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Diego Quintero

TASKENT SOLEDAD ULTRA



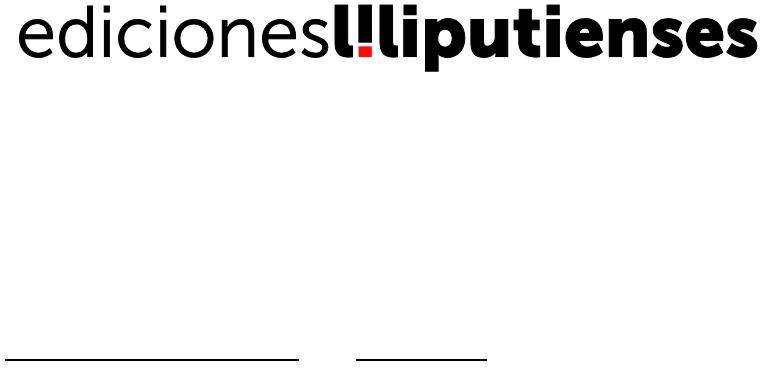
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For Sara, Thiago, Aisha and Erick

5

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6

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*…there was only one law covering both the world of things and the world of imagination. It was the law of metamorphosis.*

### Herbert Hélder

7

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8

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TIME MAPPING

9

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10

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*My mom told me I could be anything*

*I would like – but I chose to live.*

**Ocean Vuong**

*What was once before you - an exciting, mysterious future - is now behind you. Lived; understood; disappointing. You realize you are not special. You*

*have struggled into existence, and are now slipping silently out of it. This is everyone's experience. Every single one. The specifics hardly matter. Everyone's everyone. So you are Adele, Hazel, Claire,*

*Olive. You are Ellen. All her meager sadnesses are yours; all her loneliness; the gray, straw-like hair; her red raw hands. It's yours. It is time for*

*you to understand this.*

**Charlie Kaufman**

11

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12

**Yo**

I was born on the edge of the *Soviet* where the trees, I remember, the Leaves, I remember, embraced the warmth of July like the small, gray hands of a newborn. The rest was diluted in the nebula of the first days just as paternal youth is diluted in Cyrillic. Tashkent forgets and advances and adheres to the gangrene of time, crawls, yes, with the body approaching the necessary decomposition,

inevitable. My emphysema is a sign of several *call center* jobs and the kilometers are equidistant between the years, a car is something to dream about, isn't it? A racing car takes me to a microscopic island in the Atlantic. My grandparents live in Mindelo with some peace despite belonging to a vibrant town and I think about the *morabeza* and I think about the *morna* and the boats are temporary.



13

##### II

Dad used to read to me

that poem

exact

of the night owls;

a grandmother's whisper towards insomnia.

I read his name

and many years later

I remembered

to whose funeral

was missing.

The best poetry does not come from dreams, it breaks them.



14

### III

I could have been a beautiful animal: a super wealter, an Olympic swimmer, the Batistuta of love. But not. I live, breathe and walk with the perpetual dream of death. I could be a beautiful animal but I am a twenty-five-year-old fly without a visa or a job. I float over Heredia because Heredia is a shithole. I repeat: the dream is to live in the vicinity of

death. I redeem myself by sending love letters on social media. Zuckerberg appears on a cross while I smoke.

Every puff hangs on my parents' disappointment.

The important people in my life blur between filters. Nobody survives. I tell myself.



15

### IV

Erick, friend, brother, it is cold in this horn country and soon we will turn thirty like someone sinking their teeth into tar. The year 2020 will be fibrous in its plexus of bitterness. Erick, understand that we have five years left of lymphomas and unemployment and salt in the eye; five funeral bells. We will keep our madness in what is forgettable and we will think in silence so as not to break harmonies. Meanwhile the sky will be streaked with the occasional apocalyptic missile.

False alarm. Let's not cry for the uncertain.



16

#### V

She moved all the voices in the water, the sound inside. I avoid it, it expands, it is impossible not to

remember her

after the rain, among so much tropical weeds.

Who knows the reasons for this neurosis. I said never lightly

and I put together words from this striped grass. Nights.

—Please wait for me, I'm a century late.

I open an orchid for the pleasure

of watching her die. It's never enough,

It's never enough. A line is born

and the next one.



