

Resonance

by Papo Colo, 1996

INQUISITOR

And your head
is dismembered
decapitated...
becomes popularized
and suddenly
your dreams that are solid smoke materialize.
And you remain innocent forever
Those agitated times...
Centuries ago. You went out in flames.
You remember. Right now
how this was.
It happened because you,
a healer,
have knowledge of the profane.
The intimacy of your neighbors.
And you don't
fear the unknown.
Dangerous profession
that makes you die quietly
and you realize this instant
that you don't want to be forever.
Do you? They? Them?
Nobody wants to live forever.
In this void.
that crosses centuries
and always finds you...
with your alchemical job.
Accused, decomposed, and necessary

WITCH

The immediate act is...
A town meeting of universal proportions.
The lies
that become reality
showing your veins
that carry words of blood.
Brains far away
in another world.
Out there.
Out there...
Are you listening...?
Are you talking...?
Whispering

about me...
Yes. I cure
Sickness? Name it!
Specially material.
Physical.
Psychological.
Bones / feet / fingers / broken hearts
and broken wings / hollow brains.
The mechanic of the body. That's me.
I am the pillow of your dreams.
Your emergency spirit.
Born to be
nothing but necessary -
Fast!
Cure
of all cures.
Wash me
Look at me.
Clean me.
Disappear me.
Treat me.
Show me the pleasure.
Your pains.
of ignorance.
I will pay
for your pains of ignorance.
Lava / and as this volcano / explodes in my hands.
Wash / look at me. Watch me disappear.

Life runs
as an interminable
song.
Everything in this song
dies to live again.
Everybody including me sings this melody
inside and out, my voice and my soul ripen
before their time.
It's a mixture.
Mix my thought.
Treat me
to this feeling
of...insecurities
and obscure sensations.
Ruin me...
Better that way like this
than my way which revolves around my own sex.
This way must be the best.
So, feel my words
in your throat
above my innocent tongue
clicking for a talk.
Fill me with your voice.
Long. Profound.
Deep.
This word
that describes

my joy in you.

I am accused of....
Permutation. Violation. And of having conversations
with the beyond.
Yesss...of making obscene deals with the eternal.
Hot! Hot! Hot!
Today
all day. Hot.
Today
All day. Hot.
(deep breath)
Hot!
Hot!
Real hot
Do you ever
feel the motion of
how sand moves through
your fingers?
That slow way
that is fast at the same time.
Do you ever try
to count those grains?...
Try once
if successful
you can be immortal.
Everyone
tries
at least once
to pass
into another
space. A lot
of times they fail / Catastrophe!
They stay in the middle and disappear.
Life is too short
to worry.
I resist
any persons / objects / or compromises
in all presents. / In all pasts and futures
and then
I resist
under pressure.
I... mean...
I give up
I confess I have a pleasure
when I am
under surveillance.
I protest
by taking / absorbing / digesting
all the laws into my belly.
All my citizen rights!
That are obsolete.
I intend
to devour
my company / my town / and my country
because anyway

life is too short
to worry.
And with my
divine
luck of birthing power
comes
my prosperous position
my invisible partners
and my story that is millions of times repeated...
That luck of being possessed.
Fatal joke of differences that mark me.
If I can cure,
most of the time
I can kill.
An elliptical orbit.
It must be good
because
there is more than one
reason to get rid of me
It must be
an attack to your ways
of spectacle / lynching
bending / incestuously
with that multitude
of insults.
Drinking the ashes of my words
I produce liquid knowledge
warm worm, residual blood of my urine
to anoint the wounds of life
and cure...

INQUISITOR

This gesture was the first noise.
Drawing on the air. / Imagining / forms that transform
the day.
The mechanics have to stop.
The machinery has to rest
and the memory begins working.

WITCH

The desire repeats anxiety.
It sucks your raw physical emotions.
Repeat. Memory.
I remember now.
History is with me
because it began
with me.
Everything was empty...
and born in my mind.
Hearts were found, lost without bodies
brains and chest.
Attached to birds that eat them.

Rolls of metals tied to the feet of thousands of presumably guilty persons

Burn ! Burn !
Oh. My feet!
Wax is on my breasts.
Hot wax that glues my pubic hair.
Hang me by my ankles
upside down
so that my blood will boil.
This will more that cure me
it will levitate my pains.
My friends want
to cut me up.

So. How come you
want me to walk...
I shall run to my death...
That is the natural way
Can I die for my sins again?
I speak words of action
tasting God with a supreme kiss.
Deep into his heart.
Drinking his blood.
Eating his body.
That makes me
eternal.
I don't want to change now or ever because
for centuries I have been the theater for the dead
and those who want to live forever.
In the meantime
these two huge lights -
Sun and moon
come toward me / against me
and in the meantime
I fly myself
weightless
out of balance or direction
disoriented.
And suddenly
yessss. I wake up
and start talking
hidden I was.
I speak clearly
to the moon to the sun.
I am afraid of dying.

No more dialects or foreign languages. Please!
But now my right hand
attacks
my left hand.
They contradict each other
traversing,
cutting through the waters
dividing time
Just like you said.
One hand

assassinates
the other.
We see cannibalism happening right now!
Mouths biting into
Naked flames
Hot! Bright red.
Naked flames
Your death
is here.

Out of this spectacle comes the immense vision of pain
that is the joy of others.
Flames in my heart
or in my hands.
They are really fast.
They eat well
naked heart.
Why do you want to kill me?

INQUISITOR

Monster or angel?
Demon.
Are you there?
They are looking
at you
immediately.
fixing. repairing. crisscrossing. embarking. involving.
the right way
of going away
go away...

WITCH

Ladies and gentlemen
your best wishes
are
my immolation.
You will act as companions.
Witnesses.
As voyeurs of my destitution.
As the storytellers of my disappearance.

INQUISITOR

I have seen this woman before.
Breathing fire.
She screamed.
She appeared and reappeared.
She multiplied herself.
She doubled, tripled and
quadrupled herself.
She is a voice that has to be silenced

or she will eat our shadows.
We will lose our reflections
and the sounds of our echoes.

WITCH

There is a shadow
eating my void.
Firmly.
with no regrets.
Methodically
seeking
a light.
Any light
that will
carry me.
Floating.
Dragging
contradictions
with the simple
thought
of naming you.
These accusers
are right.
I am a dangerous
creature.
I teach to control
your destiny.
How many?
How much?
When? Well...
I possess.
Because. I am possessed
Silently- I cursed you
behind.
Veil assisting
my words.
In memoriam.
Retaking
my will...
Excuse me?
I'm freezing.
It's freezing.
Someone
has to tell the truth.
They...
are burning me.
Cutting me.
in pieces.
Looking for
their truth.
Cleansing their guilt.
Boiling my blood
and spreading my ash in the clouds.