

Juan Beladrich

Monologues of texts that once were

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mono-



It's about time  
Yes, it is about time  
Taking time  
Taking your time  
Time, which is space  
Time to think  
to read commas  
to

You, your time  
(and a bass line)  
(and a base line)

P - R - O - N - U - N - C - I - A - T - I - O - N

So  
much tagged information  
(fear of white?  
of emptiness?  
of words / letters / lines with meanings?)

Nota aparte: nunca me das crédito  
(bueno, casi nunca)  
pero sí

Hard to handle rejection  
en nu?

Why aren't you hiding anymore?  
Who has to see this in its entirety?

At least we are not playing chess anymore  
(pero es una simultánea)  
(son) (unas) (simultáneas)

Turn turn turn

How can it be that you can feel like wanting and  
dying at the same exact moment for several  
minutes at a time?

How can you look at the lens of the camera in  
such a way that I have to swallow as if my  
life depends on it?

A spoon with traces of cake  
Two permanent markers  
The second song of a CD that I heard over five  
years ago for the last time  
and I wait for the fifth song to feel again

Temas recurrentes (hora, humo, humedad)  
Y la mímica de la batería

And all of you in me right now  
Y todas ustedes en mí ahora mismo  
Not only in my mind  
Pero más  
Mucho más

Perfume.

You don't put everything in one book  
You make fourthfifthsixth book  
Porque si no se te acaba el mundo  
Thank God

monologues of texts that once were





-logue



Maybe she's sleeping  
but the combination of fireworks and wind makes  
everything strange  
she should be covered with blankets now  
she should be covered with blankets now  
but her left foot may be outside, escaping  
letting itself grow cold in spite of the constant 25  
degrees  
only to go back inside at some sound that can  
disturb her  
lying on her left side, facing the light of the  
kitchen  
just being there  
with the alarms and a phone that may not ring  
or may do  
end of the year  
endings or beginnings  
she rests  
3:17 on the side of the socks never found  
papers that grow tall  
and a word  
or many  
that mean a lot  
and nothing  
because it is her meaning  
it is her sleeping



What am I doing?  
Nothing's wrong  
It's a fantasy

Hair

I stopped writing several weeks ago  
but here I am again  
Anecdotes  
(yes, more talking for table two, please)

Standard solutions that lead me to  
To?  
Two

You too



On your own  
I'm waiting  
In every way  
And I say I did it  
For many reasons.

I have to make this  
And feed on myself  
Despite the many years of pain  
Somehow leaning over the edge  
Borders, speak  
Wake up  
Wake up!

Deep inside of me  
A solo act, bored  
Taped to the ceiling and looking down  
Listening to the song I want to whisper  
And all the ties are broken

You'll just find me crying  
So don't look at me  
Just stop  
Please

My hands are hanging from that tree  
That leaf is taking them away from me  
And that was what I was waiting for

It's going to break anyhow  
I miss my hands

But in here I'm getting free  
There's light  
And my make up is fading  
There's dark  
Yesterday I flew  
There's space  
Away, and came back  
And I'm not giving up  
like when no meant no and nobody did anything  
    against that  
and when yes meant smiling



It depends on the point of view  
the water that still flows and runs and changes  
color  
shape  
waves in a channel  
and you keep on looking with your eye  
the three of them  
and listen

listen

Smoke  
in your eyes  
thirst  
motion  
stay, stay there, keep on moving just your eyes;  
    stay here  
try to hold yourself, watch over yourself  
step up and wash your eyes  
the sun is coming and everything is fading  
but it'll hold a little longer  
time will go

and it rains now even harder.

Remember  
there was a moment when we both cried  
right now

Close your eyes, it's time.

Thoughts of what and how  
ideas  
(it's safer)  
Dreams.

I wake up  
your face in front of mine  
smiling.

I know I'm still dreaming

Like all those other times when you smiled just  
there  
in that exact same place  
but now your hair is hanging loose  
touching my face  
and my knees cannot stop moving.