17

### VI

It was the age of intellect. One thought of oneself as Socrates even though Socrates was bisexual and dead. I always preferred to read poetry. Wasting time with novels. Avoid philosophical endogamy. The wine, the cigarettes, taking her to my house mattered. I managed to maintain the facade until that message: <<You make me feel good, I love you>>. I started avoiding her. I threw away my copy of the dialogues. The speeches. To say it didn't matter is hypocrisy. A meat animal lived in me. In the end you knew it: he was superficial and couldn't see beyond his physique. He decided not to wait for me and it went well. He got married. He seems to be happy. My insecurity persists.



18

###### VII (Ishihara)

we are born

without a clear understanding

of chance: name given to objects, months, the emotions. It's time to do statistics

and I was never good;

obviously how many times

the dice falls

in my number, my hands

in his legs—you know, my personal version of luck.

I don't know. A friend explained this problem with

color blindness, changing a situation

for any other: clear, dark, clear, September.

The stupid anchored by genetics, in the inevitable of our eyes.

Maybe you, love, know who

separates who of glass

on my tongue, the splinter of blood.



19

## VIII (theological argument)

We come ruthlessly to leave in the maelstrom. We are all victims: she, him, our bodies of water. God, the genocidaire, remains silent. God laughs. The universal implosion will come and he will still laugh. It won't be worth mourning the dead. It

won't be worth it to leave flowers for the fallen. He will always laugh. The dust will act as our mouth. The clay will fill the bowl of our eyes. We will be as blind as a throne.

Nothing will make sense. Not even writing vilifications in the dark. Not even.



20

#### IX

A computer screen transmutes the dancers

one by one, little by little

in an endless series of ideas.

They shoot that photonic, sweet, calm light of the truly singular

and they penetrate me

*However, it never kills the dream.*

I want to survive.



21

### x

The reason tends to avoid writing. Like fear. He

Fear prevents writing. Mexico does it too; HE

justified in the simplicity of a gigantic country impregnated with agaves. You are also impregnated by agaves. But fear has the number of its bell and it sounds at four in the morning like a scream made up of consonants.

Maybe I run away from confrontations; everything lies and starts from fear. From Mexico. Of her vulva. Of his greatness. I prefer to remain tiny and remain silent.



22

### XI

Violence inside me. In us a telluric love

to the knives. Little by little an epicenter of broken femurs, trauma and salt tablets destined to break on the highway. I admit it: I inhaled every particle and wave of light in existence; He turned off the galaxies, he said: —Here I am alone, you live under the sea. You, my dear, are a wreck. The 21st century dragged us into thinking about the uselessness of thought. Nothing interests me enough to get up. You can review my years, the previous nights and check it out. Loving is so simple. Glory,” they said.

Our glory rolls from the heights like a stone made by the exhausted. *"C'est la vie,"* they said.



23

**XII**

Let's dance

*—minha mãe—* a night between lights distant

like boats from Laginha to grasp the beauty of our people:

make material

for nostalgia as the

imbecilic milestone of those who ignore everything.



24

### XIII

(syncopated rhythms)

Being sick with mornas is inherited from mom, from her island. *Soncent* is a port and children fade away; natural problem of a country arbitrarily divided by the Atlantic. Our creed is a geography of slow music; one can walk from side to side for a whole day.

In the end it is necessary to have a beer on Laginha beach so that when it finally gets dark—before the sound of the waves, before the loneliness—you can understand: here and only here was that word so close to nostalgia born.



25

##### XIV

I met a dancer in front of the sea. It turned calmly.

He had an enviable bone structure and thin lips. It was the beauty. Darling, she was an unobjectionable pointe dancer

of the wind with salt. It touched the sand with the rhythm of the

eels. The undulating movement of snakes. No. The snakes died eleven days before the future. I wanted to be loved by her. I wanted the love of any year. Maybe I wanted to touch her thin lips with the fall of the horizon.

Future, rhythm: the dancer on the waves. No. The dancer is not

It can be the future or the rhythm. I imagine her because I want to be her. Unfold myself with the turn, make simon of an image;

be a beautiful, delicate, perfect person.



