

BLADE RUNNER POEMS COLLECTION

FRIEND?

Friend?
after waiting a lifetime
- among women on loan
your unripe body
- smelled like peppermint
I impaled you
toasted and peppered
on a broiling grill
and that resistant layer
the divider between just barely living
and a thousand imperfect surprises
I tore without ardour
it would have been me or someone else
but what love-making!
obliged
maybe you used me?
The Sun has matured
that mind of yours
amused and crystal clear
A friend?
after washing
my saliva off you
drying you off with heat
I rummaged everywhere
breaking and entering left and right
i fired at your body
one the hunter and one the prey
are you still hiding secrets?
i drew a map
of trails, of the dangers
of the pleasures
in your unworked virgin terrain
poking around in inaccessible wells
i showed you the limits
stretched out time
maybe I didn't
stop the expansion
of your Universe
Friend?
that bloody Sunday
after enjoying you
in a thousand howling beds and finding
in your profiles one for every game
tears and smiles
while bent over my body
i observed your long black hair

i moved it like in a porn flick
to show the detail, always obscene
it's too late to turn back
put you on a chain
lock you in a kennel
you waited for my coming
politically correct
still panting and creamy-voiced
you whispered it's over
but I still want you
as a friend

TRINKETS

Get rid of the trinkets
you carry within you
show yourself naked and fearless
your ass is low-slung
virgin and healthy
sell it
it is still a talisman
why do you cover yourself
you hide
you defend yourself
you are anxious
about your belly being too fat
you generously enlarge
your virginities
and when I "see"
your pleasure cards
what game will you invent
what orgasms have you had
vaginal, metaphorical
uterine, clitoral
or anal
have you counted that?
or will it be a bluff
drawn out long
infinitely
to hide a void
an abyss filled with nothing
I will see your invented knowledge
fall to pieces
bewitched by persuasive fancy talkers
imagine you over time
fat and exhausted bride
with grinning kids
waiting for a listless man
the rancour never placated
you with your heart
full of betrayed dreams

WELL WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE

Well who do you think you are
you who mess up your subjunctives
and always speak in superlatives
well who do you think you are
you who dress in funereal black
and laugh so smugly when I burp
well who do you think you are
you who ruminate on a cigarette butt
even when you have my erection in your mouth
well who do you think you are
you woman with the low belly button
a “that is to say,” a “fuck,” and nothing more
well who do you think you are
you who read Mickey Mouse comics once in a while
and insist on making a saint of Joyce
well who do you think you are
you who shift your panties with two fingers
inviting me to oblique penetration
well who do you think you are
after so many awkward affairs
always covered with the strongest scents
I finally saw all of your skin
white and soft with red printed marks
and those wasted hands
of that rough and obscene body
between the steering, the gears and the brakes
like a blasphemous patchwork you were wearing,
awkward
how many things you could do
with hands, tongue, and even feet
get moving and do it!
in that metaphysical body of yours
I saw a world behind a world
after years and year of studies
men and men who’ve been around
let’s see your knowledge
well who do you think you are
show us your ass
No?
well you really don’t know
how to do anything

WOMAN

I’d like to occupy
your inner spaces
observe you from inside
see with your eyes
spy on your thoughts

steal your secrets
and discover with surprise
that you speak another language
incomprehensible

DEAR

Never
have I scolded you
for lateness
Never
have I looked at you askew
for a burnt dish
Never
have I abandoned you
to a solitary love
I have tried to be
husband and father
undressed lover
I lent you my body
devoid of passion
with no bitterness
I accepted
without causing a sensation
your intolerance
I cancelled
my past
for a holier tomorrow
You convinced me
how important it is not so much to be first
but last
And then in silence
you left me
hard as a rock
Now what remains
is the last consolation
Of having been such a total prick

INFINITE GAMES

From the misdeed
What's left is the DEED
I like the ANT
In elephant
I would like the ICE
In police
The KOO is what interests
In cuckoo
From the clock
I'll hang on to the LOCK
In the animal
I avoid the MAL
In amore

I want MORE
From the shoe
I tune up the OE
In the fennel
I observe the FEN
I like everything
In Maria
Even her TITS

PATCHWORK (I)

1
I'd like to understand the accessible levels of your body
you are in contradiction to my invasive sexuality
so just show me those parts that you want to give.

