

*un ailleurs, chez moi*

by Robert

## **untitled**

on highway buses scenery  
swooshes by like one  
hundred tears never cried

## **Northern November**

an ivory blanket  
covers the nightmare  
coming to an end  
it's a little  
colder  
than usual but that's  
ok the Dutch  
guru would say.  
Observe pain going  
away. Loaded  
coniferous branch  
bending, heaving in  
the warm morning  
breeze  
you carry each  
individual  
flake, rocking  
them

God, I used to live in Mediterranean France. I used to bike down to the beach, wash off all my problems. All kinds of people to talk to in pubs. Cacti that made me happy each time they flowered. I used to eat well and play football. God I wanted more, you gave it to me and now I'm old. God you sly fox. There was always something new to look forward to. I'd walked away from politics. One time in Clermont-l'Hérault just after lunch I was walking back towards the bus stop and I realized I'd caught up with myself. All the bad things from yesterday were gone. My African neighbor was as untamed as I was and I had a miniature courtyard and there was the girl at the bakery that I liked, and the girl at the bio shop, and other women. It never rained. I played the role of a dead son in Barrie's A Well-Remembered Voice, visiting his old man one last time. My sister wrote me letters. I sculpted poems, drank beer and a guy showed me how music works. God you showed me Sète. Eff me. I ran away, I made it in Paris, told the Man to keep his money and to go fuck himself. I won and then God you showed up when I was sleeping and you eight-balled me. There's a way out of this. Like last time. I have to discover art, again. See that four-stroke perfect Klee painting at the Neue Nationalgalerie, stand there not even noticing my pain disappear. There were holes in my game, and God, you knew where those holes were. The Internet used to be a useful tool, at best. Now I drag it around. God, I'm gonna wait for you to fall asleep. Remember that Japanese girl with the Chelsea top? The girl from Detroit?

## **Petržalka**

This one guy I know knows of a guy who was real insecure and he suspected that his ladyfriend was cheating on him so he made her kneel in the bathtub and shit herself and stay there in her refuse feeling shame for days for her suspected violations and unacceptable behavior on her knees tormenting her in her waste on the iron of the tub in the cement highrises kneeling on the wrong side of the river making her pay until she got a hold of the gun and killed him and got on the phone and all was back to normal.

## **Those Trees You Just Planted Are Marginal, You Won't Get Paid If You Plant Marginal Trees**

Art lives in a world less complete  
More free and alone  
There nobody pays taxes  
Everybody loses, quietly.

The poem says more  
Solving none of my problems

Another week has passed  
The day was bright  
bleak, another time  
I saw the solution.

We could meditate  
skipping records  
incomplete tunes  
Art

Pockets of the naked person  
Ciarán is going to Chad

## **And as I cross the Land**

Rhys Gay said I'm going to drink my way through alcoholism and I thought fuck is he insane, fucking motherfucker, five minutes ago I thought I'm going to rage my way through this and it felt like the only true thought I ever had.

I thought I'm going to burn the yellow hotel down, burn her red car and as I cross the land I'll finally lose my ball and chain brain destroyer, my phone.

I'll throw it into the brook I ice dipped in, a tribute. I'll have gotten Pat to wait for me, at the other end. And I'll get off, on the boulevard.

Say, Pat. I didn't hurt anyone  
Pat.

And as I cross the land

Pat, all I wanted  
was my fill.

Pat I wanted to ride the wave again and laugh

I'm cheating  
but I'm writing longer  
as I cross the land

motherfuckers

There's a girl - young - in Europe  
Odds are when I get there, she won't be there  
anymore

In January  
I was in love. If I could just make music

There's this guy and his name was Breece D'J Pancake and a person  
while talking about him said

Breece

was one of those people  
who believed in the right  
thing

I just want to go to Mexico again.

fiction

paint me (emotion)

walk through the underbrush  
dotted canopy

The fire

far away

now, still

now

at bay

and, as I cross the land

give it to me

This is one of those new stories. Edit it as you see fit.

You have your lives. Your yellow hotels. Your Ninas

Maybe I'm a girl?

As I cross the land a torrent of happinesses

flow through what's left



## **resisting arrest**

nothing good ever happens

all that ever happens

all that ever happens

time is a noose and a suit and tie

you get all these kids

long ago

run away

once again - so close

she toured in Belgium

she was walking opposite, with a puppy

living with mental illness

how are you

write, share with four readers how much

cuss 'em out

you see these other dimensions, yours and mine

god will I ever see justice

Water-Down

I'm like porn without  
the nudity.  
If this weren't the  
21st century on a  
Death Star  
swallowed by the ocean,  
I'd have to kill myself.  
Now, I don't have to  
I'm already  
lifeless, in a room  
confined.  
Allusion to film  
delusion,  
stardom  
Can I apply for a Nobel Prize,  
too?  
Che in suburbia

## Surface tension

traumas intertwined  
fighting fire  
soft air from an open window

Are there ways?

