

**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 I

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  
floats

**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 in 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  
caught 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 strenght 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 sticky 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 Gironde 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*

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