## TROPICAL LUNG: MITOLOGIA PANAMEÑA



ROBERTO HARRISON

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petrichor

petrichor chapbook series

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petrichor chapbook series #4

Editors:

Seth Copeland

Caleb Jordan

Amanda Ngoho Reavey

This book is dedicated to David Powless

with immense gratitude

| "My people will sleep for one hundred years, but when they awake, it will be the artists |
|--|
| who give them their spirit back."  |
|  |
|  |
| Louis Riel   |
|  |

"¡Indio después del hombre y antes de él!"

Cesár Vallejo

"...there is no Earth corresponding to the infinite horizon of the Global, but at the same time the Local is much too narrow, too shrunken, to accommodate the multiplicity of beings belonging to the terrestrial world."

Bruno Latour

on an other kind of Indian:

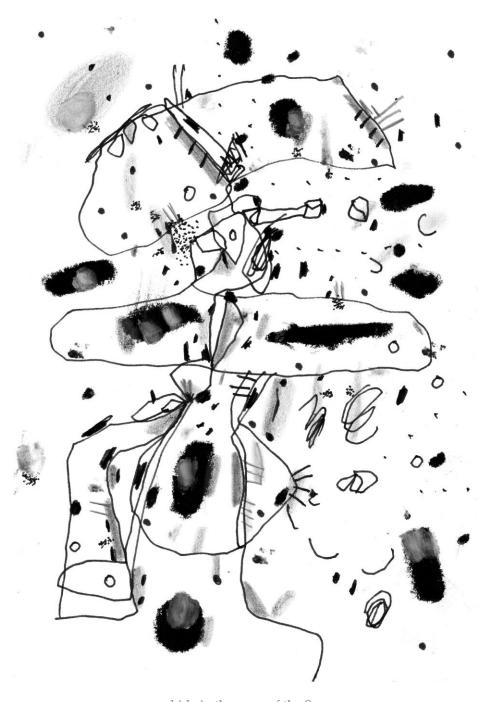
as seen by a disconnected sparrow and as told by a Mississippi snake

through the absence and silence of Panamá I am an other kind of Indian for the Sun and for the fire. before I read anything, I speak. my words are carried over a big river with a commentary of light. animal dreams penetrate the receivers in our qubital organs. red bleeds through my black and white knots and settles there with the final insects as they mark the 11 places. when I speak once there is more, when I speak twice there is less. my origin consists of every climate as each seed of the sky grows feet for the center of the earth. it moves violently with the heat and becomes the multiplier. the drum plants my songs for the lake and my disappearance makes us speak silently with the fire as it swells life into the grandfather stones. I am inside of her feast of becoming the light as the earth turns inside of each of us. we appear to speak less through the offerings but we say more with the fire of the Sun. I am not one of the songs, but I am two of the songs or three. and then 4 becomes me with a 7 inside.



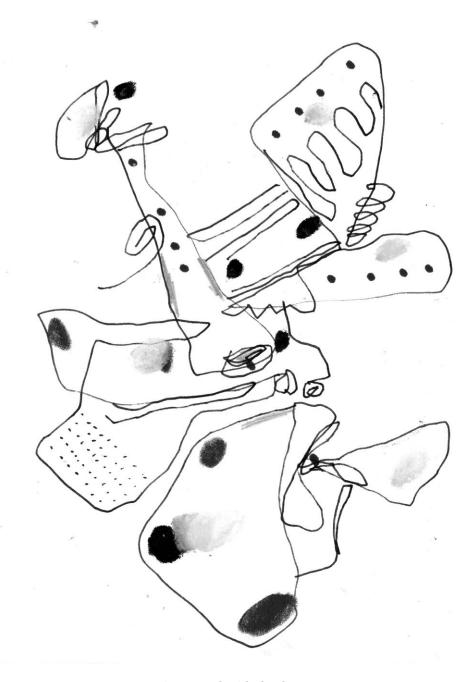
voiceless song

my family were long knives and sugar canes on two trees and two palms, but more so the hand-eye symbolists for emptier Hosts that recover the islands and mainland and suffer for red. I am a small color of twilight and the least friend of the moon, with circular comments relaxing my face and with oceans washing my feet. my struggle for color builds swamps in a high rise and crumbles the city that calls me with stop signs. each of the others were more of a color but none of them lost what I lost in the cluster. the cluster is welcome to die with a tag as I force my way in through the exit. we become one with the fire in the shade, the tag is the document endless with roots to the lake but my reading is more like the ancient recovery mask of the woman I see with a packet of dust by my side, the Sea calls us there as I welcome the land that devours me, no single line moves toward salvation. I as they die more than once to recover and strengthen the source through our horses.



abide in the song of the Sun

I know that the grass is the sponge for our blood and that the trees are the perfection of night of the earth. I am called by inanimate people and ponder their voting for Suns as I lay out the seeds for the forest of living and thought without knowing to see. the frame of their windows becomes me as glass reflects all of the ghosts of the north that won't follow the line without water. the water is memory stored by the crucible qubit and heightened arboreal designs for the future of action. it moves to become the allure of the morning dissolved by the tombs with the wind and the log to crossover the river. fire gives me separate carcasses wandering out through the veils and the death of each origin marked for the Sun. the Sun does not populate others as winter removes all the rules for the wolves as they wander through sweat, winter pronounces my name in the tropics as others find Hosts to rewrite all the labels of thought on the chairs as we sit on the earth with no message.



