

Resistance in a time of peace

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A WOMAN

[a car, a lamppost, a crash]

Not my thing, this scenery, way too bleak.
As if all comfort's been sucked from it. Brrr.
Man, miles of nothingness and I crash into this solitary lamppost.
Why is it here, to pester me?

In addition, I can see way too much sky from here
the horizon closing in on me from all sides
I'd almost become claustrophobic
with all those haunting clouds over my head,
what are they hunting, those clouds,
all there is, is emptiness.

Imagine living here, in desolate voidness,
bumping into you from all sides,
it does something to you, it dents your soul,
I feel it already, my soul is getting crumpled here.

I'm rattling.
That happens to me in this silence.
I start rattling.
When the silence lasts long I always get the feeling
something big is spying on me.
Like death or something.
Like if I don't give a sign of life for too long
it'll lash out its claws at me
to drag me down
to a place where it's more silent still.

It makes me so nervous.

What am I doing here.

I don't think this car's going to fix itself.

Maybe I forgot to get gas,
all it needs is a little gasoline...
The same with people,
Thinking all sorts of things are wrong with them
and all they need is some food.
Or to poop.
Thinking they're dying,
there's nothing awry but a turd.

Need to poop, girl?
Yes? Will that make everything alright?

Maybe all I needed to do was to poop.

Maybe I should call a mechanic.

Maybe, fifty miles ago, I should not have thrown
my phone out the window.

Then again, what could a mechanic do in this place?
I don't think it's the tire pressure
or the G-string or something,
I think there's something more fundamental going on here.

All I did was go for a drive
and I quietly went off course
and with each turn forward
it's harder to go back.
You can't go into reverse
at a hundred and forty per hour.

I just needed to get away,
figure things out
and return, that was,
that was the plan.
Return and say:
"yes, let's do it."

Or 'no', of course,
but 'no' isn't really part of my repertoire.

So it would've been 'yes',
had I returned,
so maybe that wasn't the plan after all,
returning, because returned,
that means...

that automatically means 'yes'.

He can just picture my return...

It's tough you know, letting someone love you
it takes so much energy out of you
that sometimes you'll forget you're here too,
to love someone, or something.

At this point he would say; *I get the feeling I'm listening
to an article incarnate
from a woman's magazine.*

A moment that makes me think why in God's name am I still with you?
A pretty nice guy you know,
not my first choice, ok,
what thirty year old woman is together with her first choice,
but please stop trying to reduce me
to an article from a woman's magazine.

I'd rather be a feminist pamphlet,
but that's not how I roll.

I'm more... I know myself,
I'm more, well,
if a war broke out,
a lot of people would think:
I'm joining the resistance!

After all, when the guns are silent
everyone's a hero.

But not me.
I'm not joining the resistance;
there are people who adjust
and there are people who resist,
they'll resist in a time of peace,
they make it so hard for themselves.

That's not how I roll.

I adjust well.

I even think, that if a war were to break out
and the occupator¹ marched through the streets,
that I could well imagine how he feels,

1 'occupator' is mijn vertaling van 'bezetter', omdat ik verder geen fijn woord kon vinden.

the occupator, in a strange country,
with strange habits, a strange faith, a strange language,
I can well imagine the occupator feels a little...
homeless.

When I sense that, I want to take care of the occupator.
That's how I roll.
So, had I lived during World War II,
I would have joined the oppressors.

It's easy to talk after the fact,
because all of that went quite awry,
but think about it:
if all the Afghans join the resistance,
who are we liberating over there?

I digress, never mind,
works well against silence.

He would say, *what are you trying to say?*
Let me know when you get to the point,
I'll tune back in.

As if everything else I say is like a commercial between two shows,
he doesn't get that those words, all the rest,
that's the glue, that they connect my thoughts together,
that they mean something.

Oh well.

Whatever.

Talk to the hand.

He's more into the practical thing.

He's more...
if you always have a euro in your pocket
you'll never have to fumble with the shopping carts.
Or like...
shame to open the white,
We still have half a bottle of red.
And also like...
don't you think it's logical really
if we got started with it,
having a child?

[...]

There's a man, a climber, his name's the *lizard*,
he climbs rocks without safety fuses, without rope,
he takes a look at the rock and whoosh, there he goes,
claws up it like a lizard.

At a certain moment that went awry,
the man fell to his death of course, but he knew it.
He knew he wouldn't make it to seventy-five,
he didn't want to, he wanted to live!

Not that I see myself master the rocks,
but *living*, that I can picture doing someday.

Is there life after a child?

He says: *usually they're overjoyed,
women, especially when they're about thirty,
when their guy says: I want to have a child.*

He says, *it's the next stage²,
that body of yours won't be
viviparous³ for long.*

The next stage, jesus,
who says I was even finished with this stage?
Did it even start?

