

FABULISTA No.2

Grupo Soap del Corazon



"does your house have lions?"

**and, especially,
may the ghost of rahasaan
roland kirk visit you in your dreams tonight
like he visits me on occasion
and may he ask you to your face:**

"does your house have lions?"

**and may you answer in the affirmative,
may you sing out in the affirmative,
may you scream in the affirmative!**

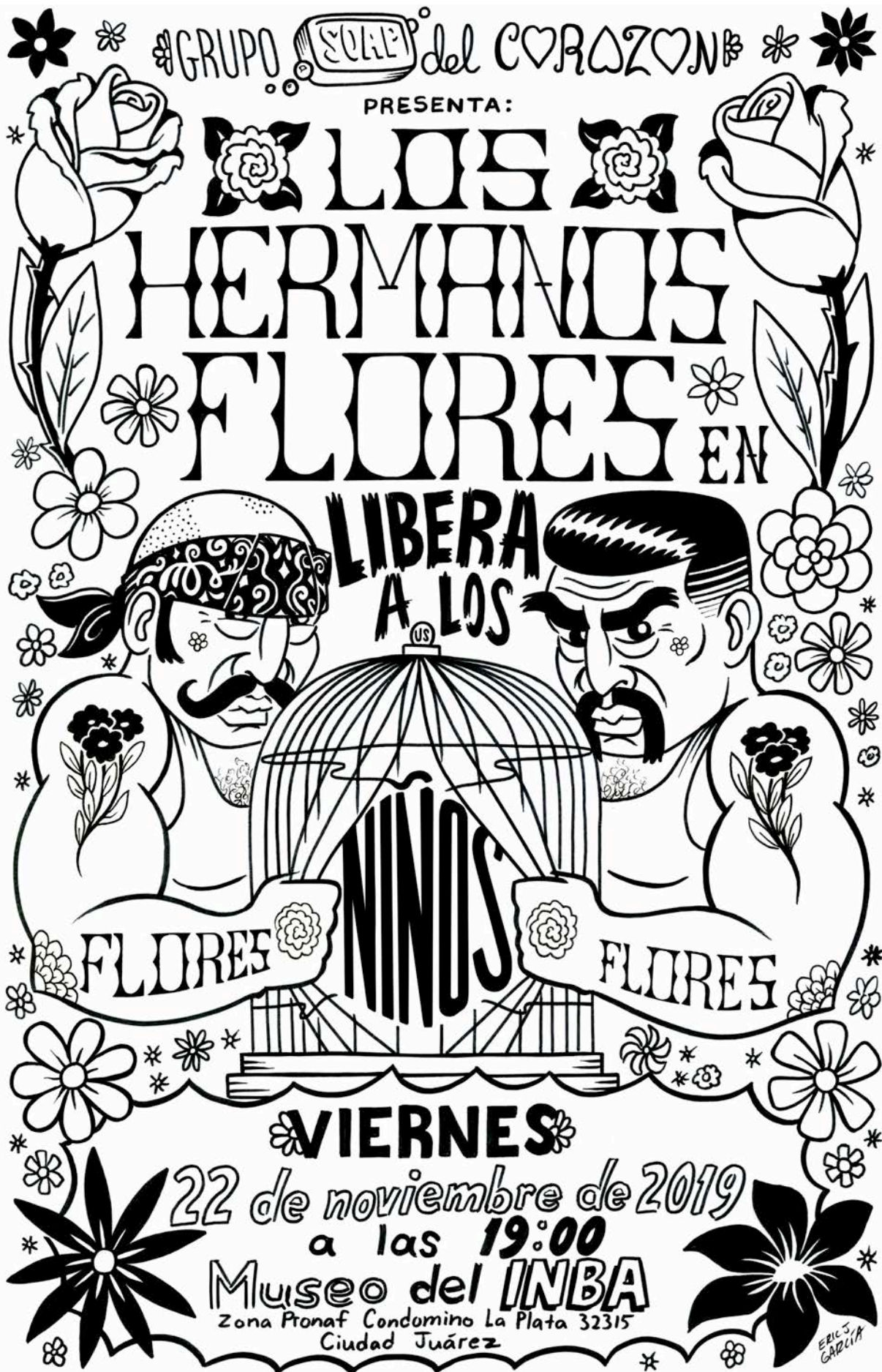
**all the while his tenor sax
honking and honking and honking,
making great, brave jazz love,
jazz love symphonies of pain and delight,
of knowing and not knowing,**

