

Liv-Chayah Dodino



Plastic soul

Evil hides itself behind the most harmless look. Wickedness has innocent eyes. Maybe the nightmare is part of our very existence.

The real innocents are overcome or react with violence.

One of the poems in this collection has been inspired by Mother Teresa of Calcutta and the missionaries and one is dedicated to the rock star Marilyn Manson.

The writer-painter Liv-Chayah Dodino has Swedish origin and have been living in different countries. She has been staying long in Paris as well and had a scholarship from Polonicum University in Warsaw.

She's known mostly in Europe for her travelling exhibitions in which her verses and painting often join other expressive forms.

She has been guitarist in two bands, dedicated herself to theatre and to teaching as well for a while. At present she lives part of the year in Italy.

Like in the last chapter of Ulysses by Joyce, here there are no punctuation marks, although a few meaningful interrogation marks create at times interchangeable sentences, that may take opposite meanings.

A far aim looking like an unrealizable dream or maybe just the research of a not yet defined aim. Letting yourself going to drift and then coming back and rowing even against the current, doggedly, desperately.

Horrified looks over the evil abyss that's part of human nature.

Alternating of resignation and yearnings for freedom and attempts at escaping through a hard and troubled set course which is paved with questions that seem to remain unanswered.

Perhaps a slight hope.

We are screaming with the wounds inflicted on us by you



BALANCE

A thought is calling
And choosing
Going up the staircase
A balancing scream
Not being able to see the bridge to the crossing
No coming back
Creeping forward in the darkness
Round light
The folds of a dangerous descent
Where is the end?
I was frightened



ULYSSES' MEETING

Mice and ghosts on the river
In your thoughts
Wild kites bouncing soaked
On the muddy grass
The wind pots were dried
The colour has come back
Rotten with no crown
Their king vomits into the cask
And spreads his gold
He'll make your thirsty mouths move
You unaware ones
Still the same journey
While the drunk beasts are laughing



CHISEL

She'll be given the big key
She reaches the place maybe already known
Trees and ground
Voices
The lock gets losen
The door has burning crystal glasses
Guests in the kitchen
Who are the householders?

A woman
Mother
Mistrustful glanced child
A name among many
Other women
Open doors
Inquisitive she's looking
Touching the brown cold skin
She's studying
Where does it come from?
Who did make it?
Don't touch
Don't touch other people's skin
Is she listening to me?
One into the other, on the floor
For whom?
For me
More people
She closes the door
The other one as well
Curved lock
Time
Close them out
Shut every slit
She lets the odd woman in
She has forgotten
She wants to climb up
The odd stepped wall
She drives her back
Then she shows herself in the light
she catches her to let her come back
She comes in
She's lying on the ground
She wants
She likes it
She takes her
Now she's inside
She must not expect pleasure
She has to suffer
But just a bit
She has come intentionally
To make her run away
She shall leave this unhappy place
On the grey road
Women and children
Seize her sack
It contains the casket
Violent defence
No
It was a game
Children crimes
Guilty from time immemorial
Let's leave the sacks and the caskets

Back to the place
Where everything has begun
The large dark eyed little girl
Is waiting
She gives her the big iron key
She hides the chisel
That everything takes shape from
In the bottom of the wishes trunk
Between the night
And the day sacks
Now it all can come to the end



A COMING BACK

Founded
Attacked
Pressed
Tearred with fury
To be destroyed
Everything outside has come to the end
After the going away
Left covered with a white veil



AT NUMBER TWENTY EIGHT

A new torment
In the days closed to the world
A perverse master chains you
You try to run out your prison
You see the light
But you can't reach it
You are not able to resign yourself
To remain there forever as a slave
Like the other ones do
Licking the crumbs
Fallen down tables laid for someone else



GANESHA

There was the first passerby
The great Father
Never generated a human way
He offered his tusk
To finish the book

Mine has few lines
But it's longer than time
Beyond every obstacle
He turns his eyes at whom
Is always grasping at his hand
Among flowers and incense fragrance
They eat the return sweet
A divine ray passes through them
Giving them new strength



