



UNLIMITED

– words 'tween borders –
beatriz chivite ezkieta

otherwords
|||||

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bestehitzak
|||||

Omonia Plaza

Stillness and speed
the square is covered
in green plastic and scaffolds

in the shade
motionless
doves

all around
cars move
motorbikes rush
yellow taxis beep

in the shade
motionless
doves

on the cement
they wait
they look at me
I look at them
we look at each other
I sit waiting like them

in the shade
motionless
doves

a group of kids
with an origin
but no destination
play clapping games
in the corner

at the sound of their hands
the doves fly away
but those others
have no

wings.

Limbos or time borders

You used to like jumping
between the white lines
of zebra crossings
to feel the gap
between your legs.

You used to step
on drains
to sense the emptiness
under your feet.

You wanted
to dance
on frozen moments

to sleep
in the coma
of a long sentence

to pray
in the violent sigh
of a crying baby.

To escape
in the instant
the door closes
and your breath
splits in two.

You wanted that moment
in which the egg breaks
to never end

unlimited.



Beatrix Chivite has NOT marked herself as safe in this misogynistic
society
in Western right-wing politics
in love
in the refugee crisis
in Uber
in media lies and disgusting cupcakes
in apathy
in youth unemployment in the arts
in the rain

Home

As I walk round
the Chinese neighbourhood
I find some of the pieces

In the singing
of Italian tourists too
I find fragments of my home

In each neighbourhood
of a big city
I want to find
a slice of my
hearth

I don't want to cross
borders to find
all the lost fragments
of my home.

Ode to orange

Orange
is an empty tin
of saffron
the sun on the sand
the shadow of a peach tree
a lonely howl
a Venetian spritz
an Irishman's beard
whisky and honey
the bugs trapped
in prehistoric
resin.

Orange is the instant
after the moment
orange is the explosion
orange is the force
of the whisper
of words that should not be spoken

everything should be
just orange.

Ode to white

The smell of clothes
drying in the basement,
the taste of your mouth
in the mornings
and an old nun's
underwear
are all white.

All the words never spoken,
the inside of a circle,
the memory of my grandma
and cold jasmine tea
are all white.

White are my breasts
in spring,
the trail drawn by an aeroplane
across the sky,
a lychee without a skin
and my mum's hair.
These are also white.

White is the salt
that covers the bodies
of all those
that die crossing
the Mediterranean.

Ode to yellow

Someone is whistling
in the corridor.

Crickets.
And your eyes when
you smile
are also yellow.

A light dance
a shooting star
a trumpet in the desert
and a lemon popsicle.

Your father's wall
is yellow.

A wasp sting.

The screams
of a three-year-old girl
running around the garden
are yellow.

The sound of a violin
in an empty school.

Beer is yellow
doubt is also yellow
beer
doubt
beer
thin fingers
stained with pollen
the teeth
of an old smoker
and poet.
Wheat is also yellow.

Yellow are
cowardly sentences
and the juice
of crimes and adultery.
Yellow is fuss.

Yellow is the cuckoo's nest
the politician's chest.

Ode to blue

Poetry read
in silence
is blue
Slovenian kitchens
on an April afternoon
are blue.

Your gaze's reflection
in a fountain
is blue.
Childhood days
and the blueberries
that you clutch
in your fists
are blue.

Your favourite wig.

The light coming
into the church,
Japanese prints,
a linen dress,
the voice of an Imam
and an empty
swimming pool
are blue.

Blue are the frozen lips
of the girl that sleeps
on the floor of some
Southern European
Square.

Ode to red

Laura's caresses
are red
as are her feet
in summer.

A fresh wound
is red.

Red is good wine
and a bad temper.

The third orgasm of the night
is red
anger at not being able to write
a good poem
is red.

Red are the last days of my period.

The corrections you make
to my writings
and to my voice
are red.

My tampons are red
my filthy mouth
and my tablecloth.

A blow
to a steel table is red
the shots that you heard
in the crowd
a temple's wall.
The blood-soaked Mediterranean
is red.

The moment in which
corn pops is red.
We will all be red
when we wake up.

Summer

Oh! So many suns
between these lines
so many lost lights
on this piece of paper.

Image

I lay down on the city walls
the kids looked at me and said:

- she took off her shoes
- she is sunbathing
- she is going to burn
- she is going to fall.

Lice

When I arrived
at the hotel
some of the kids had lice

and I was reminded of you
little sister
and your continuous itch.
For you they weren't parasites
they were tenants.

They kept you awake
and tickled
your thoughts

maybe your ADHD
was just the kisses
and frolicking
of your pets

why don't we like
visitors
that wake us up?

