

**All Incomplete**  
*Drawings, Photos, Video*  
(for Jack Hogan)

00.58

*Where you'll wander back and forth all night All alone all along the mountainside While the stoveland of the horizon is shut upon the day*

1.28

the electrician flicks a switch and lights up the skull-coloured plaster of his snug office in san rafael

1.30

the shut brasserie's check tiles flood with suds just off plaza masaryk

1.31

bubbles pop on the treacly muck where a pipe has burst going into coyoacán, to create a stinkingly lush square of weed, waste ground, chickenwire, streetlight, and ferns

1.50

an anti-theft alarm squawks on ayuntamiento, corner with balderas and revillagigedo, to startle awake yet again an exiled rapper from trenton, new jersey

1.57

the hour of the squirrels driven bonkers and nocturnal by light pollution and car exhaust, their world dense with wet clicks – teeth, tongue, insects, the unfolding push of plant growth in rich black shopbought peat moss – nuzzling along in search of something more substantial than desiccated succulents

4.02

overheard, alameda: 'She no longer cries in the night'

4.45

the former policeman and current security guard with the frayed backpack shuffling on his knees around the candlelit dimness of the plaza conchita

4.50

a hose washes down the blue sign of an index finger's underside bisecting someone else's not unsensual lips beneath a caption that reads SILENCIO at the corner of saturnino herrán and diegobecerra

5.40

the hour of the dairy dispensary opening up on the little plaza that conjoins calle progreso to the back of the market on avenida josé martí, under the shade of camo mottled eucalyptus,

still uplit white by the electric lights, tiny pollinating flies active in clouds already, the queue yawning, blowing on hands, accepting steaming styrofoam cups of atole, nescafé, champurrado

7.18

an optician dabs tiny motes from the inner curve of a deluxe set of zeiss lenses, calle colima

8.34

a bull dozes near a lake, windcurrent's ghost traced out in celandines, near where twenty-three binbag shrouds lie on the gravel curve beside a highway, ecatepec, duct-taped at knee, waist, throat, dew beaded in the folds, police lights reddening each drop

8.38

strips of eyehurt blitz yael: between the gaps in a concrete tunnel siding by metro guelatao

8.55

crows blow up in embrous scraps amid a smell of smoke and char by the sites of dubious burning out beyond periférico

9.00

hands ache with sweat around handlebars on the long soul-killing straight stretch that begins by the edificio ruben darío

9.04

turtledoves shake themselves still on the nests of sunwarmed scutch grass in the old roads beyond that old white church in coyoacán

9.09

the salon breathes out its first throatparching gusts of acetone and hairspray at ondas de mar

9.25

the day's first stems are baled up and dumped with a rumble into a bucket on the parque de la bola

9.39

the diamond merchants tip out their wares like so much pashed ice in avenida francisco i. madero

9.40

school security guards check IDs in the car-queue on calle chimalcóyotl

9.41

the rumbling of that one guy with the harley davidson who lives on calle damas

10.10

one cat sinking his fangs into the back of the neck of his husband in the cobbled shade of san ángel

10.12

a kid sings in a brassy tenor voice with a bag of meat slung over one shoulder as his bike rattles down calle mesones

10.13

two children climb up high in the blue air and the tall green pines of villa olímpica, their giggles rilling down the grooved trunk they're clasping

10.14

café shutters rattle up and that tart tarry alcahest begins to slosh in the cafés of calle luis moyá

10.18

leaf trash scuds rattling down a gutter on calle saturnino herrán

10.20

brake skirl, speeding darkness trickled across with bands of white light: metro barranca del muerto

10.52

one who does not know the one that's one too many totters sun-staggered across body-heat grass, under the sky's wetlooking blue nothing, still by metro barranca del muerto

10.53

a crowd purls up and down the hot brown steps, still by metro barranca del muerto

10.55

papaya in a big sacrificial glut on the board, each dark seed a round gleam: ant-egg, caviar, rich ink-tint, calle atlíxco, where another cocaine night and at-best semi-desired three-way post-mn roy has left tania in need of dusting her morning granola with extra seroquel

11.00

outside, the all-day volcano rains begin, basically all over the south

11.05

northbound towards martín carrera, in a tunnel, a sign: a half-worn-off stick-figure running up steps towards a flaring dot, arms upflung, above the words that translate to '*In Case of Emergency Use Tunnel*'

11.11

ribbed miles of lights in the cool of the tunnel by félix cuevas

11.30

at the hospital siglo xxi the word *EXIT* buzzes like migraine

11.37

last week's storm left a nest in the forking 'V' of the elm's roots out back of fao méxico on paseo de pedregal and sandra found it

12.00

the rescuer of a finch who hangs around in the kitchen pings sunflower seeds with what's left of their nails while they wait for the thrum of the boiler to tick, settle, have enough in the tank for a proper shower, calle dr. vertíz

12.05

crows gawping from the moss clumped on the phone lines, parque lira

12.19

a gorrión stabs an orange spill of zacahuil. the air tingles. a horse smokily appears on the footbridge, amid spangles, stars, munching a stogie between his square teeth. little trash tornadoes caper around his feet — leaf scurf, chip bags, styrofoam burger shells — and all of the worst returns, in a big rolling shiver

12.42

a street preacher accosts me to say that none of this will be over until even the devil has been forgiven, calle lópez

12.51

a cafetero turns his oar through a roasting vat that brimmed with grounds, still on calle lópez, while steam wavers up reddening through the brakelights and I saw a monument to the Liga 23 de septiembre: three scarlet triangles ten feet wide and thirty-five high above every underpass where a river used to be so that every car to come diving out of the smog and into the dark must pass through the heart of these immense stars.

