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Dia Trece

– By Cristian Zaelzer.

What nightmares are made of?

Are they molecules of dust in cabinets with letters never sent?

Are they bombs of last words sealed to the light?

Are the particles of hugs distanced in time condemned to being forever locked?

Nightmares are made of the same materials than dreams,
but with no light on them.

Nightmares are made of dark threads of viscous tears,
falling in the silence, alone in the darkness.

They are the last embers while the storm hit your home,
when the cold starts to penetrate the bones.

Nightmares are the snow when your cough does not stop
stealing the breath from your lungs.

Nightmares are made of people laughing when you are old,
nightmares are made of children,
when your immune system gave up on you.

Nightmares are inept politicians
taking decisions that make you shiver.

Nightmares are made of ideas that become things,
economy, stocks, rate, mortgage, oil, dollar.

It is your boss telling you that you have to stay,
because someone has to produce.

Nightmares are made of your own voice
telling you to stay because no one else will bring bread to the table.

Nightmares are hopping every morning on the bus,
while the handlers whisper fears in your heart.

Nightmares are made of social distance,
of the absence of contact for a year,
of promises on a forever sight fill with distrust that you may be a carrier.

Nightmares are made of kisses that do not touch the skin,
social media with lies that make you take pills that kill.

Nightmares are mistrust,
are toilet paper shortage,

Lysol, alcohol gel, gloves, and N95 masks that no health professional can find.

What are nightmares?

They are fears of being hated for having oriental eyes.

Nightmares are naming things with a race or a country,
nightmares are rejection,
and solitude.

Funerals without mourners.

Houses of pray with deaf people that believe that God will come to protect them.

Nightmares are urns with ashes that no one can claim,
it is quarantine when your loved ones are leaving the world.

Nightmares are deadlines without money.

Nightmares are the time to pay the rent without a job.

Nightmares are no food,
no clothes, no place where to stay.

Nightmares are made of any other illness,
that is still devouring your flesh,
while all the resources have diverged away.

It is blood banks with no donors,
it is leukemia in times of lockdown.

Nightmares are the rich becoming richer,
even when death walks among us.

It is transforming hope in fear,
when those who take too long finally return home.

Nightmares are tenures that are not postponed,
students with no studies,
societies with no morals.

Nightmares are Spring breakers jumping in the beach,
drinking and speaking nonsense, while the sun tans their young bodies.

Nightmares are curves, sharp and unflatten,
are cough, headaches, and fever without a test.

Nightmares are the news of increasing dead.

Nightmares are dark, dirty nails,
inked in oil, plastic, smoke, and money.

They are bats, snakes, and monkeys,
blood, urine, and semen.

Nightmares are made of us
threading more nightmares.