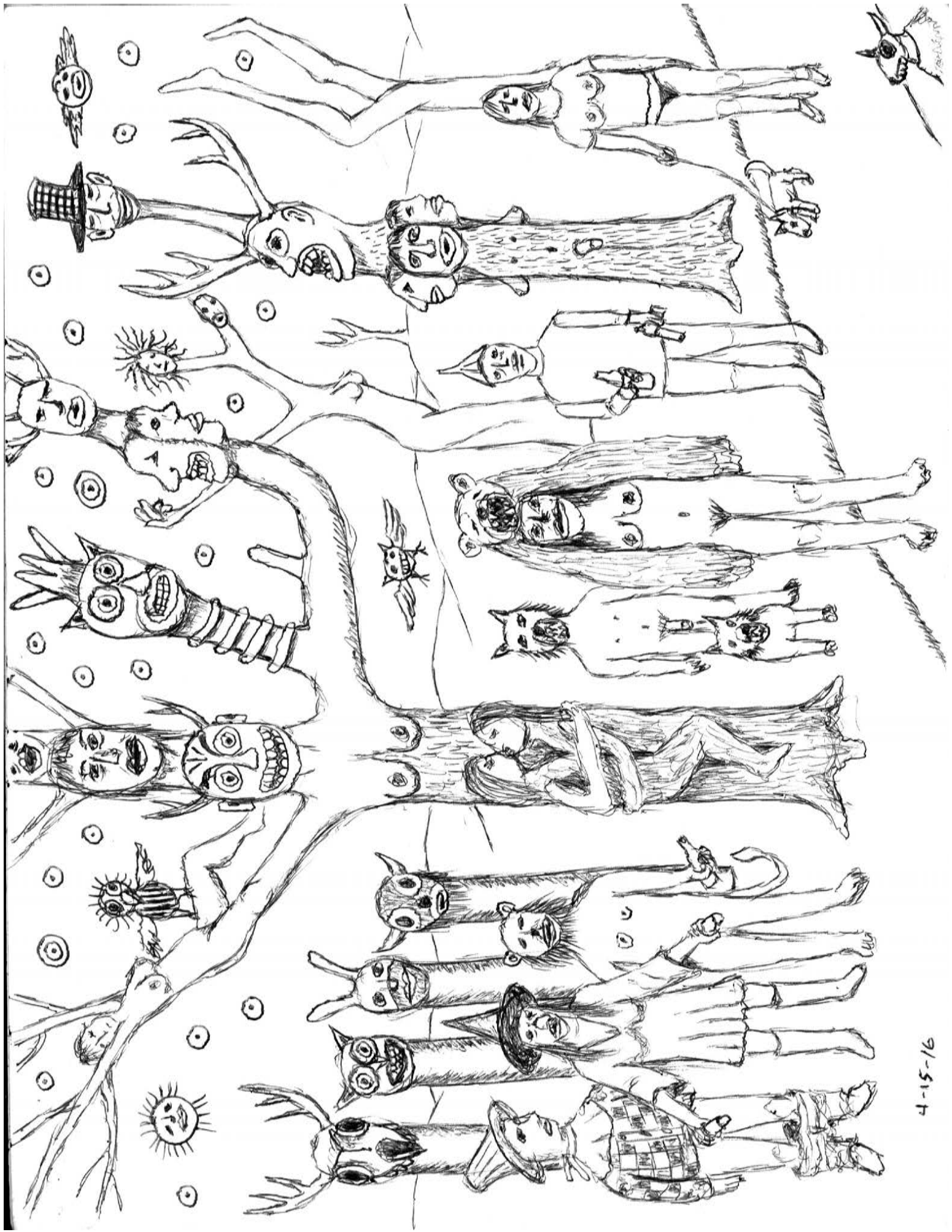
**out over the great lakes,
out over the great plains,
out over the great cities
of sweetness we all inhabit,**

**you know we do,
you know we do.**

amen.