13.06

the creak of tree roots rucking up cobbles, avenida paseo del río

13.08

a cricket picks her way over the telephone wire joining the neighbour's wall to ours, then burrows out of view into a safe, dry crack

13.18

a cinder-edged wind darkens someone's garden, balbuena, so she hits the road, her car's blur a mucky glar shot along the highway's vasculature, her answer to 'Why stay?' still just 'Where else?'

13.22

after rain no new zone of sun opens over the biblioteca josé vasconcelos, no fresh new stun  
— only the vermicular spackle of ash on car-bonnets, final rhyme of *enlighten* and cold white tiles

13.31

plane tree leaves, wind-hit, utter an asphyxiated hiss on calle josé gómez de la cortina

13.55

gorriones hop through deadtech postmodernistic bullshit roof garden with its desert shrubs in search of something more than desiccated succulents

14.45

brown lengthening rainshadows under the neons of calle allende

14.59

the tangles of vegetation in the towers of san hippólito divide away from each other resemble by this brief instant of light the pale wax models of the human entrails in the museo de historia natural on parque de los compositores

15.00

*This is the very worst hour of the day. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed.*

17.03

the chapel closes its cracked red double doors by metrobus guerrero

17.04

a cloud of pigeons rises breaking across the zócalo as the flag comes down

17.10

the underpass of the clock merchants up where xola meets calzada de tlapán for a compass that can tell the time: moted calm of clock glass, evening's swaying gleam on the pendulums

17.22

the UNAM postgrad who works at a bookstall on the corner of diagonal san antonio and calle torres adalid

17.40

cynthia watches the streetlights where available ping on in gustavo a. madero

18.05

*Now the day departs and ochre air releases the creatures of the earth*

18.20

clouds of burned rubber behind plaza tlaxcoaque and the tortured ghosts of the 1980s moan at the odour

18.54

soot-dotted jacaranda petals by reforma norte

19.22

the winetone shadows of chapultepec

21.25

graffiti tattoos on the leadcoloured statues of the illustrious and nameless dead, reforma norte

21.55

in a hammock, left knee snug to right footsole, spooked by nuclear rumours, diego waits on lightning without thunder, calle frontera, a hummingbird veers in under the awning with him, vanishes again, and he thinks, *World at an end, forever and ever amen*

22.00

*This line and no further once the sun is down Because any further in and all is a maze*

22.55

distrito infernal wails with the mouth of sirens in la doctores

23.17

Night comes later in some parts of the city than in others After it gets dark I pad alone and slippered over the red nap of the hotel corridor earplugs in to push me deeper further into blood rumble into breath roar Sand pours through my head in long whispers that say *Ma let me lie on your lap at the cineplex and swill solutions of blue chemicals and let go of this search for truth and symbols O Ma let the curtain of the screen shiver and tear and the walls judder apart like two huge pairs of jaws and let it all in the banks' big house of cards rainbow glissades of unwatched DVDs pointless Xeroxes O Ma let me lie on your floor and gibber in a tearful foetal curl let me spiral down your kitchen sink's dark plughole I love our fights when you peel me apart layer by fatty layer love that fat glug of my blood*

23.18

still in the steep and narrow ways, barba azul bar fichera: 'If this bar were a woman she would have a few air-miles on her right enough but still be the best here's ever seen after – and in many cases also before – the ones seen in pornography. Yes. Call her La Beatriz. She'll know, of course, that the leers, the pie-eyed gawps, the grabs – that – are all part of the same continuum of violence. Afloat in her drown. My Lady of the Forest, waver over to me here where I edge and inch down to my. Oh, you know. Just a 30cm-knife, nothing special.'

23.19

invisible cats patter across a roof repaired with seethrough corrugated plastic greened with moss and downstairs in the lounge, in the hotel of the dead, a white-gloved hand lays stylus to vinyl and there's Nina Simone hunched low to the piano bowed under a load she can't hold up alone a beat whose slap and rollback is the keel-roll of ship after ship gliding over the drowned moon-glowing road of bones hitch and loll of her left hand the never-done swing of shovel and pick her high notes loaded with the tink-tink-tink of driven railroad spikes until all conjoined in the storm of voice against low-string rubato — big shudders, hurricane low over sugar-cane and all of the ghosts a cotton-soft moth-teem in the halo over her and all of us dead listeners sway while the music steams on our skins

23.27

a sleeper muttering in a doorway of calle república de nicaragua realises that desires are actually always only ever memories

23.30

in the hour of remembering the disappearance of calle del indio triste my head goes full Google Earth and I see from above the world's still cloud ceiling, pressure-grooved, shot with light, all brilliant indifference. Beneath, rivers like the dreadlocks of some meditating god

23.58

a blank black sky where you can't even see any stars, haven't seen any in years

—Tim MacGabhann