How does civilized  
blood -  
We had promised not to  
insist.

Of course there are  
This will have been  
our -

Please

The police kind of told me  
that I maybe needed  
to

soft cool air, morning  
damage: scaffolding  
evening open window, winter  
come early, no worries

An enthusiasm  
camped outside  
the walls

five years ago feels like  
nine years ago  
old days (ballast  
given away like a coffee  
machine)

I would like to hand out  
wee bundles of  
happy  
I know a wild old  
man, whose sole  
objective  
is to Left to their  
own  
devices.

## That, that

I want it all.  
The three notes  
summarize it well: I  
want my space, outside of  
the city: I'm tired of  
the hole I've  
gotten myself into,  
knowing full well I  
was going too far:  
I want to get to start  
over: I want a budget.  
I want to kiss cute  
girls, in the  
Estonian marsh:  
I want my phone  
to ring, like it used  
to: I want intelligent  
friends: I want to  
drink my fill:  
I want to laugh:  
I want to discover  
Mexico again: to see  
that some people  
live: I want us  
to cancel party  
attendance, 10 minutes  
before we get there, cause

we got a better offer and  
I want the others not to be  
offended because that's  
how Friday night in  
Paris happens: I want  
to swim in the sea  
and fall asleep  
and order exactly  
what I want on the  
menu: I want us  
to be drunk at noon  
at the garden  
reception while they  
play Brahms or  
whatever the fuck it  
was and I want to  
scream at you that I've never  
been happier through tears  
pouring out of my eyes  
like a dam broke. I  
want to be back there  
when I \_\_\_\_\_  
and I should have \_\_\_\_\_  
I want to gallop on  
a horse again and  
feel like I'm flying,  
I want the pain to  
go away. In the  
Estonian marsh.

Looking to Learn

Four pictures in a different light

The swan studies her observer

The sun has set

She nests

tomorrow is another day off

i have very little money

walking over to the grocery store will kill time

two birds one stone

time time time

either you don't have it

this was not how it was meant to be

writing calls for an effort

lose enough

reap the benefits



◆ Everybody Here's On Pills ◆



**Seedy underbelly you called for and today your moan still echoes as  
the rush of daily events unfold • where were you lucidity and  
forgiveness when the window gave onto laughter of child in a home  
and warmth**

**Plainly put your high-rises never invited me upstairs off streets  
named after countries**

**Falling**

**The candles didn't light  
But the dream is alive  
Unreal and at work  
The old bough one rests on  
And the sawdust like fairy lint**

Étoiles qui se suivent

le temps est noir  
les amis vont mal  
dans la cuisine d'été  
seul j'ai froid –

dimanche soir on tend à oublier :  
Constante intemporelle, voyageons  
ensemble cette nuit

Sentiers qui se suivent  
sans attentes  
souvenirs délaissés  
On ne sent plus la saison  
salle à manger  
neutre ou presque.

Automnes – ton herbe s'aplatit  
ce matin y restait rien du riz  
que j'avais répandu sur tes reflets



## Talk to the Mentals

Talk to the mentals, like they need to feel you

talk to the mentals, keep talking the mentals need that

*reassurance* not a good business to be in

talk to the mentals

## Let's Improvise

We fail together, you, addicted  
me just not good enough  
all that emotion  
mole hills erupting

so lost in our little corners  
angry for absolutely nothing  
you now below  
stone : i visited with your mother

when I refuse events unfolded  
(it is this space – the between)  
when cold solitude becomes  
a norm  
(sorrow pollinates the flowers i alone  
care for.)

It is late and I've decided not to  
contact anyone, this is where you and I get to share the open arms at the harbor  
pay to get the good fish at the  
decreasing price auction market

– poem for Yann Faucon

## **Now and Now and Now**

**The past is now slowly slipping away  
From the fingers that wanted so much  
Now the gentle breeze blowing pollen  
Across streets becoming familiar**

## **New Mexicos**

There's nothing I want to share anymore. I want love and I want to share it with the persons I want to share it with and with no one else. I gave a lot of myself and it really bore a lot of fruit but the tree is bare now. Every now and again one solitary peach appears, but there's no more sunlight, no laughter - I have, it seems, very little to offer. I'm revisiting the past and I am far from home. I used to have friends: Now I'm right.

