



Homais likes to sing a song  
when he encounters the young gypsies  
that goes like:

YOU SWALLOW IT

SLOWLY IT GOES THROUGH YOUR NECK  
BUT IT ENDS NOWHERE, I BET

IN AN EMPTY CARAFE

OUT OF YOUR BODY

YOU DON'T EVEN NOTICE IT  
BLIND BABE

A LITTLE PINK LACE THAT CONNECTS ONLY Y  
BLIND BABE

AN ILLUSION OF THINKING

IT WILL FIT PERFECTLY ONLY TO YOU

ONE, TWO, THREE

INDIVIDUAL CAPSULES

BUT YOU ARE SWALLOWING

BUT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN:

WHERE ARE WE GOING TO MEET?

The Pharmacy is located  
in Montserrat neighborhood  
in Igalada city  
a secondary and provincial city  
if you type the name in Google  
you can only find  
cheap apartments  
all badly insulated  
made quickly  
in concrete

Homais is not the father of anyone  
might be the father of another town  
of another century  
he also has his elbows resting  
on the counter

It's a place  
used to be a home  
for gypsies  
now it's all full of bars  
and people waiting in the corners  
looking at the street  
as if something important might happen  
but nothing happens  
the crisis turned the place  
into ashes

A guy that wants  
the lower thing after metadona  
says:  
don't make me say it again  
and the counter  
doesn't want to be turned  
into an antagonistic place  
or a normative one  
so  
everybody provides what is asked

The old gypsies come inside  
all broken  
now that they don't have a united family  
anymore  
they use walking sticks

The pensioners are  
the second most famous clients  
they are accused of collapsing the economy  
they are accused of keeping pills at home  
hoarding them  
letting them expire

During the night  
Homais closes the crystal door  
It has a small hole that can be opened  
then  
the thin crystal becomes the counter  
— no room to lie down with your elbows

But it's safe  
Homais says that  
it's fucking hard to say 'no' to drug addicts  
but it's not your business  
anymore  
and now with the crystal door  
it's easier

Everybody always prefers  
the counter  
but  
during the night  
he prefers the crystal door

Bar counter  
kitchen counter  
drugs counter  
no  
no  
check-out counter  
for counting  
accounting  
and delivering

He has his elbows resting on the counter

The counter  
is one of those types of furniture  
that carries money  
from one side  
there's demand  
from the other  
answers

The pills are placed in the middle  
next to coins  
they look so similar

One counter is made of plastic  
PVC that can be piled  
and carried to another place

A vinyl layer covers it  
making a curve  
— you can transport that counter to France  
or you can keep it in Montserrat neighborhood  
until the clients stop demanding

But they never stop

So they've got another counter  
with a showcase  
wooden skeleton base  
sorry  
plywood  
glass on the top  
through it you can see displayed:  
pots  
screw top pots  
pipettes  
pipettes with rubber stoppers  
syringes  
pressure tap syringes  
and other objects  
to carry liquid  
that it's better to keep cold

It's the coughing  
it's the saliva  
that swims on the air  
and the demands  
the complaints  
and the sniffing noises  
and the other waiting in a white shirt  
that the germs won't get through

Those silent liquids are the clear division  
in the counter  
— all the rest is fiction  
and leaves people without memory

But of course  
when they come in  
they're fucking nervous  
— it's not easy to live in a cheap apartment  
made of concrete  
and go inside a white space  
without mucus  
when you are full of mucus  
and other germs

The walking stick of the gypsy  
sounds perfect on the street  
where nobody has the balls  
to say  
it's my home  
anymore

Young gypsies take psychoactives  
and don't walk on the concrete  
they just stay at home

they only have them as guides as grooves  
and when they arrive at the deep state

and the mums paint them in grey

they're the threshold of dreams

as if someone wanted to rip you from someone else's arms

lullabies have something dark cold and lonely

melancholic and nostalgic as the tribes

she thinks of the mums you don't forget to sing lullabies

but she is not ready to talk in public

Inter-  
dependence  
is  
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we  
just  
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THE SECOND CONTINUES:  
 I GUESS SHE WAS TOO GOOD  
 AT TALKING

THEY LOOK AGAIN TO THE PARTHENON  
 ONE BREAKS THE SILENCE:  
 THE PARTHENON IS  
 SO BEAUTIFUL  
 AN AWESOME EXAMPLE OF  
 LITTLE INDIVIDUALS  
 HOLDING A FULL  
 STRUCTURE  
 IF ONE FALLS IT ALL FALLS

THE OTHER  
 COMMENTS:  
 I PREFER TRAJAN'S COLUMN  
 IF IT FALLS I WILL  
 SNIFF ITS DUST AND  
 IF IT'S NECESSARY  
 EXPLAIN LATER WHAT IT USED  
 TO CARRY

THE OTHER REPLIES:  
 YOU ARE SO PREDICTABLE

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She used to dream about apartments  
 in her one bed o  
 but she has a double b  
 so she feels like a qu  
 when she gets to the studic  
 fucking and talking not really  
 she rehearsed the spec  
 ) MAKE JOKES ABOUT fucking and talkin  
 but she is not rea  
 she thinks of the mums who don't forg  
 melancholic and nos  
 lullabies have something d  
 as if someone wanted to rip you from sc  
 they're the th  
 ) SUBJECT TO ME and the mums  
 and when they arriv  
 they only have them as guides as grooves  
 their dreams and voices that will quilt the floor  
 raising up new walls in a mournful smell  
 the mother will project and the baby will fear  
 their singing sounds like architectural maps  
 the pillars are bodies like logs like scraps  
 following the rhythm by thumb sucking  
 they had learnt something from those murmurs  
 singing is made for telling the truth  
 vanished sounds but theirs are forever  
 e melody which stays more than the text  
 those songs that don't stop in language  
 and want to become a body a purr  
 fucked up olds remember the old melodies  
 and after years of nights sleeping alone  
 they realise they all had the same songs  
 clenched teeth without letting the words out  
 babies and slobbs don't understand language  
 and just want to make sexual sounds  
 what can she see from her bed?  
 she's scared to spend too much time outdoors  
 trying to see if she belongs to the crowd  
 or her apartment belongs to her  
 she tried to look for things that vanish  
 and don't leave material traces  
 sitting on the grey carpet and segregating saliva  
 that dyes the fabric and later disappears  
 in the middle of the grey one can see the ambition  
 to leave the building and have a solitary voice  
 create some hits to groove with the others  
 and make their spines lift straighter  
 and ask someone to help her out  
 S neither as a favour nor a collaboration  
 because she hates the fucking prompters  
 nt echoes that say what you should say  
 if you forget the line or even if you don't  
 live in this city where everybody claps?  
 she's tired of the prompter the crew and her mum  
 to have a partner never worked for her either  
 she just wanted to cut out her own tongue  
 and be her own Philomela muse  
 for her rhymes for her vocal sounds  
 AND but she doesn't want to shut up  
 if you shut up one voice  
 you switch all of them off  
 and you wonder if she  
 still thinks deeply  
 losing all the  
 charisma

