

# threnody to a displacement

They stare at me, abominable,  
frightful.  
Innocent  
tainted body.  
Having lost all desire,  
listless  
against the unyielding  
grace of my breathing.  
Handled  
as if oblivious  
of impression.

I stand breathless  
at your sight.  
Roaming through day  
and night without respite.  
I stare at the hollow dwellings,  
exhaling darkness.  
Icy, fearsome at my touch.  
A door opened wide, yesternight,  
a man alive amongst his remains.  
Handwritten letters, a soiled mattress lying.  
I envisioned a borrowed space  
for someone to drift  
sheltering desire.

I am cold. It seeps from those voids.  
I long for someone that will  
warm me.  
The anguish  
fractures me.  
I'm disfigured, exhausted. Of cats and dogs.  
Plentiful.  
They corner me,  
haggard, mangy,  
swarded



with the everpresent chaff  
wind gusts stir up some blossoms,  
and roses, and roses.  
A whiff of elderflowers.  
And ripened figs awaiting in vain.

Reflecting on a shop window,  
well mannered, well-off,  
fuck-off smalltown.  
A crowd flowed,  
satisfied,  
your beauty smeared  
on their faces.

I don't want any more mirrors  
for my lovers.  
If I've shuttered all doors,  
it's not for fear  
of opening up.  
Who decided to leave  
present times outside?  
And to make a graveyard  
of the past.  
And to have nothing left  
to desire?  
No more rats to torment me  
at night, you noted?  
They abandoned me  
ever since  
all memories  
creased.

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

and want each other  
anonymously.  
Thank gracefully!  
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.

Men at work,  
laid bare.  
I regurgitate these ashen troops every single day,  
from my underbelly,  
crucified.  
Hammering away  
till the remains of the day,  
wailing hooters.  
They hold their hands, exhausted.

They spruce you up  
for the passage of the wealthy,  
heavy set in their movement,  
but fast to reset  
the world.  
In offices and hotels,  
banks and lounges,  
amidst mercenaries and whores.  
Thank gracefully.  
No houses  
where to rest in peace.

Hands behind their backs. 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.

Walled up  
by broken stones,

unturned.

Is it my fault,  
or is that everyone nowadays is 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.  
As if in laughter.  
At night, too,  
in the darkness, in your darkness,  
when I can better see the sky.  
And you don't scare me.  
Even in your song  
quasi a scream  
lamenting the end or the beginning  
in expiration and  
inspiration.

Enough of this  
silence.  
That brings death.  
Our own body  
is all what we have.

Sometimes it's just legs,  
all over the street.  
Oblivious of the space.  
A whiff of alcohol from a boy that wouldn't know how to kiss.  
Life without having tasted it.  
It doesn't always go down well.  
But this is what it is. And it is what you'll remember.

I beg you, find them out.  
I beseech you, where have they gone?

They hover around, and are pushed back.  
Foreign to their new homes,  
frontier cabins.

I stare at them, inmates in their yard time.

Where has desire gone?

They drag their feet  
and their stares  
across aisles of rags.  
Eating themselves out  
in those establishments  
that trade your free  
time.  
Desire  
on sale  
last days.

Can you smell the almond trees?

I do,  
seeping through your crevices,  
the glass shards,  
the decaying lumbers,  
death by water,  
overwintering.  
Summer  
turns you  
into a disheveled, fertile,  
ravenous land,  
filling every orifice.  
That ridge you call memory  
is for the living,  
those who know how  
to be alive without forestalling death.

I stare at them, day by day,  
their elbows stretching  
the counter,  
shored up trench.  
I drink with them.  
Drinking and breathing,  
it's all spirit.

I can't read their thoughts  
but I know this path  
to survival.  
The wine  
drenching the pavements  
in drool.  
Sacrificial wine for the dead to communicate with the living.

I recognize them all,  
reunited in their loss.  
And the truth comes  
through,  
nails and needles, salvation  
hanging in there  
by a thread, at the cross.

What a loss, not enough desire  
for what one doesn't want  
to lose.

I will lay barren in fragments  
without a heritage.  
Shuttled in merry-go-rounds  
drowned in their festive lights.  
Distraction  
not a turn in the road  
as if focus  
were less fun  
than fuck.

Could you get that?  
It is the veins and the streets  
that guide us.  
Our body is all  
that we own.

So tell me where it is,  
where is my body?  
Where have I ended in?  
If my head has lost awareness.  
If I am cold,

and there is noone that digs 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.

Those prints display an old square.  
A fairground  
encircling the last  
of our many fire-eaters.  
There is  
a small wood now  
longing for the sky, Babel reborn.  
Many tongues  
twisted in plain thoughts.  
As if the beginning of everything  
were some rudimentary love.

A beggar  
with a charm  
at the neck  
capturing all the enormity  
of this void.

It will be troops  
in blinkers  
between ear and hand.  
They will circle you,  
ring-a-round the rosies,  
empty of sympathies.  
A sense of wellbeing  
is the happiness  
they seek.  
Coming and going  
taking without giving  
fearful of odours that mark  
the boundary, and mark a difference.  
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.  
Undisturbed sky.  
As you foretold.

I saw them dancing  
in a pliant fight  
suspended, unaware.  
Perhaps they will take roots  
oblivious,  
with eyes forward  
because backward ceases to matter.  
Having cleared that edge  
they will know what to do  
no knowledge no more.