26

##### XV

Dad knows math. He once tried to explain the probabilities to me; I never learned to bet sensibly. I gave him some literary recommendations. He loved crime novels (he always had room for doubt). The unnecessary thing was to explain the grim reaper to us. From a very young age I understood the future: his face disappearing in the folds of his brunette features. I'm sure he also uses images to get the idea. You must imagine a copy of me in the wrong place on the needle. It is the reason why a great theme—in this case death—must be manifested in a unique way. Death is never

death. It can be a dream, a light, that colloidal yaga, but death is never stupid death.



27

### XVI

(about Mariana's friends)

They wake up with the previous day broken over their heads, their eyes twinkling in those burrows where they return after being cast out of the world. Their families prefer to remain silent in whirlwinds capable of covering a tiny city like Santa Lucia. Mariana's friends bathe in the same river *—fuck you Heraclitus—* if they bathe at all because sometimes they spend entire days reeking of any anger. Mariana's friends can be sure that when she wakes up she will be there on the table with her legs extended like Stalin's favorite dancer. The friends are going to wake up in a white and total winter like

that of Sweden.



28

##### XVII

The climax of your morning

It is boiling water

for coffee; then travel to work in silence

as the clouds gather

looking forward to rain—maybe the first drops touch the bus window

where it switches,

maybe you just want to forget the name of that discipline

in which he failed.

Think about the notes

of his new vision, the

choir without anchoring in physics

of the days and the nights; the sun after the sun, the reason without leisure,

life.

The first movement of a symphony falls on the ground

like a garúa does



29

after breaking in, after being born and he opens his mouth

with the desire also open

towards the dissipated

without further ado.



30

### XVIII

A mantra, an echo, every pilgrim is justified by faith. Lappland is the boreal objective of this planet. A

fiction about a fiction about a fiction. That cross on the tip of the arctic

I continue: I loved this geography as I loved the totality of any man.



31

##### XIX

(Igår)

It's cold and I'm having a hard time understanding the undocumented certainty of astrology. But you try, despite everything, you try.

I forgot what mom was like during those years; how tall, how determined when frowning. I forgot the magnificent luck of her chest. The cold again.

I believe in those forests where childhood had its biosphere: trunks and

naked corpses. The winter Somewhere on the peninsula someone forgets their

path. Paths need to branch like reindeer

They need the bite of the wolf, a row of teeth on the sciatica. Why snow if hate never forms crystals? 1995 designates an exact point for stories.

That's where the compass is born. That's where the golden rhythm of the

past is born.



32

### XX

(Night. Two characters)

A neon lamp in the middle of a road. Two faces seeing each other for moments. The implicit fear of not knowing our location.

Light up, turn off, light up where will death be? Near

Where are we, love, in the face of death?



33

##### XXI

*There's no place like home. There's no place like home* and I ride.

A plane murmurs over the Baltic. Cut a sentence: *There's*

*no pleasure* I live the impossible terror of 10 thousand meters; The water continues without the possibility of anchoring. Amsterdam zooms in like a giant *slingshot* built to hurl me toward America. Anyone would guess its destructive capacity. Maybe not, as a child one tends to exaggerate the proportions of the world: one step is equivalent to one kilometer and one kilometer is equivalent to two continents. I read the airline's safety brochure.

I look out the window: another being welcomes my step towards adolescence and rings the queue for luck in the flesh. Bite please. I floor, I clash one word after another, they never justify me. Angry, poppies exploded. The fire is not touched, but I want to.

Always. I extend my arm to feel the fuselage.



34

**XXII**

I believe in the trenches

of a clearly African loneliness: the tune

of the Mauritanian winds; sand, pulse, a sea tongue, that impassive condition of ships getting lost in the westernmost part of

the Atlantic; a

woman looks at the horizon

and smile

seeing me disappear.



35

### XXIII

Mariela, flower of the smoky trails. Her name was Mariela.

My first love. First and last. The first because we met in '96. The last because I promised him when he kissed me on a hill of pearls. He now lives in Stockholm. I usually write emails made for traveling night owls from blood to blood; THEY ESCAPE through an unknowable vanishing point (the dark/anti/meta/ bang). He never answers me. I still keep my promise. The emails go more or less like this: Dear Mariela, flower of the smoky trails.

I am writing to you to understand the time. Thank you.



36

### XXIV

I raise my arms to remind those spectators who were promised

a fight of my name. My opponent is unity, its coherence. The rain does not stop during this June or coming June. I feel my legs cold, my bones cold, my heart roaring. I attack without much preamble: *cross* to the jaw. The knuckles hit and something creaks (teeth, probably). The unit counterattacks with the music of a buffalo. His *clinch* completely disables me and I run through every possibility of escape to realize the basics: I don't feel anything, I never have.



