Pamela RAHN SÁNCHEZ

Visit to the supermarket

A bald man rolls his shopping car down aisle 16
squeezing his swollen hands
like big chunks of red meat
draining their liquid

a girl walks through the liquor area
abstracted in herself
rubbing her dry palms

the fingers of a fat and sad woman
repeated on the same orange

the trawlers walk
observing everything

the same tv show
no volume

the same Chinese lord
reviewing chinese products
lost in his endless exile

the same white-bearded old man
laying his back
in the tuna section
repeating war history
to a man who hears it
because he has nothing better to do

a mass of people
move towards the cash register

their eyes are now
the same digit sunk
in fine plastic

on top of a white
cardboard hidden
little rats move
their noses

a mechanical voice breaks the silence
Cleaning staff needed in aisle 16

I’m an empty space
I cry and I don’t know why I cry
escape within my walls
I move from one side to another
- I want to scream -
There’s no alarm sign coherent
for my little tragedies
Inside
everything

but nothing drowns
nor scream for help

Commented [DN1]: A column break I’m unable to get rid of.
The palms of my hands hurt
and my sadness is more disgusting every time

Now I sleep early
To not remember the exiled beings
that greet me
like old friends

I hug them with my hands, I suffocate them with affection
but it happens that my sadness is not enough

is laughable
and stupid

The world feeds
the important problems
are increasingly important

The cold makes me small
and in the open
my grim gaze
does not scare anyone.

ENDLESS REASONS WHY I CHOSE MADNESS

I saw love twist in the humidity I
saw the heart
dumping sick in the virtues I
saw the image disappear I
saw the absence float
and I forgot the absence
I saw digestion become a man I
saw the man
turning into a worm
I saw the worm turning into a butterfly I
saw the butterfly die
I saw death dressed as a butterfly
I saw the dress undress in the vastness of the sea I
saw in a piece
of meat a waste
I saw in the dirt
the imagination of the million men who fled
I saw the difference between your eyes and mine a truth that I can still tell I
saw in the photograph a minute of myself
I saw you looking at me
I saw you warning me about my own truth I
saw you accusing me
I saw you moving our powdered silhouettes
To the rhythm of your gasps
I saw you as a regret
Going up
    and down
    through me
I saw you trapped
I saw you full of earth
I saw you touching the walls
to get the right path
I saw you in the dark I
saw you repulsive
I saw you with empty eyes
Packed with sand
I saw you burn
And I preferred to jump out the window
turned to ashes.
THE BLEEDING FEET OF THE IRANIAN DANCERS

Since ’79
Iranian women
watch their weak hands
staggering against their figure

Their arms dance
around them
recognizing
the air that stretches and involves them

No one sees them

They are not naked enough
to show their sin

Her legs twist
in a frantic ambition
to stop the resting

They try to learn
under the skin that weighs them down
but their movement
refuses to inhabit them

Slowly narrow
the steam of their maneuvers
and squeeze their torso
against the cold bar

They dance to ease the pain
and music
it’s one bass
after another
after another
after another

It is an inaudible compass
and they don’t want it to stop

Their movement is a stain
a painting by Degas
that accompanies their demons

it’s a light
with cocoon quality
is the chaos that is still
and allows them to fly
and it is beautiful

Everything is beautiful the
absence of their bones
the timing of their pointed toes
its static walls
deep and serene

And the fear
to see their bleeding feet
blur in the reflection of water

HOLD ON TIGHT!
IF YOU GROW UP YOU’LL WILT

You forget the poem
And there is no turning back

Language leaves you naked
under the white light

you forget the symphony of the wind

the bird boy dries up his song

You envy their flight
how you envy all the wonderful little things
that you don’t understand now

Because it's not you
you are the nightmare

Hold on tight!
If you fall you lose

Don’t miss the clouds

Mastodontic
Biblical

Chrysalis
Don't let the madness be a dry branch
Don't let your voice be clear
Hurt your throat
Cook with firewood
If you fall you’re a rotten flower
If you fall you resurrect
You’ll be the old man who pays the bills
You will smile twice a day
You will eat with enthusiasm
You will sleep on time.
Maybe it’s not that bad.

