

SUBVERSIVE ECONOMIES

Daniella Valz Gen

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SUBVERSIVE ECONOMIES

Daniella Valz Gen

*Los versos que irremediamente tarjo
se llevarán por siempre mi poema*

José Watanabe

Ayúdame a quedarme cuando me encuentre lejos

César Calvo

BREAKING EVEN

if time is money but
ours is care
if time is money
but we are in debt
if time is currency
and credit is debt
and stillness is credit
but credit is time
and debt is work
and care is currency but
there's no trade
what's the name of the place
where ends meet

BERLIN STORY POEM

Du bist so wunderbar beats my slow ears over and over
making me jolt as I carry my forty kilograms of winter
body just escaped from a tide of toxic foam
surfing flat on my chest like I know
Impeccably cold and submerged in the constancy of night
(when the sun came out it bounced on snow
to hurt my eyes)
Body, my body barely there under
layers of alpaca wool and puffy down squeaky cheap
voluminous padding

I spoke Deutsch with the one Italian I had managed to
befriend. When I told her I was Italian
she demanded to see my passport.
I spoke castellano with the Greek man that insisted
on taking me to the sauna. He spoke Greek
into my ear *Du bist ein Talent* and I giggled.
I learned better *Deutsch. Deutsch*
Ich spricht Deutsch gern.
Kinder broken Deutsch
impeccably pronounced and poorly conjugated
but I read Rilke like an angel on fire
that escaped the martyrdom of angels and the filthy hands
that clenched my impossibly long Peruvian hair

I felt terrible
I was alive alone and cold
I cried at night

I danced in poorly lit rooms as they watched

When there was no one to talk to I was also so content

I rang my lover from sour cabins and whispered
on the telephone as I touched myself

I survived on milky coffee and a diet of apples and yoghurt
a jar of honig a week essential sweetness
fried things from the kiosk

I wrote love letters repeating:
Remember you said you would come

I sat in front of the same Robert Morris painting
a blank canvas lines of colour flowing downwards
from each side staring into the blank space
until it was full of colours or my stomach cramped

I was so sick then I was so strong

I felt like myself and it scared me

The night he approached me American accent
Sprechen Sie English?
Ich sprache kinder Deutsch, what do you want
When I said I was from Perú he asked if I knew
where to get cocaine. I have no idea.
So sober I am he wouldn't believe.
You look too good. You speak too good.

Loud American talk coming my way.
I could not understand actions but I understood pain
filthy hands pulling my impossibly
long hair as I leave my body behind and rush into
the safety of darkness within
Shut.
But gasping for air.
Then I run
gathering bits of myself out into the blade sharp air
smash into the warrior blonde standing on the
street that holds me and tells me
you are safe honey you are fine look in one piece
she was all edges and fur arms golden shimmering skin
buying me a hot drink minus fifteen degrees
You are ok. You are good. Pretty thing.
Tell me where is home?

IMPRINT

We dance apart
but taking each other in
our bodies knead want
through the air inbetween
hot sweat heartbeat bass
magnetic field pulse

a collision

your hand
down the back of my jeans
your fingers
twist my pants
and turn them into rope
you pull as you kiss
and pull pull
soaking rope

no one else ever gets
to do this

LUMP

I watch you chew the meat
dry suck all the red juice
and spit a grey morsel of
twisted flesh tissue

You place it on the edge of the
plate opposite the slices of
bright seared beef
you don't touch

Unwilling absent gnawing
slowly a hole in the plate

You eat
the green vegetables

All I can think of is the
little dead lump
draining the colour of
everything around it
through a gravity
exacerbated by the
totality of its death status

I want to watch the scene unfold
but it's over too soon

I blink slow
You had enough and spat it out

SINKHOLE

Harsh speech
your breath
a cold cloud
I swallow
it spreads in my gut
I speak / you don't see me
it's vapour my speech
you say it's wrong
I'm wrong
too much
you can't deal
I swallow
but I choke
I want to say
I'm your mirror
but I can't say
I am full
and you can't hear anyway

LEFTOVERS

Patient grateful
nibbling on barely stale
not quite fermented
past their best
morsels of indulgence

I'm almost pleased

Such is the grace
of knowing my place
in the pecking order

FRUGAL FUGUE

All those nights we drove through the fog of magenta
electric light bouncing on endless cloud sky.
The car a submarine in this 99.9% perpetual humidity.
Our city,
our triple crowned filthy desert of colonial glory in destitution,
home in constant (de)construction,
fresh brick walls and the promise of another story above,
this permanent desire for height.

