

HERO

DECOY GALLERINA

Fuck you hero

I'm supposed to give it all up
For just one moment in your arms

The hero, the man, the next Che, the next Ghandi
The next; whoever the fuck you might be
The next hero of all our dreams
COME TO SAVE US FROM
OUR PATHETIC REALITIES

Charismatic, with a touch so soft, a smile so warm
A voice like liquid gold
Able to work 16 hours a day, seven days a week
And, still make love like a god, all night long, every night

Fuck you hero

I'm supposed to level myself
Prostrate at your feet
Worship you
"Do me, do me; DO ME!?!?"

Fuck you hero

Hero worship
Was never into it
Saw my mother
Devastated by fame, famous men
Mostly musicians
Vicarious signifiers of her missing dignity
Exits from the boos and hisses of her internal reality
Living for proximity to tell her she was someone

Always dreaming hero dreams, blanketed in hero themes
Laying in bed with hero's fame
Moaning and sighing some hero's name
"Mama, take a hero to cover your pain
You'll feel better in the morning."

Heroes!!

FUCK YOU HERO!

I'm the hero
I'm the hero of my dreams
I'm the hero up on the horse
Facing the foe that ruins us all
I'm the hero on my horse riding with y'all
All you men of myth and fame
All your words and glory
The struggle of your story



MEN, I've been taught to put above me
On your horses, singing the charge, counting coup
While women wait at home
With kids and gruel
Picking berries, warming sherry for the homecoming
Putting their dreams and talents on hold
Supporting you, in YOUR endeavor
Mrs. Pollack, did she have any other name?
And, all the others
Did they ever exist, shadows in your flame?

You with your words, thoughts and deeds
Her pregnant with your seed
Waiting by the fire for your return
Keeping the money straight and coming in
To fuel your battles and performances

Shit on THAT!!
WHAT ABOUT MY PERFORMANCES??!!
Sit your ass down and support ME!
Gimme, gimme, give me YOUR BLOOD and future
So, I can sally forth and slay Goliath, America, Godzilla
Get famous

Give me
So, I can run the miles
To keep in shape
Build the muscles to kick ass
HAVE THE TIME
To think the thoughts
That CHANGE THE WORLD

Hey, man!
You, carry the fucking baby
Stroke its bald head, sooth its crying
Stick your bruised, swollen nipple in its mouth
As I leave AGAIN
To pursue the CHALLENGE

YOU
Do the laundry, clean the cobwebs, warm the bed
For MY HEROIC RETURN
YOU
Spend all YOUR time and creativity
Chasing the kids around the house
Making peanut butter and jelly sandwiches
Feeding the dog
Writing checks to pay the bills
You do it.

You be humble and thorough
Humble, homely and supportive
As pretty women line up
To touch MY hero's hand
To glean just a little light
Of my rage and fury
As pretty women offer themselves up as trophies
Delicacies to tempt my palate,
Stroke my hero's vanity
Rewards to gorge in
To peak the peak of blood shed frenzy
To release me
Back to exhausted and normal
A day with the kids
Sensitive love making with the wife
Who has of course remained celibate
Mother Mary and martyr
Longing for my touch, my return
Praying for my success
While I've been so long away
Always looking to me
With those eyes filled with devotion
And
Gratitude

Calling me on my shit
"CONSCIOUNCE?!?!?"
I don't want to be your conscioune
I can't even spell it!"
Calling me on my shit
For this
I RESPECT her
She knows me and
I can count on her honesty and
CARE TAKING
My risk making

Every HERO need a home to come home to
EVERY HERO
Needs his unsung MARTHA;
"I'm devoted to you, think of no other
Save myself for only you
When you're away
I don't sway
No matter how tempting the prospect
I love and care for you
Pick you up when you fall
Clean your toilet
And, you're drunken vomit around it

My bank account and body have gone to pot
Taking care of you
I've lost sight of my own dreams
I don't need them
Because just being near you
Brings my ecstatic moans and screams
My girl friends all look at me
With pity in their eyes
Say that I'm in denial
That I shouldn't believe a thing you say
They say I'm "co-dependent"
That I "enable" you
I say "Of course I do!
He needs me and I'll always be here for him!"
They say I don't get it
I smile and say "Love is blind."
They say "You're out of your mind!"
I don't care what they say
I love you... no matter what you do!