i am good with death

the horses are troubled by snakes in the snowstorm dissolved by the thatch of a whisper and trails that move silence to travel through night. the stars have the keys for interior treasures as stories with scriptures of long ago distant recovery capture the wind of the morning for wandering fire. five heads on one body feed for dark matter. solids as liquids and liquids as solids return to the snow. many fall out with the surf as a person with wind in the breath of the Sun moves up in the wake. they walk to the Sea with the origin changing the flows. without people the meat gets unsteady and prattles for winter deciding who's lost and who's night. but meat has no service to die and the service it does have requires every morning to speak. and wandering out of the circle makes us collect with the forces that ink does not see. even in Spring when the Elk are around and the writing and drawing collects every forest to spur on the tracks and decide what the morning will speak, even when someone improves with the song as they sleep and anoints all the others with smoke, even then the alarming and slow are my trails to the end. I run with the earth and we meet with the gourds of our pattern philosophy prayers as we send out the skeletal cages and meet.



face does not see

with the earth I am flowing with horses and stopping with mud on the river that washes my heart to belong to the songs and the beat of our heart in our Start noncomputable worlds. I as they find as a Tec in my mind what the neutral engagement with dust marks the birds to return and the paths on my night for the twilight of purity falling for death. our memories cut into sacred intentions and force every function to fail under promises left to the Sun, as the sweat puts together interior insight to bring back the ground. every link then increases the fire as the magnet collects for the Sea. my ghosts start the play of the red and the black put together to be with the focus of cognitive vacancy maps. each place that we meet for the drum with my version of singing becomes like the salt of the Ocean far under the ground. the song light repeats and restarts the alignments of climates to stop the allures of deception and mark us with links for the real. I magnify mental escapes as the season becomes what the separate angle relates to the dust and the flesh on the ground. my attachment to worlds as they separate me as the Sea into messages left to the night, as the wolves become one, I as they run to be Tec before zero it moves. but already the Tec has the floor to replace with the night as the day comes undone and our fires have returned to be morning. our ghosts become more than the Sun as star nations return. the eagles have carried us here to belong as the buffalo bring us the turns of the earth for the moons of the sky to be one with the Sun and alone with a split put together in water for light.



anything can happen as the night sings



speak with your eyes



fire for the void





## MITOLOGIA PANAMENA

Roberto de now mobile through Mabila. one arrives in the flight of a luminous Null,

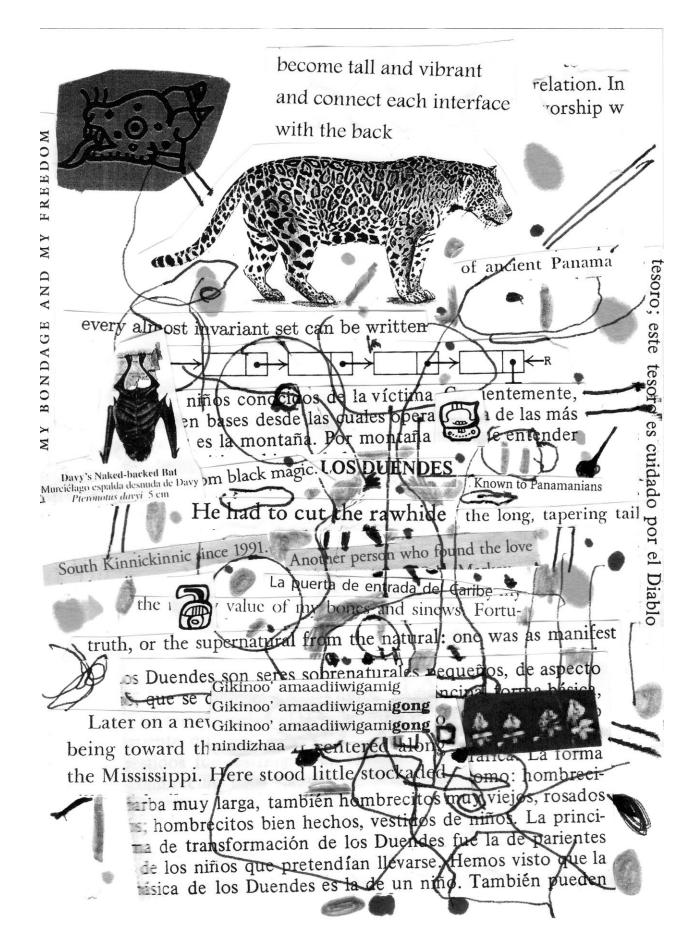
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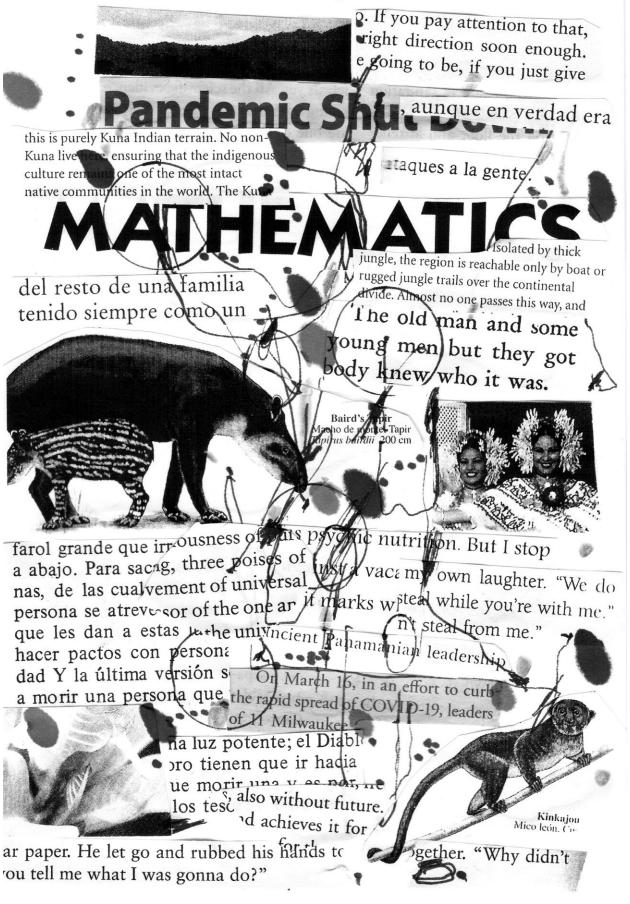
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| y apariencia ger   | neral de las Brujas no hay EARTHS  |
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| Rocas  | PARTE IV: EL CHIVATO   |
| Panamanian Coral Snake   | PARTE V: EL CADEJO   |
| Coral panameña Micrurus stewarti 65 cm   | (ito issi · Mahila   |
| EAPITULO IV:   | LOS ANIMOIDES 343  |
| 1 1:fo from abov   | PARTE I: LAS ANIMAS Elibre 345   |
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| Bear Nation wer  | e uncertair He listened and heard a twittering from the lef  |



