

for my friends, drinks on me.



2018
Independently constructed.

Pomona, Calif.

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share-Alike 3.0 Unported License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.

mpcervantes.com
depop.com/eatpianokeys

1st printing

AVOCADO IMPRINT

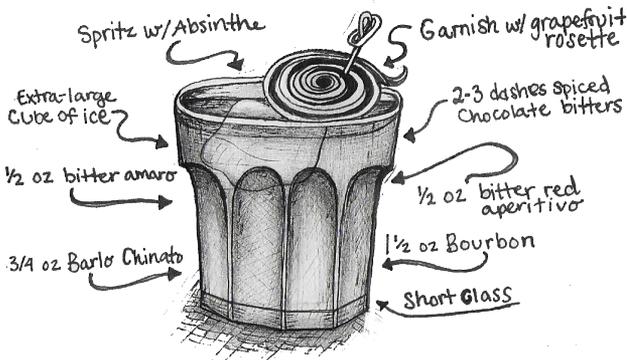
Bon Viveur

- 1½ oz cask-strength, single-barrel bourbon
such as Belle Meade
- ¾ oz barolo chinato
or, Byrrh Grand Quinquina,
or, vermouth di torino
- ½ oz *heavy* bitter amaro
such as Clementi China Antico Elixir
or Don Ciccio & Figli C3 Carciofo
- ½ oz *mild* bitter red aperitivo
preferably: Cappelletti.
- 2-3 dashes spiced chocolate bitters
preferably: Miracle Mile Chocolate Chili

Build in short glass. Stir; add extra-large cube of ice.

Spritz thoroughly with absinthe.

Garnish with grapefruit rosette, with star anise.



poetry, no. 1 {s.vi}

(these incantations)

*Upon witness of
Kamasi Washington,
@the Regent Theater
Los Angeles, California;
May fourth: twenty-fifteen.*

As it was—our bellies full of
raw fish and rice-wine taken lavishly
in Little Tokyo. // then left only,
for the digestion,
to take shots of tequila reposado;

while the lights are dim and the DJ
is free to fuck around.

At these interjections whispers take root—
like it might be:
who is here
and *what is going to happen;*

all of them just empty guesses.

*(...as it all
takes root, as the
booze takes root, the
strings croon with love
behind this, where the
chaos takes root...)*

Many players, most of them young
and all of them cool as shit.

But of course, center stage:
a trio of horns: shy-guy trombone,

bold-hip dreadlocked trumpet,
but between them— ‘soul tenor.’

He is wide-bodied,
but not imposing;
as if calm could come from his touch.
He glows brighter
beneath rainbow lights, sparks
before us all and all of them
—ALL OF THEM—

moan for fury, perhaps, but cry also
from the weight of our collective anticipation.

Is // suddenly—
come screaming, or
wailing to thee these
incandescent rhymes
on hate&war. Thoughtless
rampage, like we
paint iridescent
a water-droplet
lens.

Even if,
even if, even if it could be
just plastered history,
it would still remain
only the mythos we may create
out of thin air; out of
trauma stains, a corrupted
pretense to some shared
—and thereby, *accepted*—
legacy, the very fiction by which
this momentary reality
is shaped.

It is YOU. And it
is ME.

Until suddenly
it isn't.

Spanning all-time and all time, his sax positioned as the taproot
into American blood-soil; creeping through a thick, tangled mess
of decomposing theory, like marinade injected into a commercial roast.

For him to rhapsodize inclusion, with me here,
and all else and all others
present, gifted with this bared contribution to the narrative
blaring loud enough to rupture Old Los Angeles marble;

so as it appears, as it appears
before us, In The Tradition—longing nostalgia
painted in streaks smearing between hot&cold
stretching the range of each shade in this *spectrum*;

(be it frozen fire or boiling stone) // the position
of minority-speak, the raging echoes of forgotten riots
along a drift of abandoned history; like you say
what is real, or what is the current dictation of equality;
and misconstrued persecution; and such lack
of *understanding*; but if *you do... if I do...*

Nothing other than what is wished into vision; is daydreamed
or otherwise imagined into the spaces between memory—

those consecrated by affection, or drawn
in tempered lines, inhabited by this unfamiliar fear
of Otherness Love; of overbearing suppression of
what is known / is what we know

about torn identity.
About mended identity.