Wait... Who the FUCK was THAT!?
Who the hell is SHE?!
I saw the way you looked at each other
Goddamit, I can't stand it
I can't keep pretending that I don't know
I can't keep living this fucking lie
Goddamit, I want to die
Fuck, fuck ,fuck, FUCK!!
Fuck me for loving you
Fuck me for not having a life of my own
Fuck me for being so empty
When you're not home

And, FUCK YOU... you goddamned BASTARD
For cheating on me AGAIN!
Fuck me for giving in
And, taking you back again
Taking you back again, again, again

FUCK, FUCK, FUCK
FUCK YOU HERO!!
And,
FUCK ME FOR NEEDING A HERO
TO SING MY SONG FOR ME
I've got a voice of my own
I just need to remember the sound of it
The sound of it
Sound of it, sound of it..."



FUCK YOU HERO

So transparent to everyone else
What you do
Says nothing about her
Her denial speaks her fear
The same fear as any other

Fuck you hero

And... Get this fucking kid up off me
And, the fucking laundry
I want to be the one to play, the one to fight,
The one to bleed, the one with light
The one to give the lines of waiting divas
Whose only desire is the touch of my hand
The brush of my lips on theirs
...A glance

Ehhhhh...AND FUCK ME, fuck ME HERE
All stupid and star struck with hero worship
Girl, fuck me
Ain't nothing real about it
The attraction, all confused, all messy and fan based
I don't see clearly the one before me
It's all tossed with massage oils of glory
No real story
I don't live with the bastard the way you do
Don't put up with his shit like you do
Clean his fucking toilet, smell his farts
Listen, for god knows, how many times this one makes
To his rants and rants and rants and raves
I don't put up with his shit

YOU DO

Girl, what I think I'm feeling ain't none of it real
I haven't seen him like you do
All hung over and reeking of bile
Curdled and sick on the bathroom floor
Stinking of another woman's pussy and the lies that cover

And, FUCK THAT!!
YOU CAN HAVE IT!!

I haven't seen him like you do
Haven't had to live the role you choose
And, he hasn't seen me in the morning
My hair sticking straight up, my brows unplucked
Looking all scarecrow and frantic
Girl, it ain't real
It's all from the audience
All from beneath the glorified stage
The high profile, the dilated gaze

Just me looking up to see
Something bigger, bigger, BETTER
Than myself
Illusion
I don't know him
MR. HERO
MR. ROCKSTAR

I'm just here star struck and stupid
Swooning and swaying
Some teenager waving her panties over her head
Waiting by the stage door, sucking bouncer's dick
Just to get in to suck rock star's dick
Give him that quick boost
See it in his eyes, pretend it's mine
For one moment, one second
The power
I attribute to hero,
But don't realize in myself
The attempt to access it gets me off
The challenge
I love to masturbate to hero's tune
Fantastic self-gratifying fornication fabrications
Placations to build myself up
And, a glance can momentarily be enough
Just notice me, notice me... NOTICE ME!!!!
Screaming when he doesn't
Lil fuck that I am

And, fuck me... silly
Silly, silly objectifying, projecting woman that I am
It has nothing to do with anyone out there
Nothing to do with anyone else
It's just me in here, my inability to self-recongnize, my indoctrination
The child who never got
It's all in the head
Me counting coup
That's what gets me hot
I just want to see the bulge
YEEEEHHH!!! NOW I FEEEEEEEL IT!!

I just want to touch hero, to prove I can
If I did... it would be over, that'd be the end of it
Just like... THAT!
I'd be the hero, there'd be no more play
No more mind fuck, my insecurities to allay
I'd be the big one
Big, big, bigger than life, all blown up and smeared
With him under me
And, him
He'd be nothing

Nothing more than a man
And, that'd be no fun
The failure's built in
I'm not interested in him, not the man
SHIT! Girl... I'm full of shit!
Ain't nothing real about this

Fuck me and all my delusions
Fantasies and pathetic teenage contusions
Bought and sold by the hype, the package, the shine
Fuck that!!
Fuck the hero worship
All sides of it
The envy and competition
For MY attention and the applause
The women dripping everywhere; home and abroad
And, they don't have to be women, dripping
And, heroes don't have to be men
Just people dangled
High, high, high, high
High above