- dougie padilla





4-15-16

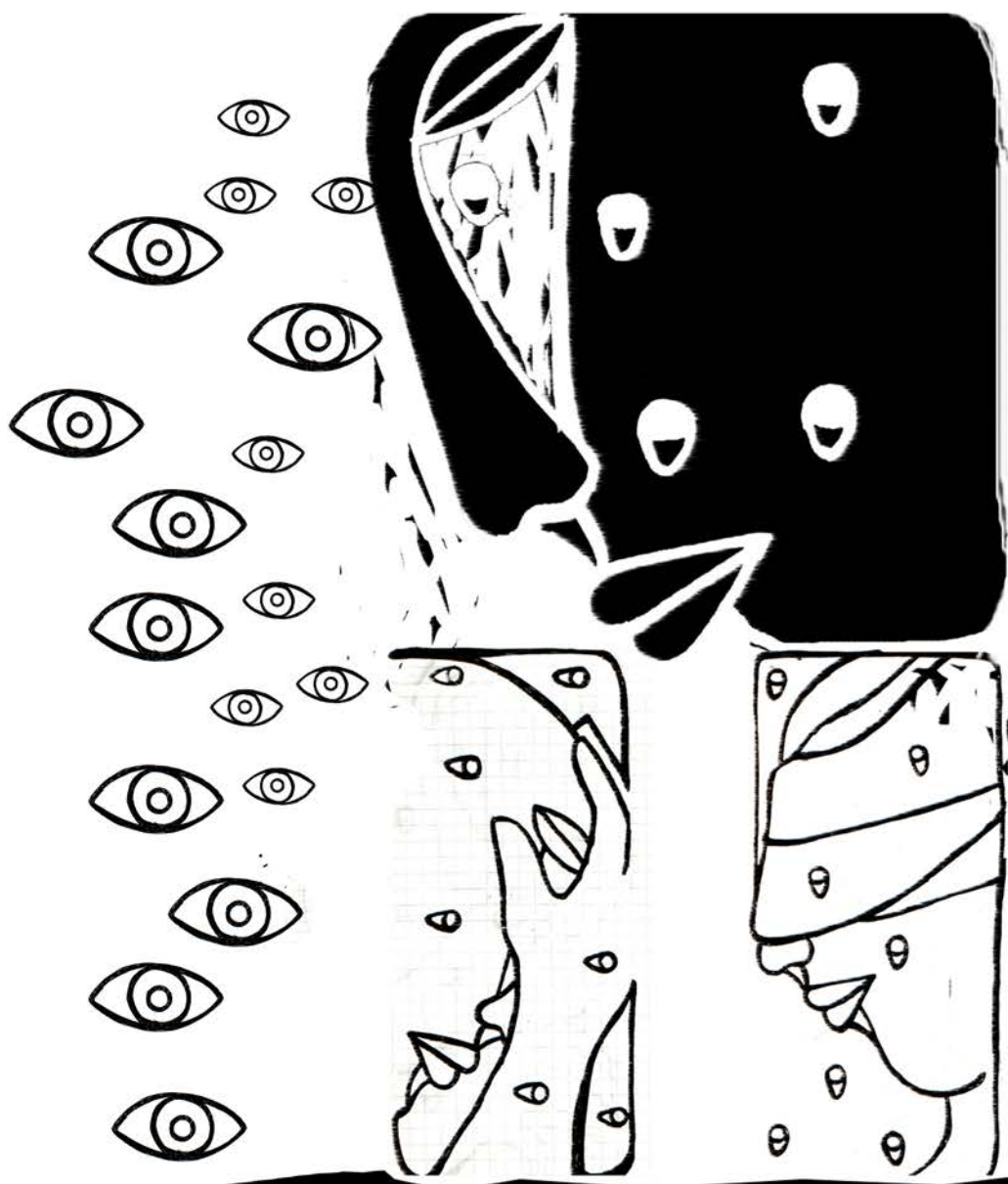








DISSENT



Partido Social en Chile

Pinta mas igual que Pinochet !!!

The Ineffable Heat Seeking Artist

- Ted King

**Living in luxury
in his cave
on the bluff.
He's heard it all before
but you can never
hear it enough.**

**A murder of crows
flying by
blots out
the broken moon.**

**Jazz cops in the bistro below
shakin down squares
who claim to know
the tune.**

**And soon
He'll go down among 'em
and they'll watch his every move
But he's armed to the teeth
with smoking jazz and
funky rhythm and blues
they won't be runnin
nothin by him.**

**You'll see.
He'll breeze thru unhurt
and when he gets back
he'll have the dirt
he needs to
paint the whole scene.**

**"OH, it's so interesting.
But what does it mean?**

**He ignores the jazz cops
who tell him how to hear
He laughs at the prophets
who tell him what to fear.**

**He's said it all before
but you can't say it enough**

**Besides, it's all beside
the point.
It's around midnight and
He's below the radar
between the scenes
and above it all.
He's above it all.**

**He lives in luxury
on the bluff
in his cave
He's got paint
on his eyeballs
And he saves
every memory
He knows that's how
you get there
from here.**



A Flower For You

Here, a flower for you. Not that you need more than what you have in your well-rounded garden. Take it as a sign of gratitude for your generous spirit. For all the times that I took one from it and never gave anything back. I know you are in pain, I know you have lost many of your loved ones in a timeline where time becomes transparent, real. I know that you have tolerated my behavior, my lack of awareness by taking advantage of your always kind offerings. I don't know if it is too late, but I have the need to tell you of my inside storm and try to release it.

Through the last few days, weeks, months, have been a source of reflection. A sort of lost and found department where I have been able to dig through forgotten stuff in a forgotten luggage; the new and the old ideas once believed worthless became a new again. In a sacrificed memory, I remembered you. I remembered your fire, your tireless signs of compassion and your unrestrained rage when you had enough.

