

RATIONALISM'S ROUT

Bolted in your golden cage,
the Terrarium that kills nightmares
far, very far from the pillage.

You'll declare that we achieved little
by subduing our primitive instincts.
Do you feel threatened? It's nothing.
They've manufactured a new drug. Indifference.
The old saying "your death my life" still applies.
Except that clubs have been replaced by Magnums.
Caves by villas. The difference is small.
No, no. No excuse.
Look around. Nothing is betrayed.

The day begins. I know you well.
Mechanically you don your cold mask,
try cleverly to avoid
the questions growing inside you.
The day begins. How will you manage
to deal with it?

You, with a paper sword, stark naked
in the realest truth. Good day!

PHONECALL FOR MY FORTIETH BIRTHDAY

I do eat, mum,
I do brush my teeth, don't worry
And when I' am cold, I put on the winter coat.
I' m sorry, mum, my problem's neither
the weather, nor mal nourishment.
Can you hear me? The problem lies elsewhere.
I 've been on earth fifteen thousand days
and I have yet to conform.

CONSENT FORM

I have a paper flag
for pompous parades
and an ironed suit
for glorious funerals
a razor wrapped
in a white handkerchief just in case
and a plastic doll
for my lonely nights
I have my diploma framed in the living room
and unpaid bills
stuck on the fridge with magnets
an album with old pictures of women

and a chocolate cake
for my last birthday
I have the wedding ring kept
in a little wooden box
and a dirty dish in the sink inside me
a drunkard
an irreverent ape
fires me up
but it's not important
I wouldn't dare
anyway

CREATIVE WRITING

Write a sonnet
for the empty playgrounds
for the dentures and the crutches
for he who bites his nails
for the stains and cracks
mad houses and inverted crosses
for stitches on the head and mutilated clitorises
for hospitals and empty looks for stray people
for dumps and orphanages
for obese pets
and elderly people searching in rubbish bins
for wounds that do not heal
for snoring and sneezing
for the low ceilinged sky of the basements
for death notices on the walls
and love carved on benches
for full refrigerators and overflowing drains and
for clothes never to be worn again
for flyswatters and revolvers
for the wrinkled hands caressing a baby
write a sonnet.