



UNLIMITED

– words 'tween borders –
beatriz chivite ezkieta

otherwords
||| | |

bestehitzak
||| | |

Omonia Plaza

Stillness and speed
the square is covered
by a green plastic and scaffolds

in the shade
motionless
pigeons

around
the cars move
motorbikes rush
yellow taxis beep

in the shade
motionless
pigeons

on the cement
they wait
they look at me
I look at them
we look at each other
I sit waiting like them

in the shade
motionless
doves

a group of kids
with an origin
but without a destination
play clapping games
in the corner

with the sound of their hands
doves fly away
but those other ones
don't have any

wings.

Limbos or time borders

You liked jumping
In between the white lines
Of the zebra ways
To feel the gap
In between your legs

You used to step on
Street drains
To sense the emptiness
Under your feet

You wanted
To dance
on the frozen moments

sleep
in the coma
of a long sentence

pray
in the violent sigh
of a crying baby

scape
the moment in which
the door closes
and your breath
splits in two

you wanted that instant
in which the egg breaks
to be endless

unlimited.



Beatrix Chivite has NOT marked herself safe during misogynist society
right wing politics in the west
love
refugee crises
uber
media lies and disgusting cupcakes
apathy
youth unemployment in the arts
rain

Home

As i walk around
The chinese neighbourhood
I find some of the pieces

In the singing
Of italian tourists too
I find nubs of my home

In each hood
Of a big city
I want to find
A slice of my
Fireplace

I don't want to cross
Borders to find
All the lost fragments
Of my home.

Ode to orange

Orange
Is an empty tin
Of zafran
The sun on the sand
The shadow of a peachtree
A lonely howl
The Venitian spritz
The beard of the irish man
Whisky and honey
The bugs trapped
In prehistoric
Resin.

Orange is the instant
After the moment
Orange is the explosion
Orange is the force
Of the whisper
Of words that should not be said

Everything should be
Just orange.

Ode to white

The smell of cloths
Drying in the basement,
The taste of your mouth
In the mornings
And the underwear
Of an old nun are white.

All the words never said,
The inside of a circle
The memory of my grandma
And the cold jasmin tea
Are white

White are my boobs
in spring
The airplane trail
that draws in the sky
the lychee without a skin
and my mum's hair
are also white

white is the salt
that covers the bodies
of all those
that die crossing
the mediterranean.

Ode to yellow

Someone is whistling
On the corridor.
Crickets.

And your eyes when
You smile
Are also yellow.

A light dance
A shooting star
The tropet in the desert
And the lemon popsicle

Your father's wall
Is yellow.

The bite of the wasp

The screams
Of a three years old girl
Running around the garden
Are yellow

The sound of a violin
In an empty school

Beer is yellow
Doubt is also yellow
Beer
Doubt
Beer
Thin fingers
Stained with pollen
The teeth
Of an old and smoking
Poet
Wheat is also yellow

Yellow are
Coward sentences

The juice
Of crimes and adultery
Yellow is the fuss

Yellow is the cuckoo's nest
The politician's box.

Ode to blue

The poetry read
In silence
Is blue
Slovenian kitchens
On an April afternoon
Are blue.

Your glance's reflection
On a fountain
Is blue.
Childhood days
And the blueberries
That you keep
Inside your fists
Are blue

Your favorite wig

The light coming
Into the church
Japanese prints
The linen dress
The voice of the Iman
And the empty
Swimming pool
Are blue

Blue are the frozen lips
Of the girl that sleeps
On the floor of some
Southern European
Square.

Ode to red

The caresses Laura gives
Are red
And also her feel
In the summer

The just opened wound
Is red

Red is the good wine
And the bad temper

The third orgasm of the night
Is red
The anger of not being able to write
A good poem
Is red

Red are the last days of my month

The corrections you make
On my paper
And on my voice
Are red

My tampons are red
My filthy mouth
And my tablecloth

The punch
On a steel table is red
The shots that you heard
In the crowd
A temple's wall
A bloody Mediterranean
Is red

The moment in which
Corn pops, is red
We will all be red
When we wake up.

Summer

Ay! So many suns
In between these lines
So many lost lights
On this paper.

Image

I laid down on the town walls

The kids looked at me and said:

- she took off her shoes
- she is sunbathing
- she is going to burn
- she is going to fall

Lice

When I arrived
To the hotel
Kids had lice

And I remembered you
My little sister
And your continuous itch
For you they weren't parasites
They were tenants.

They kept you awake
And they tickled
Your thoughts

Maybe your ADHD
Were just the kisses
And jumps
Of your pets

Why don't we like
The visitors
That wake us up?