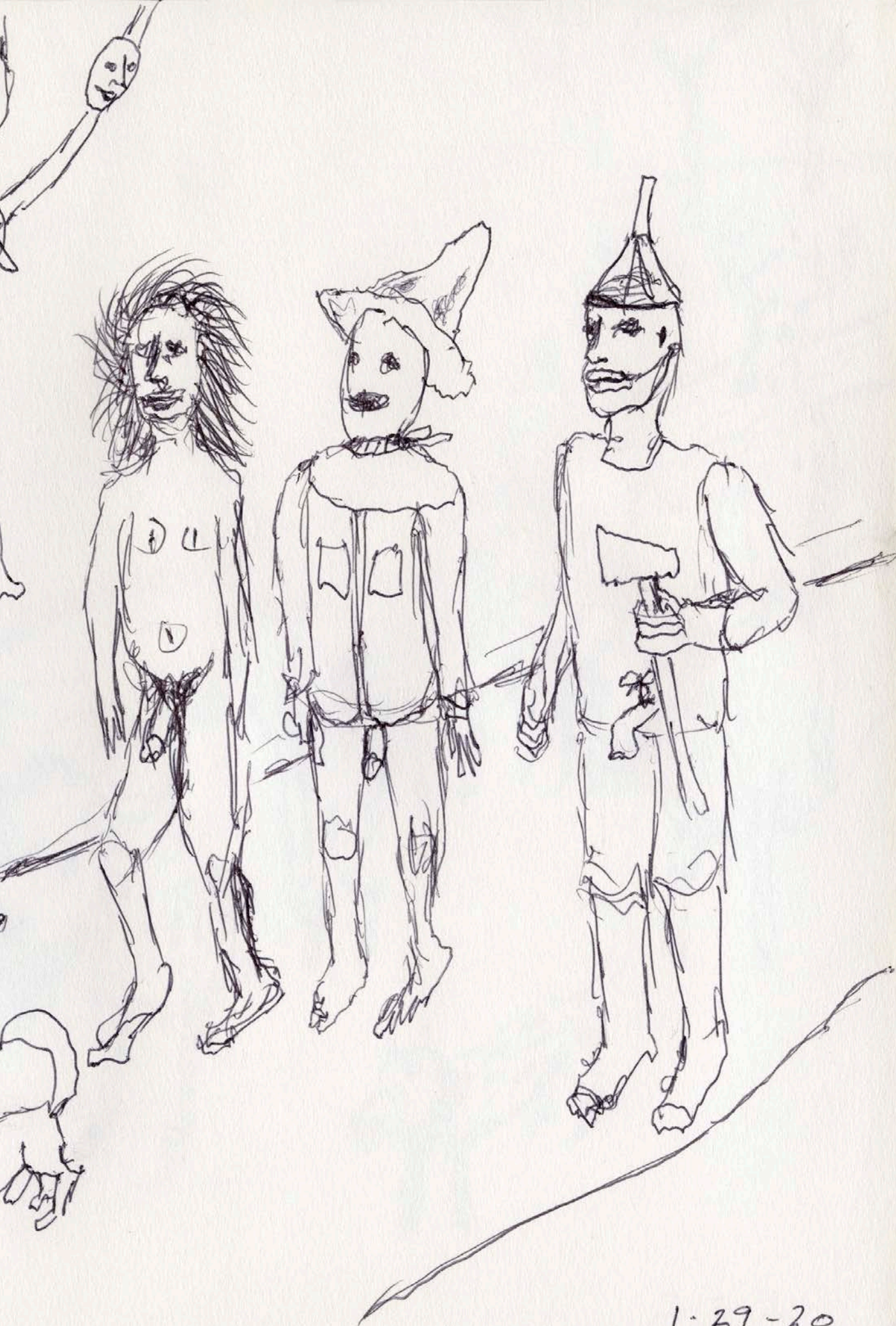
I have pushed you to the limit. I've seen you in pain and done nothing. I followed another path while your rivers and lands dried up. While we created a moment of sorrow, you took a breath from the air stolen. While I built a fake wall, you rebuilt a true spirit.

I can almost touch your taste again. Rain, dirt and water. I can taste your inevitable presence. Heat, wind and snow.

Will I ever see you again? Will I ever be able to touch you again? I can only ask you to listen to the ocean that lives under me and if our space and time can truly transcend the intrinsic relationship that we inherited, then and only then, accept this flower.