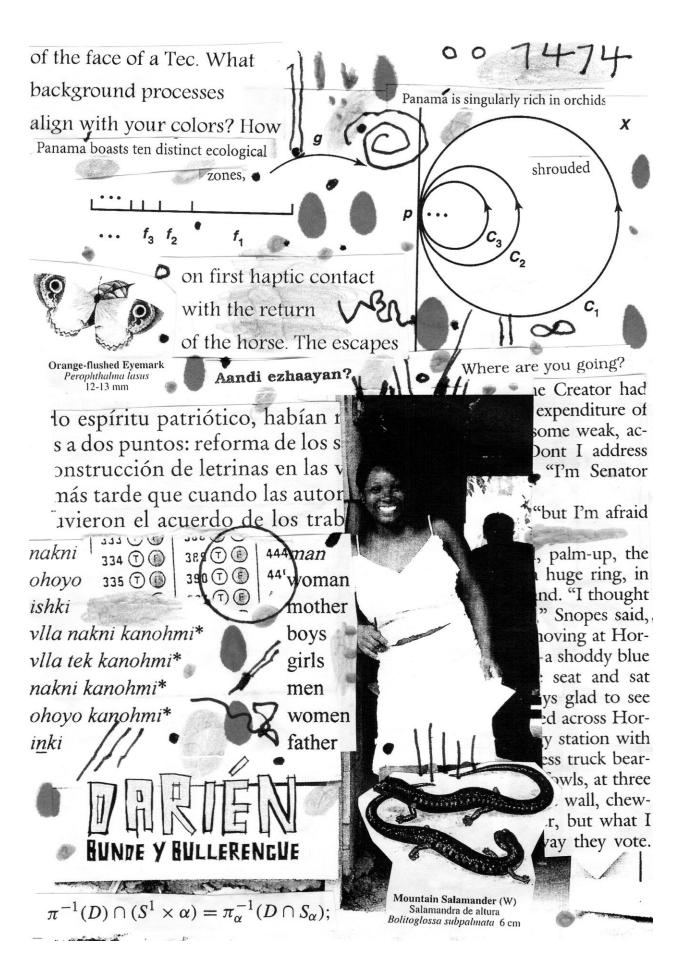






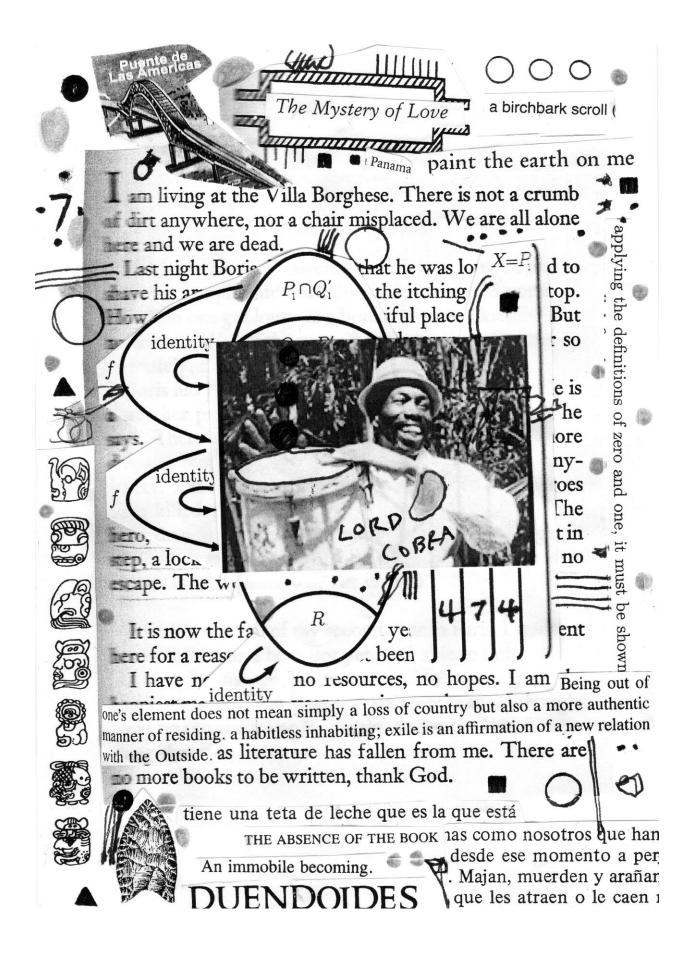


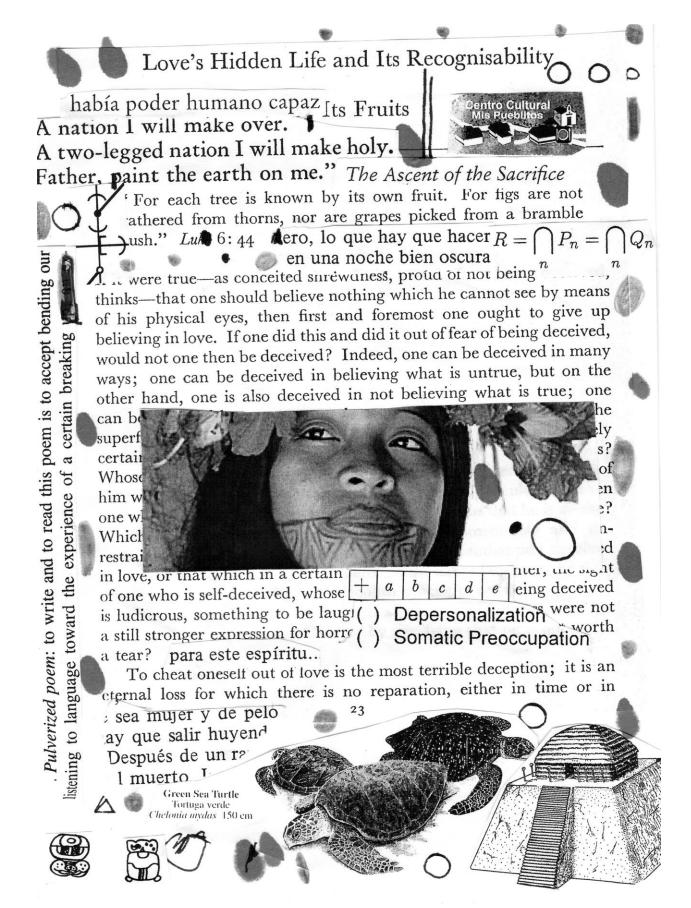








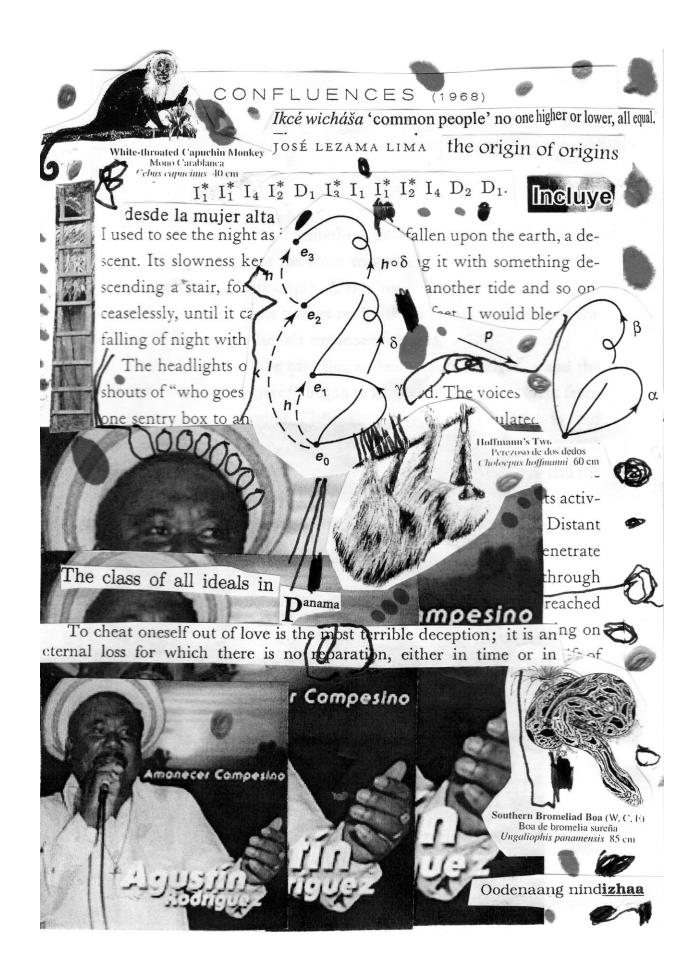


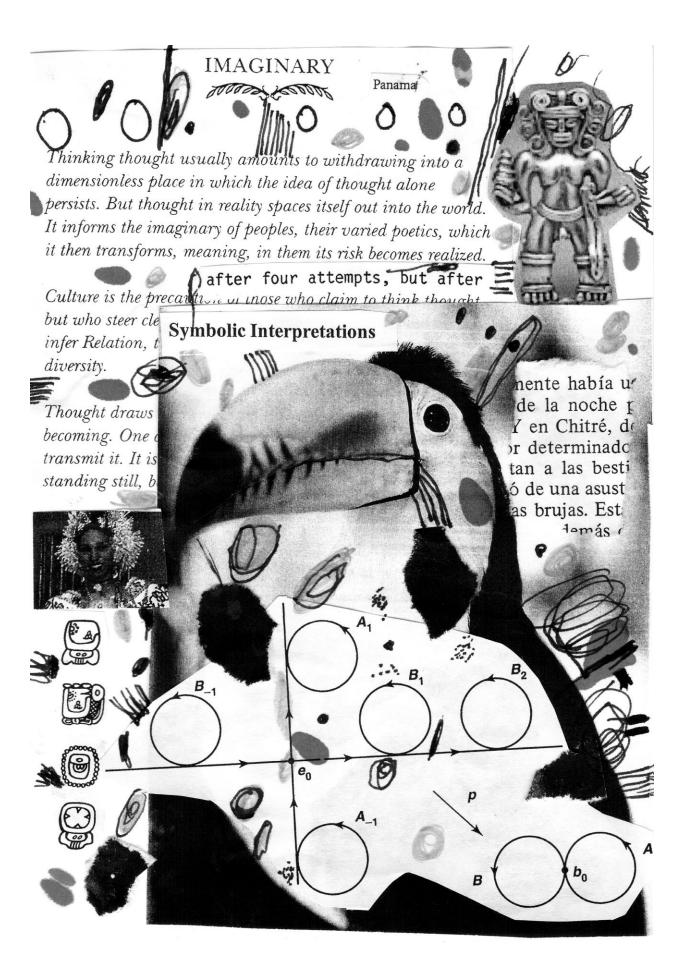


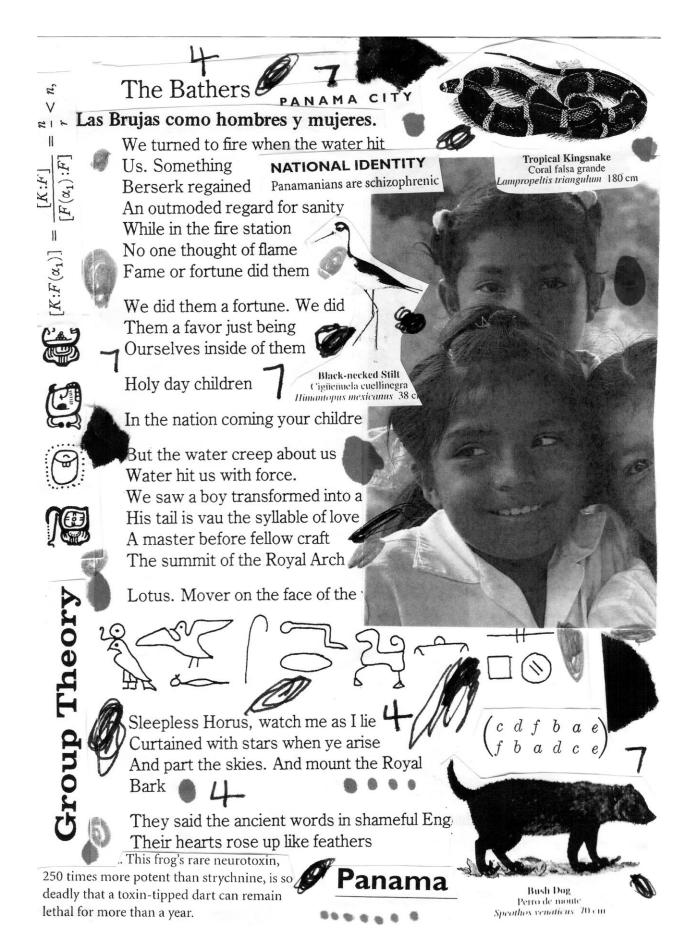




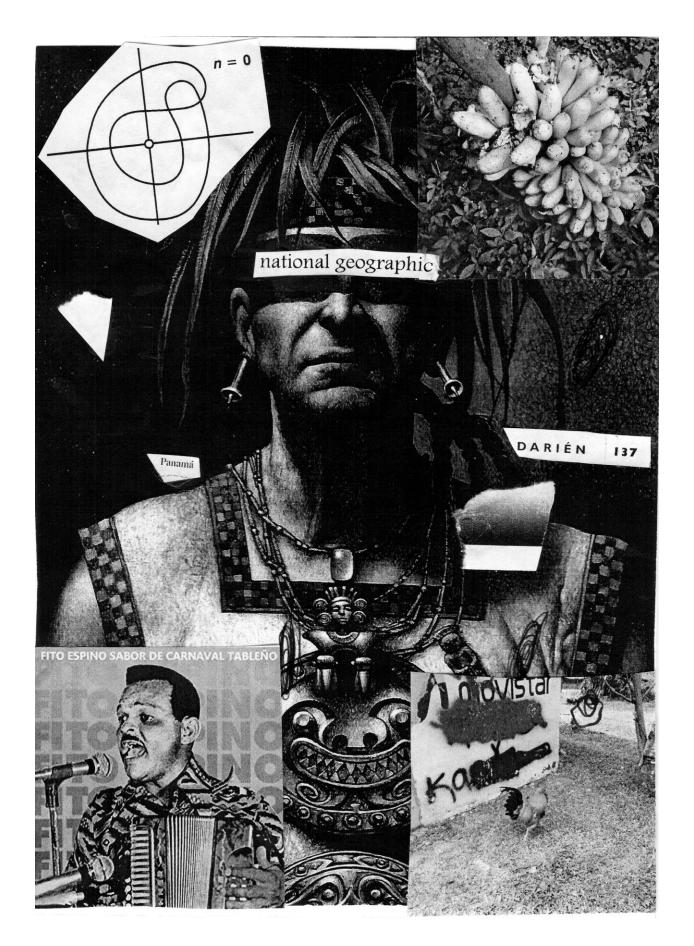


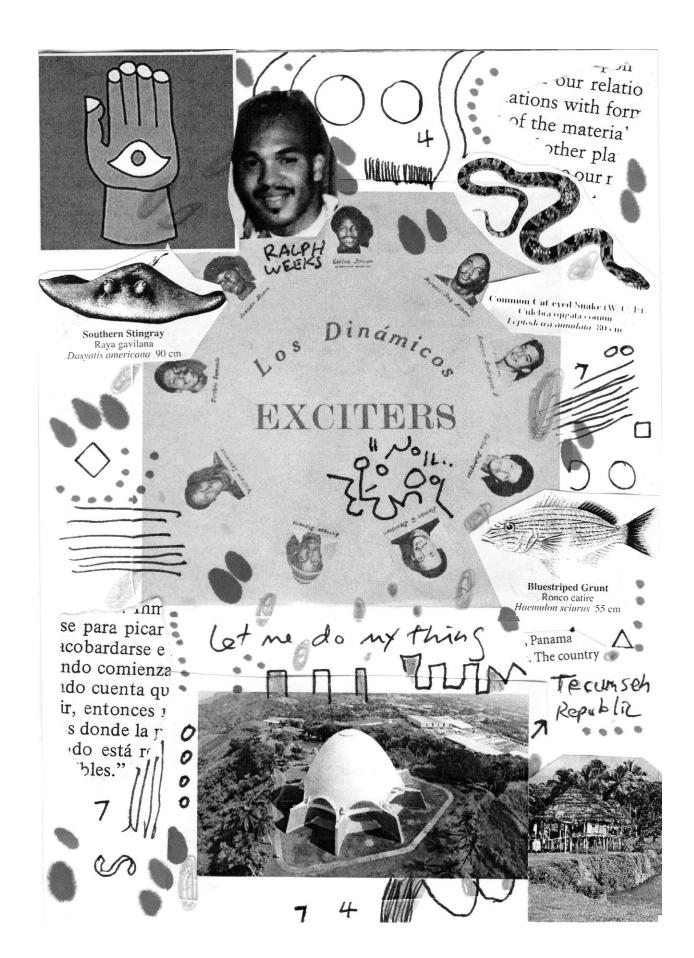


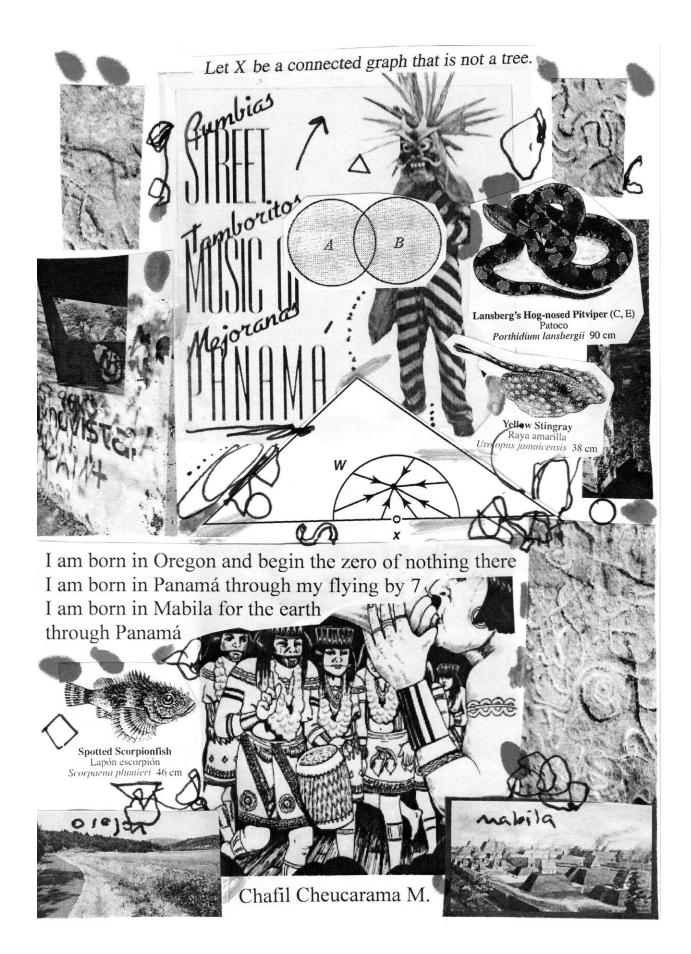




# Hiawatha Insane Asylum for Panama American Indians Long Time Owl woman In the late 1800's the F al Government Bureau of Indian Affairs and India ere checking America Indians closely for prac cive spiritu**ali**ty. In 1899 the government establi : Hiawatha Insane Asylui for American Indians al Government was 💠 Green Moray authorized to enter Inc Gymnothorax functoris 1.5 m nities and declare people insane. Spiritual men and women, medicine people, were the ones being declared in sane Names of Indians Buried at Hiawatha Asylur $\rightarrow \mathbb{R}^2$ Guatacare Panama Edith Standing Bear Porcupinefish . I'ut down and sold to the sta In 1934, the asylu Erizo común Diodon hystrix 60 cm an as a prison from 1934of South Dakota, 1945. The state then sold was torn down. A golf course w. 121 graves currently located on t Great Barracuda ay Barracuda Sphyraena barracuda 90 cm. The belief is that the majority of people who were committed to this asysum were spiritual leaders and the was the governments way of eradicating their spiritualit 47. Marie Pancho Yo no sufro este dolor como César Vallejo. no hombre ni como simple ser vivo siquandy Favorite 49. Kiger 51. Cynia Houle Earth Historian 53. Charlie Brown