SLAVES

You're dreadful and powerful
We do what you order
Your thousands eyes are watching
Voracious monster
Our sorrow is your pleasure
Hydra whose heads no Hercules can cut
You compel us to prostitute our minds
You buy our days for few coins
You suck our lives
Until you squeeze out our blood
Then, you'll throw us away
As old tired crocks
Giving us a handful
Of filthy small change




MA-TUMA

Closed in your false modesty
Proud in the illusion that you created
A bitter word for everyone
Creeps disguised as sweetness
Perverseness, as sweet as honey
Harden mind
Fink emotion
Plant dried since long
You reject the guest
With your hypocritical kindness
Watching
From the bars of your filthy castle
In your shitty bubbling moat
Mummified in your own excrements
That you believe being a soul




WHITE

White
Colour of death
Masters
Colour of blood on the earth
Slaves in chains
Uprooted
They will rise stronger tomorrow
Your paleness will get wan
And you will see the absurd deception
Of your useless pride




SOME DAY A DRUM

Don't ask her again to buy jewels
A drum
An echo from warm countries
Not now with no job nor money
Empty wallet decorated with glass pearls
She would buy all your bracelets
Necklaces masks and drums
Carved in wood in distant lands
Don't think she doesn't want
Don't ask her anything
Not now
She could offer you
Just one more refusal
Do wait until she has something of her own
Something to share with you
Then she'll give you everything
Happily



BETTER YOU

Valiant defence
Powder in the new day
In the old kitchen
In the air the await for the summer
You don't want to leave the spaces
Like who you don't know does
You place the black veil once again
In silence



DJEMBEE'

The echoes of the drums
Lead me to the tents
Small piece of Africa
Under this cold sky
Sounds of savannah
From the digged trunks
Light ropes
On the skins tightened for the rhythm
My spirit has already run away over there
Pale
My hands are trying to reach it
By hitting the skin with strength
They follow with effort
The fast precise rhythm
Of the other djembes



PATH 432

Falling broken
Agony
In the forest that once
Was vibrating with life
Dark interlacement
Smell of land that's too tired by now
Abandoned
Gathered by merciful hands
The last ones are trying to resist
Fruitlessly
On the soil whitened by mortal disease



UNDER THERE

Furrows with no seeds
Their ungrateful children
Have compact bodies
And strong defence
In tens
Upright
Near
Close among dark walls
Waiting for being caught and pierced by lances
They will make their last voice
Listened again



LAST TIME

Fragile
Lonely ones
You have been trying to fill the gap
Paying a high price
Now the vague trace
Has vanished
In the nothing of a fatal breath



PEARLS

Wasted jewels
Deceived flesh
Fake silky hair
Drawn with bad glances
They remember the ancient lesson
From brains devoured
With reciprocity
Mouldy thoughts rise and fall down again
On the flowers and the dots
Of their smart shrouds



JUST ONE MORE

Spite and hatred sign you
I return your hate
I don't want to restrain myself
I enjoy your fear
But it is not enough
I follow you
That maybe I shall kill



IN THE JOY

Self conceited
You're crossing the East
Overbearing
Your bitch is following you
Sturgis steel that rides short way
Left there with false carelessness
Voracious, you fling yourself on the food
The sauce drips down
Swine, darkened by the sun

Have you seen who is it?



LACQUER

The nails of the sky
Get hold of the Meadow
The seas of mockery scratch in vain
Not in the past
Long wounds buried
And hypocritical glances of conformist people
Old witches sneering
The Olympus has rotten flesh
Intrusive
Harsh colours
Painted
Licked
Displayed
The same people
That had torn you
Now are showing you proudly
As a new discovery
Such cunts that they are
They can't see nor make
A choice by their own
But they bend their heads
So happy
When consolidated
Becomes the new trend
As always refusing the new
Then using it up
Until it gets old
Then just killing it
To accept it
As their own



SELENE

She mother
She sister
She friend
She the mistress
She asks
She donates
So bright in the darkness
Of what you beg her she gives what she wants
But you have to pray
To shout

And to swear
Then so sweet
So violent
She gives
She offers herself
She appeases
She calms down
It's just a respite