BOXING CLASSES

I have discovered a new place for flight
parallel hands
closed fists
and an absurd need
to live with the other
just to challenge him.

THROWING STONES INTO THE RIVER

Some things happen just to toughen us up
To become a fine stone
that slides on a child’s fingers to convince us that everything could be worse
Nevertheless
they do not work
we throw them into the river
and we had fun watching them jump.
POETRY

Poetry is an entity
is going to live with you
like a hand
of a ghost stroking your head.

A FRIGHTENING EQUALITY

Under the stairs Miss Julia
reborn
fixedly
from her window
casts a sardonic glance at Miss Julia.

GHOSTS

Some ghosts find
their destiny
when they start looking
towards another dream.

THE CLIFF

Leave it
still without fuss
Entertaining
for us to
walk calmly
at night
Me by your side
You by my side
Interweaving this loneliness with a red thread
Loosen the rope
Leaving the chords to be nothing but squeals
Light the candle
with the light off
press your fingers tightly against your eyes

Assume the flashing of space

Tenderly shut your mouth
to stop hearing your deep snore

Put the beast in the drawer

Rediscover it
then in another life
knowing that it was ours

Leave it
call her
to end it all

stay silent

put our bodies in order
and start again

on the sharp edge of the cliff.

A HOUSE THAT BREATHES

Eleven years without a foot
in this ground
I go back
and the breeze
it's the sound of everything I feel
the cheeks that are now disfigured and open
the woman I hid behind the dried petals
my inertia finds a place
in the only wild
who picks up the room a
forgotten and dry plant
that used to be mine
we strike up a conversation
but it doesn’t do much good
those same shadows
that used to walk it’s branches
no longer inhabit it
my cheeks are the sign that I have grown
and I’ve become the type of woman who
likes to have her eyes closed
when a man looks at her for too long
I run through some walls
find my silhouette
tattooed on the feather pillow
that I wet with my girlish sweat
I shrink at the sound of the kitchen bell not working I
start to cry
like I don’t know how to do anything else
Check the rooms for something
to help me understand so much emptiness
a house that breathes on its own
and deals with its own suffocations
a house that speaks to me
haunts me
and finds me at night
between wall and asphalt
I walk the ceramics
with my cold fingers
without really knowing where I’m going
cought in a memory that refuses to die
I’m the spirit of that suicidal boy
who killed himself by jumping out the window
and now runs through my dreams
I am a place where ghosts live
I walk
through the windows
trying to conjugate anything
under the dim light of dawn
my eyes getting closer to the chin
melt
and I can’t hold them I
check under my skirt
still objects that lie near my feet
but there is no tiny being
that makes me doubt myself
still the sound
a metallic sound
resonates
I remember the time when we killed
a snake in the hallway
the strength which my legs
jumped to my parents’ bed
the fear I felt
when the vase was broken
of a plant that used to be mine
and how the next morning
I scared some pigeons with open arms.

THE HOUSE FACING THE SEA

In this house everything is concentrated around the window
The noise of the sea
two wooden chairs almost rotten
a cheap wine that we buy on Thursdays at the community market

At dawn

we gather around the glass
the waves collide
in front of our eyes

But nobody says anything
nobody complains

The few things we have left at home
Now they pile up in corners
to keep balance

The stickly walls of salt
The floor that falls apart

We walk
with our feet upside down
not to unbalance somehow
the weight of the house

We don't want to stop watching the foam that grows in the sun
When everything is in order
we sit down to drink wine
protected by that little glass
that saves us from drowning

In the area, there is no one left
Our house
It's the only one that has not collapsed

We refuse to see her fall

To lose the habit of seeing the water
in centimeters
plummeting

To feel how it wets our shoulders
when it sneaks in around the edges of the window

