

Poems from
INSTANTS OF THE WORLD
Patricia Bins

Sugar blues in Brazil

it was as foggy
as on a London day
the daughter had never
been there
but oh, her ma
spoke and spoke

of the city's beauty
and also of the first
world war
of her mother, father,
brothers, sisters
coal fires, rationing
as a child, no chocolates
no sweets

when she became old
she'd eat a box of bonbons
at a sitting
nothing like Cadbury's
of course

Forgetful

in that green room
a closed door
as usual
a society magazine
which she picked up
scanning photos
of wealthy people
recipes for improving
face, legs, bosom,
how to snare a man
highlights for
new haircuts
fashionable parties and
french champagne
the door opens
she forgets
to say good morning
it's a lovely day
isn't it?

Poetry

she forgot to tell
about the great
babilonian library
books everywhere
Cecilia's: Voyage
Vague Music
hidden
on the bathroom shelf
where mostly
scientific books
were mixed with Playboy
magazines

Desire

"a streetcar
named desire",

she said
close to tears

he said
if you wish
to cry, cry
if you wish
to laugh,
laugh

she laughed
until she cried

then
she took
the streetcar
alone

Dora Maar

the box of Kleenex
awaits her tears,

under it
the book she found
in Barcelona

*Picasso et la femme
qui pleure très fort*

she doesn't cry,
Dora Maar

Little feet

slithery breasts,
fish out of water
you lose your
desire,
suckling
white stockings
in bed

Borgean labyrinth

you hear clanging
bells
pounding

sounds of steel
sudden Aleph

magically
rediscovered
after treason
bypaths

never again
meeting

Reliving Carroll's Jabberwocky

t'was brillig
he said roaring
with laughter
trying to relive
the Jabberwocky night

just nonsense
she exclaimed
feeling silly
and enormous
arms and legs
jammed through
open doors and windows

Alice have you
spoken to the rabbit?

she answered:
take me home
it'll soon be daylight
and I've lost
the rabbit
anyway

The fellow always
afraid of being late
I want to
get out of here
as soon as possible
oh, my arms
and legs

Vanity

her breasts were still fine
she observed absently,
but goose-pimpled
from the cold
they wrapped her
in a towel handed her
panties, stockings, bra,
sweater, skirt, and over-coat
she asked for a beret
the red one to hide messy hair,
was still vain
shoes, slip these on
high heels,

I couldn't, she exclaimed
feel too wonky
what about make-up?
you can't go out
looking like a zombie
okay, face-powder, rouge,
eye-mascara, lipstick
where's my over-coat?
she hobbled into
the living-room
someone said ten-thirty
let's go

Daze

she'll await in vain for
the next day and after
that will bring back
a waiting-room, two
arm-chairs, some flowered
cushions, a sheep-skin rug,
an occasional table
on which stand a broken
lamp-shade, a green telephone
and half dead african violets
in the corner, an earthenware
vase where one is supposed
to place umbrellas, coming in
from the rain
it took her awhile to
discover its utility
on the walls a few pictures
an engraving of flirtatious
swans perhaps, an abstract
oil-painting which reminded her
of ripe figs, then two sketches
of very ancient cities. And a large
one portraying miserable children

awaiting customers to polish
leather shoes.
She also awaits in an imaginary daze

Architecture

texture
skin
bones

corinthian
columns

support

small
lonely
breasts

Head of Venus

beheaded
at midday

by stupid
tourists

who take her
to pieces
armless, again
heartless

BINS, Patrícia. *Instants of the world.* (inérito)