

el acceso a la canción “Affair con el fuego” del grupo Glaz que es “un collage de versos” donde podemos escuchar musicalizadas algunas estrofas de este poemario (128) que a modo de guinda del pastel cierra magistralmente esta obra donde lo clásico, la edición en papel de un libro, se combina con el tener un extra en el mundo digital.

La dedicatoria que abre *Todas mis palabras son azores salvajes*, “A las comensales” (7) nos ayuda a subrayar el carácter transatlántico de este poemario e interpretarlo conjuntamente como un gran homenaje que hace Gloria Fortún a la cultura y la política firmada por mujeres—sobre todo del mundo anglosajón—ya que entre los versos de muchos de sus poemas aparecen nombres como los de Anne Carson, Emma Goldman, Sylvia Plath o su admirada Charlotte Brontë (35, 55, 57 y 117) de quien en 2011 publicó una biografía ilustrada (Sabina editorial). Además, Fortún con esta dedicatoria se une a la instalación de la artista Judy Chicago “The Dinner Party” (Brooklyn Museum; 1979) dedicando su poemario a todas las mujeres que forman parte de esta obra de arte.

Este libro es importante para la poesía del siglo XXI por esa voz poética propia de mujer que ama, desea y anhela a otras mujeres, en una esencia de sentimiento que no es un destino en sí, si no como una parte más de la vida y que hace del amor que poetiza Gloria Fortún uno que toca a todo ser que nunca olvida la importancia de expresar el amar y ser amado en cada acto de su cotidianidad. También este poemario es un recurso imprescindible para abrir los programas académicos de literatura y cultura a voces nuevas que ayuden a descolonizar la experiencia poética de cánones estilísticos encorsetados. Es muy probable que con la novela que Gloria Fortún está preparando, *Roja Catedral* (Dos Bigotes) también podamos hablar de este trabajo en parámetros similares a los de su primer poemario.

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**Lopez, Jessica Helen. *The Blood Poems*. U of New Mexico P, 2021. 101 pp.**

Jessica Helen Lopez’s fifth book of poems, *The Blood Poems*, is in equal breaths the love ballads of a scorned woman and the manifesto of a liberated one. This book of poetry fiercely moves through the grief of divorce, family trauma, and the collective scars that marginalized places hold. Lopez’s poems embrace a compelling mestiza consciousness that embodies Gloria’s Anzaldúa’s call to lean into the ambiguity of life. The emotions presented in the pages of this collection are not ambiguous; the sheer force behind these poems is a voice that stands as a powerful *grito*.

Part One reads like a “year-in-the-life-of” memoir of a survivor of divorce. There is anger and loneliness, depression and grief, forgiveness, and the promise of healing. It might be tempting to see this first section of the book as simple memoir, but there is an undercurrent of *mujerismo* that is unmistakable. Take “Obsidian Knife To Cut This Shit Out” as an example. Here, scared images intermingle—a Buddhist singing bowl shares the page with biblical mentions of Delilah and “bedeviled angels,” and later, a Damascus blade that recalls Arabic

origins, all suggesting an ability to seamlessly cross spiritual borderlands (7-8). Indeed, the supreme divinity in this poem and many others in the collection is the essential and sacred vessel of womanhood.

If the first section of Lopez's book is a ballad to surviving divorce, Part Two of *The Blood Poems* is a ballad for sex and love after love. Ripe with arousal and a sense of sexual liberation that is both honest and sensual, the poems in this section are not timid in their expressed desires, yet at the same time reveal a voice that is nervous about finding love again. The bravado doesn't quite hide the vulnerability. There is a wound that aches beautifully and unapologetically that I dare say most brown women will recognize. Readers are treated to the life cycle of a specific relationship. Told in parts, "Poem For My Beloved," expresses the duality of a woman who is at once confident and unsure of herself: "I realize it was never/love./ It was love, but I'll/never admit it (49)." Lopez leans into this dichotomy, and in doing so reveals the power of abiding in ambiguity. Take this telltale line from another poem in this section of the book: "Still I hold you dearly/as I let you go" (51). Indeed, these poems are an act of letting go.

