

Vomit

Damaso

Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

*To the little kids of yesterday in that old neighborhood who taught us with their kicks that life plays
the game as if it were for the World Cup, always, even if it's just a street game.*

*To the elders of my village, always remembered in my mind like a banner waving in the wind, their
wisdom in every word, my child's heart always visits them in that dimension where they
reside, as always passing by, only smiling and waving.*

About the author

It resides in eternity, and its reign lives on when the clocks die. Those predestined to be extraordinary awaken, possessing the gift of being the bearer of the beautiful miracle, the disease of those who choose to die in order to be born. The Arabs call it maktub; they say it's called destiny; I like to call it pure luck.

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Ugly Joint

What a fucking joint screwed me up
I don't want to think that you always lie to me like that with impunity, your fucking sister
I have a headache that yes, she doesn't remember
Those speech problems I had that day and that smell of lost poverty still emanates
I don't know if I'm the only one who feels that everything is so bad,
the helplessness of being a witness to the eyes of God, but I've already said it alone or that's how it feels
Those desires to be in the other neighborhood looking for the story with you
and ask you, what were you doing while we lived dead all this time
I hope you're won over for all the work you did as a dude
and we, such idiots without bread, stood looking at each other
Maybe, we never had that unique spark that you invited with a smile
or with an anecdote and strange noises that drew the imagination in our mass as crappy kids from yesterday's childhood
Sometimes my chest flies out but I'm still alive
Maybe I have a gang of people
who Hang on to that rope so I don't drift off into the empty air
I don't know why if I'm good for nothing
I wish this served for something more than passing the time
I know it doesn't work the way everyone thinks
And I stopped screwing myself up
Getting sick makes me so angry
I'll have time to rest when the ship completely melts down
Not just the burnt-out coconut that sometimes flashes like a cotoleño
All the crazy people are now living loose out there
And the sane ones have become toads that only jump if there's a good date
My throat doesn't hurt from anger anymore; my grandmother didn't teach me that.

Plague

My throat hurts, if I walk I get dizzy.
All I think about is resting, but there's still a long way to go.
That's not the bad part. Who do I tell the bad part to?
I don't think I'll ever understand, no.
The wind blows and makes me feel like I'm 7 again.
Jacket and I'm off to buy bread.
On credit again? Angel knows it's not my fault.
My future is being raffled off by all the bigwigs.
I'm not cold, I'm broken, very broken!
How can I not condemn my innocence to life imprisonment?
Worrying makes me waste more time for nothing.
Guilt will always show me the bastard in the mirror.
Not even the most repulsive and intense vomiting can free me from this.
The shadows are just waiting to ruin a good moment in silence.
I don't say anything, but my neurons are tangled up in a brawl.
They want me to screw up forever. Lately, I've been sensing the truth in the earliest rituals.
I'm increasingly convinced by the idea that I'm tied up and without food.
After you get up close and personal with the skinny girl and she takes the sun,
it doesn't sound so crazy to break the rope of a potential demon.
I feel God's wrath like a flood in my sockets.
The vipers of logic entangle the righteous and take them away.
The memory of the elders of my village whispers in my ear.
"...I only hope that those who don't know how to wait repent in time."

Easter Child

I remember the terror I felt on those nights without electricity.

My mom made us shit ourselves, talking about the devil on the loose until Sunday, when God returns.

Not a fly had buzzed since Thursday at 3:00.

Especially when you reach that age when you're aware of death and more afraid of the death of my family than of your own.

That fear of punishment for acts of one's own impulse that makes us human makes me think the rules aren't from here.

Many things aren't from here.

Those dreams praying that the voice doesn't fulfill its promises of misfortune and voracity for my innocent soul.

We all have faith.(Fe)

Some have iron in their blood.

Others have an iron around their waist.

More so, we believe in the magic of dreaming than Mom was wrong.