37

##### XXV

My argument is my argument and I shoot:

The 21st century was born under a rain of Stinger missiles to form in the sky a sweet constellation called

Kalashnikov; I close my eyes and its luminescence distributes my image to all corners of the *deep web.* I extend my arms, I open my palms, I trust the flash to be the virgin of hyperlinks; No one believes in the sacred until they see the apparition, until they see a miracle. I am the flesh, divine, divine, supreme, divine: total. The transience of the beautiful drives me angrily towards that image and I surrender completely: I accept my anorexia to receive in exchange those thirty thousand billion pixels stored on the servers of notoriety; here is—pound for pound—the messiah with the smooth lips, cadaverous as he breathes, beats, dreams, mother, saint, intertwining every last rib of

his vision.



38

### XXVI

*for Erick, as always*

It's midnight in the same place; We do not know the key to the history of thousands and thousands and thousands of dead writers. It's midnight in this part of the planet so foreign to us.

I think about the future: there our dream, our words dissipating in fireflies of smoke in every corner of the trillionth year. The theme will be repeated: fear, literature, the possible fire in that saliva mounted on the hours of our inconsequential lives. Let's better whistle, brother, to finish; The sound is the caustic and simple emotion.



39

### XXVII

I met a Scandinavian dancer, the kitsch loss of her pelvis, the absoluteness of her hypothermia. It's a relic of me

throb.

I have been waiting for it since the century before its creation.



40

##### XXVIII

Before I was four countries and countless cities. I never knew how to love or who to love, I advanced from man to man, delirium to delirium, star to star and from woman to woman. In the end, my character was worth every ounce of misfortune, every secondary variation of Paxil, every name remembered:

Mariela, Marionne, Mariela. Now it's time to limit ourselves to humming in the face of love or its absence; the tone on that short-haired girl. Yes, I glorify her as the usual idiot child. I look for any possible reason and glorify it. Sometimes it's easy to ridicule me. Others I just want to be happy.

Whistle, father, whistle.



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# TASKENT SOLEDAD ULTRA

43

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44

###### Robert Brown 1827

A dust particle moves in a zigzag pattern and we are afraid.

A dust particle moves like so little

between the halls, the poorly planned corridors of a tomb-like place

although it is not a grave but a series of rooms

where everyone says:

—we are afraid.

A particle of dust moves in a zigzag to come and go

between the ceiling boards like a dolphin

or the dream of a dolphin.

*Annus mirabilis.*

A dust particle moves in a zigzag pattern let's say

like a particle of language, that interpretation



45

of a subtle journey

to the bottom. Sometimes when it rains I listen to rap

while I sip coffee

and no words belong to me.

Again

a particle of dust

rises—the precise movement— to remind a family

its origin.



46

## Plato

*For Albert*

Alberto waits for me hurriedly from Lusitanian alleys.

A teenager is also waiting for me. Music does not cover the gaps in the clock; gives in to chemotherapy. His walkman ends up sacrificed in the back and forth of the cassettes: an explosion divided into electronic pieces. The lights in the room are off. Everything turns off. I guess. It aims to burn lymphomas with the friction of sex against sex; the joy of squeezing an ephebe. Think about trains, the inaccuracy of maps, the margin of error possible in a straight line. The ease with which my absence splinters his cells. 1997 seems to be a difficult year for love; Metastasis accelerates the natural processes of falling in love. The days cannot stop in a dragonfly. In the plastic that invades the bays of the painter's retina, *there are also works.* The television plays white noise. He gets up and turns it off. I guess. It's a shame to see him waiting for two things at once.



47

###### wyoming blues

A prehistoric album was raining in my

apartment; the sad music of the pulse in the jugular vein, those tiny spots that ran

through it

like a galloping mustang while we

feign shyness when we go to bed

—a song made sleigh against the steppe.

all animal

It impacts a liquid mass and that mass reflects it towards

the distance

The story of a man

and another man; that maelstrom of marching with fear

of not knowing who is who

under so much water.