Fuck...
I'm the hero
Dangling over my own head
I'M THE HERO OF MY OWN FUCKING
HERO WORSHIPPING DREAMS
The hoards beneath
My name on their lips
My name in their screams
Let me sling MY panties up on the stage
Of MY OWN performance
Get MY OWN goddamned ATTENTION for once
Have some of MY fame brush off on me
Let me be my own fucking groupie bitch
Sucking on my OWN hero's CLIT
Repeating insatiably
"ANYTHING, ANYTHING, ANYTHING
TO BE WITH YOU HERO, FOR ONE MOMENT, ONE SECOND!"

Let me apologize to my OWN wife sitting faithfully
Dutifully, guiltily at home, yah.
"Sorry, Girl, I don't live with hero's shit
Clean hero's toilet, wipe hero's dick
So sorry... .to over on what's yours?"

IN REALITY
These are all roles I don't want
Plays I don't seek, from any side
And... fuck the sense of powerlessness that motors them
It's horrific roots



The helplessness that makes me need a fucking hero, anyway
Fuck my humanness, my goddamned vulnerability
And, Fuck the need to be a hero
To cover up

HERO HERO HERO

People need heroes
To look up to
Heroes
To stand up and be brave
To be the example, the model
To be more than they could ever be
To remind them to have courage
Heroes
To triumph over impossible odds
To go out and conquer or save (what's the difference?)
The world in their behest
To go through pain
Come out unscathed
Survivors to save them from the inevitable
Heroes
To come back from the dead
With just one quick shot of adrenaline
Human flaws and weaknesses defeated

They need actors and actresses of the day
Who recover from life threatening wounds, untenable circumstances in seconds
And, astronauts reaching the moon
Football players barreling through and winning
The "I DID IT!!!" that brings
The relief, the reprieve

People need heroes to identify with
To project onto
So, they can forget
So, they escape momentarily
The fear

People need the concept of 'Hero'
To take the weight off their shoulders
The stress from their minds
To have someone else
'DO IT'
Just this once...
The monumental feat of BEING

They need timeouts

And, they need real people, real heroes here:

Corrina Gould saving sacred sites
Pennie Opal Plant standing up to big oil
Miguel Garcia writing lyrics which speak to oppression
Michael Smith's giving Indigenous people a face in the media
Dennis Banks standing strong
Water & Life Guardians risking their lives to pray
Bob Haozous waking the tribe
Poets on the frontline
People saving one kid at a time
Janeen Antoine, Mary Jean Robertson giving the unheard a voice on the airwaves
Leyba confronting taboos and miasmas of fleshy hysterias... BOO!
Teachers who don't teach hegemonic psychological warfare cultural obliteration bullshit

How'd they manage to focus

In all this shit...

And, focus enough to articulate, to act, to create, to manifest empowerment

NOW THAT'S HERO!!

AND, Freida

OH, NO

SO SICK OF YOU GIRL

LIKE YOU ARE THE ONLY WOMEN ARTIST EVER!!

The only woman artist of color... ever

Ever allowed to emerge for one quick gasp

And, wasn't that due to proximity, anyway?!

You with your neurotic obsession on

HERO

Hello... Diego?

Shit, I can look to my own psychotic diary for that one

Or maybe, just see myself as I really am, now that would be HERO

We need other real life human beings just like us

Who inspire us to courage

Who put themselves on the line

Take risks

Coyotes in human flesh

Human's confronting humans

Real people

But, none the less heroes, eventually...

Bigger than life

Bigger than real

Bigger than you

Bigger than me

Bigger than we could ever be...

Envy

I'll take the TICK
The buffoon hero
Stumbling, bumbling
Unphased, unscathed
Innocent, ignorant, wise and foolish
Surviving due to super-human luck
Dumb luck
That's me
In this fucking hero worship delirium
Dumb
And, where the hell's the luck?