(because) yes it can! get you killed
like what (we) (so-called) believe
is this vague notion, implied by sonic cartography,
the rivers and ranges of our perspective. // “for the White Shadow
gives advice on how to hold our homes
together, tú también, Hermano [*Angeleno*].”

So the walls will shake, and the theater
will give way to the spectacle
of our collective bargaining; for equitable justice
in ruined halls, for the freshness of new music with
multi-dimensional heritage—

absent of fear;
imbued by wild roots,
leafy greens, and
ripe fruit.

So and so it is,
rupturing tunnel walls
in this woven structure
suspiciously similar

to the internet,

on into intermission; to devour more of the night and the night's
reprieve // before our sin is made real; before the break
of day has left our legacy in want, or the stories of our youth reduced
to nonfiction purgatory. Because it is played here, this memory
is played here

on warped, aged vinyl crinkled / along the rim; in dream
of times we mutually imagine / by distorted reflection, through
whisky flasks, cognac bottles, / and tequila shots one after another.

Like it does, like it does time after
time again, in ribbons run by trumpet
tunes like this and yet, and yes, in tune
of you; they beg for the chorus, for
the climax mid-song, for this heavy
trane come runnin' through, like this

and this, with which
we do—the epoch, the pure void
to signify our coming; like the keyyys
could breed our meaning. //

It does, it does, you see...
in just this memory induced, this

collective soul with tired eyes:
staring into the hate, & gleaming

because of it. Shining like
the stars atop the wood, each breath
underpinned by Venus-blue, by
the fear of malicious intent without knowing
the predatory danger
of unconscious violence.

So why it swings, why it collapses against time
into the rubble we must reclaim—
and invent in our myth, the passage of time and creation
of our kind, of *this* kind, of multiplicitous sorts;
this while still
Others are killed
against a moon full o' diamonds.

But this
we have created, this
world of violence. Do not
pretend it comes
as some surprise. We all
have known for some time
that this //

is the only possible result.

So let it bleed here now, let it // speak here now, of these
failures which have been propagated endlessly against our will.

For so be it // be it still // beating still, this heart of endless history
in the body of our own, so primitive, a fragility of which we are all
all too familiar. // Upon this // upon great will for the muscles to
stretch, the soul to settle like the stomach; in that first action, which
is *the first* action, all debts determined, all power assembled. For
it is just this... // in it all // as It permeates our existence, broken
to primal fragments, with each piece reflecting an entire reality, an
entire sense of time... &... place. // Like we all // have this blood on
our hands. // Absolving us, like a sacrifice of the innocents..

Such absolution, only clicks away,
at the end of every new link;
be maybe where it lies,
against some distant,
nostalgic backdrop, in colors
like long ago, like us in

the mess we have created—each and every one. This has become
our debt to the world. Each and. Every. One.

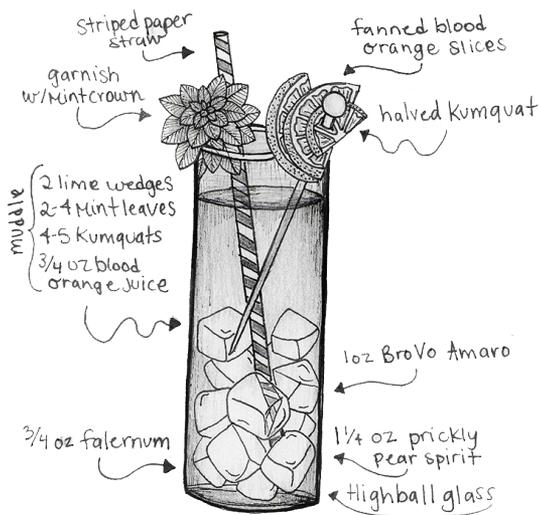
It bleats in this chopped wind, in this hellish rise of
cold flame or burning rain; it could come to you, it could
come in withered past
to you, and to Be this melodic form
of made-up memory. We
sing it all the time, in every pop
chorus or grand ancient piece—

this is just how
jazz might remind us. Right here:
Kamasi Washington's
5-hour set.
Two intermissions. Too
much booze, yet still
that joint passed along the crowd
necessitates a puff for me, a puff for you,
so that Our experience might be
as mutual as the players' here tonight.

