

ENGLISH TITLE

Unlimited

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ORIGINAL TITLE:

Mugi/atu

TRANSLATOR:

Leire Erviti

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## Omonoia Square

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

in the shade  
pigeons  
still

in the surroundings  
cars driving  
around  
motorcycles in a hurry  
yellow taxis  
hooting

in the shade  
pigeons too  
still

standing on the cement  
they wait  
stare at me firmly  
I stare at them  
we stare at each other  
I sit  
waiting like them

in the shade  
pigeons too  
still

a group of children  
that has origins  
but no address  
play  
games  
on a corner

with the sound of claps  
pigeons  
fly  
but those others  
have no

wings.

**Limbo or time borders**

You liked  
jumping  
between crossroads'  
white lines  
to feel the gap you left  
between your legs.

You pressed  
manhole covers  
to notice  
the depth  
expanding  
under your feet.

You wanted to  
dance between  
the iced moments

to sleep

in a long sentence's  
comma

to pray

in the fierce sighs  
of childrens' tricks.

To escape

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in the moment  
you close the door  
and your breath  
splits in two.

You wanted  
the instant the egg breaks  
to be infinite

bondless.



«Safe»

Beatrix Chivite doesn't mark feel safe  
in a misogynistic society  
in Western's right  
*affaire*  
in the refugee crisis in the Mediterranean  
in the lies of the media and in nasty cupcakes  
in apathy  
in the youth unemployment in the art world  
under the rain.

**Ode to orange**

Orange  
is an empty  
saffron tin  
fresh fragrance  
sun in the sand  
the shadow of a peach  
a lonely howl  
Venice's Spritz  
the beard of Irish  
whisky and honey  
flies  
that get trapped  
in resins from prehistory.

Orange  
is the moment  
after the instant passes  
orange is the explosion  
orange  
is the violence  
of whispering  
the word  
that should never be told

everything should be  
orange.

## Ode to white

The smell of clothes  
drying in the threshold  
as you wake up  
the taste  
of your mouth  
and the old nun's  
knickers  
are white.

Everything that has not been said  
the inside of a circle,  
the memory of my grandmother  
and iced jasmine tea  
are white.

White are my breasts  
in spring  
the trails of airplanes  
that line the sky  
a peeled lychee  
and my mum's hair too  
is white.

White is  
the salt  
that covers  
the skin of the bodies  
that die  
while crossing the Mediterranean.

## Smoke and tears

I cry in the motorcycle  
my tears fill  
with the smoke from the street

the city fills  
with my tears

smoke fills  
with the city.

## Aware

As I drink white coffee  
shade disappears slowly  
heart beating.



## **In the afternoon storm**

Cristal cracks

water

in the warm bed.

**Cut**

The kitchen knife  
is sharp  
and marble  
is cold  
as your silence

my body and pomegranate  
are meaty  
and  
juicy  
fertile and alive

knife cuts  
pomegranate in two  
your silence cuts me.

## To lose

Little by little I lose words  
and everything moves away  
the house too

as if I lose my memory  
everything soothes  
light too

as if I lose sight  
everything turns silent  
morning birds too.

Little by little I lose words  
and everything moves away  
mum too.

**Transgression (break, rip)**

Go further  
from the marked line  
without line  
there is no transgression  
without transgression  
there is no line

the border  
enters  
its bondless  
region

limitless  
border  
exists in the movement

children  
have built  
a castle  
in the sand

wave  
pushes  
wildly and  
takes  
the unknown region

the dry region  
that has a castle  
the wet sand  
hardens  
water  
breaks  
the marked border  
the border  
between  
earth and ocean.

**How to write?**

I don't know  
how to write  
an ironic poem

I don't know  
how to write  
a romantic poem

I don't know  
how to write  
a postmodern poem

I don't know  
how to write  
a poem

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

after violently seeing  
I turn silent

what could I  
say?  
What word  
could be capable  
of soothing  
all this bitterness?

Light?

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## I.

The branch of the tree  
crosses the border  
where are the plums from?

**The other side**

This poem  
is between two worlds  
between north and west

hanging  
on a rusted iron wire's  
thorns

it waits by the fence  
on the cement of the wall  
asleep  
it comes from here  
from the edge

this poem is full  
of uncertainty  
on the front  
everything that's unknown  
at the back  
everything that's known  
firm

this poem is mine  
but it is yours too

this poem  
is nothing but  
a platform  
that helps us  
jump to the other side



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