Sincerely,
H. Man Ity





1-29-20

*Saca Diablos
Tehuacan*



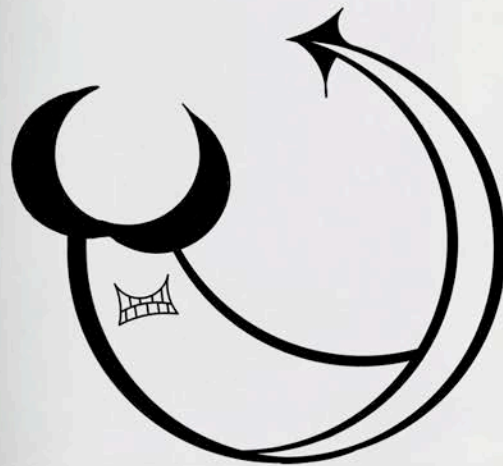
VOTA ES LO QUE NECESITAMOS

Saca

Diablos

Saca Diablos

Purga



Saca lo indeseable









There is no border

NO HAY FRONTERA

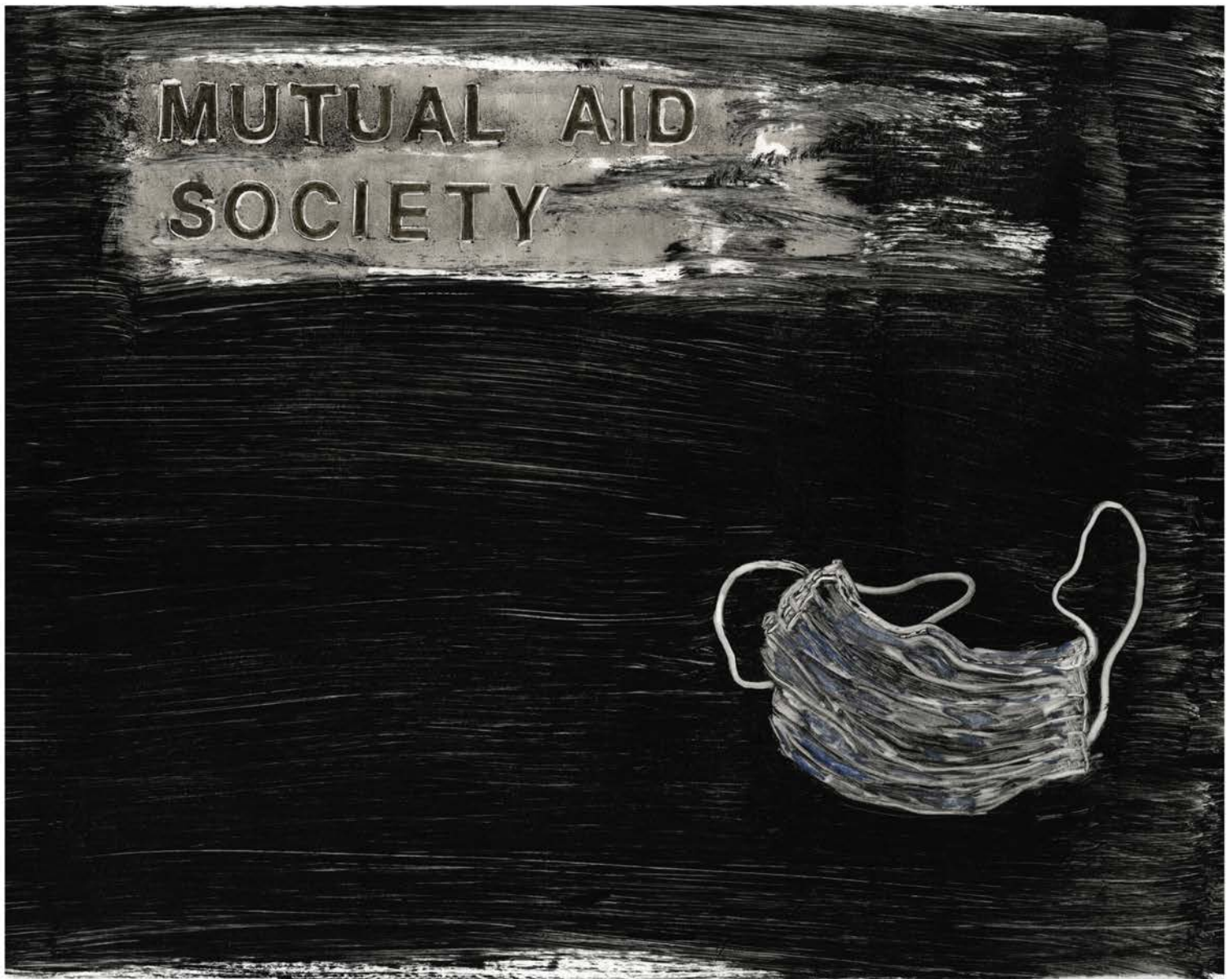
