

LALA THE ORIGIN

present time

Anyone who enters illegally what is now
the United States knows to meet with Lala

before the chip is implanted in the left
arm where the blue veins converge.

She no longer needs a red headband to
cover her eyes, she sees through a single yellow

eye on her forehead, even under all her wild
green hair. Lala's cavern smells like seaweed—walls,

wet scales, the floor, mud. There is a giant oak tree her home
shades under making it invisible to legals.

Lala will hand you a mucus covered cactus
needle as soon as you enter and you will not speak.

She will rub your stomach three times
clockwise after lying down. The payment is your other half:

sometimes ancient coins, sometimes black and white
photographs of you in another country, now on fire.

Sometimes whole lovers are sacrificed—
their blood for the sake of awakening your shapeshifting gene,

but it all depends on your karmic debt.

Her brown, bluing hands are wide and fast—a bird's beak
claiming food mid-air. The mucus covered cactus

needle must be quickly swallowed while the tense
gut is rearranged and molded to vaccinate enslavement.

There are long lines of people that curve around
hood apartments of those who just crossed

outside of Lala's cavern. Seasons will pass,
but all aliens know better than to lose their place in line—

Lala is the only way to survive this country of closed doors,
trackers, and syringes. She is a coyote, a witch, a mother from the sea.

Lala will place her hands on your pelvis after animalistically
devouring a bundle of your hair. In tongues she will say,

*Black wings will grow from your hips after the cactus
needle mixes with bile. Let your blue organs free you.*

Her single yellow eye will
follow your every move.

She will spit into the smoke and slice
a guayaba in half and without thought you will drop

to your knees, sink deep into the mud, and remember your native
country before the fire, before your DNA helix was torn.

When you wake up three days later cocooned in mud, she will hand you
two tequila shots and will ask you to take your clothes off.

She will dig her hands in a wood bowl the size of a torso—
pull out from its depth two handfuls of honey and rub

them across your bare chest. She will say, *The beings from space
before us did this ritual to become the ignorant we are now.*

*Give your body back. We need to be mighty
blue, tongueless gods*

again.

In three days your skin will begin to blue. In time
your eyes will yellow, your movements will be more precise

and fast. You will age slower and you will not be able to avoid swimming
the depths of the nearest green body of water on days of freedom.