Waiting for Perec (excerpts)

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I saw Sinatra in the time machine He dreamed of singing his greatest hits on top of a Tyrannosaurus rex But he came to a village of fishermen at the very moment when someone was walking on the water Leave your voice & follow me he said to him from now on you will eat my words Given such a proposition Sinatra gave a half turn & took off for the future He'd only gone forward a few seconds & he saw the same guy crucified Sing for me he begged this time & I will take you to the kingdom of heaven Then our hero began to chew on a strange wailing a kind of Gregorian lament that left the stones of Golgotha trembling with eternity Stay with us the Centurion begged & you will be Rome's favorite But Frankie had a thorn in his craw he wanted to record a duet with the son of a mermaid I'm sorry he said I should go back home my mother's ghost is waiting up to say goodnight to me Signing all of his records he left while the time machine played all the notes to My Way

I saw one hundred butterflies leaving the cemetery they were the color of wheat

of rain

of ash they changed according to wind speed light speed they hugged dwarf trees flowering acacia After a long outing they returned to the grave of no one's corpse where they cast off their spacesuits to be naked just like God had thrown them into the world

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I saw ten rats eating each other They were so patient & orderly First the tail the feet the snout the ears bled on the inside their penises like primitive stakes That's how they disappeared regardless of size or age cannibalizing themselves under a moon given over to their ravings The last one standing only had a left ear Where its snout used to be was a hole to the great beyond that could be seen from far away It then stood as best it could peed on the first cat that licked its wounds & began to walk

The fate of a bullet is fleeting every wound is a mass grave & the shot a quick & festive funeral

I saw Facundo Cabral bearing

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his own coffin The bullets that shot out from his body left a fluorescent wake where the entourage still stood

When he came to an empty land Facundo hurled his shoes & asked to be buried face down gazing at the stars of an inanimate sky

Then shots were heard then more shots & the body began to breathe like in olden times resting on its walking cane

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I saw three dolls in God's grave they'd been left on his last birthday The dolls would rise at dawn carry water from deep rivers cut flowers in the garden of delights sweep the dust from infinite reincarnations God's grave seemed like a sanctuary of wandering virgins where the wind made pilgrimage on broken knees The dolls watched over the grave as if they were gargoyles in love they took turns polishing God's bones & when overcome by a buried exhaustion they would let themselves fall on the cold marble where they would hug & sleep the sleep of the just