We fume out of the town centre through narrow streets
neon chicken signs crumbling balconies
and piraña packs,
spat into the vein trench zanjón and speeding
towards the cliff so we can stand at the edge
and get high in silence.

Our bodies signal towards the horizon
of ocean foam filaments.
This ritual of ours,
a burst into dance drenched in cheap beer
much warmer than the Pacific's waves in front of us.
To take away to wash to numb the contrast the stain
the sad acrid silence we swallow like a pill essential for survival.

CUMBIA BETRAYAL

Light steps and the rhythm of waves
in my body I am swimming,
moist air curtains as I pierce and suture
the space but you speak
You say you like to watch me dance
you interrupt
Voyeur is the word but it isn't if you join
with your body
but you would rather speak
say you like watching
rather than observe in silence
I can't really hear you
but I nod
I would like to say don't speak
dance or watch but shut up
but instead I politely nod and smile
and nod and smile with my head
with my face
but my hips are turned away
not that you notice and I still don't say a thing
my face stiff set into the mechanics in motion
too scared of offending you
and this realisation offends me
as you pull me away from the will of my body
and I have no words to tell you that your words
are redundant
that we are not currently meeting
that you think I am present but I'm
offending myself to not offend you
because the consequences of offending you

might cost more than repressing
an aspect of myself
I'm offended by myself
and you are so absorbed by what you say
it pours out and fades but you can't tell
no one hears you
You don't care about the cumbia
You can't understand the lyrics
Your body is redundant
You obliterate pulse
You refuse rhythm
You are a head mouth eyes and talk
and my head nods
until I have to pee
My body's urge to expel
to expel me from offending
my body
myself
saves me from this endless
headbobbing plastic puppy motion
an automaton fueled by the fear of breaking
your polite English rules and dealing
with your ugly drunk face
because
I can't hear your words but I smell
the danger in your breath

BRATS KILL LOVE

A poem

You write it.

BURROW

For R

I told you I loved
baby foxes so much
I wanted to feed them milk
from my tits

a love that clings to mammal

this abject love to feed
from my body
little feral things

You were unfazed
But when the wounded fox
retreated as we approached
and quickly crossed the bridge
the air tightened

It was too accurate
Wounded urban wildness
licking wounds at safe distance

We joked
HUSSY, I shout
Yes let's flirt forever
you say

I smile
but take a few steps back

ROAD TRIP GOODBYE

We head south on the Panamericana
always further south until the coast
becomes only desert and ocean but we turn
into the little valley with the river and green

Past Cañete is Azpitia
where we eat prawns with our hands
and suck each other's fingers

We find a room with mosquito nets and lay
inside the grasshopper night
talking crying fucking in succession
and repeat
until you say you want to watch the light change
and capture it so we walk into the twilight

Your camera weapon shield
guides the steps
stand there don't move and I obey
I say come stand here look the dunes
you just look through the lens
but I am here
no reply

so obedient I am I become part ghost
salt dry air and sand bounced light
part ghost and scenery
I hold my body upright
a weight uncertain of its volume

I feel you erase me
as you make an image of me

when I wake the sunshine stings
You are still starved
behind the lens
I want to look pretty for you
but I am so sad
and I am still here

SELFIE

I wanted to write
I am a horse and I like to be stroked and fed
but I did not

and I contained the gallop
or swallowed it rather,
hoofs and dust and all

Here I lie bloated.
This throb on my navel my own bulging matter

Mine.

