

**Zygmunt**

by Papo Colo, 1991

Sometimes time as a word  
keeps growing  
until it becomes more time  
as a sentence  
that keeps growing  
until that time  
becomes more time  
as a paragraph  
that becomes chapters of years  
that becomes decades of stories  
that becomes an accumulation of words  
and time  
which becomes a century.

Zygmunt is the doubt of the duality of time  
an eccentric time  
a reflective time  
an introspective time  
because Zygmunt is mostly time  
Our time in you, your time  
which is mine  
So our existence is a share  
of time  
Zygmunt is a voyage to nowhere through time  
around and inside our measure of time  
Suddenly the 20th century looks far away  
the past is dissolving in the future  
and five minutes becomes five centuries  
the inventive and invented time  
is passing like the tail of the comet  
residual incestuous uncontrollable indecipherable  
space of the times  
Always when there is a shortage of money  
there is a moral surplus.  
Is that a miracle?

I

And everytime that you experience  
that sensation of travel  
you will find an emotion of sex.  
And everyplace that you stay  
will absorb your smell forever.  
And after awhile while,  
you will give up in a flash  
to the material of the flesh

immersing  
 your saliva in acrobatic thoughts  
 of permanence.  
 Inviting  
 you and you  
 to travel  
 around around.

## II

And as I go around this world  
 and my desires grow  
 as my passions grow  
 I levitate in memories  
 around around.

## III

As I go around the night  
 and I see magnificent stars  
 that follow me across their fire  
 millions of light years away.

## IV

I see the crispy multiplications  
 of their forces, inciting me and you  
 to see the mountains made  
 of iron trees, to see  
 elemental constellations reflecting  
 in oceans of sharp, direct,  
 fragments of fire.

## NEW YORK

Immeasurable secrets of this city  
 fortune lives in your insides  
 because I, scrapers, command you/because I ride you in your indomitable  
 mechanism, that flies with me and walks inside  
 embracing asphalt around my feet in my cold bed in my warm heart.

## CHANT TALK

Babel  
 of the same language  
 Are you me?  
 What language do you speak?  
 To what idiom are you referring?  
 Are you a foreigner?  
 Do you know this town?  
 Where do you come from?

Are you a stranger?  
 What languages do you speak?  
 Tell me the truth  
 I am asking  
 Do you have a tongue?  
 How tall are you?  
 Which race do you prefer?  
 What language do you like?  
 What are you thinking?  
 Can you travel?  
 Will you fly?  
 Very far?  
 Where? Here?  
 Tell me the truth  
 How do you feel?

#### LOVE SONG

Con una Canción de amor  
 Que recuerdo  
 With this long song I must remember  
 Lejos a la distancia  
 Far away  
 Far away  
 As I travel through your blood streams  
 Happy  
 immersed  
 and touching your skin  
 with my voice  
 and reaching in total silence  
 the desires that encounter  
 more interventions  
 related to  
 your tongues  
 in the language of love

#### FINALE

Santo Santo  
 Entire countries  
 change overnight.  
 Populations disappear  
 to form more populations.  
 And me and you  
 Happy  
 informing  
 in formation  
 deformation.  
 That's the way this world is run.  
 In rotation  
 forming  
 deforming.  
 And as we continue this trip  
 we fall into seductions

illusions  
and we walk  
across  
territories of hope.  
Unknown  
unnamed  
territories.  
Direct and across  
territories.