48

**elemental mandala**

Let us suppose literature to be a relationship between two planes; he drawing of geometric figures. Similar to drawing a cube: first the vertices are placed, then they are joined by a line. The foreground appears. Then we could call the vertices composition, general meaning, literary figure and that complete beauty of music. The line would be the irrefutable part of the style, the only thing of a poetic voice among all poetic voices. Now another plan is necessary.

A concept (theory) comes into play here: perspective is useful as it skews this painting slightly to the side, slightly to the south, or slightly up. The line connects the first frame with the second frame in an ambiguous way, it makes the reader think strangely about the background.

The interesting thing about all this is the automatic generation of four more plans. There we could place the interpretations in some way (these depend on the angle, perspective and tradition of whoever receives the text). In any case, the important thing is to achieve multiple readings.



49

###### Ligotti

The least expected day arrives to walk through the garden like a footless aristocrat, an emperor on fire. It passes through the kitchen and impregnates the food with its corpse smell, rotting the fruits, making the merlot sour, emptying—forever—the cupboard. Its tentacular ways reach everything in its path. Lacrimal cephalopod. Take a moment to check out the library. Go up to the second floor and

He finds his victim doing the math. He smells it.

Try. It injects its venom from the molar nerve to the soft part of the tailbone. It has been raining for seventy-three days.

The victim thinks of the ancient mantras. In the impossible runes. His veins

turn purple like the waters

underground of our lord. Everything is a metaphysical desire.

An emotional lack. This is heavy dear; the four nights played yesterday. He will leave with the dream.



50

##### MT56779

Alberto walked through streets with a marked Lusophone accent. He

fear was absolute for him. A passerby might well mistake it for *Déjà vu;* The symmetry of the ancient Greeks inhabited it. It moved like a particle moves through a hadron collider. He thought, no, he reflected on the

depth of my strands. The dance of the wind between the spirals of my hair. It attracted—mentally—slices of our colonial history. Portugal, as always, in the center. Alberto was a fluctuating maelstrom between the word and the echo because memory works precisely like an ellipse. He toured—for no apparent reason—that empire forgotten by the sea. Everything foreshadowed the crash except the

coming calm.



51

###### Yankees

a sound falls

a shirt wrapped in sweat, the mouth the tooth

so much spasm conjugated in flesh

meat made for each other inside the other.

*Sing my love, please sing*

And mom?

And the house?

She didn't know about singular professions;

bullfighter

the subtle act of bullfighting or the great opera

from a tiny place.

He finishes

what needs to finish

and watched him get dressed calmly

in front of the mirror.



52

He goes whistling

along the corridor that connects

the apartments.

I never knew how small death is,

what is necessary.



53

**Division**

In my house they wait in the calm of the boxing that they

broadcast on Saturdays; Alberto's future between the armchairs. Only

I'm trying to find out why so much pills are needed if any viewer loves violence. I believe in small lights, in halos, that possibility hinted at by the slight change in tone in the attacker's eyes (a family member, perhaps). The necessary movement of bodies. We collide. The bone falls on the left cheek to shake the photons inside. Alberto rests his head on my shoulder and bites the exact point of blood flow to understand epiphanies. The screen somehow recognizes the

qualities of ours.



54

###### elementary aphorisms

1

I force the jugular vein; hatred injected into the bloodstream. I am easy, I am the most common animal of this century, where is my glory? *My sign is vital, my hands are cold and I'm on my knees looking for the answer.* So much promise.

2

I never understood my anger but I live it. A rage devoid of reasons, music barely audible in the digital wasteland. The

star in our flesh.

3

I said death, I said death doesn't scare me. I looked in the mirror and said:



55

4

*Lately, did you ever feel the pain? In the morning rain as it soaks you to the bone*

The beautiful lives somewhere, it is a matter of projecting rays with a magnifying glass to boast in its warmth.

5

A homicide is homicide if the victim

He doesn't want to die if he doesn't give up his body.

Does a weapon justify its nature?

We are a sore

wrapped in salt: permanent delight.

Don't faint

I told him



56

There is still a long way to

go, the body still endures more scourge.

It's a matter of loving the consequence.

a corpse

floats through the curves

of a river

and he does not think about his path, he barely follows it.

the ocean

It is where the waters meet all

the waters.

*How*

*sweet*



57

*the*

*sound*

*That saved a wretch*

*like me*

6

I'm free-falling against the towers of a city like a lit and docile airplane

—no, beautiful, so stupidly beautiful. The children ignore themselves by shouting hallelujah. They fall by the will of the pyres, rain, ritual, I will not get lost.