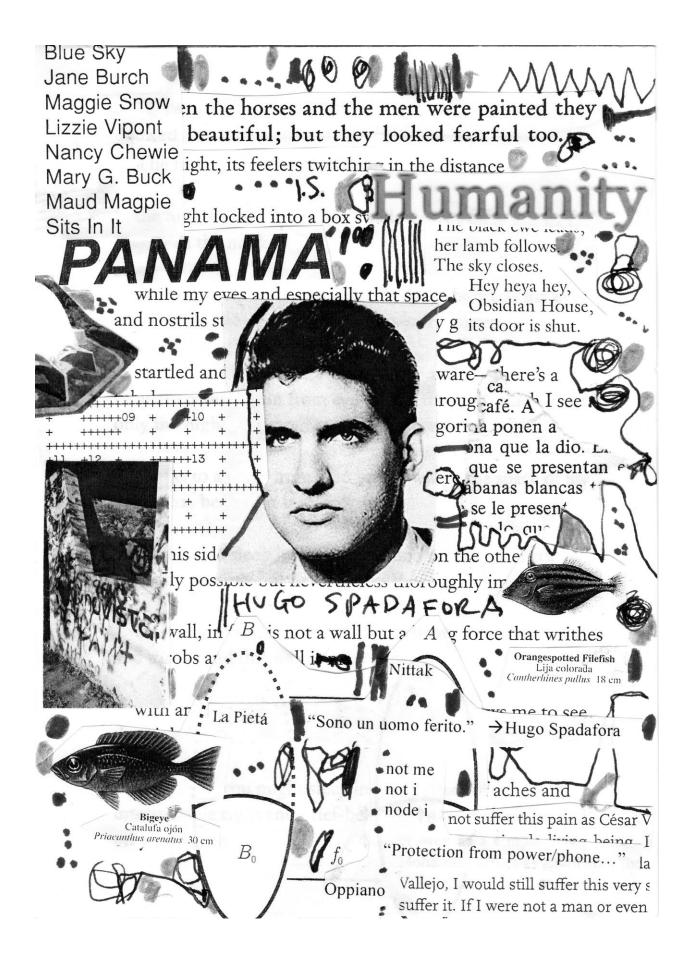


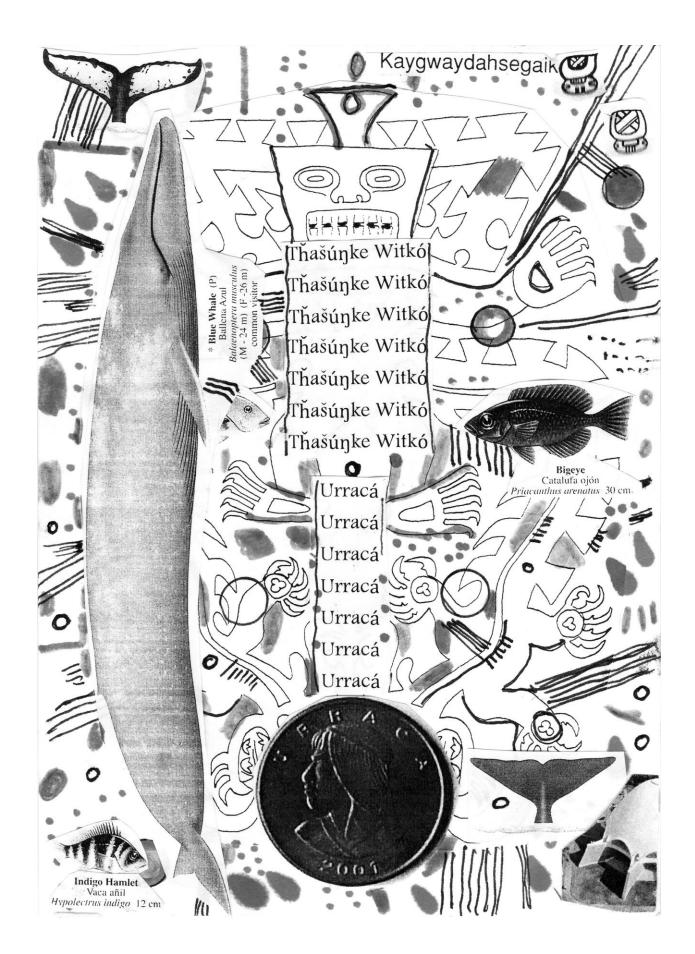


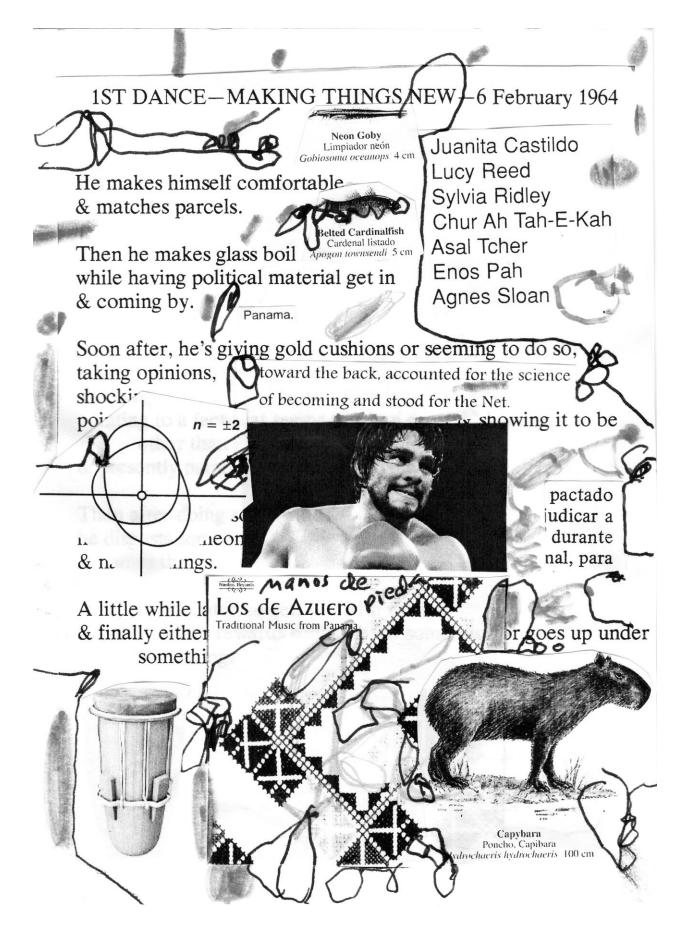




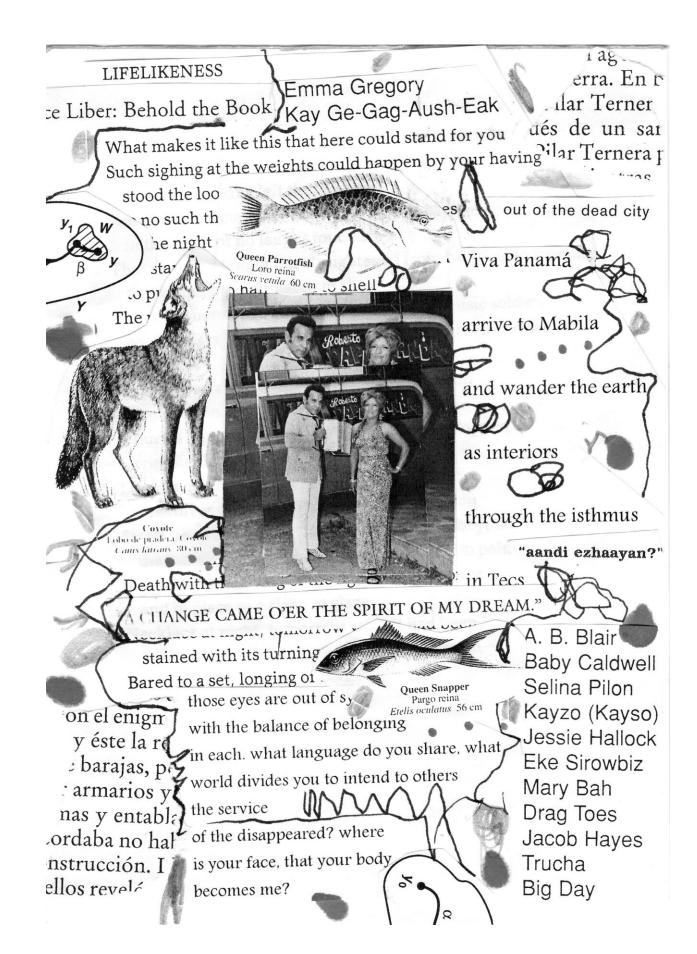












## Materials Used in Mitologia Panemeña Tecs (collages)

## Books, Pamphlets, and Magazines

Ancient Panama: Chiefs in Search of Power, Mary W. Helms

Autobiographies, Frederick Douglass Black Elk Speaks, John G. Neihardt

Cien Años de Soledad, Gabriel García Márquez

Clairvoyant Journal, Hannah Weiner

Collected Essays, James Baldwin

Hainish Novels & Stories, Ursula K. Le Guin

Introduction to Boolean Algebras, Steven Givant & Paul Halmos

Introduction to Choctaw, Gregg Howard

Itinerario de La Poesía en Panamá, Rodrigo Miró Grimaldo

Lacandon Dream Symbolism, Robert D. Bruce

Lao Tzu: Tao Te Ching, Ursula K. Le Guin

Mapas Del Istmo: Republica de Panama MAPI

Mitologia Panameña, Roberto de la Guardia, Instituto Nacional de Cultura (INAC)

National Geographic, January 2012

Native American Mathematics, edited by Michael P. Closs

Novels, William Faulkner

Ojibwemowin, Series 2, Judith L. Vollom & Thomas M. Vollom

Panama: A Country Guide, Tom Barry

Panama: Amphibians Panama: Butterflies Panama: Lonely Planet

Panama: National Geographic Traveler

Panama: Reptiles

Panama: Wildlife Guide

Parable of the Talents, Octavia E. Butler Poetics of Relation, Édouard Glissant

Selections, José Lezama Lima

Solution Passage, Clark Coolidge

The American Indian, Anne Terry White

The American Indian, Oliver La Farge

The Art of Computer Programming: Fundamental Algorithms, Donald E. Knuth

The Bathers, Lorenzo Thomas

The Book to Come, Maurice Blanchot

The Center of the Sunlit Sky, Karl Brunnholzl

The Complete Poetry, Cesár Vallejo

the fall of the towers, samuel r. delany

The Infinite Conversation, Maurice Blanchot

The Lakota Ritual of the Sweat Lodge, Raymond A. Bucko

The Manitous: The Spiritual World of the Ojibway, Basil Johnston

The Night, Jaime Sáenz

The Passion According to G. H., Clarice Lispector

The Philip K. Dick Reader, Philip K. Dick

The Pronouns, Jackson Mac Low