Somewhere along the path I made a wrong turn. I'm learning a language for money, online. In Mexico things had been different. I want to never go to Mexico again. Everything changes. My Mexicos I do not want to trade (to replace).

There has to be a way. Right now I can feel the path, my path. It's on the other side of the veil, one honest \_\_\_\_\_ away. (effort? breath? peace?)

Find your own way. This is Mexico.

## He Hates Art

At night he smokes three or four cigarettes and downs five beers of decent quality  
In the morning he inhales breakfast and coffee and bikes to work, with the mentally insane  
Double shifts  
Every day he can and there's no shortage of insanity, he bikes home  
He's fit  
He inhales more nicotine  
Drinks another five  
Pulls on a cherry-flavored digestif  
What am I going to do when I'm decrepit  
His heart aches  
and his mind wants to race  
The amaretto bottle is placed back into the green cupboard  
quietly for his home is at peace  
less of a mess  
than before

## Nothing Comes Easy

All bars in Berlin are smoking bars, practically.

So yesterday I was finishing early and a waitress I work with said drop by around the corner we're having a drink. And I remember walking in, still behind the curtain that is right behind the front door, thinking it's still time to just go home. But there is nothing at home for me.

Anyway, I order a bio soft drink and the older barlady puts a straw in the bottle and hands it to me. Every table is manned and womanned by regulars, the type that keep their own personal glass behind the bar, and their regular seat is theirs so if they walk in and a student or someone that just happened upon the bar is sitting in their place the barlady tells the non-regular they need to move. Or maybe that's just how it is in these old-school treasures further East.

Either way, blablabla, we're making small talk, she asks if I prefer we speak in German, I say yes that way I'll learn, it becomes clear I can't hold a conversation in German, we switch back to post-American.

The room is a high school smoking room (back when high schoolers smoked cigarettes as opposed to weed): it's a cloud but I'm managing.

We have the conversation where I explain why I 'stopped' drinking.

And then I get to the bottom of my soft drink – why am I drinking with a straw anyway – and I give a hard pull, a crisp suction, to get the last of the surprisingly satisfying raspberry beverage but somehow I either don't put my lips around the straw properly or smoke had even gotten into the bottle and when the insufficient quantity of drink makes way to air I basically draw in smoke, deep into my lungs (or whatever it is you call those tiny airways – bronchioles).

And I'm a little queasy this morning.

Quelle poésie

le poète hésitant  
se retrouve toujours  
ce sont les  
murs et les fauteuils  
qui meublent - les  
blessures guérissent  
ou pas ,  
la pièce reste .

on se précipite si  
souvent sans objectif  
dirait l'homme et  
maintenant même  
la femme d'affaires  
oh transaction  
sur ces terres  
bordant un fleuve : princesse  
africaine, rien de tout ça  
importe –  
quelle poésie ?  
on expire

## **My Father Killed People with a Machete, and My Mother Died Sifting Shit in an Open Mine**

They sound like special people, your parents.

Yeah, they're introverts.

My Dad is like, fifty percent introvert. And one day he said, I want to do something I usually wouldn't do. So at one point, he sold the house, he did it, and then they bought a van, and they lived the van life. My Dad trusts people until he doesn't trust them.

Oh wow, my parents are super relaxed too. I didn't visit them a lot because I didn't want to give them a virus.

My grandparents have an amazing story. They used to be very rich, and they got out before the war, and then they lived in Japan and India.

Oh, wow.



## De l'idéal

Un mot sur l'idéalisme, un mot faible qui inspire une sorte d'empathie.

Sans contact à l'utile, l'idéal est moins, même, qu'un rêve. Nos rêves existent. Le sommeil nous transporte au-delà d'un voile qui sert de pont, vers un monde, donc, qui existe.

L'idéal est un souhait, souligné par une déconnection, une absence.

En tant qu'artistes, en tant que personnes spirituelles, on nous accuse souvent d'idéalisme. L'idéalisme n'est pas une bonne chose : je n'aime pas l'idéalisme (l'idéaliste ne crée pas ; l'océan d'art sans vie, un peu partout ancré dans une sorte d'exercice en réseautage, s'appuie sur un idéalisme - quand on idéalise on se cache).

Là où mes voyages m'ont permis de voir (de toucher), c'est sans lien à l'idéalisme.

C'est, bel et bien, du concret.

**faces in the crowd**

**disappointments abound  
the rain falls on a Saturday evening  
creamy peach rays of a sun setting**

**charged atmospheres**

**fear still here  
droplets dance and blue spruce glow**