GEOGRAPHY GEOMETRY

Remember when I lived in Berlin
and you said you would come
but you couldn't
because money visa duty
and you sent me a picture of you
laying on the tarmac of the
Panamericana highway
captioned Today I missed you
and I couldn't reply but I calculated
the length of the Panamericana
and traced it over a world atlas
twisting it towards the right just
to see if it was long enough to reach me
but it wasn't

TRADE OFF

Non-verbal is so expressive:

eyes groans hands

grammatically incorrect

grace

a true redemption

a wink so free

and all these words

to wear

to the fancy dress party

SUBVERSIVE ECONOMIES

when we lay low
we lay
 slow
 lazy bodies
 mark funk
 soiled sheets
bed stronghold
you watch me
pee come
here don't wipe
plates on the floor
and naps
after breakfast
we don't eat
we savour
lay lazy
 slow
build a barrier
against frenzy consume
tangled limb stasis
musty sticky smell
body patina
desire smooth alive
bends baveuse
like a heavy beast
nibbling
not devouring
such is the art
of our expenditure

XOXO

It's thin
language
permuting translations,
call it a major malfunction.

But I'm no Anglo, babes.
I don't even say
babes,
 babes.

I don't hug
I embrace
and I kiss
with my mouth open.

VAGUE DESIRE

In a decisive pursual of appetite
it swallows fast and barely tastes
the surface flavours.

Complex nuances and depth
evade the palate,
impatient and untrained.

The after-taste is replaced
by another bite-sized morsel
as the mouth forms a smile on
the edge of excitement.

Titillating
an endearment towards itself

like a glutton child, a belle
on technicolour or
a pinstripe suit.

BODY LANGUAGE

Your whole body projects forward
(Warm thick air
and expectation)

My whole body towards you
(This flimsy veil)

Meet me my body claims
(Embarrassed by the demand)

Unmet I turn my body away
and fold it towards myself
(Knees lifted
vertically fetal
I am)

We talk
as my body shifts between containment
and a spill on the bench.

What would it take to touch you?
To brush a finger on the inside of your arm?

TALK DIRTY

I know this tongue's
abrupt interjections

To fuck
To come
To suck

There is no lingering in the languor of language
in this language.

Where is the music in the speed of
mumbled trepidations and breath interrupted?

I am mute in my desire.
(I can hardly type)

Yet alone, syllables rush through my mouth,
the moaning melody of my primal filth.

My words are mine,
they sink back onto me
unuttered.

SLIPKNOT TONGUE

A glitch
A gap in the flow

Tenuous puddled words
pushed out by sheer muscle
My tongue sweats a language
that tears out my cavity

Too many vague words
to convey what I know
precisely
but cannot express

The labour of speech thickens
my saliva into rancid staleness

To seek refuge in silence is to taste it

FINANCIAL TIMES

Cool economics peak
on casual exchange rates
and risk hedging strategies

Self-assured ersatz
Swipe
Consume desire fast
Swipe

Affect is not affection
Slip

(All the meanings we can't hold)

Currency
(open clueless tender)

My currency
(The throb of touch)

An anachronistic fear of debt
(Generous and ashamed)

Too good / Too much
collide
in an assessment of
emotional abjection

(Current trends)

I'm a good investor
the chips I trade in
an acquired taste

BREAK-FAST

you wake me
I'm mute in my bed
and can't even locate
which city your body is in
I want you so much
I want to breastfeed you
the fridge is empty
and there's just one egg to boil
this body can't live on sentiment alone

DESIRE IS TENDER IS LOVE IS LOVE

I want to fuck you
So slow and tender
Heavy lick wide tongue fuck
So cosy you fall asleep
And wake to find me
Still slowly fucking you

OBLIQUE STRATEGIES

I

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Flicking manic

Thumb skin

Dig peel pierce:

Little ritual

To cope with

What you don't offer

II

This fake
Concentration
Touchscreen scroll blur
As I glimpse your
Busy tap tap
All those words
Performed

III

Confident casual
Assurance
Bluff shield
For my trembling
Tender heart
Racing to burst
But knowing better

POETRY IN ENGLISH

A rose in my mouth that protrudes into the wind
A tongue rose knot scarring gums with its thorns
A crevice rose behind the knees and
A navel rose with sweet syrup nectar to feed on

Words scrape my mouth
arrhythmic slow rose words,
clumsy

Grow me a flesh rose dew tissue
I want to say,
a muscle meat rose

Give me a rose to soothe this urge
and yet
pluck this rose tumour off me

CAKE

I'm going to bake for you
a cake with no frills or twirls

it will be unassuming

there's no hiding in a simple cake
no excuses

if it fails there's no redeeming grace in decor

this is my type of bravado
you know

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