Ode to green

Koldo's cows

Don't know

How to distinguish

The grass

From one side

Of this invisible line

From that other one

Everything is green

So green

Green

Wet and alive.

Exposed

On the platform
All the unknown
Is wide open
In front of us.

Love

Your wife
Fell from her bed
Last night

While you listen
To jazz in that bar
You caress
The leg that rests
On your lap.

How many faces do we see?

Look, that couple there
They are sitting on a restaurant
They don't look at each other
They don't talk
They are bored, and scared

Look, that old lady
Is kissing that poor
Old dog
The dog hates her
But she doesn't know

Look, the two fat men
Eating huge ice creams
Have just lost their jobs
They are angry
And you envy their
Ice creams

How many faces do we see
Crying in silence?
In between wor(l)ds we live

Lightness

You used to sleep on my bed
But a whole world was dividing us
You used to sleep on my bed
But an invisible wall
Was separating our pillows

When you left my bed
You entered my world
When you left my bed
Lightness knocked down
Our barriers.

Pixels

Behind your grey screen
That's where tastes and caresses
Hide

They fly around the cosmos
And they appear
In this pixelated image
In these loading words
And buffering videos.

Broken glances

With a hard hammer
You knock down the building

With a sharp word
Silence

With a sweet touch
Fear

And with a light screen
Our gazes

On the wall there are not any Chiara ti amo

Since a was a child
I have read the words
That fill the streets

At the beginning
I used to pronounce them
With my mum
Then, unintentionally
Alone in my head

Unintentionally, like closing our eyes when we sneeze
Unintentionally, like sleeping in the car
Unintentionally, like speeding our heart beat in the disco
Unintentionally

On walls
Signs
Floors
Dirty cars

Farmacia
Zara
Bus Station
Independentzia
Chiara ti amo

When I came down the plane
I couldn't read
All those words that surrounded me
And suddenly
I felt
Void
Everything else was there
Only my words were missing

Farmacia
Zara
Bus Station
Independentzia
Chiara ti amo

Where

You've gone down
In a station without a name

It did not have platform
It was in the middle of wheat fields

You've been the only one going down
Without luggage
Without bags

Walking

Towards the place
Where the sun sleeps.

Cracks

Blow and blow
Trying to inflate
A pink flamingo
Float

Rush up
the escalators
That dive down

Wait for the train
That has already left

Maybe it never came

Write with a pen
With no more ink

Maybe it never had

Hug a world
That disintegrates

Maybe it has always been
Disintegrated

I'll jump into the water
Without your life buoy
And I will sink

Or maybe not

I'll go down the stairs
And I'll look up

A world
That is too broken
To be a poem

Too hidden
To be described.

Transgression

Go beyond
The marked line
Without line
There is not transgression
Without transgression
There s no line

The border
Delves into
Its unlimited
Land

Endless
Border
In motion

Children
Have made
a sand castle

the wild wave
pushes in
and conquers
the unknown

the land
with a castle

wet sand
hardens
water breaks
the marked line
the border
between
the land and
the ocean.

How to write?

I don't know
How to write
Ironic poems

I don't know
How to write
Romantic poems

I don't know
How to write
Postmodern poems

I don't know
How to write poems

When reality
Hits me
I try to close my eyes
But I keep them open

I see hard and I mute
What can I say?
Which word could ease
So much pain?

Light?

Your 'I's

Who the fuck
Wants to hear
My authorial voice

To each its own

I'd like to steal
Your 'I's

I want my 'I'
Just to disappear

So just your voices
Sing

Like they do
Constantly
Silenced
Not in silence.

Beatriz

I was made
To guide you
To paradise

I can only
Promise you
I'll drive you mad.

Hotel

That red electronic clock
Of the tobacco machine
Is trembling
Every second it lights up
Slave of time

The fly is on top
Of the orange juice machine
A fat man sitting down
His wife eating a kiwi
With a plastic knife

There is anonymous music
Composed for anonymous hotels
By anonymous people

The man goes back to his room
He enters the toilet
He touches himself
And throws the towels
To the floor

He feels
sand on the floor
in between his fingers

the door of the room in front
closes

the fly has not finished
the orange juice
it will lose all the vitamins

the clock is still scared

time has sand in between the fingers

the fly falls asleep on the clock
numbers don't measure time anymore
just its heart beating sugar.

To the emoticon without a mouth

the cat has eaten your tongue

you don't say a word
you don't smile

you are not afraid
you don't have any tears

you just have eyes

where did you lose your language?
which was the last word
you whispered?
how do you sing to your head?

