

RODRIGO D: NO FUTURE, 1990

DIR. VICTOR GAVIRIA

Robert Fernandez

A seed planted in a pot like a poet planted in the ground like a film playing upside down is a declaration of war. Potted punks bust pots, leafy heads of hibiscus whipped around on motorcycles. Poet-directors shoot doomed youths because they know only doomed youths are poets. Only poets can be poets, but every doomed youth is a punk. Every punk says fuck you, but every refusal isn't poetry. Time melts into place; place melts into art. When the camera isn't rolling, we are alone with our suffering. When art has no future, we are buried like treasure. Like the dead. A no is a yes to the best, beyond recuperation; a scream is a treasure with no value in the market. That's how I stay free. That's how I make art. How I say yes when I say no. How I say yes when they say no. I can get nothing for it, like you can get nothing for me. Like you can get nothing from me except the worthless gold of poetry. Like a refusal. Like a scream giving birth to what's completely free.

LILICA (*PIXOTE*, 1980 DIR. HÉCTOR BABENCO)

Robert Fernandez

A camera on the jetty means someone watches us; someone watching us at every moment testifies on our behalf. Queerness is a place accessed by a sequence of refusals like the right words in the right order reveal the place of poetry. Kids shine on the rocks like burning telephone books crawling with the bright red cinders of the joy of being connected to every member of the book of life. Surface betrays depth like parents betray children like the state betrays orphans and friends, friends. Dynamited by the world, we turn to rubble to dust to depth to glimmering seabed. The one who searches hearts loves us because we have nowhere else to turn. Because with every refusal, we turn to hymn. Because you can't turn, you hate us. Because you can't see where we go, you hunt us down. Because of our nakedness, you murder us. I love, therefore I can be a mother. I can be the mother I never had. I can be a son to the sun to the father of the orphan I am.

**BOB (EASI MORALES)
BROTHER OF RITCHIE VALENS
(LOU DIAMOND PHILLIPS)
IN LA BAMBA, 1987
DIR. LUIS VALDEZ**

Robert Fernandez

*life is
a snake
a snake
crawling
out of
its own
dead skin
like a dream*

Bob
ruins
every
thing

all the
good
Ritchie is
all the
bad
Bob is

Bob is
his own
guitar

groans
and says
I feel
what I
feel

screams
sons
are not
born
in money
but in
suffering

Bob is

a criminal

a waste

a deadbeat

a scumbag

a scapegoat

a dissonant
note

an artist

art is
infectious

everyone
wants
in

what
about
me?

what
about my
dreams?

who
becomes
what they
are?

who stays
what they
said you
were?

forget
the past

change
your name

give it
again

Bob makes
us laugh

knows
brujería
brother
other
outlaw
untamed

put him
in a pit

get rid
of him

I need
a little
grace

how deep
we live
how deep
we are
how far
the water
goes

I feel
its move-
ment
I suffer
I die
'cause I
can't
sing it