

# Mucho fantasma

Alelí Manrique



ediciones encendidas

Fragments of:

*Mucho fantasma*

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ISBN 978-987-24574-0-2

1. Poesía Argentina A861. I. Título  
CDD

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Ediciones Encendidas

**“Why live in the world  
when you can live in  
your head?”  
(Monday morning, Pulp)**

## **The teenager is not here anymore**

Oh, oh, oh...And how I'm not going to charge so much sadness with me, this chronicle anguish? Or is it anxiety within my body? If I take soooo many lute with me. The just born creature that I was once doesn't exist anymore...her infinite ignorance...the innocent infant that I used to be...is dead. That new hair, the little tooth...they are no longer alive in this world. The teenager is not here anymore...and I don't want to imagine when the woman that I'm now will gives place to the old woman in which I'm going to become! I'm going to die so many times that the definitive time it's going to be natural and necessary, but still sad.

## Still

From the 152 bus, your window of the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor can be seen, sometimes with the light on, every Saturday at half past 5 a.m., after going out, with an average temperature of 8 grades, and a 0,10 grams level of alcohol in blood, it has something to do with the fact that you get into my dreams every 7 nights, for sure.

## **The happy city**

Objects are not on my side, that's for sure. Nor computers, potatoes, nor electricity, trash, nor the clock, buses, not even grips. It's incredible how we are only a step of final end every time, under a blanket of hidden semi chaos. It only would take all the people, absolutely all the persons and their pets going out from their hiding places to the streets to make real one of my biggest summer nightmares. And even without taking into account the rats and roaches and pigeons and bats. I hate smelling a burning coal from the bus and so that wakes up my organic need of escaping to the woods one cool sunset, remembering me, as I know so well to be in a fifth underground, that any outline of walking up even a couple of steps destabilizes me.

**From the happy man (or the man who says)**

"We all came from problems, other way we didnt came at all"

(girl of department)

"Yesterday's themes will be discuss tomorrow"

(your aunt)

"Life only has meaning when you are drunk or in love"

"Love, alcohol and pop!"

(Saint Thomas)

“Wich is the best wish to ask for when a train pass over you?”

(Prince Albert)

“Sometimes you can get to the top of the apple tree, but in exchange for having a long, uncomfortable and unsightly neck”

(The one named the same as Belén)

"Knowledge does not take place but it takes time to think. Besides, when something is lost is also lost time in seeking "

(the Goliardo)

"Subtract what you can to what you want and get the pretension."

(Egobaby Mendez)

"If you like perfect teeth do not studie odontology: you´ll be surrounded by dental caries"

(Federico Saavedra, clergy)

" How do you know the Loser who never miss any party is, like you, at every party???"

(the WISE Master Splinter)

"The mails are the only love letters that do not turn yellow  
and the only fossils that do not age at all.  
Beware that! "

(my friend John Paul)

## **How to become millionaire, only chapter**

1-Think about how to earn a dollar

2-Do it a million times

## **The flavor of meeting**

The bitter taste of beer was predominant in our (miss) encounters.

You were an orthodox anti-sentimental.

And I, that had no time left, left you.

You drove me crazy, but I needed someone to get me rational!

## **Weard**

The cartoons on TV and your papers on the table in the living room waiting to never be returned.

## The year of the legal proceedings

Learn the power of repression. Tension at the bottom of the letter. Silence is the pain of the body. Burning down the hours I forget that I have face. The clock handles entertain my eyes and tyrant Time pinches me on the column.

There are always the same three problems. The same three that we want to be disappeared when we blow the birthday cake candle.

As a mountain of sand or story in which the clown Plin Plin watched a raccoon collapsing in a second the house of cards he had spent so many hours in building.

Time changes the text of a letter or even person in a few days. Till yesterday night it was Saturday and today it is Sunday morning. Decisions are bets for the horse we think faster. The only thing that is insured is the past, stepped on by our own shoes. Chocolate for the news!

Maybe the secret of life consists in watching a little wheat, simple and ephemeral miracle. Or having a child, which is like a little root. Or having a couple, which is like a little prison.