The third part of the book picks up the thread of healing and release as well. Family trauma that is at once supremely personal and easily recognizable is aired out, set free. Here, Lopez reflects on core family members; her mother, father, and brothers, and the dysfunction she seemed to escape the least unscathed (although, to be sure, she is burned by that fire, too). Haunted by dreams and memories of domestic violence, abuse, alcoholism, and the homelessness of her brother, these poems are raw in a different way. The white-hot sensuality of the preceding poems is replaced instead with a different arcane emotion, a grief expressed in the guttural cry of a woman who, by naming the abuse, is reclaiming herself in a cathartic release.

The scope continues to widen and by now, the organization of the book reveals itself. Lopez begins the tight circle of identity with herself, post-divorce, and then widens the compass out to other lovers, her family, and then in Part Four, to place, or more specifically to *the hood* (both the hyperlocal and the universal). The perspective shifts from the predominate "I" to the collective in this tribute to place and how place becomes part of the poet's DNA. Some poems are celebratory and exude triumphant joy. In others, Lopez offers up odes to the victims of racial injustice. There's "A Pantoum for Breonna" that ponders Breonna Taylor's last moments (90), and "The Arrest of the Paleteros" laments "the bodies, the brown bodies,/the bodies disappeared" (85).

The last section of the book is just two poems that serve as an epilogue for the collection. Both poems speak of death, serving as a final note. "Tlaloc," after the Aztec rain god, is a hopeful plea for the writer's body to be buried sans casket under a tree so that her bones can feel the rain. Throughout this brilliant work, Lopez fluidly code switches, vacillating between English, Spanish, and indigenous Nahuatl languages. Not only in the language, but also in religious symbolism do we see Lopez assert her *neplanta* identity. *Hutzils*, the diminutive hummingbirds and spirit animals of the mighty Aztec god, Huitzilopochtli, connect Lopez's work to her indigenous identity, while mentions of being a *guera* place her in liminal

spaces, too. These poems are bound together by blood, which is hard to miss as an overwhelming number of the poems pulse with this most sacred element. But another power is present, too, and perhaps it is the most important of all. The last line of this book reveals this best: “Hope. Here is hope” (99). Hope, it seems, is the thing that remains.

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**MacManus, Viviana Beatriz. *Disruptive Archives: Feminist Memories of Resistance in Latin America's Dirty Wars*. U of Illinois P, 2020. 218 pp.**

Dirty Wars are synonymous with Southern Cone Cold War dictatorships, chiefly that of Argentina. In *Disruptive Archives*, MacManus provides us with a look into the Dirty Wars in both Argentina and Mexico during the 20<sup>th</sup> century, expanding the archival knowledge of Dirty Wars in Latin America. As the title implies, MacManus not only looks to uncover the stories of women in conflicts beyond Argentina, but also to create an epistemological shift which values the testimonies of women as activists with the same agency as their male counterparts and presents them not as sexualized and infantilized subjects. These “disruptive archives” include oral histories and testimonies of women who experienced disappearances, incarceration, and torture during their respective state sponsored Dirty Wars, and a revised analysis of texts and films from the female lens that oppose a traditional hetero-patriarchal discourse. She posits that these archives have the potential to “recuperate the historical memories of those affected by state violence” (161), and in turn, will provide a more thorough and transnational understanding of the atrocities committed during the Dirty Wars.

In the introduction entitled, “All of Latin America Is Sown with the Bones of [Its] Forgotten Youth”: Hemispheric State Terror and Latin American Feminist Theories of Justice”, MacManus gives background information on Dirty Wars in Latin America, situating Mexico within the group of Dirty War countries. She also outlines her methodology in conducting interviews with survivors where the gestures and pauses of the women interviewed serve as an extra layer of understanding their narratives. Here MacManus also presents the feminist theoretical framework of her research.

The first chapter, “Critical Latin American Feminist Perspectives and the Limits and Possibilities of Human Rights Reports”, discusses the CONADEP report *Nunca más* generated after the Dirty War in Argentina and the FEMOSPP report on the atrocities of Mexico's Dirty War. The author traces a chronology from the Dirty Wars to the present and demonstrates the importance of human rights and women's rights movements in the discourse of the CONADEP and FEMOSPP reports. She explains the impetus for the commissions and their resulting reports as fueled by transitional governmental desires to distance themselves from their predecessors with a goal of furthering their neoliberal ideals. It is here where MacManus