7

Crawling through sleep with the snout

rabid—a crash is a beautiful image, darling.



58

The stigma.

A body on the plantation,

the wheat breaking easy.

8

I have a voice close to the mornas like that marine blood of my ancestors, that intrinsic pulsation of the cartilage, the simon and the marrow. It is a sweetness chiseled by mutability: a bird against the water.

9 (graduation)

I will be in my kind

to understand the hidden name

of terror. I want to bathe in the judgment and the blood of the young,

that slender, polyphonic school of nerve.

I want to be capable of everything particularly to feel the needle and natural fear



59

in happiness. I want to disarm

in the living

10

*What became of the dreams we had? Oh what became of forever, though?*

I was never unique but I desired the union of my figure with the light.

The momentary thing of being someone under the beating of the posters.

The dream of a stealthy body.



60

###### A Symphonyÿÿÿÿ

Someone wrote a great album about the tone of our times. A multiple sound in every nerve and format. An orchestra made with all the people inside a mouth

paranoid; the violence of not having a name or not remembering it because it doesn't matter who disappears after routine or boredom. A guy listens precisely to that album at home to forget how much he smokes since he promised not to. The great song begins, the unique crescendo in disdain, in the pleasure of desiring absolutely nothing except those intrinsic lyrics in the rhythm of a wake; the smoke necessary to turn a person into the representation of the useless, the beauty of understanding all this as a syllable foreign to any meaning. The guy just breathes while the rooms are filled with that language formed by the pure state of ideas, that absent language of the trivial, his face. None of his brothers want to be like him, each one found a reason to escape from that place where they were born. Now his mother is

dead Out there—in the world—a twenty-something wrote a

*tracklist* superior to any proposal from its past (getting older is anchoring yourself to that past). Press the play button again to listen to the sound changes between the parts of the LP and inhale.



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# AGENT FABRE DIES BACKLIGHT OF THE PRISM

63

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64

# A hunting dog chase

to another hunting dog

during an october

rainy.

# A hunting dog is absurd but he

—relentless—

continue the search.

# It's not the reward, it's not the glory,

It's destiny.

It is knowing the blood



boiling

for the blood. So. Simple.

A hunting dog pawn

in a useless way the years

and the kilometers more kilometers

to its end. I'm not afraid.

65

A hunting dog opens its eyes under the rain

and wishes.



66

a curious animal

inhabits the worm night stellar.

His thing is chess

in black light rooms, rooms next to the mirage, the girl who

chases ghosts.

looking for me

in the prey

subtle

of the reflection.

Go.

Deny.



67

Dig a place in the desert

for sleepy women.

Arid

they say how special

of the blood; one meter and another and another and another

to parnassus

of the skulls.

Lead.

It's a woman so free

like the two options spits

on the sand:

salt for lips

and tiger for iron.

With the iron I will sleep in peace.



68

Looking for identification

to a cholita with a wet

vagina with tongue.

She is nobody to anyone, all her life. Never ever.

Never ever is my last name imperfectible.

Believe in terrors

but dig

less and less.

Carnivorous animals will do the rest.

The romance

It is a triple A battery spotlight and a shovel

of 12 dollars.



69

In this kingdom of beasts

there is a predator above

from any predator.

A sinuous fang in the night.

The fear

in nightmares children.

The pupils

—dilated—

they fear him

and they constantly check the sides of death;

destiny

arrives without warning like a hitman boiling

in the center of your needle.

we know him



70

from day one. Minutes before.

That's why we live

with the skin:

to feel everything in the face of the imminent.



71

The crowd never knows who lives

at his side:

the cashier, lawyer, doctor, serial killer.

All possible victims of a shadow

a beautiful panther the teeth

anchored in the future.

I look for her

I follow your pattern

elusive

against the dawn.

I know her well

I know what techniques he uses to choose to devour the next one

to another:

a weak heart rate;

the fear of spending four decades with the dream



72

dreamer

to recover it.



73

I'm looking for my apartment

in the middle of this rain

without much desire

to return - just like that -

to the obsessions

of a girlfriend raised by punks because of the jealousy in the punk blood.

It's midnight

and men believe me defenseless; no one thinks about a Glock regulation its

quick trigger custom.

