

NOTICIAS  
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Amedeo Clemente Modigliani died in 1920,  
Alberto Giacometti made it in 1966.  
He realized that Perspective is the Real Problem  
drawing her woman and his brother in a tiny room  
where he masturbates, sleeps and dreams, this  
until now. The News say something  
about Ghosts in England, and  
America. Nothing about Paris. All of them died very  
soon, like Melusine in Breton's Complete Works.  
Today, more than 100 children were killed in Pakistan  
by Taliban, words in English about that  
from a Nobel Prize's mouth, Russians  
complain a lot about Money, especially  
when they are on TV. Forget the streets, winter is coming,  
we know who decide, they drink expensive vodka  
in that tiny room above. These buildings are huge, even  
when we design them on cardboard.  
It is a pity: those who were killed,  
they can not judge what is a Real Storm. Storms  
are conjugated in future tense. I see  
pictures of rifles, guns, revolvers, I see  
the Future. Muskets as well.  
G. M. Tamás, I read, was working in Budapest  
and maybe he's still there. He wrote  
that opinion is an aspect of sociability in bourgeois society,  
while being the traditional enemy of philosophy, the counterpart  
of the quest for truth. Reality itself  
is radical enough, nobody  
it's so radical. Nobody? Something happens. Blur. Something about the past  
in Hungary, Croatia, Macedonia. They want us to forget. Desire  
is a hard-to-think Allegory, and, remote,  
an island come to us with volutes

in the hands of a woman without flags  
who points at a woman with a shield  
who points at a woman with a dove.  
They have a lot of statues of Lenin,  
thousands of Lenin's plinths  
kept safe from tourists  
who are not ready yet  
for mirrors so big.  
But first the first: they will be the last ones.  
That is what the Bible says.  
A Russian artist cut his earlobe  
in front of somebody drinking  
what I want now. On 16th December, 1431,  
Henry VI of England was crowned King of France  
at Notre Dame in Paris, and in the same date  
of 1497, Vasco da Gama rounded el Cabo de Buena Esperanza,  
in 1968 the Second Vatican Council revoked the edict  
of expulsion of Jews from Spain. Yesterday  
hundreds of persons demonstrated in Dresden, Germany,  
against immigrants, but the Muslim ones only, they say  
that they can not give any more.  
They make it clear, they talk so loud. They can not give any more.  
They can not. Oh, they can't. Today is the anniversary of the birth  
of Wassily Kandinsky, a beautiful traitor, and of Liv Ullmann, a beautiful woman  
who was a mother in films and life, I heard nothing, when living  
in Argentina, about her work in La amiga, de Jeanine  
Meerapfel. Does she speaks Spanish?  
Where is her monument? Bašta, that's enough. My father is OK.  
My mother as well and my sister, I guess. Manzanas  
del mar, grandes anémonas, placentas de plástico inmensas  
nos unen. Bring the bells  
that still can ring. People is dancing and drinking and sombras

caen de las ventanas. Kdo dela tak hrup, in ni pusti niti  
las islas que van quedando. As John in Patmos,  
I do not believe neither in the Moon nor in Mars, nor in Nothing  
Apart. Nor in better weather for this winter, nor  
in the reasons I gave for depart. Nostalgia  
is my enemy. My other enemy is Nation, and the other one  
is waiting for me. Is a She, and tomorrow  
we depart to meet her, somewhere in the mountains.  
Night is overshadowed, the windows  
closed all, facing nothing,  
make us remember how alone,  
how together we are,  
and how difficult is to cut the wire  
of solidified words between  
labour and work,  
between necessity and consumption. We  
need very clear poems  
to understand us, each other, from  
the beginning of the night above  
to the end of the night below. Beautiful  
phrases don't make sense,  
even at the bottom of sense.  
And we need to erase  
almost everything.  
What is almost? Times go so fast,  
and another day will stone us, but  
I can not forget what rests under these verses.  
It is something before and after, under and below, later and sooner,  
ready and forgotten, pleased and cried, how  
we were moved to this  
place. Not to say yes. Here, we stop working, we stop lettering, stop  
feeling nothing but love and death's muscles, in silence, looking

at the red shining. And this love is weary, and this death  
is miserable. The news say that about others. I don't forget. Come with me  
to the House of Boredom. Boredom is Beauty,  
and the Road of Excess leads to the Palace of Wisdom. There  
nobody waits. There's no place to stay.  
And we must come back. Later on the road  
still wait, and after,  
still held some rhetoric. In his tiny room  
your portrait is almost done, mine  
is hanging on four walls, and  
there's no time for repetition. There's  
no time  
for repetition. Let's try  
repetition.