der in my blood

- - - - -

RA EN MI SANGRE







sociedad de ayuda mutua
Ruthann Godollei 2020



YOU KNOW, IF
TRUMP PLAYS
THIS RIGHT,

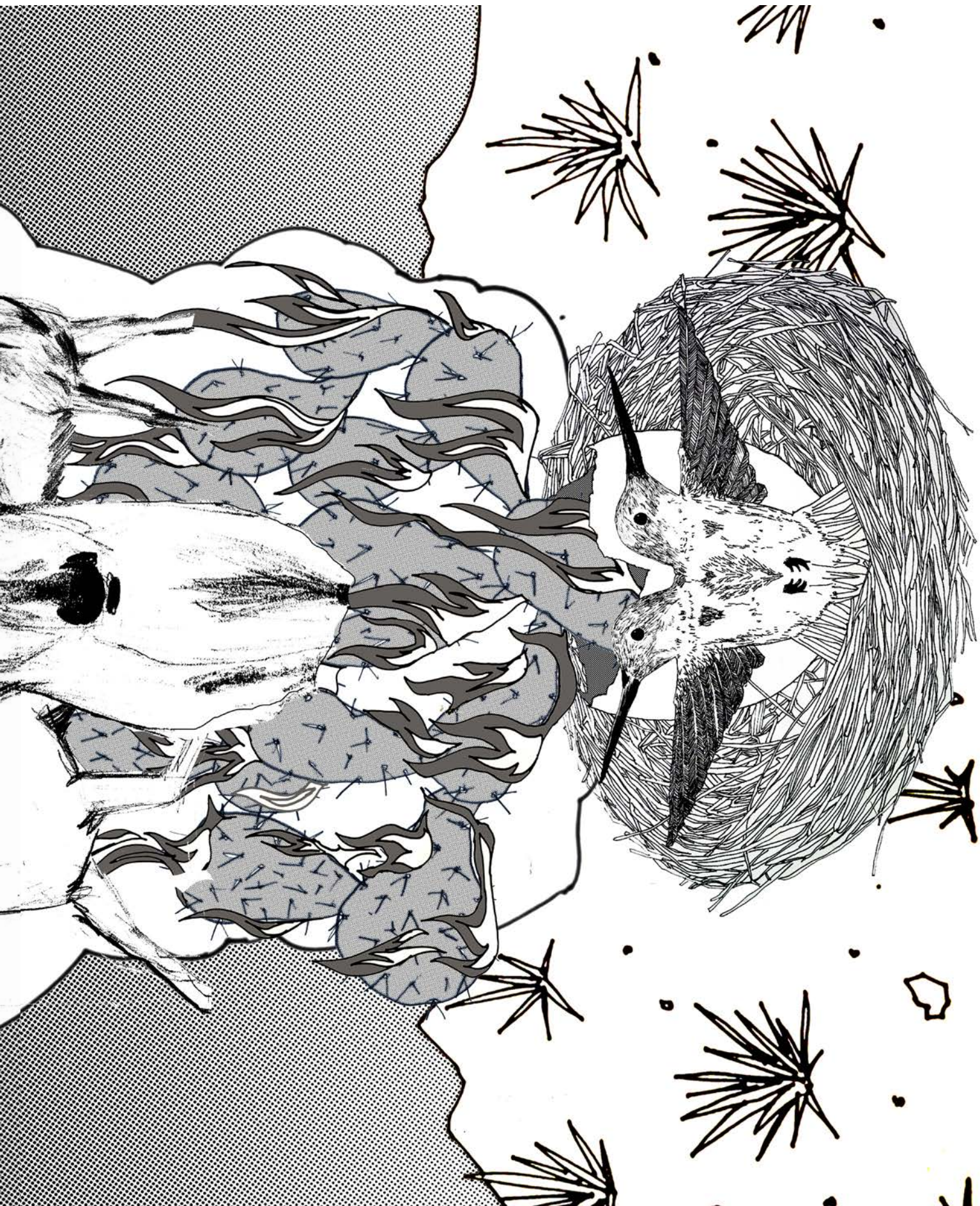


WE COULD GET
ALL OF OUR
LAND BACK!

ARE YOU
LISTENING
TO ME?







