



" Ollas". Juchitán, Oaxaca. 1985, Mariana Yampolsky © Fundación Cultural Mariana Yampolsky

1001 Nights

1001 genies. Where
did they go? What happened
To the wishes? The body

tricks you every time. All
I asked, one him to the next, was
just three words: To be free. All

I've got's a lot, dirt unto dirt
piled with pots—barreled, squat,
vats, crocks: stacks, walls,

blocks of pots. Horizons
of pots, constant sighing—
Rub Me, Rub Me. Here's

my sign: Lorena, Queen
Of Tureens. Hung in the shrine
where the cross would be. Some

people say I got my wish: "At least,
now, they're empty." *Rub Me, Rib
Me, Rob Me, Robe Me*. Your voice

gets ruder and lewder.