Dancing

by Berta Orellana

what do you prefer a car or an elephant?…

words come and go
as a fake coin that some try to pass to

others,
limitation and deceit are contained in it.

Now I write from left to right.

cultural translations,
quizzes, programmes, workshops, cycles,

lectures.

Fuck, enough is enough, it's really enough.

Seville explodes in cultural
activities that we did not have before,

Seville has bike paths and a gentrified boulevard,
this Friday, there will be an opening in

valencia, where the 25 most preminent Sevillean
painters will exhibit their work, the police

saunter along the new, tidy
pedestrian avenues, hotels. The titanic

is coming. The woman at the kiosk in puerta
jerez still gets surprised by the pack of

tourists that get off the
coaches, park by her kiosk, the centre is

already pedestrian. I'd rather dance the
hullahop or the reggaeton … I buy your

girlfriend, the lyrics say. I killed her because
she was mine. Like shit she was yours.

Fuck, enough is enough, it's really enough.

They all go to
Seville, all like who, and what did they see.

Performance as
work, as a tool to make that this attempt

of meaning of crushing
real life can be seen as it is, something

insignificant.
There are many Sevilles. Bloody money.

As everyday life seems so
simple, so normalized. Since you don't

baffle day after day about floating in a universe.
Let's the wind blow and fucking clean you

once and for all... You and all of you. Ditto to
women. That's what you will get. That's

what you have. Enjoy it Robocop

alas Robocop, Robocop stop being
miserable and come to live in the countryside.

(I have been wishing for quite
a while a collective work with women, a

shared maternity. It's very
easy to do so, we create a group of and

we all get pregnant as simultaneously as
possible… we do it together and we benefit

from it.)

*this is not a proposal for the time being, it's something
to do in the long run, but if you think

dig me out

you may be interested
is good that we get in touch from now.