Ode to green

Koldo's cows
don't know
how to distinguish
between the grass
on one side
of this invisible line
and that on the other

everything is green
so green

green

wet and alive.

Exposed

On the platform
all the unknown
is wide open
in front of us.

Love

Your wife
fell out of bed
last night

while you listen
to jazz in the bar
you caress
the leg that rests
on your lap.

How many faces do we see?

Look at that couple over there
they are sitting in a restaurant
they don't look at each other
they don't talk
they are bored, and scared

look at that old lady
kissing that poor
old dog
the dog hates her
but she doesn't know

look at those two fat men
eating huge ice creams
they have just lost their jobs
they are angry
and you are envious of their
giant ice creams

How many faces do we see
crying in silence?
in between the wor(l)ds in which we live.

Lightness

You used to sleep in my bed
but a whole world was dividing us
you used to sleep in my bed
but an invisible wall
was separating our pillows

when you left my bed
you entered my world
when you left my bed
lightness knocked down
our barriers.

Pixels

Behind your grey screen
that's where flavours and caresses
hide

they fly around the cosmos
and they appear
in this pixelated image
in these loading words
and buffering videos.

Broken glances

With a hard hammer
you knock down the building

with a sharp word
silence

with a sweet touch
fear

and with a light screen
our gazes

There are no *Chiara ti amos* on the wall

Since I was a child
I have read the words
that fill the streets

at first
I used to read them out loud
with my mum
then, unconsciously
I'd say them silently in my head

unconsciously, like you close your eyes when you sneeze
unconsciously, like falling asleep in the car
unconsciously, like your heart starting to race at the disco
unconsciously

on walls
on signposts
on the ground
on dirty cars

Farmacia
Zara
Bus Station
Independentzia
Chiara ti amo

When I stepped off the plane
I couldn't read
all those words that surrounded me
and suddenly
I felt
empty
everything else was there
only my words were missing

Farmacia
Zara
Bus Station
Independentzia
Chiara ti amo

Where

You got off
at a station without a name

it had no platform
it was in the middle of a wheat field

You were the only one who got off
with no luggage
no bags

walking

towards the place
where the sun sleeps.

Cracks

Huff and puff
trying to inflate
a pink flamingo
rubber ring

run up
the down escalators

wait for a train
that has already left

or maybe never came.

Write with a pen
that has run out of ink

or maybe never had any.

Hug a world
that is falling apart

or maybe has always been disjointed.

I'll jump into the water
without your rubber ring
and I will sink

or maybe not

I'll go down the stairs
and look up

a world
too broken
to be a poem

too hidden
to be described.

Transgression

Cross
the line
without a line
there is no transgression
without transgression
there is no line

the border
stretches into
its unlimited
territory

endless
border
in motion

some children
have made
a sandcastle

the wild wave
crashes in
and conquers
the unknown

the land
with a castle

wet sand
hardens
water breaks
the line
the border
between
the land and
the ocean.

How to write?

I don't know
how to write
ironic poems

I don't know
how to write
romantic poems

I don't know
how to write
postmodern poems

I don't know
how to write poems

when reality
hits me
I try to close my eyes
but I keep them open

I stare and stare
and fall mute

what can I say?
what words could ease
so much pain?

light?

Your 'I's

Who the hell
wants to hear
my authorial voice

each to their own

I'd like to steal
your 'I's

I want my 'I'
to just disappear

so that only your voices
sing

like they do
constantly
stilled
but not silent.

Beatriz

I was made
to guide you
to paradise

I can only
promise you
I'll drive you mad.

Hotel

The red electronic clock
on the cigarette machine
is flickering
every second it lights up in fright
a slave to time

a fly is sitting on
the orange juice machine
there's a fat man looking at his phone
while his wife eats a kiwi
with a plastic spoon.

Anonymous music plays
composed for anonymous hotels
by anonymous people.

The man goes back to his room
he goes into the bathroom
showers
and throws the towels
onto the floor
otherwise they won't clean them, I'm sure

he feels
sand on the floor
between his toes

the door of the room in front
closes

the fly has not yet finished
the orange juice
it will lose all its vitamins

the clock is still scared

time has sand between its toes

the fly falls asleep on the clock
its numbers don't measure time anymore
just its sugar-flooded heartbeats.

To the emoticon without a mouth

The cat has got your tongue

you don't say a word
you don't smile

you are not afraid
you are not weeping

you just have eyes

where did you lose your language?
what was the last word
you whispered?
how do you sing to yourself?

To the truck driver

Stuck to the door
of your truck
there's a woman
in a tiny bikini

today it's hot
and the glue
is melting at the corners
in august
She won't be there anymore
she'll be at the beach

today is the 17th of June
your daughter's
third birthday
but there's no
signal
here, in this place
without a name

you look ahead
the horizon
- that sharp knife -
cuts your eyes
into two acidic
kiwi halves.