Eventually this dome of smoke cools with the first winds of the season

taking so much brutality from so many idiots

from my own house.



74

feel that name

perpendicular in the water

and everyone getting wet where they want or need

because the tropical swing of the acid breaks; the certainty of this year

in the next one. Forget every fucking time.

Simple: I hear his voice

to come

the heart of hurricanes

your pleasure.



75

You open your eyes and think about the absurdity of the last few weeks. At his side, she expands her ribcage; will sleep late. You decide to get up, have something for breakfast: black coffee without sugar. After straining it, let the smoke diffuse in the clarity of dawn. He sips while he forecasts the weather for that day; humid and hot and impossible as the core of the tropics. Consider going for a run; burning the throat with the warm air of gasping.

But it stops. She feels like they are watching her. The curtains are wide open. It's very early and the street is completely empty. He stands in front of the window, backlit, with that burning sensation in the pit of his stomach.



76

Will it be irrational

understand fear know this metaphor

anywhere

of the world: a mouth

the plagues of the vulture—let them say—

your name?



77

a veteran disappears—love—

at night

so that no one follows in his footsteps.

These days

there are no innocents:

the last to be seen pay

and I have other debts I owe another crime.

From women I learned to be light,

silence insurmountable

of not being there.



78

I say, I repeat, I lie.

It's my nature

of snake, my

snake skin

wrapped around my larynx and I blew.

Being a predator

implies being double, the shadow

everywhere denied.



79

A pill is the simple way to execute wolves

river bears born from the epicenter of a leaf.

The obvious

of fear towards nature total

of them who know how to bite iron and lead as if it were the sweetest part in

Freud;

a pill is simply that: a man his terror.



80

One wakes up to that smell painted with a woman's crotch with all the

feeling of a woman

and one searches—perhaps—for some meaning

in returning to humidity

product of wine, cigarettes, idiotic conversation

from the previous night.

It is desired finally

quench the thirst of so many years.

Achieve an orgasm that

cures everything. Never again prowl in the fog

for someone willing to disappear without asking questions.



81

I can't kiss her I imagine her

made a sculpture behind the air

the air.

Being invisible is taking care of your step to avoid precision

of existing when the arrow comes its rain, the

improbable of dying peacefully like Saint Sebastian.

I burned all that woman and we dissipated. *Allahu al akbar* my precious



82

He puts the cup on the desk. The furniture, as always, seems monotonous, familiar, even useless despite having a new computer arranged by the IT department. He begins to feel somewhat nostalgic for the old days, when he had to share the space with Gómez, García or any of those generic names that usually abound in workplaces. Remember when the day was interrupted by absurd jokes, trivial conversations, small sighs. Exhalations. When being young you were not lazy.

Eventually business as usual becomes forever.

Nothing; not even statistics. He decides to start going through the stacked files. Notice your desktop as the only one without photos.



83

This was about the sad music of that season

in which I did not sing

my dear bird of antidepressant pills; I only lived the fire

to make my body the most basic thing;

gnaw every chance of nerve. This was about the deep thorn

of honesty.

# In theory it burns, my bird, but no: it burns

quietly. The bone gets pleasure subsequent.



84

Every woman in my life

explodes against the walls, the pearly splinters of the container; I love them intensely when I see

them disappear behind the reflection from that bottle. I love them intensely

and I remember them. One neuron against another neuron, amphibology to

represent cells;

those of the brain confused with those of the kidney

his sister. Amphibology in treatments. At the end of the day Each object has its place

—a drink in the mouth of someone ready to

leave for the Caribbean.



85

I do not hide my face;

I exist without fear of the rain of today

and the cycles and cycles and cycles

of man;

a garden of crows.



*The line is then erased*

*and the eye closes.*

86

*This is how loneliness is born.*

**Roberto Juarroz**

A few days ago the doctor recommended he quit smoking and go swimming in the mornings. But his emphysema seems like an honor; a medal received for many years of public service.

Cough. The uninhabitable state of his apartment begins to affect him. Mariana always hated her carelessness. Try to focus; analyze the conversations

useless Facebook, emails that say nothing, those tweets made to be forgotten. So far nothing. The observer might see him as useless. —A professorship in literary theory, wasted—they would say. They do not understand the importance of lethargy (Mariana would not understand it either); He found it easy to give up, to hold on to the softness of his room.