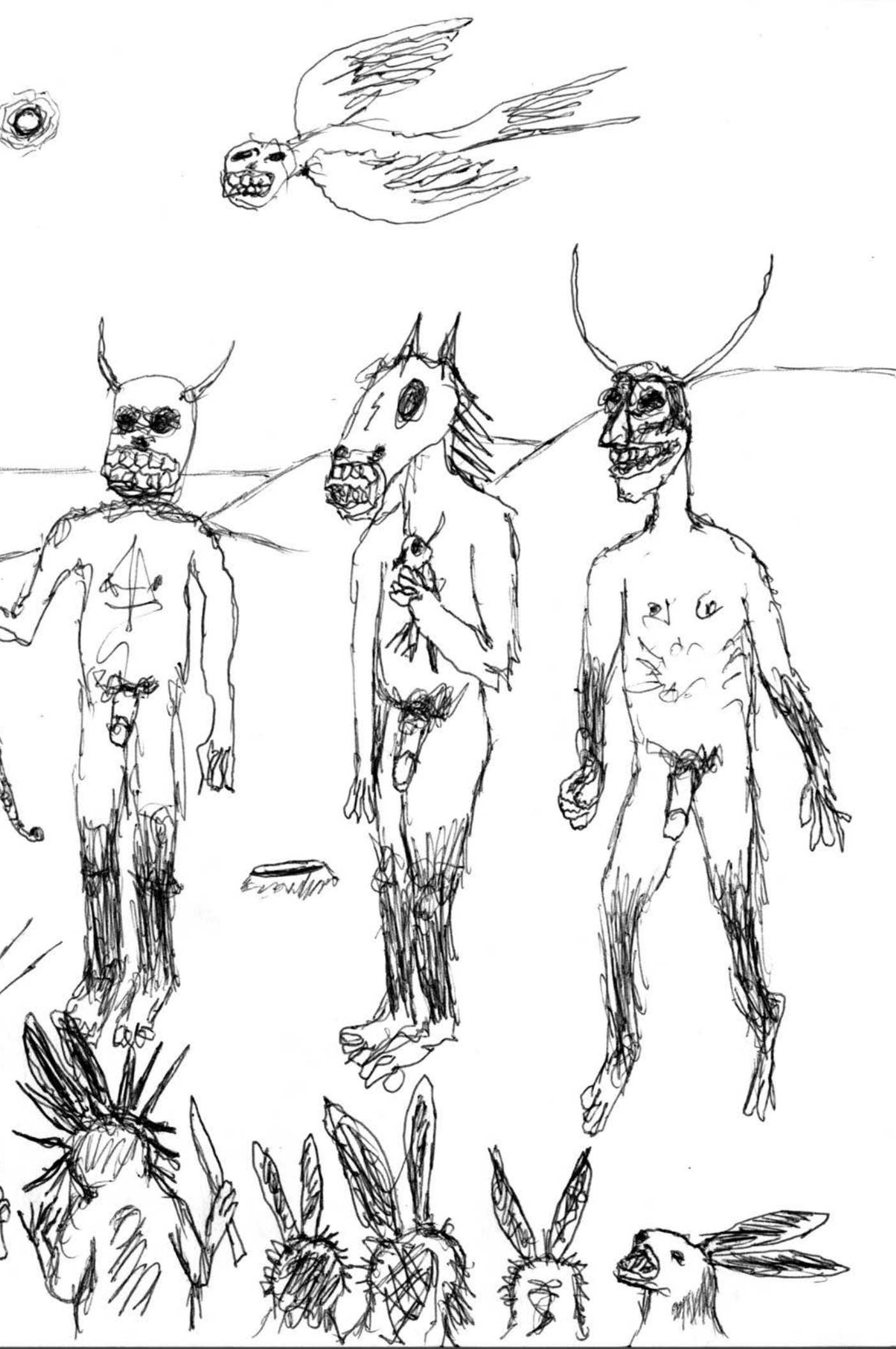


LEA PIERCE





3-14-20







prayer

the air conditioner drones on in the back ground.

the gnats have their way with my hair.

overweight tourists parade

down main street to the lake.

the morning grows quieter and quieter,

slowly emptier, slowly more filled with grace,

more graceful.

today will be the day that the entire

world comes to my door and asks forgiveness.

today i will rest from my work carving linoleum blocks

into sea serpents and portraits of bank presidents.

today i will take the time to bless each and every

sentient being on this block, in this neighborhood,

in this county, on this whole planet,

each and every one:

may all those that traverse this veil of tears

find true peace in each and every sparkling moment,

even when that is not remotely possible.

may all those that dance thru this ever flowering

sphere of utter joy know the humanness of regret,

even as they sing ever closer to the sweetness

that sits inside this one true and sparkling moment.

may each and every one of us sleep well tonight,

sleep away the aches and pains of every day life

in this utterly everyday place we try to call home.

and may each of us also not sleep at all

as long as young children cry all night

for their missing mothers, lying

alone on concrete detention center floors,

inserted along the border

with our good neighbors

to the south.

- dougie padilla



CH



"Who is
Margarita
Torres?"