Stepping back; stepping // back: to the bar when there's
only me&you left: the Writer // &the Wreader.
We hold hands, in fear. Hold self, in fright. Of the pictures
set forth, of the

deepest regions of my self, and of
your self; // how it seems in this music
which I am not part of, but
have borne witness to. And
can think only, how beautiful,
how
spectacular
this fantasy.

The Tropics Cocktail



1/4 oz prickly pear spirit
such as Ventura Spirits Opuntia

3/4 oz falernum
such as Taylor's Velvet

1 oz BroVo Amaro #4

3/4 oz blood orange juice

4-5 kumquats

2-4 mint leaves

2 lime wedges

Muddle well the kumquats, lime wedges, and mint in a tin with the blood orange juice.

Add remaining ingredients; shake with ice.

Double-strain into highball glass, serve frappé.

Garnish with fanned blood orange slices, halved kumquat on a skewer, and mint crown.

note: striped paper straw

A Chile Summer

1½ oz wheat vodka infused with cilantro

1 oz poblano chile liqueur
such as Ancho Reyes Verde

½ oz Vicario Mirto

1 tsp wormwood/anise herbal liqueur
such as Chartreuse
or Herbsaint

1 oz lime juice

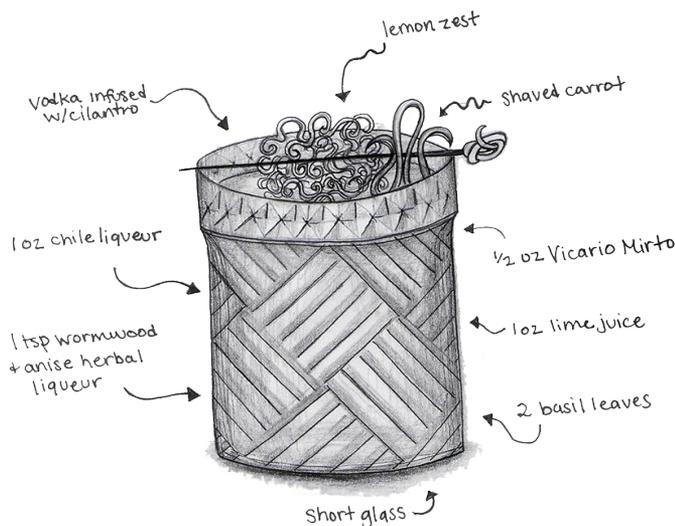
2 basil leaves

Muddle well the basil with lime juice in a tin.

Add remaining ingredients; shake with ice.

Double-strain into short glass, serve on the rocks.

Garnish with shaved carrot and curly, bunched lemon zest.