I may not be dreaming

Your eyes fixed in mine  
and you are still smiling  
wide  
true  
with the curtain out of focus  
the cloth unimportant  
and the tips of you hair tickling my cheeks.

And you smile  
perfect  
and the tip of your tongue caresses my lips  
and we smile  
I am not dreaming

And I wake up smelling your shadow.



Let's get out of here  
Head on into the darkness  
A trip  
A journey  
An idea  
An idea  
An idea

Let's  
Come  
Yawn  
Cry  
Smile  
And keep on walking like you do  
Like you know  
Because you know

A close agenda crying out loud  
Hungry  
And white papers that should be filled  
And a face in the light with its own light  
And a hand and a foot and an earring  
Tic-tac-toe  
Coughing trying to avoid talking  
Stop  
Stop  
Go go go.

Blue smells climbing our legs  
An interior, a photo  
Maybe moving, getting close

Sleeping without dying  
Dying without sleeping  
Awake  
Very awake  
Just looking in from outside  
Feeling  
Thinkingfeelingiving  
And the bottle on the floor again...

And stillness  
Just a line of ink  
Yes... there  
In  
And that light in front of the house in the alley  
Welcoming me  
Inviting me  
Looking at me  
And I'm looking back  
Afraid  
But doing it anyhow  
In them  
Ik ben  
Again.

Gone  
you read and read and wait to answer  
but you don't  
and erase.

I'm shaking, I cannot write  
I am telling myself, teaching myself, how to hold  
a pen

We are never going to talk again  
(lie)  
It's harmless  
(lie)  
taking a taxi to another station  
eternal longing for many images  
(I cannot write, I don't know how to)  
but the same one image  
in front of me  
a glass  
time.

Nothing hurts you  
(lie lie lie)  
I cut your voice  
you made me remember and forget.

I looked around  
our wounds bleeding  
and we were smiling  
listening, finally, to the quiet voices in our chests  
letting go

giving up.  
No erasing.  
No delete.



Wet in wet

Constructions

What you want

and the list is coming  
getting closer and closer and close  
CLICK!  
almost

Here!

And it's gone

It's not coming back until next year  
a break  
just to do other things that we must do  
just to continue doing things that we must do  
small figures lost in some wind painted paper  
looking and sleeping  
powerful  
and snapped by the middle

lines and stains

Getting closer to only see some part  
blurry  
a white canvas with a name tag  
and he kept it for himself  
and couldn't handle it

'No one understands this'  
So he stopped  
No pause

Stop  
Pause

Busy  
dreamy  
walking in her socks  
-you have something to say?  
hey because  
-what are you saying?  
you know anymore  
moving both hands inside the silence  
broken by the bombs that every year explode  
the same ones that I smelled.

Slower, the world is still round  
it makes me cry, the sky  
the smoke  
is here  
shadows in the land that is not hers  
nor mine  
it's just an arctic feeling, or some drum sound  
feathers over glass  
getting back to basics  
getting back.

A sound that is everything that she can listen to  
a bottle and warmth and a cigarette that refuses to  
be finished  
forever talks  
looking through it  
she walks and watches  
she comes and goes.

Making a hole in the tap-tap

it weeps  
gaspng inside.

Do you remember?  
When will it stop?

I should've shut up  
And I stuttered

But I couldn't write the end  
and I still can't do so here

Written words spoken  
Face facing a face

[...]



Black  
Gone

Witness of practices not known outside  
dream  
wish  
follower.

Home

A sax-drilling dance of thousand high pitch  
sounds  
eyes looking up to catch a glimpse  
but watching it with all ears  
tears smiling over and over  
hiding under pillows of hair  
eyes wide open  
sleeping.

Don't cover  
both arms around the waist.  
A sense of black red desk  
reflection of silences in six circles tied together.

Talks

A constant fight, a contrast  
lower, lower, lower  
communicating not having  
not doing

Smoke that doesn't get in your eyes  
and a new beginning

Black  
Gone