

**tita thee**

## untitled 1

you goofs, you fingers of the jester god  
dipped into holy water! sunday mass  
is every morning, and for you a mass  
is cabaret, is drag, is joy and fraud.

you flickering acrylics, what's the play?  
what games today? cat's cradle? reading stars?  
thumb wrestle rapping, slapstick, spitting bars?  
spitroasting pigs and princes? let us pray!

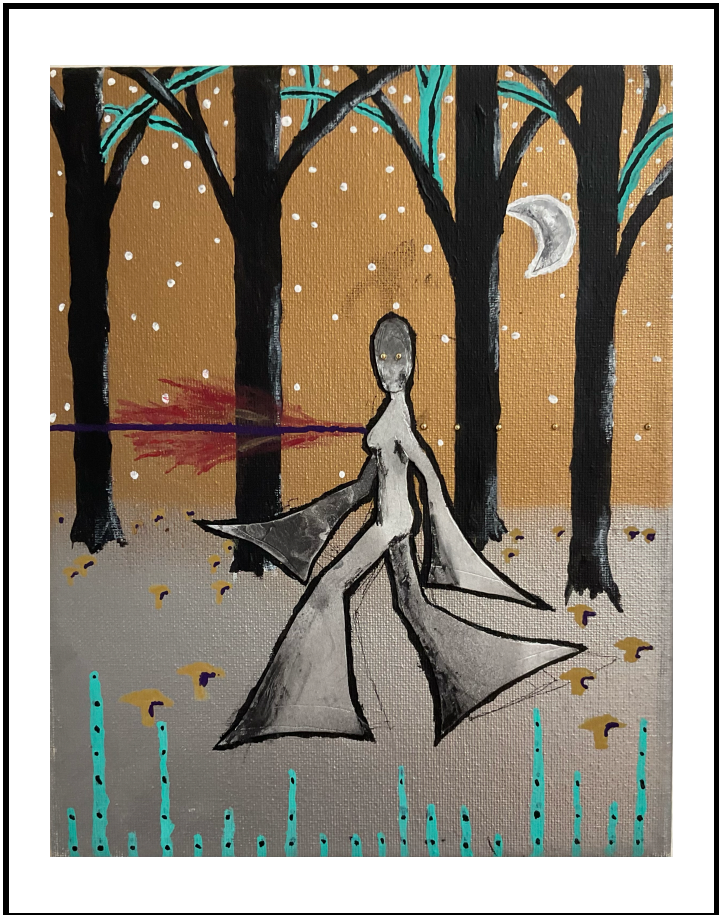
mga kasama, brothersister friends,  
we share far more than beer and feasts and priests!  
we share our souls, our flesh, our memories!

we have no villains, only enemies—  
drab, palefaced missionaries, doomdrunk beasts...  
we dance—we leave them wandering dead ends.

## untitled 2

sometimes we retreat. we disappear into google translate and watch the meaning disintegrate as we swap ourselves back and forth, english tagalog, spanish english, male female, manic depressed, until the whole paragraph of our self is crumpled up into semantic spirals, incomprehensible to others' eyes and minds. uncrumpled, we see how the words on the page have changed costume and rearranged themselves.

we dipped our toe into the river and it said it did not know us anymore, that our feet were foreign objects, a venomous pinprick on its skin.



tita thee  
*Bigfoot leaving the Moulin Rouge*