In the nights here
we don't talk much

We look at each other reluctantly

Our words come together
in the mug of a hot tea

We know that someday
it will all end

That the house will fall apart

But
we say nothing

We hear the sea

It's enough.
WILD HORSES

Inspired by the animated series BoJack Horseman

Now you feel normal, you are not a God, or a man or a character, or a woman who does not exist except in the imagination of your sick mother. Finally. It is you and you walk being you, wrapping your feet in dark spheres so as not to become one with the cement. But you miss the butt, the ash of hate. You are alone. Really alone. Your friend sleeps on the sofa. And you have the certainty of an inheritance. But still you are - alone - You don't tell anyone about your loneliness, it's useless. You hear the neigh in the voice of a friend. You rebuild walls with the help of a fly. You sleep on the quiet floor of a room without a door. Ernestina has agreed to take the milk to your mother. You return from the place of the living, you climb the steps like stepping on sarcophaguses, because you know that you are approaching something that has ceased to exist. Little by little you light up the room. You hold the milk in the hand that is not sick as a reward, as if your hand was responsible for a desire, perhaps useless desire that means nothing, but a desire that throbs. And you walk to the bottom rung of the ladder. Now you are Ernestina, you fulfill your role. You smile, with the smile of a strange woman you don't know, of an asexual angel, with your dark eyes like dim monitors. And with the cold glass of milk in your right hand, you inhale the cigarette. You toss the ash into your mother's shoes, crush the butt near her white sheet, and approach her. Suddenly your mother recognizes you, but asks Ernestina for a hug, she knows that her death is also yours. She recognizes you in the crystal of the glass, but prefers to be silent. Her languid eyes, fixed on the glass of frozen milk, bring her arms closer to Ernestina. They search somewhere in their memory the form of a hug.

SYLLOGISM OUT OF CONTROL TRIBUTE TO H.H

1. I believed in delirium and tenderness like a child burning in flames
2. All children believe in delirium
3. Then all the children burn in flames when they believe in delirium
4. Then delirium believes in the child and the child believes in tenderness
5. Then the tenderness burns
6. Then the delirium is the child
7. Then the child is the delirium
8. Then the flame is tenderness
9. Then tenderness is all children
10. And all children are delirium
11. Then delirium is what I believed
12. And what I believed is a child
13. And the child is finally the only one capable of burning in flames and believing in tenderness.
SURREAL INSILE

We aim fatally towards happiness. We were the amusement park of poetry, from our skulls were born steel horns extended towards the cement like slides. We carried the poems on us like dead children. We proudly showed them off as we pulled them on like tired horses from the same dry grass. We danced, we ran our bodies, suppressed the sadness of our words. We were the no place, our voices were gloomy dances containing silence and foreignness, a musical language for our calm. We had written many books that did not bear our names. The pillar of utopia was living from the madness without even knowing it. Our memory stood up, warm and moving and we drooled words that stained our clothes with golden saliva. The poem was our trance, we gobbled it up, raped it, treated it delicately. It was all a poem. We were afraid of well-being, it did not give us beauty. With yellow threads we interwoven the fictions and our hands numbed by the light, they did not give us shelter but we wanted to fly and to fly, we had to fear time.

We were all dead

Utopia was not another world, just a place and to reach it we had to suppress the painful, nailing our hearts like sabers in the place of the wet.

Pierced by nostalgia for the living. We hung our heads in dressing rooms like it was all a dream, leaving our masks hung on racks to put on other faces, less scared with fever and toothpicks. We emigrated when the night ended, accustomed to exile, crying all the insomnia and all the day (like Girondo and the death). Bees grew, obese bees in the jelly of our skull. They fed on our voice that flourished like thick liquid. The doors opened and like lodgers, we always asked the same question

Who?

Fathers and mothers whispered their memories in our ears, uttering words that sleep-sick we insisted on deciphering. Burying a language to understand a new one. Always entertained in madness, we were disappearing, more alive at night than in the day: poets with eyes as luteous as diamonds brutalized by delirium. Willing to travel not only from the outside but from the inside. I know something of us still exists shining in a doomed time where nights howl and pink kites explode in cemeteries

We started a trip
we never came back
we believed too much in delirium and tenderness
like newborns whose eyelids started
to open up.

Every question is now a crack
in something that we are

Translated from the Spanish by the author