2
With age come the anxious darkneses
they enter your mind and pass through your heart
and they stop – sooner or later – lazing between your legs.

3
I dreamt of heavy-assed, bare-breasted angels
I made my way through numerous unmade beds marking the already dirty sheets
I'm not constant in love, I like to imagine too.

4
How opaque, tense, and fake these manless women are
gossiping there with an eye on your fly, as long as it opens
they come back to life, smiling and moving out of the shadows.

5
Have the courage to admit that now that you're far from those moods
and slattern desires, you only did it because it was warm inside
and you needed to vent and repair the loneliness, then embarrassed, think of a way to get out of
there

6
When I see an elegant poodle condescendingly walk
a goose's head on a panther's body, I can't help myself from smiling
and I let myself go with the extra little happenings of human solitude.

7
Is there a place, only one place where I haven't fucked you
is there a crumb, only one crumb of your body I haven't swept up
is there a woman, one single woman who neglects a sense of proportion?

8
When making love was the only route to knowledge
I, the wizard apprentice, turned your body into an alchemist's laboratory
A boiling caldron of fury, passion, vanity and lies.

9
You smiled at foreigners from other worlds for a snail-slow kiss on the mouth
always awaiting earth-shaking events while you warmed up your cunt
you always take the right side but I am looking for a woman rich with argument.

10
Who is my hunter in this prey's life
I caught your thieving glance there where I hold all my tension
Stubbornly, I seek the outer limit of my vanity.

11

How many truths manipulated to enter undecided bodies
wide awake, I've replaced dreams with stories that were too true
after Nietzsche I threw away the key to my cell and live suspended in time.

12

You the woman who administers the moral before the tale
cut it out and come to bed, I'm already naked and cold
pay homage to the man who has the hard-on.

Fuck, it's really mine, but he's still not convinced, and opens at random:

I WOULD LOVE

I would love
to use the time
my way
But I can't
I would love
to rape a woman
just for fun
but I can't
I would love
to kill the last smartass
who sold themselves for power
but I can't
I would love
to betray a dear friend
for nothing
but I can't
I would love
to enter your body
right to the depths
but I can't
I would love
to buy a woman
to use as I want
but I can't
I would love
to cut the umbilical cord
that ties me to this life
but I can't

PATCHWORK (II)

13

You're more prick than man! it was a convincing argument
love isn't much when reduced to words
I'd like to go on talking with the body in that language incomprehensible to reason.

14

I entered your life - noisily - through the front door
I saw the effort in managing the house, my prick, and your cunt

I left on tiptoe - silently - by the back door.

15

For years, day in day out I played a role before a fogged-up mirror

I spoke to keep the quiet and I'm waiting for that day when I'll have nothing more to say

Ah! I'm in such darkness now that night seems like day.

16

I don't need to look at you, I recognize each pore in your skin

going along I could guess every tree but never see the forest

until living with you was like going to war to solve the every day problems.

17

I listen to a foreign voice, death is on their lips

morning I spread my seed and evening I don't take back my hand

I'd like to convince your body not to multiply our imbecility.

18

First it was the start of an erotic and heroic act, then I was wallowing in blood

never again will I dominate the body of a woman willing for natural events

complication of my cock's sexual raid and after, feeling wasted and superfluous

19

The moment has arrived then to recycle my life

how many empty bodies lost, abandoned along the way and yet

something living has remained with the plastic and the condom

20

Every time I penetrate you I leave a part of me inside you

And so over such a long time, my use value is consumed

I suspect you confused a loan for a gift

LITTLE VIPER

What's up with you, little viper

inside those white and blue polka dot

panties

a shower

of freezing water

or hot tears

sticky

tell me

or no

let me touch you

right there

let me peek

discover

enter

into your secret

little viper

WONDERFUL SECRET BODY

I get lost

in your body

in exchange

for an uncertain

sense of security
Reveal the secrets
of your body to me
unknown mechanisms
of a car's
engine
Give me a gift
of an hour with you
to enter
your body
like a probe
And when
I'm inside you
I get lost
in your body
world in the world
You
you
wonderful
secret
body

PATCHWORK (III)

21

Take off this label of father lover husband
and whatever else you are inventing, take me
inside you – every once in a while – simply like a man with a cock

22

Every time I come to bed with you I bring along
All the other women I have had, you do the same, sparing no one
God! How crowded this bed is.

