

IceCream for the Decadent

she had sex on the sofa
in the afternoon
for about ten minutes it was intense.
she likes good conversations
and colorful cartoons
watermelon IceCream and decadence

and now she stands, a cone in hand, beside the pool.
her fingers shake as she does take the gun
and now she feels just like she always feels beside the pool.
she licks the taste from the plastic waste

- a mouth full of IceCream and a bullet in the head

enjoy your boredom and leave the IceCream to the Decadent
enjoy your boredom, your happy, happy boredom...

The Chairman

someone had a vision
someone else broke glass
the audience was happy and demanded a manifest.
someone smiled at a person
but the person just passed,
we watched it without intention, disappointed by the violence,
there was no violence at all.

I saw the chairman on TV
someone showed her a picture
she just had to laugh
then she wrote a new script for political pornography
we watched the chairman
when he took off his scarf
then he approached his wife, longing for intimacy
ahh intimacy...

I saw the chairman on TV
but the Chairman did not see me

he was busy smiling into happy faces
he was busy smiling into happy faces
he was busy smiling into happy faces
while the woman became his wife

this is all about her
this is all about her
this is all about her

she's an actress

we do all to please the audience

the show is over.
TV's off.

Cutting Glass

you asked me to come so I slept in your room again
you nailed my words to your wall
I paid you attention, you paid me a compliment
as a personal favour

you throned on your carseat counting all the airport signs
then you rolled down the window for the heat sticked to you like the smell of gas
and you were cutting glass

did you come to see me just to tell me that you are gone?
as if I didn't know that
was that it or is there something else you want?
a personal favour?

you left the fast food restaurant counting all the airport signs
then you rolled down the window for the heat sticked to you like the smell of gas
I'm busy cutting glass

Sexists in Public

a sunshine sidewalk metropol, a Tuesday schedule,
people at the station, checking the time and cash, the traffic lights defect, there are
sexists in public

advertisements on info screens, a new trend on the flagpole,
she buys magazines with photographs, high quality equality
sexists in public

she cannot define the movement, individuals gain importance,
until they are so important that no one acknowledges structural
violence. sexists in public
sexists in public

we don't want sexists in public

even though you define yourself, there are others that define you,
and whatever they define you by, they will always make you fit.
sexists in public

he asked her for her point of view, opinion on the structural,
political identities, she could not speak because he talked,
sexists in public

your sex is printed into your passport for your national identity,
a sunshine sidewalk metropol and everything is so
sexist in public
sexist in public

we don't want sexists in public

The Middle East Correspondent

there she stands
in front of a 10 floor concrete building in Istanbul
the traffic is stuck in the afternoon homeward rush
pedestrians pass by.

there she stands in front of a living room TV in Portugal
everyone's having a quick breakfast while watching the morning news.
she does not understand a word but she knows there is another war in the middle east and
the
world's about to end, says the middle east correspondent.

so I think of a painting in the afternoon homeward rush
you defend your defeat
in the end of an august public transportation "hush"
you have to breathe the heat.

nothing cuts through your melancholy as you watch a charwoman taking money from a child.

they want your contribution to a national self esteem
for you owe everything to them.
they offer all information, on print and on screen.
so be thankful

pay attention to the media
pay respect to the press,
and do not rethink cinema, never rethink cinema and don't take money from a child.

pay attention to the media, pay respect to the press
pay attention to the media, pay respect to the press and do not rethink cinema, do not
rethink
cinema and don't take money from a child

they legitimate the difference
sustaining peace and violence
with their legitimation, a monopoly to define
but neoliberal peace is just peace for the privileged.

they turn a home into a homeland
with armed forces and government
to formulate the borders, they say someone is illegal
and three policemen escort this someone to the airport,
his mouth taped,
his hands cuffed,
his muscles strained from trembling
and everyone of them is just 22 years old.

what was it that you expected?, a mother asks her child.
today is the child's 22nd birthday.

you inherited a world that is so wonderful,
with it's nature and it's structure, it is so precious and pure.
you got so many options, isn't that wonderful?!

so shut the fuck up, enjoy cake, it's carrot cake, 22 years, I must have lost track of the time
oh the evening news, - look another war in the middle east,

I simply don't understand what they are fighting for all the time. oh 41 degrees tomorrow, we could go to the outlet center, and maybe have lunch at Lucy's afterwards, that would be nice...

they offer you sunshine but they don't mention heat
for it's invisible on film
so enjoy the sunshine for it was cheap
and it looks nice on film.

there she stands
on an empty beach in India
beside her a pile of plastic waste she has collected.
she watches the ocean.

there she stands at the fence surrounding the airport
she watches the majestic landing of an Emirates plane
immaculate people wearing immaculate clothes exit the modern building.
she can smell the air condition cutting an edge into the heat.
they enter the airstrip and walk towards the plane.
she tries to climb the fence but she hurts her arm badly.
the she walks off into a landscape.
until she disappears.

Portugal

I think of you holding an umbrella in Budapest
your canvas summer shoes are wet.
you lean against a shop window and smile.

sometimes you move like an actress who waits for the world to fall in love with her
and it does.
the audience is crying softly when you kiss me in the very end
then the lights go on again and everyone is slowly leaving the cinema.

you were riding your bicycle along the reservoir,
your canvas summer shoes tied to the luggage rack
then you cast a glimpse over your shoulder back to me
you seemed so happy.

we sit and watch the birds fly
over the canal
and I listen
while you talk to me of Portugal

Portugal
Portugal