

Carolina Musa

The complete nonsense



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Cultura
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Big bang

From scratch we come and go towards
the idea itself by which every thing or every path,
conscious or not, according to what I've read, transforms.
I mean, certain incurable emptiness?
a strainer?

Watching a strainer is not girls' task
Watching a strainer is not a task
Watching a strainer, no!

However potatoes fall down there
in the bright smoothness, smoke always
seeks going up desperately, seeks more air
and the obedient sticky liquid
gets carried away through the holes.

Eyes mouth nose hair and ears, changing smoothly

into tiny, identical, equidistant holes

.....
.....

Once the strainer protocol has been broken,
visible actions, their sequence
may be judge.

The window

Ovenbirds built a nest
on the water tank
they ignore for sure
how many birds generations
keep raising themselves there and who has
has hung a flag
in that room ignores for sure
the multicolored shaking over the building wall
every time s/he turns the light on.
Lucky me —I think— lucky me
this box seat, mine, wayward
where I stack minimal changes
that slip before and behind my eyes
I am also the landscape that grows old
the awareness of time
the small beetle upside down
Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh In the past
these discoveries would harm me.
Now I let them pass by

like vehicles on the road overtaking
on the left or head-on: two lights
come closer, get bigger
until they turn into a sound
it grazes the car windows
fading in a second
And could you tell what kind
of vehicle it was?

Maeterlink

This fish which seems a turd with leg-fins
every two minutes walks in and out from its u-shaped hole
Sucks mud, goes out, spits it and back to the hole
The most absurd adaptation form that I have ever seen
shit-fish adapted as shit itself
it is kind of funny but then its stupidity touches you
its despair its misfortune
spitting mud non-stop day and night
through one side of the grotesque hole where it lives
and through the other side, guess what? mud goes in!
but little eggs are there too, all over the walls
that's why it does so, all that sacrifice,
to allow small shit-fishes to be born, they open an eye now
and blink inside transparent eggs, they are pure eye now
I was going to say this and something else about
Baikal lake, right there on Russia's edge, a saltwater lake
which gets so cold in winter that waves freeze on the shore
and even so they break, like small glaciers, on the sand
This is not about the unfair gifts distribution

/but about persistence,
the ability of mingling with the environment, bravo!
for the shit-fish, for its stubbornness, its craving
Although it could be about injustice too, couldn't it?
could be about how some of us make more effort than others
to survive as shit itself, or it could be about amazement
and to that it is likely
it is enough the hole among the withered leaves in the park
where this morning a blind click beetle was walking
walking is a way of saying actually, it would stumble,
/pounce forward
hitting stones and leaves this poem
is about confinement, therefore, about blindness,
/about determination
beyond results because
I don't dare to imagine a click beetle's wishes or I do
may a horizon to be opened, I pray to the click beetles' god
may a path to be opened to the click beetles' heaven
may them be forgiven for that
remarkable willingness to disgrace, amen!
is this about willingness to pain?
about the unproductive, the futile, the cyclic?
about watching from outside and from the top any particle?
about extrapolating an x behavior to the edges of the known

/and cognoscible universe
that is to say, does nature in many occasions, as I've just
/read, go wrong?

