

A place to die

By Rebeca Chu

I dare the boredom, I dare the boredom to catch me, to take me off this table with a gust of wind under the chair; I dare boredom because I'm a magician, no matter where they put me, I always manage to get out; I put myself inside this mantra, played 108 times, 108 repetitions about the sun and its power, I dare the sun; I challenge boredom to make me stop writing, stop meaning, stop relating, even if all I see is nothing and nowhere; I stretch my fingers so that dancing they tell a story, a choreography of my hands hidden in the gaps; I stretch my eyes that glue on the suddenly of everything I have to do, wash the dishes and design an interview; I stretch half my thoughts to this afternoon, a kind of shallow, unproductive interruption; I stretch my heart until the end of the year to make all the suddenlys to last, especially the depopulated ones; at the end of the year, I won't remember the boredom I felt day by day, night by night, face to face with

nothingness; at the end of the year, I won't remember his eyes as a dark abyss, without nostalgia, hollow, unoccupied; at the end of the year, I won't remember the body of silence stretched out at the dinner table, hands in prayer melting into the air; at the end of the year, I won't remember the path walked side by side, like parallel lines on parallel faces; I dare boredom to swallow me in with its giant mouth, to smear me with saliva and metabolize my skin; I dare myself now to draw with blood the map back to the throat of boredom, because I'm going to regurgitate myself out of it; because despite the boredom, I don't wait for anything, for anyone, for the right time, for the sun, for whipped cream, for a box of chocolates; I don't even wait for tomorrow, because tomorrow doesn't exist; I don't wait for anyone, I don't even wait for this mantra to end; I'm not afraid of repetition, I'm not afraid, to start all over again, I'm not afraid to start this poem again; I'm not afraid of the car that goes by, outside, and my life that goes on inside, or of these words framed in this paper sheet; I'm afraid of this white wall in front

of me, of fine roughness, of random dirt, of dark spots, of plans never followed; life is a matter of framing from a point of view that is ours (the worst that can happen is to live life from an unwanted point of view); I challenge boredom to take me away from the center of my own screen, to exchange the view from my point for its own; I dare boredom to rip out the attention capsule that runs the blood all over my body and crush it between its fingers; I challenge boredom because I see what cannot be spoken, I weave the between the lines of any breath, and I could die in this mantra