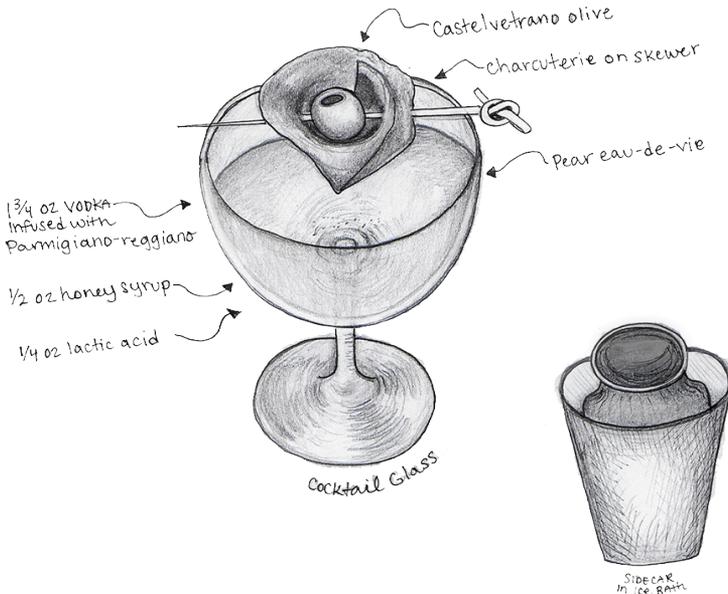


Cheese & Pears

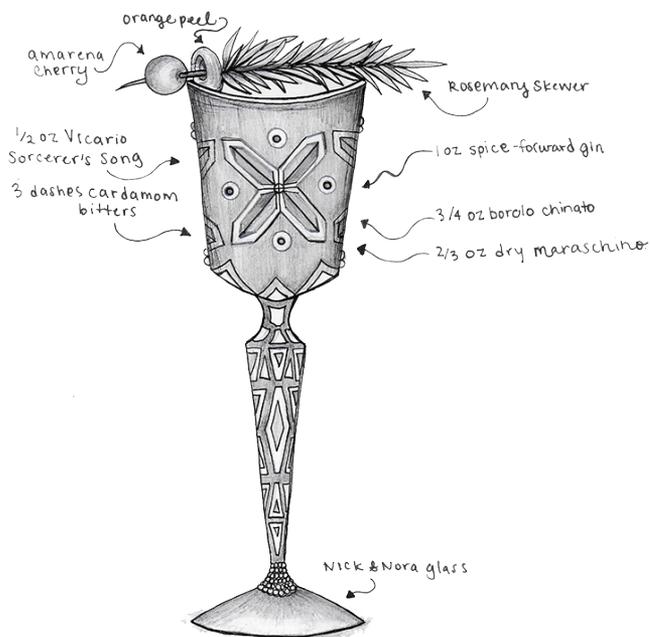
- 1¾ oz wheat vodka infused with
parmigiano-reggiano or grana padano rind,
alternatively: pecorino toscano rind (milder impact)
- ¾ oz pear eau-de-vie
preferably: G.E. Massenez Poire Williams
- ½ oz honey syrup
- ¼ oz lactic acid, 5% solution

Combine all ingredients in cold mixing tin with ice and stir well. Strain into chilled Nick & Nora glass, or small chilled cocktail glass with sidecar in ice bath.

Garnish with castelvetro olive and charcuterie on skewer;
preferably: bresaola for parmigiano-reggiano,
lonzino for pecorino.



L'Avvento



- 1 3/4 oz spice-forward gin
 - such as FEW Spirits Breakfast Gin
- 3/4 oz borolo chinato
 - preferably: Alessio Vermouth Chinato
- 2/3 oz dry maraschino
 - preferably: Luxardo Maraschino Originale
- 1/2 oz spice-forward *mild* bitter amaro
 - preferably: Vicario Sorcerer's Song
 - alternatively: Amaro di Angostura (drop to 1/3 oz)
- 3 dashes cardamom bitters

Add all ingredients to mixing glass with large ice cubes.

Stir and strain into chilled coupe or Nick & Nora glass.

Flame orange peel over drink and apply to rim. Roll and combine with a griottines or amarena cherry on a rosemary skewer for garnish.

poetry, no. 6 {s.v}

*Approach slowly, in a tedium
of anticipation...apprehension...*

*left so on, and so on, through each
insistent morning, roll insisting on
sleep; the intention*

*it may come, in time,
that has always been the promise:
innate praises
and graces good
fortune. and the dreams
set forth
set upon*

*to dream
while
baking, listless*

*the spread of your tongue
(my tongue)
so that it is ensconced
in saliva,
so that it melts,
withers moist.*

*captured by the heat
of early, uninvited noon.*

*what for, or, why for
is that waiting
so drawn?*

Clenching with surprising heat, a muggy summer swell, the bastions of enduring hope and creative freedom, so that distance is strewn with runway lights into a delicate web; the impossible thoughts of *where* and *how far* and *what next* injected by the bustling isolation of the Port.

“Against
the

It lures you toward its form, with its own static sexuality and melodic seduction, as it is, the foundation of epic fiction, for it makes no promises, but in its sensations you are absolutely certain.

Sound”

from here: AND
THIS:

when at last the hours shut their eyes / when at last the dark falls silent from its quaking arrival, and it is through Quiet which the day gives its morning prayer. Feet cupped in cold crisp annointment, the air like white soap, and lingering visions subside into the muscle memory of a gentle thrumming, like the rail, like a turbine.

There's these old Vietnamese ladies, long-
sleeved, hatted, sunglasses glaring,
chat their early concerns
on the 36 to Pike—

where I will wade in the
market smells:
crab and sockeye on shaved ice
with clam, oyster,
the sprig of coppertip and the coy
sweetness of dahlia and frying cakes;

through the aisles the color swirls like that
of Rainier cherries and lychee,
the stifled hues of artichoke and
rainbow carrots, blue-root lobster tails
and loud beefsteak tomatoes—

in a language which can be none other
than sensational rhythms, an esoteric music,
for I am not one learned. So this day unwraps
to expose my uncertainty; but on pillars
painted with twisting carp one can observe,
in hindsight,
passing through the aforementioned distance (to the
distant.)

