

# DOSSIER KENT JOHNSON



## Triple X

Kent Johnson \*

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Immolation of the second  
through the swollen bud of longing,  
drifting burn of the rocoto  
at two of the immoral afternoon.

Glove of verging verge to verge.  
Fragrant truth glanced by shock, linking  
the sexual antenna  
to what we are becoming, without knowing.

Cloudy fluid of maximal ablution.  
Migrating calderas  
that collide and splatter colossal cool  
umbrae on color, fraction, beaten life,  
the beaten life eternal.  
Let's not turn back. Death is that way.

Sex blood of the beloved who keens  
ensorcelled, from bearing so much  
for such ridiculous intent.  
And the circuit-shock  
between our minor day and the mammoth night,  
at two of the immoral afternoon.

\* Traslucine del poema 30 de Trilce, de César Vallejo, publicado inicialmente en Mar con soroche n° 22 (2021): [<https://marconsoroche.org/sien-en-trilce/xxx/>]