To the truck driver

Stuck to the door
Of your truck
There is a woman
With a tiny bikini

Today it's hot
And the glue
Melts on the corners
In august
She wont be there anymore
She'll be at the beach

Today it's 17th of June
Your daughters
Third birthday
But you don't have
Signal
Here, in this place
Without a name

You look forward
The horizon line
- That sharp knife -
Cuts your eyes
In two acid
Kiwi halves.

To Abdo

I show you my passport
It expires in 2019
And it's burgundy

On the cover
My country name
And the coat of arms
Are already erased
But it's burgundy

Pages are sealed
And in each of one
There is a tiny drawing
Migratory animals
historical transport systems
it's burgundy

you look at it
give it back

my passport
opens
more invisible doors
than your daughter Vianna's
sweet smile
because it's burgundy.

“Beatrix come fast to Athens”

Who am I to ask you
Why you came here
Who am I to ask you
About your religion and
About your dead sister

“I want to talk about it but not by texting”

And with these eyes of an innocent white girl
And with this toasted skin
Of drinking too many beers on the sun
And with a pair of poetry books
That make me feel profound

I am a ‘writer in residence’

Sometimes I wear a scarf on my head
And I claim I look afghan
But no, but no
But fuck not

I am white
In my ID I am white
And I write about you

Because I feel bad
I feel bad of being here
Without knowing what to do

But I feel bad
And fall into the mistake
Of believing myself able
To write
About your fucking pain

Grandmother

I know so little about you
I know you were a hairdresser
You were taller than your friends
On Wednesdays you used to give me
Dark black chocolate

I know so little about you
'txalo-txalo' and 'sagutxu'
were your Basque words
and you did not have
any particular accent in Spanish

I know so little about you
I loved your lamb soups
And I've inherited
Your passion for cinema and novels

I know so little about you
Your dad was 'as tall as a castle'
He hold you on his arms
For the first time in Bilbao
Around 1943
You got scared
Who was that man?

I know so little about you
In 1936
When you were just
some months old
your mum and you
took a wooden boat
to France
your dad stayed behind
who was that man?
Who were you?

Grandma, I know so little about you.

Garden

The doors of the garden
Are always closed in winter
This year a fungus
Killed the pine, the maple
And the lavender
Only the bay survived

Summer is here
And my mum
Has opened all the doors

The street door
Is always open

If someone wants to come in
They'll just walk in – she says
They'll only find books
Reading will help them.

To the Mafia man

You are a millionaire now
Bastard

At night you close your eyelids
You see eyes
That in the darkness
Holding themselves
To plastic motorboats
Search the land

The land that has ignored them
In the sea that wafts them
The keep quiet
Quiet
Sometimes they pray

Tomorrow you'll be in Punta Cana
For your much needed
Holidays.

Bilingual Microsoft

Agian, becomes Again

Zurekin - Sure, king

Bakarrik, bakery

Otoitz, otitis

And of course,

Beste hitzak

My Best Hits

To the air hostess

No one looks at you already
No one listens to you
The choreography
That we used to love in the 90s
Doesn't exist anymore

You don't smile at us
When we come on
You don't give us
Water nor ice cream

You don't need to have
Long hair
You are not compelled to be
Just a pretty girl

Or at least
That's my hope

A year unemployed

or semi-unemployed
it's not even unemployment
two weeks here
a week there
but why do you complain
you like this life of yours
right?

you sit in front of your computer
read ironic articles
and write on facebook messenger.

while I give you my opinion
about the Biennale and Documenta
I boil the macarroni too much
fuck Bea, that is the only thing
you had to do today

they've become something similar
to rubber
like everything that sun touches
like your brain today

ah, just go to buy toilet paper
and drink a beer
yes, a beer.

Give

You give blood
and we click 'like' on facebook. share. and then, what?
he gives rice
and we click 'like' on facebook. share. and then, what?
she gives dresses
and we click 'like' on facebook. share. and then, what?
we give toys
and we click 'like' on facebook. share. and then, what?
they give time
and we click 'like' on facebook. share. and then, what?

and we click 'like' on facebook. share. and then, what?
who would give away the luck of being born here?
and we click 'like' on facebook. share. and then, what?
who would give away this fresh rain?
and we click 'like' on facebook. share. and then, what?
who would give away our tranquil lives?
and we click 'like' on facebook. share. and then, what?
who would give away this droneless sky?
and we click 'like' on facebook. share. and then, what?
who would give away our privilege?

MediterraneOH

OH

bloody rivers

OH

hope is bleeding

OH

hearts are juicing

OH

just water

salty water

OH

so many Ulisses

so many Moisses

OH

open the sea

expand this land

so we can all walk.