*It has been very long since
this salted air has crowded
the bourbon*

*in my nose and
throat.*

For it comes in the streets, foreign
and yet familiar—that old song—
a calming resolution, that Time does
wilt; erosion nips
at the heels of Progress.

But it is not so different.

// Merchant frigates and great carriers
weigh upon the Sound
from Japan, Korea,
China; from Russia;
steeped in the flow of Capital
in acquiescence
of Liberty.

Until now, in which such a concentrate
is diluted, the way
a distiller

cuts from the barrel.

And what is so apparent
is the display of solitude, surrounding
your own sense
of what everything means.

“So
this is
it”

Could be anywhere, among
any or all of these people. Pockets
of interaction, loosely bound
in a seam along the sidewalk;
buskers and tourists, gutterpunks
and students, urbanites, businesswomen—
all of them

are making a show of the same isolation,
attendants of a grand wedding
for whom, we cannot find, though
even if we could, there is very little

left to say,
and our blessings
are quickly drowned
or else turn to mist.

*stumbling contentedly lost,
breaking away from this,
the sun, and are left to wander
like a molecule of helium;*

*bent at each joint as drying veins
in leaves on dying trees. And burn it,
stoke it brighter while inhaling
the midsummer air;*

*an emerald country against the Sound, chalked
and drawn in running ink along the coast, so
it bleeds into the sea,
which are trees
which are
burning.*

Until the moment when it fits
together the way I remember it, the
lush interior so full that the whole
of it seems to erupt from the dense
concentration of its own glory; the
trees crowd us, ferns lurk at our
knees, // there is a silence which
speaks a history much older than
our own. It hits at first with the
stunning end of a long detachment,
the natural fear it induces, like
falling from a tremendous height—
but then you slow down, caught
in soft tendrils, and all at once our
vision collapses from trying to look
through it, and emerges again by
looking outward from the black
earth, with arms of vine maple and
hemlock, and eyes of thimbleberry.

In so doing, this brief moment
between arrival and departure
is the last dance, the swan song
of all History suspended on a note;

reaching to pull the reflection
from a pool of still water, to pluck
radiance from the sun & the moon, the
sun & the moon fearing their own blindness—

“Just
for **only**
tonight.”

Until it comes down, is coming down, and gives
up the dreams of endless night, of vanishing into
the leaves, and by an unseen sunrise the sky is
washed slowly, bleached in time, but for at least a
while longer the Silence remains present, rid of the
echoes of past hours, empty still for what might
soak in next; here is ease, here is the clarity of silent
presence, so a tiresome yearning is temporarily
fulfilled and an unspeakable truth has been etched
somewhere beneath the floorboards.

For this while,
a particle of freedom,
there is no Fear;
life is broken down into
experience only, one second
into the next. As it
always was meant to be:
meaningless
and beautiful, like how
the solitude of late-night
haunts the promise
of the early-morning.

*It'll come to you,
but not like a revelation
or some grand ideal—
no, it will come creeping by like a mosquito
in the dark: a memory that by remembering
will take its cut, once gambled, from
the profits of your evolution.*

*The people once known now
barely understood. The places
once mapped now lost within.*

But I'll swear you this, before
this City sees the rain or this Sea
reins over this city: this sensation,
just a point of light, will forever
hang at the inside of my chest,
a critical weight on the heart
to foray into dream-convictions
and romantic justice, while waiting
patiently
for the future we were promised.