You stretch your back as time runs smoothly in the calm of your small personal space; Neither literature, nor love, nor memory matter to him. All without fuss.

For him, being cloistered in the face of the inevitable is a philosophical proposition. Other times he doesn't think about it. Other times he thinks about becoming a suicidal cholo.

There was desire but two decades of Catholic education made it impossible. He takes a sip of water and raises his hand to scribble a date: 9/23/2006.



87

He let it be written so lightly because it was, at the end of the day, a simple combination of numbers. Those numbers so hated by Mariana, who was always

letters. Eventually he feels the sunset filter through the

curtains. "One more day," he thinks, remembering his mantra: the concatenation of nothingness. He decides to turn on the television to make white noise at the synapses and thus adjust his

neurochemistry, in some way, with the night.

\*

The divorce did not cause any major setbacks. It was a firm, a couple of lawyers, all the grace possible in separating the assets. The difficult part was getting used to an empty apartment; It seemed strange to him not to share the routine with someone.

He didn't miss his wife, that fog, the routine, the plain and simple routine. A month later, he resumed his professorship at the university. I walked three kilometers in the morning and three in the afternoon (the car would be in a scrapyard). He barely kept the schedule established by the school. The students noticed him distant, no

one deigned to ask him about his personal life.

He spent his nights watching *reality shows.* Men and women immersed in the melodramatic rite. Discords, passions, fights resolved in a circular way. He loved those shows, they put him to sleep, even REM. He stopped reading, it seemed like a



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trivial chore. He had exchanged the books for the millionairesses of New Jersey.

Three years after their separation and four years since the incident, he began accepting invitations to go out. No relationship lasted, the meetings were enough for a limited number of dinners; Sex, on the other hand, was almost non-existent. *Love is difficult in the second rounds, in the laziness that that implies.* The closest thing was flirting with a girl from the Latin American studies department. They had coffee at the same Guatemalan restaurant. At first, she just greeted him from afar. After repeated meetings the distance was shortened. They ended up sharing the table every weekday afternoon. He was young and had just begun his academic life. He had the countenance of someone who does not know disappointment. His advances were timid, evident; he had learned a thing or

two with age. They communicated well. The game tired him, although he

try it.

He appeared at a quarter to twelve with an empty bottle of rum. She wouldn't stop talking and he would try, somehow, to pay attention to her. His monologue was about loving him, the closeness. About the possibilities. She said she understood her sadness as if it were born in her; The issue was

help each other —Love, I don't need help. "I need calm, boredom," he replied, while turning on the seventh



89

evening cigarette An irrevocable sentence was sensed in his words. The simple. Then there was a small silence punctuated by intermittent puffs of smoke. It was when he recognized her as a reflection of his Mariana. She would disappear too.

\*

Asking for a sabbatical seemed frivolous and necessary. At the faculty they accepted without giving him much trouble; nobody wanted to see it. Google the schedule of your favorite

novel. The repetition will be in an hour so he decides to heat the water. The dishes have been in the dishwasher for three weeks.

Housework seems simple luxuries to him; tobacco, leisure, ignoring oneself with silence were the only true thing: its objective. He rinses a cup and drips black, bitter, colloidal coffee. Sip as a trail of vapor rises into the innate humidity of the tropics. Outside you can hear the traffic, the screams and the marching of people. —All animals—

he thinks—all animals dislocating until impact.

Animals, the slaughterhouse, animals. He leans against him breakfast room with the idea of getting something to eat, but

gives up. He notices a red notebook on top of the living room shelf.

I had seen it before but I couldn't fix it in my memory, that whimsical memory; It was impossible for him to get rid of that scene: a street wet with rain, a truck, the trees, flashing lights, traces of blood, the



90

ambulance. Examine the content: they were the notes from the first course he taught, it was noticeable in the workmanship of the comments. He finds a photograph hidden among the leaves: it was him, a recent bachelor's

graduate, with his ex-wife. In his arms, Mariana, just a few months old.



91

Imagine a superior form, an absolute poem, a text eating a

person in some impossible corner of the web; a special place where symphonies,

white noise and the rotation of the stars coexist. Imagine a man always fixed on sadness, disappearing

in an unspeakable explosion.

*Are you there, are you really there?*

*I don't believe you.*



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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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