A woman
Vulnerable
Trying to find the courage
To stand here
To sustain your gaze for one instant
And, not run screaming in shame of my helplessness
Related to you, what you do or don't
Related to my powerlessness in this world
The immensity of it
A small creature in the vastness
Ready to bolt
Naked, unprotected, bare, awaiting crucifixion
A human being
Standing here
Not running screaming
Inside or out
Standing here, biting her lip, bloody
Standing here, not being something else
Standing here, exposed
Standing here, naked in surrender
Trying to connect with
Relate to
Another human-being
Through the haze, the maze
The overwhelming need to be
Someone, something else
A hero
In a super-hero suit
So, no one will see
The real me

Especially not you

Being honest, flawed
To stand it
Is heroic
To suffer, struggle
Feel it
Not deny it

Is heroic

All beings are heroes
Simply to live through a day
One day to the next
In denial and faith
With their hope, awareness, blindness
Their fear

Accidentally, at times
Finding strength
A moment of courage
To face themselves
In the immensity that confronts them
Each and every moment

Plain and simple
You're good to talk to
Exchange ideas with
The person the friend
Not the HERO

To my cat
Who I rescued from the streets
At four weeks
I'm a hero
She suckles the blanket in my lap
Confident of it

Hero Sun don't shine on me
I've got my own juice

Dedicated to my grandmother who was a hero to me
And, to my mother who's been a hero to her grandchildren



DECOY GALLERINA: SHORT BIO 2022

STATUS & ORIGINS: Rebel Irish/Chiricahua Nde' (Chakonen, 'Fort Sill' Apache; the group Geronimo & Cochise are from), Matriarch/Elder, Culture Bearer, Two-Spirit, Cross-Platform/Cross-Genre Life Long Artist & direct descendant of Cochise Raised in San Francisco/New Mexico/Apache/Oklahoma

STYLES: Psychedelic Stomp to Deep Traditional works

GENRES: Beadwork master, costuming, painter, installation and performance art, video, lyricist, composer, writer, performance artist, actress, singer, dancer, visual artist, perpetual student

MEMBER: Chiricahua Warm-Springs Nde' (Apache) Tribe of New Mexico, Theatre Movement International, Radical Medicine, Idle No More, Member/Curator Komotion Int'l SF, more...

TRAINING: Nde' ceremonies, several decades study and research in Chiricahua cultural aspects with Tribal Historian, Cultural Expert, Linguist & tribal member; Leland Michael Darrow, extensive private training in music, dance, arts & training with Nde' Grandmother Minnie Nicholas in writing, beadwork, painting and with mother Caroline and aunt & Mary Zurega in costuming, music appreciation and San Francisco 'Live Culture'

INFLUENCES/TEACHERS: diverse Bay Area culture, Leland Michael Darrow, Jill Parker, Rene Yanez, BadUnklSista, Rudradeep Chakrabarti, Charles Justin Hoover, Guillermo Gomez-Pena, Janeen Antione; American Indian Contemporary Arts Gallery, Black Panthers and their artist; Emory Douglas, American Indian Movement and Richard Oakes, AIM WEST; Tony Gonzales, La Pena, Standing Rock Red Warrior Camp, Pennie Opal Plant & Isabella Zizi; Idle No More, Upward Bound, Oakland Intertribal FreindshipHouse, Leonard Peltier, Alanon, Ceremony, David Solnit, Norm Sands, Annie Sprinkle, Malaquias Montoya, Juanita Barry, Phil Foss, Santa Fe Opera, Steven Paul Judd, American Indian Film Festival SF, BAAITS Powwow, First Nation/Indigenous culture and struggles far and wide, many more teachers and inspirations

BFA DEGREES: San Francisco Art Institute, California College of the Arts, College of Santa Fe, Institute of American Indian Arts

PRESENTATIONS: San Francisco International Arts Festival, Allan Houser Garden Gallery, Santa Fe, Studio 23, Alameda; Displacement Show, High Street Gallery London, deYoung Museum, IAIA Museum, POWPOWPOW SF, REAL FACES interviews of 500 activists (youtube), Playwriter/performer of "Homecoming" Chiricahua Nde' Apache Odyssey' and 'Haunting Our His&Herstories; Indigenous Children's Boarding School Experiences', Yerba Buena Gardens First Nation Festival, Berkeley World Music Festival, Ivy Room, Venice Biennale, Counter Pulse Theater, San Francisco Independent Arts Festival, United States Arts and Crafts Board, La Pena, Stork Club, Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco Art Institute, many more...

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