



### **Lately I protect myself from poetry**

A group of men gathering nearby is getting bigger  
they're killing time comparing watches showing off their sneakers  
What are they saying?  
What would it be like to share even one of their preoccupations?  
In their man's world the issues must be more lofty and grave?  
The level of responsibility so much greater than my own trivial concerns?  
I only write poetry  
maybe I've already said everything I had to say  
I've fulfilled the allotment of time that poetry gave me to polish the dishes  
fulfilled my quota of weeping words  
I made poetry out of spite  
and what if poetry abandoned me on the steppe  
so I could learn to defend myself?  
What if I failed at my job of inventing lies?  
What if I left poetry alone in the desert that built my city?  
Did I abandon poetry in the waiting room of a Ministry?  
In a delivery room?  
What if I was waiting for a doctor but a quack arrived instead?  
What if poetry abandoned me because I was a bad mother?  
What if poetry requires proof of love?  
How can I convince poetry that I didn't mean to offend her?  
I made her clean floors scrub everything that doesn't shine  
I stripped her of innocence and soiled her dress  
no  
I didn't abandon her out of idleness or apathy  
but simply because one day the words took control

The words I'll never be able to say  
are the ones whispered to me by the men who just sat down  
they take the place of *the others*  
they live in waiting  
like furniture like the lead-grey jackets  
hanging  
in the *Kulturbus* they're looking for something to do for some *bobby*  
they stare at their phones stare at the others who sit down and how they  
organize and disorganize the floor tiles

they chew difficult languages  
they are halfway towards something

No  
they didn't just tunnel into the air looking for the archeology  
of what no longer exists they will search for the stones of what's dead  
try to rekindle the blaze

Has anyone managed to decipher this scene?  
these men have nothing to do they look painted  
they are painted  
they look like countries submerged inside themselves

Statistically speaking there are more than a hundred thousand  
but they won't reveal their names  
I'm looking for a more worthy occupation for them  
to be the source of my inspiration  
perhaps if we see them as handsome manly alone  
words will come to keep them company  
and will soon nourish my lips which are tired of talking only about myself  
and perhaps poetry will return

Where is poetry?

The men go for more coffee  
*in 2008 we threw stones at George W. Bush and here we are  
nothing has changed*  
Something melts away with the complimentary chocolate that doesn't sweeten anything  
something cools down and makes the floor tiles reflect them in static seas  
[now I'm the one with the unpronounceable language]

Poetry should sweeten the air  
Chocolates should loosen our tongues like liquor