The Synthesis of Yoga, Sri Aurobindo

The World We Used to Live In, Vine Deloria Jr.

The Zohar, Daniel C. Matt

Topics in Algebra, i. n herstein

Topology, James R. Munkres

Tropic of Cancer, Henry Miller

Works of Love, Soren Kierkegaard

#### **CDs**

16 Exitos, Yin Carrizo

Darién, Bunde Y Bullerencue

Let Me Do My Thing, Los Dinámicos Exciters featuring Ralph Weeks

Los de Azuero

Panamá! 1

Sabor de Carnaval Tableño, Fito Espino

Street Music of Panama

#### Online images

Carlos Francisco Chang Marín

Emberá Woman

Hand Eye Symbolism of the Southeastern Ceremonial Complex

Hugo Spadafora

Image by Chafil Cheucarama, Wounaan carver, illustrator, and painter

Kuna Woman

Lord Cobra

Naso Teribe Children

Ngäbe-Buglé Woman

Panamanian Centavo (Urracá)

Papi Brandao Y Sus Ejecutivos featuring Matilde Murillo

Ralph Weeks

Roberto Durán

Saladitos

Victor Boa

Victoriano Lorenzo

### Author's personal photographs

Arysteides Turpana Bus Stop in El Valle de Antón Petroglyphs at El Valle de Antón

## The Mola in the possession of the author. Also included are:

Doctor's Psychotherapy diagnostic transcripts and questionnaires relating to the author

VAX computer writing transcripts of the author from the mid 1980s

Thank you to Arysteides Turpana from whom I first learned of Victoriano Lorenzo

Thank you to Darrel Alejandro Holnes from whose poem Black Parade I first learned of Bayano.

Roberto Harrison's poetry books include *Isthmus to Abya Yala* (*City Lights*, 2024), *Tropical Lung: exi(s)t(s)* (Omnidawn, 2021), *Tropical Lung: Mitologia Panamenã* (Nion Editions, 2020), *Yaviza* (Atelos, 2017), *Bridge of the World* (Litmus Press, 2017), *culebra* (Green Lantern Press, 2016), *bicycle* (Noemi Press, 2015), *Counter Daemons* (Litmus Press, 2006), *Os* (subpress, 2006), as well as many chapbooks. He was the Milwaukee Poet Laureate for 2017-2019 and is also a visual artist.

#### petrichor chapbook series

#1 Catherine Vidler – Chaingrass

#2 Abby Minor – Watershed

#3 Derek White - U/X 010-101:doG-one

#4 Roberto Harrison – Tropical Lung: Mitologia Panameña