The self-destruction soothes anxiety because it is immediate; many are so afraid of waiting till the end.

## **The party was a beauty**

The party was cute.

Poor wheel could not spin even two words.

The good pipe danced with her teenagers' smoke.

One foot was in the air because the other was supporting him.

They were Luxury and Lust.

The bets began to run.

The handsome barmen behind them forgetting their petitfours' trays and all protocol.

The rumors came too soon.

There was a magician who could not do any tricks because it was so hot that he had to stay only with a T shirt.

Virulana and Varicella, the twins, fried churros.

The sun shone in it's absence.

Later three crazy drops fell.

Rose the black woman sang ;It was beautiful as a blue sky!

I took away some of your friends' good impressions, then I will return them to you.

I invited the divine button to the balcony for some talking, but just in that moment they sang happy birthday and I ran out of bread and cake.

Shortly after you arrived.

Varicella suddenly said: "I feel bad!"

And of course ... she had put the legs on the back of the chair!

It was very funny, but eventually the good vibes gone.

There was not a soul nor a body left.

Even more: neither Sun nor Shade liked your jokes.

Tomorrow the skull will not squeal but the crocodile will never really cry.

## Laurels

My father gave me the name, my mother the name and the public deny me

Nobody invited me the first cigarette, and they neither invited me to crazy parties. Even when I went scaring guardian angels out of my step like they were birds of prey! But oh no,, the seed time doesn't stop. The payment to the rights of sawn floors neither.

When will the season crop and naps over laurels arrive?

## **In the moon of Valencia (which is the same as Buenos Aires' moon)**

Thieves dogs (and vomiting cats) were surprised to see how a scooter rushed into a woman who was crossing the Cordoba Avenue looking at the moon of Valencia (which is the same Buenos Aires' moon). With her face against the asphalt, they heard the lunatic woman say: "As simple as a tile, life is long".

## Waking up

Waking up on January 1 at 6 am, having slept on December 31 to 21pm.

Taking a walk through desert downtown Buenos Aires. ....

Sitting on a doorstep of an old building, hearing the cooing of a dove asking clemency to a cracked and boiling tile for not burning her coral legs.

Look closely at the melted pavement, the black spot of a busted firecracker...

Observe the many papers, boxes, cartons, broken bottles of cider and fuchsia and green wreaths that reflect the strong sun that travels from thousands of miles to crash into them and it seems noon at this time.

Find an open shop, a kiosk where you buy a drink to calm the unbearable thirst and appease a bit the oppressive heat .....

Not founding it.

Listen to the silence .....

See an empty after hour taxi passing by.

## Terrestrial

Estela running through Floresta, Estela running through Constitution, Estela running through downtown, Estela running through Once, Estela running through Paternal, Estela running through Palermo.

The neighborhoods pass under her feet,

9 de Julio Avenue widens and becomes narrower. Her soles are off.

She leaves them behind on the pavement. But she leaves no traces. So much collective bus turns her each time more individualistic. In Buenos Aires, they don't let her stay still on a corner too much time.

She can feel the Barrancas de Belgrano as her own, although they are of her own as much as the African savannah or the North Pole. She has the right to step on and walk through because she is a citizen of the world, although she doesn't know if she is ever going to make it.

## **Proposal**

Lets go out and camp with Barbara and Mustache. I will prepare the dish you like so much. Do not forget to take our mantle of doubt to the pick-nick. We'll do it next to a pond full of ugly ducks. Our friends will bring their faithfull dog, we'll play with it, and we will dream under the trees at the hour of the nap.

## **In a holiday return trip**

This moon (seal pups face, focus of the night) that lights an empty corner of suburban Buenos Aires is the same that shone yesterday about this time at evening, on the beach. And last years one, and the same I have seen when I was a girl, and that allmost people who arent blind and beings with eyes that passed through this planet, looked at, always.....

Alelí Manrique was born in the valley of El Bolsón, Río Negro, Argentina in 1979. She lives in Buenos Aires city, Argentina, since 1980. She is dedicated, beside others things, to visual and written poetry. Mucho fantasma is her first publicated book. She coordinates Ediciones Encendidas, a cultural Project.

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