The Mountain Air

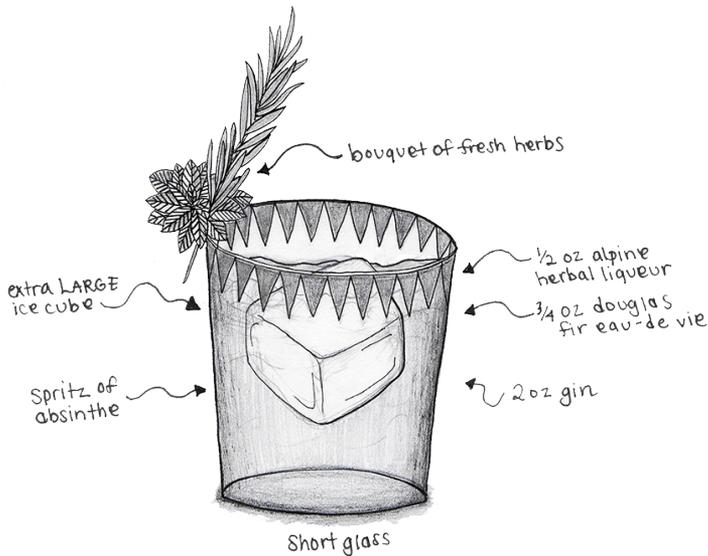
2 oz dry gin,
preferably: St. George Terroir
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz douglas fir eau-de-vie
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz alpine herbal liqueur,
such as Dolin G n pi le Chamois

Add all to mixing glass with three or four large ice cubes.

Stir gently. Strain into short glass with extra-large ice cube.

Spritz thoroughly with absinthe.

Garnish with clipped bouquet of fresh herbs,
such as rosemary, sage, marjoram, or mint.



poetry, no. 2 {s.vi}

(Northern Kingdom)

Like this

it starts:
against Sterling Pond, near
Smuggler's Notch.

Imagine me singing, the way old men sing,
confident in their own limitations: "love
is sweet fruit dangling
from life's slumping boughs;

though, I am grown lonely
and poor in orchard spread;

too little whisky // before bleared grey
mountain sleep, con//tentious ire, / leading here
to thoughtful hunger—
and thinking
is much unlike dreaming:"

is our taproot pour, the sensation
of these old masters' wise-old words,
populating the impossible landscape: so now: "Let life
be unthinkable
&wide as the press of sunlight
against the Earth."

/// // Muggy as hell and so // we stripped at first provocation; didn't take much, is what
I mean to get across—the sweat had become tedium upon our backs, kind of hot-wet
you expect a thousand miles south, but here it roosted for at least this day. This day just
a maelstrom. This day buried beneath relentless time, beneath the collapse of spirits and
god-like figurines, this day like a swamp tucked into the nook of motion, its one vice,
one release, or one guilt-ridden indulgence. // Bathing briefly, in the River //

/ with beers, or with three dancing bears, just so long
as each of them dreams a separate dream— and it's stitched an unlikely seam, holding
together this brew, so therefore this steam, with thunder-roars and sudden rain;

// just as suddenly,
gone, packt out
and left with that post-swim bliss,
ears weighted by the water
and so the music that much
broader, clay textures
reflecting the decline of sunlight
crashing down upon our backs.

Prepping a sea-stew,
with roots & goat sausage
among mussels drowned in wine,
and set baking: our host's
Famous Wild Blueberry Tart—the music,
like the farm itself, from times before our own.
and Another to his tool maintenance,
and me still with this book, always, like I cannot leave
even if // the tea & other brews urge

me forward. // As it is in here: in this—
where it's warm, even before
the water boils
and the oven turns on,

fragrant from our Lady's dried-herb chores,
scum of earl grey,
and assorted animal fur in the cracks

in the floor,
or between the slats of the walls
thickly caked with flour and with soil,
like beneath a monster's fur, that dirt
beneath our fingernails.

So it is, in Quiet Vermont:
*the crickets rise early to gossip
across pasture, about chicken-down
and lazy beetles.*

Bubbling froth
from

creeks springs

ponds lakes

streams rivers&
 then in the rain,
 pouring from mist

the will to
generate | | *space*, by [an] oldgrowth
 wisdom.

Unto what becomes of us; into what is
 the shadow of us, the reality
 of us.

In bloom, this is the promise of an ideal—
 vast fields like those
 in our vision of the future; in our
 predilection

// Though I plead, I plead,

for the next generation. It is

unpredictable, like life is unthinkable;
 this, the path we are led to believe.

*'Let us blossom,
let us cull our own fears,
so that by the end*

*we are left with only excessive want,
if only to bear witness
to the truest form
of our own souls.'*

It pulses like this, through
the night, a surging instinct—the want of fire,
 &the need for warmth—

toward late confessionals, music blasting
 out close, repeat visions consoled by dream
 by the colors lurking in darkness, waiting patiently
for the unmerciful resolution

of human fault.

C/S