23

Only those who don't know women can say they are the weaker sex
only those who've never had a woman can confirm they are the stronger sex
we whore-mongers who know so much are only and exclusively holes to be filled up

24

At 50 it's time to go wild, I have tension all over my body
I cannot do less than be absolute, taking everything to the extreme
denying myself real actions, these days I'm inclined toward the soul's embraces

25

You won't love other men after me, the man's affair is over
debauchery is everywhere here, you'll no longer find me in this whoring world
I move away from the outer limits of words, looking for a bitch to bed

26

Like all those Communists bent beneath the weight of human disgrace
worried, even excessively, about saving humanity, you carry
a universal pregnancy, mother of all sons and daughters, you the myth born out of haughtiness

27

By evening things get small and the sky becomes bigger, your cunt
is larger than by day and sometimes I lose myself inside and feel your erotic breath

you are quick to open your mouth and happy with so little when you copy the man's life or take it as good.

28

You are not a woman, you're a parody but I don't love perfect people
when I find a bitch who knows all about nothing, apropos of nothing, I will stop racing
there! I've paid in full for all the attention that women have had from me.

THE HAND

A hand nears the centre
of that world
in that body
from which we are born
from which we flee
and towards which each evening
we return
Let the hand enter
curious, violent
to swell the confusion
shed light on that well
origin of the world
in silence
so that I can feel
Each body has its beauties
its laments, its mysteries,
its illusions
I have a number of secret lives
reckless challenge
faking a meaning
there will be other hands
there will be other bodies
Will there be other men
after me?

PARTICULAR

It was not your obscene laugh
nor your cumbersome breasts
nor your sly and myopic eyes
I hardly noticed your body's opening
and bulging behind
your hands
an awakening
for my sleeping flesh
I decided at first sight
when I noticed
your middle finger with no nail
in that moment
I discovered your intolerant solitude
and your mass
shored up my time

SNOOPY'S HOUSE

1

You are my philosophy
you the cavern, you the refuge
when I, tired man
feel nostalgic for what I was
I see myself each day
night after night
repeat movements
always the same
and pretend that it all
has a meaning

2

Inside your warmth
rough elastic walls
I hang the favourite paintings
Nighthawk and American Gothic
you enjoy my hammering in blows
and when I play billiards
you're dazzled
by that long straight strong cue
with drool on your open desiring mouth
you invoke the final blow of victory

3

And yet
I have drunk, eaten,
fucked
in this house so variable and impervious
like a classroom in a school at exams
secure in a world that seems always the same
investigating you, I stifled a life, my life
to remember –as it once was - where you start and I begin
to go to the depth of your body
and discover the limit of strength and my vanity

4

Wait
before shutting the door
though I'm tired, I'm alive
let in some light
and refresh this damp torpor
maybe we should invite a friend
to the pleasure of your hospitality
memories of a never-forgotten torment
I'm a prisoner of thought's perversions
how boring life is if we don't cheat a bit

5

What can you give me, bootlicking woman
before knowing you I took blind alleys
that went into other blind alleys like yours

I'll have to wait a whole lifetime before
my cock has nothing left to say
I, who have been generous with my mouth
When I heard your body scream human names
I screwed you like crazy
in your house of wax
does all that have meaning, does your cunt have a moral?
6

Books records paintings and billiards
panties, stockings, undershirts and dresses
there is also a son near the bedside table
excuse me, I care, pretend he is mine
I'm moving, taking it all away, you die so many times
before dying forever

I don't always walk straight, sometimes I go around
I don't disdain shortcuts, I'll come down to it after Chatwin
alone without dreams, my id my only company
I've gathered desires without emotions and illusions
I love the draw of virile decadence
7

If I have to tell the truth, the whole truth
you've busted my balls
and I can't swallow the idea
that I sweated, patient and copulated
for another man