

October 2022

History Lesson-Part II

D. C. Gonzales-Priesto

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Recommended Citation

Gonzales-Priesto, D. C. (2022) "History Lesson-Part II," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 2: Iss. 2, Article 20.

Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol2/iss2/20>

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D. C. Gonzales-Prieto
History Lesson—Part II

Wasn't it beautiful to have been
us back when we had no history
written to speak of and always lived
in the now? Fucking corn dog pogoheads,
living like dogs: whatever we couldn't eat,
we screwed; and what we couldn't eat
or screw, we pissed on.

Such a truth

will never change; it endures
from the jagged sylvan crags of Olduvai
Gorge, through the subfuscine sewers
of Mycenae, into labyrinthine
drunk alleys of Pesht and Patee,

and the beer

can strewn back yards of San Peedro.
We have taken what all we have made,
splashed it with feces and switched

around syntaxeez. Cranking it loud
to call it 'art'. Such art!
Grafittied over fortress walls
to show just how ephemeral stone
may be. One Cro-Magnon blows
the juice of crushed berries
over hirsute hands grasping rock;
one can of paint scrawls "TINNITUS"

underneath a freeway overpass.
Naught could keep us from this.

D. C. Gonzales-Prieto

We name this time “now” and mark it
like a lynx spraying trees in possession.
Those who come after only smell the scents,
and tell what went down then. We are brash,
obnoxious, loud and toxic; ah, the future.