories, of how he crushed the left wing, carved democracy into our sunrises, and rained diamond missiles on our bodies, they are mostly forgotten. You have heard about the unseemly tattoos, I have heard about the tongues stored in the policemen pockets. Now you know about our cryptocurrency, surf city, Bukele and his mega-jail CECOT. Maybe you know about pupusas, they taste better than the spinach rotting in the fridge. You haven't seen the moon splashing on us as we cross the shit-stained river. They call us cerotes. Because we will swim in the shit for our dreams. Drown in the mierda for that wish. CNN doesn't show the golden beer under the sun, and the old dads, red-eyed. Reminiscing about their daughters who marched to the woods and never came home. Waiting for them to come back from saving the world. They are under the ground. Apocalypse and ashes bloom above their breasts. Forever fifteen. You do not know that when the karaoke player makes an appearance, we dance like fat, boneless spiders, between tears and laughter. In the town square, it's just us. The rest of the world only thinks of themselves.