Empty camps

someone has already written
about nazi extermination camps
empty, paralyzed in times of horror

someone has already written
about the empty Chernobyl villages
paralyzed in the end of the world

we have not yet written enough
about this Mediterranean sea
the beaches full of plastic
jelly fish and life-saving orange jackets

we have not yet written enough
about the fenced European fields
filled with tents and wire

on the wire teddy bears, cotton, thirst and lost hope.

Border dog

'hola guapa,
you are not this one here
you are prettier than the photo'

you blink an eye at me

you just
look at
my photo
and my tits
'buen viaje'

I travel
I am an 'expat' for you

my grandma
was an 'exiled'
my friend
a 'refugee'
my neighbour
a 'migrant'

words, just words
don't ask us what we are
ask who we are.

Ode to black

nights are not black
they are dark blue
and sometimes
golden

all the days
without words
are black

mornings without fruit
are black
and also pupils
and the beginning of the tunnels.

petroleum in black
the fucking petrol
stained beaches are black
wheel graveyards are also
black.

drones are black
the smoke of the explosion
is black
screens that look at us
are black.

nothingness and the infinite
are black
fear is black
and the pain that is as deep
as your pupils in darkness
is black.

Maribor, Europe

I sit in a European
square
on a summer morning

I order
a caffe-latte
and a chocolate croissan
gypsies play 'besame mucho'
and 'Les Champs Elysses'
with the accordion

the shop distributors offload their trucks
the waiter smokes a cigarette next to the door

the tourists decide what to do
sparrows peck on my table

students with big rucksacks
talk about the weekend

my sister writes to me on whatsapp
we talk about Bauman's liquid love

Europe, my Europe, old and with amnesia
Europe has the face of my paternal grandma
Europe is an old and tired lady

She has lived was and crazy parties
she managed to buy herself a fur coat
and now rests on her brown sofa

Europe lives in fear
but she does not know
what she is scared of
she is old, just old.

when she dies
who will sit on her sofa?
who will inherit her fur coat?
who wants an old fur coat now anyways?

I.

the green branch
crosses the border
where do the plumbs
belong to?

II.

the deer didn't know
what spikes were
until she got caught
somewhere near Bodova

deers too have died
'cos they didn't have
European passports.

III.

you cross a line
and suddenly
you are free

like in childhood
games
you've won

Schengen

Once, once
we were the same country
once we did not have differences
once we were siblings
once we drank the same milk
once we read the same books

that once is not far

then we separated
we underlined the differences
I am not from there
you are not from here
what is 'there'?
what is 'here'?

Sentilj

Sentilj is a crossing way
I'm hungry
they direct me
to a pizzeria near the road

the waiter has a lazy eye
on the radio pop balcan music
a huge ketchup pot on the table

a couple of couples with miniskirts
and their skin full of ugly tattoos

a brothel called Yucatan
and outside parked
a rental white limo

a cheap supermarket
and outside each house
fire wood

cars with Austrian plates
petrol stations and roads to the hills

it's summer
but it feels cold

it's a boring Saturday
smells of pine tree wood

the couples look at their phones
the girl touches her humongous
fake golden ring
the other one plays
with her belly-bottom piercing

on the other side of the road
a distribution center called Paloma
trucks full of sausages come and go

in front a laser hair removal centre.

The other side

this poem
is in between two worlds
in between north and south

this poem
hangs on the spikes
of a rotten wire

waits on the fence
sleeps on the cement
of the wall
it belongs here
 on the edge

this poem is full
of uncertainty
the unknown is in front
the known still behind

this poem is mine
but also yours

this poem
is just a platform
from which to jump
to the other side

without knowing what, who, where or when is the other side
we close our eyes
and we jump
to the unknown

Train controler

he is wearing
some blue trousers
and a red cap
his skin is tanned
his eyes green

he waits on a station
with pink walls
and flowers on the windows
in some Slovenian tiny town

when the train arrives
he rises the flag
when the train leaves
as well

he stays
on the station
watching
still standing.

To English language

I speak your language
but I don't belong there
I am just a tourist in your words
I dress your sounds
with species coming from afar
my R is stRong
the Rrising sun
with the juice of the steps
of my past
I water your diccionary.

Mirrors

I don't want to write about you
you would say it better

I don't want to take your potrait
I need your self-portrait.

A family of ostriches on the way

I walk barefoot on the highway slowly
no one is waiting for me nowhere
not now
not anymore
not yet
at the border they don't ask for my passport
just a family of ostriches looks at me

there are no police
fences are there
now
already
still
no one is taking care of them
no one is taking them away

someone forgot his shirt on a wire

by accident I enter Austria

CCTVs
control
calmness

empty tents
smell of hot plastic

I imagine them
full of kids
hugging their
parents

now they are
empty
hugs have crossed
the border too

cctvs only
record
calmness.