

To only taste blue at the end

By Rebeca Chu

But this one is not the end, Love
And this here & now is not blue
Says a voice inside me, right now
Let the Middle act here, for now
Let here, now, you and your desire
Let obstacles act, interrupt, rule, fly
Let unpredictable things happen
A party where someone fades
A dinner where you hear gunshots
A life that finds itself doubled
A path facing a smiling abyss
Let things now get complicated
Let now the direction permutate
Let now your desire transfigure
Let now what you seek not be found
Let now a gunshot lead to exile
Let the double life be tripled
Let the abyss be illusion
This is not the end, says the voice
This is a tricky detouring
Better off to want things shuffled
Open up to transformation, now
Open up to die from broken heart
Open up to die from broken time
Open up to die from broken breath
Open up to die from broken soul
Open up to die from broken kiss
Open up to die from broken future
Open up to an extravagance
Don't turn your back on any dream
Create space for something to pass
Make now space for naming things
Make now space for a round timeline
Make now room for oily tangos
Make now room for a blue notebook
But do not waste any time with tears
There is no shield against stories
Because our stories will not stop.