Little Bird

How do I explain to such a small bird that I love him so much?
How do I give him such a strong, heartfelt hug without hurting him?
He knows when I can't take any more.
He suddenly appears, his wings fluttering in a staccato drone.
He looks at me, seeming to challenge me with a frown.
My tears and my trembling lip are my only response.
You only seem to see the thousand demons crossing their tridents in battle.
In a second, while my angel blinks or the morning calm tames him enough.
They vie for the power of my anger and feed it like a thirsty fire.
I can see the thousand simultaneous futures of my coldest, darkest dreams of revenge.
A great explosion that ends everything and releases all the spirits trapped in its shadowy corridors.
Divine justice, you whisper in my ear.
The masks of the thousand demons fall to the floor at the same moment.
The fire they were feeding is flooded by a fine, twilight rain.
The silence of the very beginning becomes present.
How can I contradict you?
God always gave me the time and health to watch my enemies fall in flames into the infinite abyss.
The meeting of our eyes speaks of the most ancient wisdom on earth.
The one that needs no words to teach you.
Now, as an adult, I understand that famous "a little bird told me."
My day is preparing for a new direction, and while I saddle my mate,
I send my regards to those I miss and who love you as much as I do.
Thank you.
Thank you for coming.

Fight

The animal's gaze marks its presence
Fear and adrenaline mix in a braid
Nature in its rawest form wants to kill me
And here, no reasoning is valid
A faithful thread today tightens and slips, its blade emerges unharmed
From a houseboat to its own trap
Wandering in motion at any moment
Its aura brings the darkness and cruelty that drive the codes of the depths of the world
Yes, God has created life, but at the same time,
He has created bio-engineered killing machines to eliminate them
The food chain shows its foreman's badge from the order of factors
I can't beat any of them
I plan to fight until I cease to exist in the face of my adversary's hostility
I can't pass up this opportunity to strike at the heaven of warriors and offer my heart
If it's the only sacred thing I have and it doesn't even belong to me
Everything is borrowed, like this columned moment after another columned moment.
I proudly served my homeland
A burning ember from hell seeks in the smoke to touch the caresses of the sun embraced by the sky

Palace

Have you never been to the shadowless palace?
Or encountered the pure, sensitive, and cruel truth?
Haven't you been imbued with the most terrible fear?
That place where all questions are no longer useful.
No one seeks explanations to justify the bitterness of their own existence.
Perhaps that voice is so distant that it can't convince you that you are one and not all.
Everything you think wrong, or that your telltale eye suspects, is true!
But at the same time, it's all a big lie in its broadest sense, like an infinite spiral.
I would like to explain to everyone what it feels like to be
Free at last and without any fear.
"I had a good life," I said, surrendering my cognitive right to that eternal being.
It seems I still have things to do here.
Was my courage rewarded or punished with another life?
"Beautiful morning, isn't it?"

Pogo

Stop! Pause it here!

Right now, the floor is so foreign to me

Gravity seems so normal all the time there

The solemn, deafening chord gestures a manifesto of savagery

The bass drum descends through a waterfall announcing the impact

The eyes of my other selves meet in that circle, reddened and bright, revealing the color of the soul

A pot boiling, an ancestral custom, draws us to the center and crashes us head-on into everything

You jump, moving the lid and spilling the foam

Colored smoke and vapors of euphoria

Screams and the verse crowds the stirrup

The heart screams in reality

I lost my voice a while ago

"Crazy as hell," you might think

What a reasonable negotiation and sacrifice

The descent begins and gravity smiles vengefully

It knows it catches me wherever I go

It only laughs when it sees me play like a kid

Broken and dirty zombies of the zamba go out to hunt some panchito

With the soul New and with a battered body,
they continue to chant their names forever.

What a blessing to see my streets again through the airplane windows.

Surely you took care of me with your face on the corner.

Thinking like the pogo stick and the payment.

I only come to think about the next chance to leave.

