

# DISPLACEMENT

Caterina Serra

I

don't want more mirrors  
for my lovers.  
If I've closed the doors,  
it's not for fear  
of opening up.  
Who decided to leave  
the present outside.  
And make a graveyard  
of the past.  
And to have nothing left  
to desire?

They built new houses  
to curtail space.  
Not time.  
With no roots,  
life is a survival  
of tables with no memories,  
of hands and voices  
that hate each other  
and want each other  
anonymously.

Give thanks.  
They said,  
a house is just a house.  
The power of simplicity.  
And that's why they are all  
grateful for a gift  
that is extortion.

They spruce you up  
for the passage of the wealthy,  
heavy set in their movement,  
but fast to rule  
the world.  
In offices and hotels,  
banks and lounges,  
amidst mercenaries and whores.



Give thanks.  
No houses  
where to rest in peace.

Their souls are lying low.  
Struggling, no longer sure on where they are.  
Names are long forgotten,  
and there is not a place  
to sit, and wait for someone.

It is my fault,  
or is that everyone is nowadays better off  
in the world.  
Like those birds, in a cage,  
that still sing,  
and you can't figure out why.  
Have you heard me sing?

I feel at peace when I am with you.  
Sudden laughter.  
The night, too,  
in darkness, your darkness,  
I can better see the sky.  
And I'm not afraid of you.

Enough of this  
silence.  
That brings death.

Where has desire gone?

That ridge you call memory  
is for the living,  
those who know how  
to be alive without forestalling death.

Can you smell the almond trees?

I will be emptied by things  
with no history.

It is the veins and the streets  
that decide for us.  
Our body is all  
that we own.

So tell me where it is,  
where is my body?  
If my head has lost awareness.  
If I am cold,  
and there is no one that have me,  
and wakes up with me, and embraces  
the night, the streets  
on beds-rafts that cross  
the darkness,  
the public space  
of our remembrance.

They will circle you.  
A sense of wellbeing  
is the happiness  
they seek.  
Coming and going  
taking without giving  
fearful of odours that mark  
the boundary, and make it different.  
Better keep the same old.  
It does not surprise.  
And there is no rising  
and there is no fall.

Today I saw swallows racing.  
And I thought of those children  
who misspeak the same language  
and fly in vain around the New Towns.

I saw them dancing  
in a pliant fight  
suspended, unaware.  
Perhaps they will take roots  
oblivious,  
with eyes forward  
because there is nothing back.  
Having crossed that ridge  
they will know what to do  
without any memory left.