To Abdo

I show you my passport
it expires in 2019
and it's burgundy

on the cover
the name of my country
and its coat of arms
have long since faded
but it's burgundy

the pages are stamped
and on each one
there is a tiny drawing
of a migratory animal
or an historical transport system
and it's burgundy

you look at it
and give it back

my passport
opens
more invisible doors
than your daughter Vianna's
sweet smile;
because it's burgundy.

'Beatrix come fast to Athens'

Who am I to ask you
why you came here
who am I to ask you
about your religion and
about your dead sister

'I do want to talk about it but not by text message'

And with these eyes of an innocent white girl
and with this toasted skin
that comes from drinking too many beers in the sun
and with a pair of poetry books
that make me feel intellectual

I am a 'writer in residence'

sometimes I wear a scarf around my head
and claim I look Afghan
but I'm not, I'm not
of course I'm fucking not!

I'm white
my ID card says I'm white
and I write about you

because I feel bad
I feel bad about being here
without knowing what to do

I feel bad
and make the mistake
of believing myself capable
of writing
about your fucking pain

Grandmother

I know so little about you
I know you were a hairdresser
you were taller than your friends
on Wednesdays you used to give me
dark black chocolate.

I know so little about you
'txalo-txalo' and 'sagutxu'
were your Basque words
and you did not have
any particular accent in Spanish

I know so little about you
I loved your lamb soup
and I've inherited
your passion for films and novels

I know so little about you
your dad was 'as tall as a castle'
he held you in his arms
for the first time in Bilbao
in around 1943
you got scared
who was that man?

I know so little about you
in 1936
when you were just
a few months old
your mum and you
took a wooden boat
to France
your dad stayed behind
who was that man?
who were you?

Grandma, I know so little about you.

Garden

The doors of the garden
are always closed in winter
this year a fungus
killed the pine, the maple
and the lavender
only the bay laurel survived

summer is here
and my mum
has opened all the doors

the front door
is always open

if someone wants to come in
they can just walk right in – she says
they'll only find books
and reading will be good for them.

To the Mafia man

You are a millionaire now
You bastard!

At night when you lower your eyelids
you see eyes
clinging to plastic motorboats
in the darkness
searching for land

searching for a land that ignores them
in a sea that rocks them
in silence
only in silence
sometimes
they pray

tomorrow you'll be in Punta Cana
for a much needed
holiday.

Bilingual Microsoft

Agian, becomes Again

Zurekin - Sure, king

Bakarrik, bakery

Otoitz, otitis

and of course,

Beste hitzak

My Best Hits

To the air hostess

No one looks at you any more
no one listens to you
the choreography
that we used to love in the 90s
doesn't excite us anymore

you don't smile at us
when we come in
you don't give us
water or ice cream

you don't need to have
long hair
you are not obliged to be
just a pretty face

or at least
I hope not

Unemployed for a year

Or semi-unemployed
it's not even unemployment
two weeks here
a week there
but why do you complain
you like this life of yours
right?

you sit in front of your computer
read ironic articles
and write on Facebook messenger.

while I give you my opinion
of the Biennale and Documenta
I overcook the macaroni
fuck Bea, that was the only thing
you had to do today.

They've turned into something resembling
rubber
like everything that the sun touches
like your brain today

oh well, just go out and buy toilet paper
and have a beer
yes, a beer.

Give

You give blood
and we click 'like' on Facebook. Share. And then what?
he gives rice
and we click 'like' on Facebook. Share. And then what?
she gives dresses
and we click 'like' on Facebook. Share. And then what?
we give toys
and we click 'like' on Facebook. Share. And then what?
they give their time
and we click 'like' on Facebook. Share. And then what?

and we click 'like' on Facebook. Share. And then what?
which of us would give away our luck at having been born here?
and we click 'like' on Facebook. Share. And then what?
which of us would give away this cool rain?
and we click 'like' on Facebook. Share. And then what?
which of us would give away our tranquil lives?
and we click 'like' on Facebook. Share. And then what?
which of us would give away this droneless sky?
and we click 'like' on Facebook. Share. And then what?
which of us would give away our privilege?

MediterraneOH

OH

rivers of blood

OH

hope is bleeding

OH

hearts are being crushed

OH

just water

salty water

OH

so many Ulysses

so many Moses

OH

open the sea

expand this land

so we can all walk across.

Empty camps

Someone has already written
about the empty Nazi extermination camps
paralysed in times of horror.

Someone has already written
about the empty Chernobyl villages
paralysed in the end of the world.