Wall

Whenever I can and go out, I can't help it.
My attention spills out and crowds the walls.
Some crazy person understands it.
From that old neighborhood, tapping his feet along the sidewalks, holding his mother's hand, he asked and assumed meanings.
In a certain sense, drawing attention in that instinctive way.
You could say I was taught to read before the teacher did.
Deciphering the code with a hunger for wisdom about that update of humanity's newest gossip was the driving force?
What is your unappropriable power?
The one who captures us and drives us to transcend into the inhospitable spaces of the imagination as you return in '98
Some squander and slander their egos
Postcards of cultural poverty emancipated from their roots
Promises of forgotten loves, rusted by rain, sun, and moon
The faces and names of immortals chant and ache
Smoky portals that bring back joy with laughter in some deserts of smiles
Always prevalent in that war of bipartisan hatreds
The truth of the most precious hearts of this people speaks and says "this is art and homeland!"
No one deceives them because they have no purer interests than their own happiness
We soldiers of strange colors and shapes have always been criminalized
What is the limit of morality that wants to melt the projection of my pupils into faded gray?
Their codes and ours never got along, but sometimes they feign a truce
Passions of potions on the floor, inventing!
Dodging on a tile, the idea of ??a sad ending
Could it be that I don't even have a wall?
How could I fill it with pain and beauty in a bleeding rose...
May God give you double then!
Since that concept that separates you from all of us in a pile of bricks and material
Gave a frame and canvas to life itself
Doodles and works of art alike, they endure eternally in the mental projection of all who saw and will see.

Paralysis

Every muscle, cartilage, and bone
is shocked like an electric shock
Am I awake or is the nightmare continuing?
The despair, mother of all paranoia
He's the screenwriter of this psychological thriller!
He knows all your fears and sums them up
He synthesizes a first-person film
Gloomy images, dreams of yesteryear
How does he know all this? If I've never told anyone...
Everything makes me suspect it's me
Who's peeking out there? Can't you see I want to sleep?
Your presence makes as much noise as a silent scream
I can't escape this curse
My mouth sewn shut with thick thread tightly
Two claws on my neck leave me with only the tiniest bit of air
My heart, panicking and brakeless, hopes not to skid on the curve
Drenched in terror that seems to radiate throughout my body
A whirlwind of light becomes my soul, devoured in a vanishing point
The plan seems ready for execution
But it never appears
My eyes are going to pop out if I keep squinting
It's two minutes that seem like a lifetime
Please wake up, I feel so alone
I don't want to feel so alone anymore
What anguish and helplessness to be so fragile in the face of such a humiliating punishment
If you want to talk next time, at least let me know!
That way I won't have to hide for nothing...
Can't you see I want to sleep? My God!

The Two Madmen

One of the madmen is a murderer.
In his twisted, altered, and precocious mind,
Spastic,
his body never responds.
Nervous tics exasperate him
to the point of insanity.
His long, coiled arms
tangle and untangle.
His grimaces, angry, unpleasant,
carry so much hatred that he exists seven times,
each with a different face.
In the middle of the room, an L shines,
silver, gleaming, a drum of details.
So serene?who would have thought?
that he speaks while killing.
The murderer sparks,
convulses, impotent ecstasy.
On the other side,
to one side of his shadow,
another madman, heartless,
still as a stone,
a cave painting
that means sadness in a new language.
He looks indifferent.
He doesn't care about living.
He doesn't care about killing.
He finds no fear to motivate him,
to even make him move.
His grief would flood the world again.
The difference in consciousness:
one, nothing; the other, too much.
Thus, eternally,
for both reasons, nothing ever happens.

Violence, still, hypnotized,
its fangs feel no shame.
He waited forever,
betting wrongly on impatience,
for the encounter between these two.

New Emperor

A bombastic dwarf
Blasted into my desert of procrastinating illusions
He arrived singing his favorite song
With a stick in his hand, he brings a proclamation
He brings an objection to my romanticized long face
He comes from far away with a mission that not even he understands
It's mission accomplished if he's already distracted me from the black lightning
He forced me to stand in his presence
We are all his soldiers today
Those of the new emperor.