And I, I think, before I let myself be contained
I should start living first,
and I have to do it fast,
'cause judging by the look in his eye
he's ready to jump my bones and knock me up⁴.

He says, *don't hesitate, baby,
let me be the one to know what you want
and before you know it, you won't know any better.
That's how it goes, with women,
it's a matter of hormones, it's the way it should be.*

It's the way it should be. And there's the rub,
because how do I know the difference
between what I want and the way it should be?

2 'Phase' kan ook.

3 Vooral gebruikt voor (zoog-)dieren. Anders is 'fertile' of 'lifebearing' herkenbaarder.

4 '... and fertilize me' kan ook.

There are so many things I do because that's how it should be.

I let the disabled go in front of me at the baker,
I give money to the homeless,
I give my seat to pregnant women.

Not because I want to, but because that's how it should be.

To the disabled person I want to say:
fuck off spastic, I was here first!
To the homeless (bum) I want to say:
fuck your guilt trip!
To that pregnant bitch I want to say:
You should've sprayed your cunt with DDT!

I don't do that. But why not?
Why don't I live by my impulses?
If impulses are so wrong,
why do they come to me?

Why, I think, and he starts tugging at my belt,
why don't I take matters into my own hands?

Because there are predators, and there's prey.
If you don't want to be prey, you have to sharpen your fangs,
get over your fear of blood,
and live like a predator: on impulse.

So I take matters into my own hands,
just do it, then reflect,
and of course it so happens that at the end of the hilt
there's a razor-sharp blade,
and that attached to that razor-sharp blade
is that sweet, friendly, somewhat shmucky boyfriend of yours,
and that you think, 'goodness, no, yes,
that's not very nice of me,
not nice, but it's honest,'

And when you see his surprised face,
you think: if this is the impulse,
maybe I should draw my conclusions.

And once you get started on something,
you have to follow through,
if in these sort of matters you turn back halfway
you unabashedly give yourself up to
the absurdity of life.

So you withdraw the knife from his stomach,
take a brief look at the blood
and you've seen enough movies
enough to conclude quickly
that this is but a flesh wound
this doesn't cut the mustard
and if you quit now
you let a witness survive
and you know quite well
how those movies end,
not well in any case,
not for the perpetrator,
so what do you do now
what can you do?

So you stab him again,
in his side, his liver.

Slowly reality starts to hit him,
he starts to speak, or rather to beg,
sweet words, but he doesn't mean them,
otherwise he'd have said them before,
not just when his life depends on it.

And you stab him in the larynx,
to stop the talking, and yes,
you might even think:
*so maybe my reaction
is a tad overdone,
but it's what I started.*

And what the impulse wants, is what you want,
otherwise it wouldn't be an impulse.

And about halfway through, odd really,
you want to say *sorry*, you want to say: *I am sorry,*
this wasn't quite my intention,
but I can't stop anymore.

And god that larynx is tough,
it's all cartilage and stuff,
and this air hissing from it,
you really have to stab two, three times,
before you've managed to cut it effectively.

You've seen him look stupid a lot of times,
but never as stupid as now.
If you didn't know any better you'd laugh at him.

You don't know any better, you laugh at him.

And in the meantime he's probably died,
he's dead, really quite dead,
so the stabbing, uncontrollably,
I just keep going, the stabbing,
it doesn't really serve a purpose now,
I have to stop stabbing
and start fleeing.

So I walk out of the house, to the car,
in overstressed carelessness,
as if I'm getting errands,
to be inconspicuous, you know.

And he would say *you're fleeing again*
always when things get tough
you flee.

I hear him say it,
I hear him say it so clearly
that I think, where's that voice coming from?

And when I look back he stands unharmed at the door,
an image frozen in time that I will always remember,
the last image I have of him,
so what really happened, what did actually...

If this is a dream
I so want to wake up⁵.

For kilometers on end I think
if this is a dream
I so want to wake up now⁶.

From city to country
from country to sand
and for all those kilometers I think
I so want to wake up now⁷.

But I'm not dreaming.

My eyes are open
so I'm not dreaming.

5 Of: 'I'd like to wake up'.

6 Of: 'I'd like to wake up now'.

7 Zie 6.

My eyes are open,
but all I see is emptyness.

Nothing but wide open emptyness,
and in that wide open emptyness
I see a lamppost,
a blissful lamppost
without any purpose,
and I think, and it makes perfect sense,
that lamppost must have a purpose,
everything must have a purpose,
so that lamppost is there,
just for me, that lamppost,
I am its purpose.

And my steering wheel steers my hands,
and I think impulse, now, impulse,
let me finally go
with that impulse.

[a car, a lamppost, a crash]

END