

Natasha TINIACOS
Selected Poems

Transgenic (Aria)

These are the times when dogs glow in the dark,
times when sea monsters
are fiber optic cables,
times in which we usually see on tv
a woman crying or throwing up.

No fact is insignificant,
we have stepped on the gas of the instant
knocking down fugitive time.

#thethoughtofthelineage

#thatwantsitall

#suppressesthesyllables

#oftheprimitive tongue

The yearning for an explosion drives us
we are a bottle of ink
on the bed in a blank state
just about to boil the new antiquity,
the Polaroid age, not that of the erect man
but the age of the one who knits
immediacy and proximity
leaning on his elbows.
I touch the screen/skin
with fingertips more intelligent
than any fingertip ever.

Fingerprints have evolved:

I touch the freezing plastic and I feel you

#ifeelyou

The chatroom talks in present tense:

“you are online.”

You are an ongoing action.

We were born neither with wisdom teeth nor any notion of seconds
in a world on time with *now*.

Whoever I might be fades
into the unmasked, the similar,
with you, an ectoplasm, shadow 2.0

I don't want to gaze at my shoes anymore.

I write to you, I type, I bring you here, I need you so
in these times when dogs glow in the dark,
times when sea monsters
are fiber optic cables,
times in which we usually see on tv
a woman crying or throwing up.

No fact is insignificant,
we have stepped on gas of the instant
holding on to fugitive time.

Twenty Imaginary Facebook Statuses

- 1) A paragraph to lose one's way.
- 2) I am the waste at the feed's draining rack.
- 3) I envy the shame of the ostrich.
- 4) Pills to rewind for sale, inquire here.
- 5) I don't believe in illusion, I believe in myopia.
- 6) I don't hate to fly.
- 7) I take a nap in the permanent dust of the particular.
- 8) I have fever down below.
- 9) Warning: to exist is to be of no use.
- 10) There is a criminal inside each of us. Time is my victim.

- 11) In my house, everything was made by people I will never meet,
and I'm afraid that at any moment
my lamps will go back to their original hands.
- 12) I pray to the soul of the ghostwriter.
- 13) Wanted: A stanza for a sonnet about freedom.
No committed poetry, please.
- 14) Put yourself in my place.
- 15) Take with you the print your head left on the pillow.
- 16) OPEN HOUSE
- 17) No preservatives.
- 18) Irremediable ash.
- 19) So you like being called rain.
- 20) What is the speed of darkness?

A Dog's Soliloquy

To whom should I tell that I am
if it's not to you
who gave me a name.
Although language to me is uncertainty
and I can't utter
the few syllables of my delirium
when you walk through the door.

I restate that I love you,
I moan it for lack of language,
I jump with all my muscles
to look into your eyes
and convince you
that you are the center of my life.

I repeat: you are the center of my life.
Look at my frantic tail,
my wriggling torso, the outburst
so envied by the ferns
that graze you as you come in.

I sniff your day, I lick you, I chase you
when you enter the bathroom to wash your face.
I feel about your luggage with my snout. I am
the four legged version of an old shelter,
a shadow that breathes.

Francis Bacon, *Self-portrait* (1978)

If conditionals are more certain than resemblances.

If the arm does not point to the clouds.

If the fist threatens the face of its owner.

If he were a man turning into a screw.

If after rotating on his axis he stands up from the chair and leaves.

If, like Artaud, he places himself at the origin of phenomena.

If imprecision is mist.

If horses in merry-go-rounds got tired.

If a man's bewildered look were not the gazing principle.

If trees could teach us how to cross our legs.

If purple were the color of raw flesh.

If a tie does not bind him to the father's belly.

If the body were not a contortion of water.

If you pretend to be a chasm and let yourself in.

If a double negative were simply negating twice.

If Montaigne had not believed in conversation.

If clocks could stock up time.

If the real shade of shadows were red.

If air is a sketch.

If you wanted to know what he's thinking about.

If you beg and beg him and he replies *I am Rodin's stone*.

If the curtain raises and an enigma takes the stage.

An Encounter with Sisyphus

To stop, during a road trip I never took,
to fill up the tank and pick up the hitchhiker
that wouldn't know how to get to Ephira. To ask him

if he has change for the gas and tell him his gesture
reminds me of the myths that speak through shoulders.
So he'll take my arm with the confidence

I love in men and we escape toward the rock,
to honor life with a screensaver,
to say the names that come from the origin:

flower, seed, rock, epiphany, beginning. . .
To forget that to exist is to repeat oneself
in the brutal silence of transits. Fate

does not inhabit the word *punishment*. To go on
but to go on until we become liquid
I drip and I reach joy/

uberlife [allow me to see us in the rear-view mirror,
if our ending is granite], there
precisely
where pain becomes a scourge.

