

**Juan Vicente de Güemes Padilla Horcasitas y Aguayo,  
2nd Count of Revillagigedo**

y who is de *San Juan* after whom  
de islas de San Juan are named?  
& how did Spaniards

get here and who, why, how  
did the blood stop  
at one pig, how  
were the war pigs (for once)  
denied  
(denuded)

divested of covering  
made bare?)

Coulda been war, glorious  
here in *Isla y Archipelago de San Juan*.

Cannon balls and musket blasts  
to scatter the last of the *Canis lupis*  
the Columbia Black-Tailed Deer, the  
rare Northern Sea Otter (for whom

or whose pelt Quimper would trade copper  
years before Filthy Jerry cd get his  
filthy fingers on it.)

But there's something in the Cascadia water wd  
bring out the noble in men  
like Admiral Baynes who'd soon  
be knighted  
who'd refuse Governor Douglass'  
August 2, 1859 troop landing order.

Something that'd attract  
Spaniards like the Mexican Viceroy:

Juan Vicente de Güemes Padilla Horcasitas y Aguayo, 2nd Count of Revillagigedo

(Not the San Juan who'd be put in a cell not much bigger than himself. Not the one who'd see the union of jiwa and Divine in the metaphor of Holy Marriage. Not the one who'd write about how the bride hides herself and abandoned him in his lonely groaning. Not the one who'd feel the need to purge every last imperfection every last psychic typo every last lust urge every last of the dominator fixation not mitigated but transcended by The Fire to which Blaser wd allude. Not the he of a thousand graces diffusing, graces unnumbered, those that protect from the thousand cuts that come from conceptions of the Beloved. Not the one whose metaphor'd bride'd leave his heart there in that lashed meat cage maintained by a bit of bread and salted fish. Not the one with the silvered surface who'd one day mirror forth. Not the one on the wing whose Beloved'd one day see the strange islands with the roaring torrents (Cascade Falls?) & whose gales would whisper amour, a love-awakening south wind not spewed by Spetsx who'd be the rain wind from the Southwest a two day canoe journey south of the present scene. Not the one whose Beloved bride from a mother corrupted would make a bed out of flowers, protected by lions hung with purple and crowned with a thousand shields of gold. Not the one whose bride'd attract young ones & who'd commence the flow of divine balsam & get him pitchdrunk on fire and scent and spiced wine. Not he of all consuming painless fire drunk on pomegranate wine whose only job was amour. Not that San Juan.)

This Juan was a Cubano,  
born in La Habana.  
The third Criollo Viceroy  
of Hispania Nueva.

This Juan wd see  
the Capital (then Veracruz)  
as a slum, peasants  
in thin robes, straw hats, trash  
in the streets and the first flash  
of all those Rez dogs to come.

This Juan

(el Vengador de la Justicia)

he'd find & hang  
the outlaw gangs  
of murderers

& clean the Viceroy's palace.

Light the streets of Ciudad de México  
pave highways to Veracruz,  
Acapulco,  
Guadalajara,  
San Blas y  
Toluca

find the Aztec Calendar Stone & set  
the heavens on fire but found  
Cascadia

not worth the troops  
it'd cost to own her,  
settled  
for leading the flock  
of 4.5 million future Mexicans  
he'd count and a few islands  
to this day  
in one way or another  
bear his name:

San Juan

Orcas  
Guemes.

Dots in a green landscape  
as seen from Constitution  
where the divine balsam flows  
by the kayaks  
and the wind whispers

*Mary.*

8:49A - 2.24.13