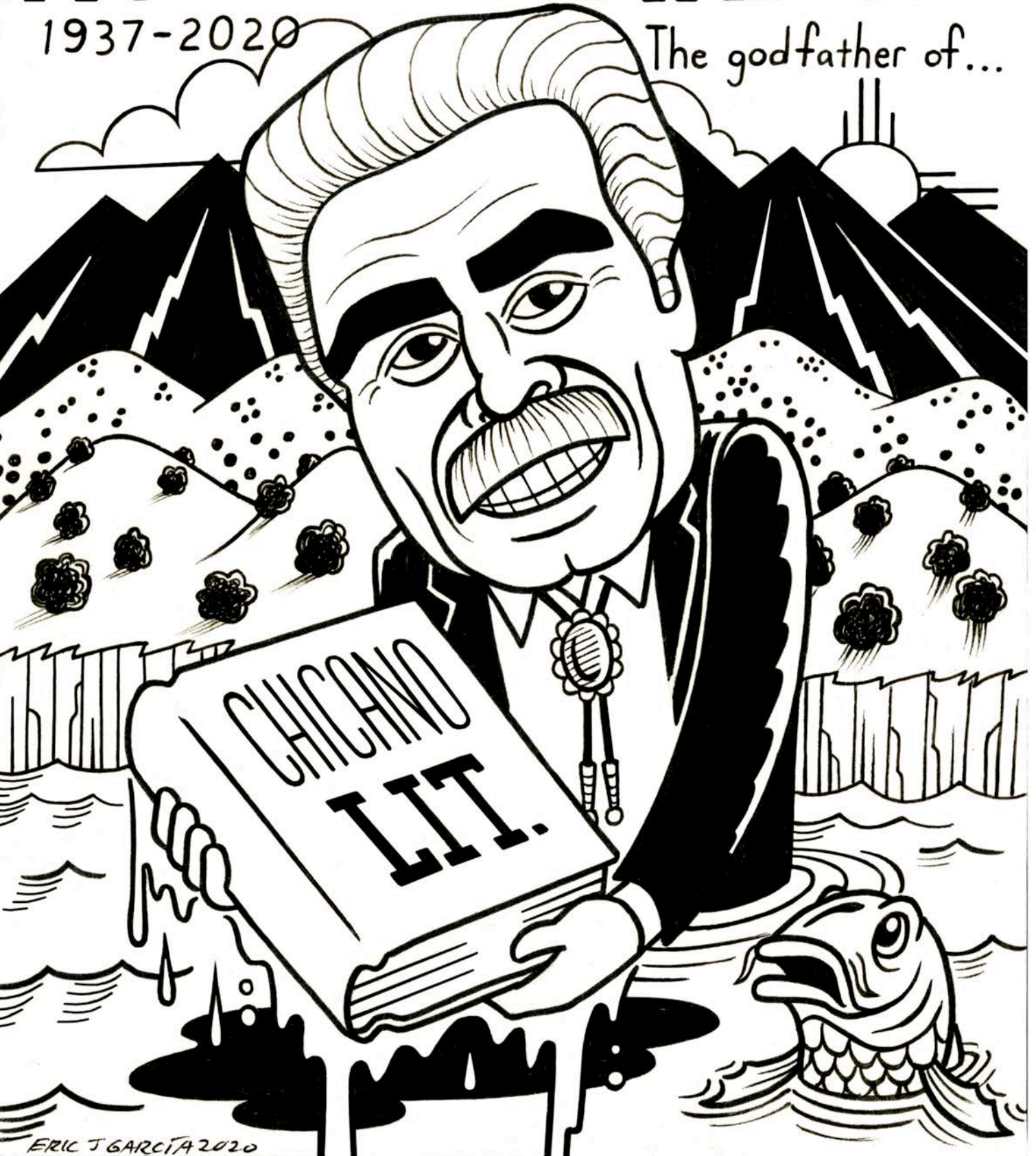
1/3

pedro 2018

RUDOLFO ANAYA

1937-2020

The godfather of...







Fabulista 2

Bobby Marines - 18

Cadex Herrera - 8, 23/24, 36

Carlos Antonio Vilmar Tulcanaza - 9

Dougie Padilla - 2, 21/22, 35, 37

Eric J. Garcia - 3, 33/34, 38

Jim Denomie - 4, 13/14, 26, 31/32

Lela Pierce - 29, 30

Los Hermanos Flores - 17

"Amaru" - Marcela Rodriguez Aguilar - 1, 5/6, 20, 39/40

Maria Cristina "Tina" Tavera - 7, 19

Martin Gonzales - 27/28

Ricardo Bennett-Guzman - 11, 12

Ruthann Godollei - front cover, 25

Ted King - 10

Xavier Tavera - 15, 16

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Fabulista (Fabulist)

- a. A composer of fables (usually a short narrative making an edifying or cautionary point and often employing as characters animals that speak and act like humans)**
- b. A teller of tales**
- c. Liar, especially a person who invents elaborate, dishonest stories.**