The Daughter Whispers Victory into an Ear

Father,
I won the battle for you,
the palm

of all watches,
the constancy of cogs,
the frankness,
and the bitterness of all the hours of the world.

Every second shoots every second
into my chest.
I sink my teeth in the soft part of the pendulum
and that's how I respond

but I am the time,
father,
and it hurts.

Postcard

I lean on the ATM
to write a postcard.

The four people in the line don't flinch
at my lack of hurry.
They notice my sunken face and I hear
take your time.
I jot down a shy

hello between the four lines that should say
that It's raining and It's cold and I ate the mussels
you like
I bought you a handkerchief I almost finished the book
you gave me I'm an open womb
and I need you.

I lick the stamp
so my tongue doesn't lose the habit
and this piece of cardboard starts its journey and exposes
the warp of my five letters.

I leave the line.
Behind me,
the man with the wisdom of a tree talks about hard times.

Remember When We Were Cannibals?

Remember when we were cannibals,
and we didn't know it?
I used to say: I want to devour you
jump up over you,
chew your muscles, your hamstrings, your lobes, your cartilages,
when
to the bones, I said,
I would suck you
If were not that I insist
in eating out of your hand
like a sick dog

you'd call me wild, vicious, voracious.

Your flavor makes my torso
an exclamation mark
erected
groping over your animally.
I would lick your delicate flesh,
skin your hair,
I would make small cuts on your thighs
so that you lean to me
from now on.
I would bite your lungs slowly
and once again get confused with fire.

You're so insatiable, you would say
if by reflex I digest what I have always hate:
liver, tongue, a cat's neck,
mouse, cricket, grass
until I end up being the girl hiding in the yard
scared
and that urgently asks you:
feed me.

From the collection *Historia privada de un etcétera*
Translated from the Spanish by Luis Miguel Isava

Poem to Be Read During a Power Outage

Silence.

We'll let silence describe things
and our hands lead the way
because everything's naked in front of them.

Let's speak the language of the secret
in this invitation to stop
in the friction of matches and crickets.

Let's rebaptize ourselves with aromas
so that I can smell of guayaba whenever I need you.

Let's dream
in this improvised century of lights
where we are
newly
primitive.

Response to Paul Claudel

If the dog jumps in front of the handle
and can't open the door
it's my defeat.

If the caterpillar doesn't find the window,
my ignorance

and if the elephant doesn't talk,
my defeat
though unlike me
he's baptized
with water of paradise.

Natasha

My guilty secret
is to want a hurricane
baptized under my name
and I'd like
it to be destructive
so that
for many years
old cardboard men
will speak
tirelessly amazed
about my savagery
and while they drink
alone
their malt whiskey
they'll remember how
I shook their homes
and threw all
their belongings
out the bathroom window.

Meditation on a Rising Escalator

I watch every step I don't take
on the corrugated invoice of the years
that contracts and dilates
like the chest of an exhausted bird.
I won't look away from the zenith
since the emptiness weaves laboriously toward my body
to take me to a false paradise
and its rushed nakedness behind the fitting rooms.
Everything can wait: the labyrinthine night
that yesterday dug its task in my eyes
like a lover the scratches
on my back,
in its own time.
I will distinguish the silver cantos
and I will see in my face the fissures
of this mechanical here and now
and I will be the bird
who from the last branch
finally
sighs for what has come and gone.

From the collection *Historia privada de un etcétera*
Translated from the Spanish by Guillermo Parra

The war

The war between your fiber pants and my skirt of air

The war between your drink of rum and my traffic signs

The war between your hasty fingers and my encyclopedic skin

The war between your guttural moans and my silence

The war between your need and my chimera

The war

between us two

no gunpowder no coalition no collateral damage

The war Victory

trying to understand us

I'd like to be a number
not a word
decipher the infinite in a theorem
not make it a leitmotif of some bum verse
coming into the world hitching rides
so as not to imagine
that a given star has given birth to me
cross the street to catch the bus
without thinking how my feet kiss the pavement
lose sleep
because of the porn channel
and not look for the reasons of solitude
of hunger of death
sometimes I'd like
to curse the priest who charges me for his minutes of silence
maybe it's for the bread Our Father
my eyes undressing my lover
goodbye shirt no he takes mine off I
definitely think
I'd like to be a robot not a mystery
I'd like to be the exact formula solvent primary color chip
I'd exchange my eyes for a video card
I'd like to be Pentium not woman

From the collection *Mujer a fuego lento*
Translated from the Spanish by Beverly Perez Rego