We have not yet written enough
about this Mediterranean sea
its beaches full of plastic
jellyfish and orange life jackets.

We have not yet written enough
about the fenced-off European fields
filled with tents and wire

or about the wire teddy bears, cotton, thirst and lost hope.

Border dog

'Hola guapa,
this isn't you
you're much prettier than in the photo'

you wink at me

you look
only at
my photo
and my tits
'buen viaje'

I travel
for you I am an 'expat'

my grandma
was an 'exile'
my friend
a 'refugee'
my neighbour
a 'migrant'

words, just words
don't ask us what we are
ask us who we are.

Ode to black

Nights are not black
they are dark blue
and sometimes
ochre

all days
without words
are black

mornings without fruit
are black
as are pupils
and entrances to tunnels.

Petroleum is black
fucking petroleum
stained beaches are black
tyre graveyards are also
black.

Drones are black
the smoke of an explosion
is black
screens that look at us
are black.

Nothingness and the infinite
are black
fear is black
and pain that is as deep
as your pupils in the dark
is black.

Maribor, Europe

I sit in a European
square
on a summer's morning

I order
a latte
and a chocolate croissant
gypsies play 'besame mucho'
and 'Les Champs Elysses'
on their accordions

deliverymen unload their trucks
the waiter smokes a cigarette next to the door

tourists decide what to do
sparrows peck at my table

students with big rucksacks
talk about their weekend

my sister writes to me on whatsapp
we talk about Bauman's liquid love

Europe, my Europe, old and with amnesia
Europe has the face of my paternal grandma
Europe is a tired old lady

she has experienced wars and wild parties
she has managed to buy herself a fur coat
and is now resting on her brown sofa

Europe lives in fear
but she does not know
what she is scared of
she is old, just old.

when she dies
who will sit on her sofa?
who will inherit her fur coat?
who wants an old fur coat now anyway?

I.

the green branch
crosses the border
where do the plums
belong?

II.

the deer didn't know
what spikes were
until she got caught
somewhere near Bodova

deers too have died
'cause they didn't have
European passports.

III.

you cross a line
and suddenly
you are free

like in childhood
games
you've won

Schengen

Once, once
we were the same country
once there were no differences between us
once we were siblings
once we drank the same milk
once we read the same books

that once is not so far off

then we separated
we emphasised our differences
I'm not from there
you're not from here
what is 'there'?
what is 'here'?

Sentilj

Sentilj is a crossroads
I'm hungry
they direct me
to a pizzeria near the road

the waiter has a lazy eye
Balkan pop music is playing on the radio
a huge ketchup bottle sits on the table

a couple of couples wearing miniskirts
their skin covered in ugly tattoos

a brothel called Yucatan
a white rented limo
parked outside

a cheap supermarket
and firewood
piled outside every house

cars with Austrian plates
petrol stations and roads leading to the hills

it's summer
but it feels cold

it's a boring Saturday
the smell of pinewood

the couples look at their phones
one girl touches her humongous
fake gold ring
the other one plays
with her belly-button piercing

on the other side of the road
a distribution centre called Paloma
trucks full of sausages come and go

opposite a laser hair removal centre.

The other side

This poem
is in between two worlds
in between north and south

this poem
hangs on the spikes
of a rusted wire

it waits on the fence
sleeps on the cement
of the wall
it belongs here
 on the edge

this poem is full
of uncertainty
the unknown is ahead
the known still behind

this poem is mine
but also yours

this poem
is just a platform
from which to jump
to the other side

without knowing what, who, where or when the other side is
we close our eyes
and we jump
into the unknown

Train controller

He is wearing
blue trousers
and a red cap
his skin is tanned
his eyes green

he waits at a station
with pink walls
and flowers in the windows
in some tiny Slovenian town

when the train arrives
he raises his flag
when the train leaves
he does the same

he stays
at the station
watching
still standing.

To the English language

I speak your language
but I don't belong there
I am just a tourist in your words
I dress your sounds
with species from afar
my R is stRong
the Rrising sun
I water your dictionary
with juice from the steps
of my past.

Mirrors

I don't want to write about you
you would say it better

I don't want to take your portrait
I need your self-portrait.

A family of ostriches on the way

I walk slowly, barefoot on the highway
no one is waiting for me anywhere
not now
not anymore
not yet
at the border they don't ask for my passport
only a family of ostriches watch me go by

there are no police
the fences are there
now
already
still
no one is taking care of them
no one is taking them away

someone left his shirt on a wire fence

by accident I cross over into Austria

CCTVs
control
calmness

empty tents
smell of hot plastic

I imagine them
full of kids
hugging their
parents

now they are
empty
the hugs have crossed
the border too

CCTVs only
record
calmness.