SOULS IN EXCHANGE FOR A FISTFUL OF RICE

Your god's trollop has died
The mass of swores remains
To carry on the work for the master
Do leave alone
This land and these spirits
Let them have their journey
From a life to another
Stop spreading
Your cursed and hypocritical word
Keepers of a law
Rised from a schizoid cross
You have trodden on the divine
Blue of the East
With your golden shoes
Stained with the blood of thousand lives
Go back to where you came from
Demons disguised as angels
May sink into oblivion
The old whore that has been buying souls
In exchange for a fistful of rice
Pushers of poisoned truth
Call back your bitches
Clean up this land from their dung



THE MASK

The mask of glass has broken
Now I see the mud beyond the golden bar
The blood stains the stones
Sorrow and pain are much too deep
To turn into death
The icy beam of a crystal sun
Kills the last word
The mouth gets full of slime
The body burns and the soul gets chilled
The mask falls down

Thousands fragments wound the eyes
Gone blind by the sudden light
Chips
Dye the mud red
The bar strikes and breaks the ancient
In the timeless empty space remains
An eternal freezing scream



ONE MORE QUESTION

Why
Don't you cry
Over your silly lives
Instead of looking at me
With your bad eyes



IN VAIN

Poisonous waters get over the borders
Wondering seas
Pierce you with sharp waves
She wants to take possession of your soul
False reasons
Putrefied thoughts
Obscenities given out as morale
Writhe your deep
No one can be saved
Her perfection doesn't forgive
She has already sentenced us
Unhealthy foam
Miasmas of absurd hate
Tear to pieces with sadistic pleasure
In the dungeons of her selfishness
She has nailed him as well
To rescue him
From her rotten corruption
I have fought and bled in vain
Destroyed bridges under my own steps.
I believed he was innocent
Until when I've seen
That he's more monstrous than her



ATTEMPT

She has knocked as a messenger
And crossed your portal
Golden paint that hides the rottenness
You have blandished her with lies
She has tried to love you
Like a daughter loves her mother
With trust she has accepted
To drink from your spring
Like a newborn baby
She has brung her lips to your breast
You weren't the loving nanny
You have made her suck your milk
And nourished her
With poisons hidden in tasty food
Till at the new life banquet
She has seen the deep marsh
And her breath has been frozen by horror



NIGHT BETWEEN 18TH AND 19TH OF JULY

Old unknown man
You want us to live here inside
We're going through the market
Here you are the door
Plush animals
The way is still long
And the house is far away
Flavour of coffee
In the wobbling staircase
Paper walls
Never met before old woman
But in some dreams
You share the bread with others
On the terrace of your life
Dizziness soon forgotten
I'm going down tunnels
Among wellknown shopkeepers
Suddenly, a sickly-sweet taste
You must live there
Madam I don't want
I say goodbye
Going back to Mornay



THE GARDENS OF "BASTILLE"

Sand into her eyes
Yells into her ears
Torment of mind
Supposed innocence
Fury
No more restrained
Calms down by blood



HER GUITAR

Open scores
Chords on this grass
Together with unknown hope
Sad regrets
Of what has not been
Fear for the lack of time
The future is flying over her fingers
On her way
Lights
That I have tried to switch on



HOUSE

Pulsating
Living
Trying to swallow me
She wants me to become part of herself
She assimilates my energy
She spits out my bones
She expels excrements
And it is all
What of me will remain



THROWN AWAY

I've been staring at the doll's eyes
My look has sunk
Into her plastic soul
I have heard shouts
And silence full of terror
Widened gashes in the deep black
Rescued from eternity of dismay

Her fear has carved me like a lancet
I've been bled
In place of her that couldn't do it
For her
Whom I have suddenly loved
With violent tenderness

WHERE IT LEADS ME TO

I'm following the track
Or is it the track that is following me
Pursueing me?
Traces in my breath
Or breath on the traces
I don't know which way the day has gone
I'm building my sand tower
So high that I cannot see its top
But I fly higher
To an unknown dawn
I wonder whether time really does exist
Now I'm creeping on the ground
My tower has fallen down
And is burying me

THIN NECK

Viscous mucus
Glided down to the lip
Mickey Mouse sketch
On the little coloured rag
Small untruly innocent hand
Repressed retching of coffee and cereals
While cleaning his egocentric nose
On his nape
Your left hand guesses
His thin neck
You touch it
You press it with your right hand
Keeping the soft handkerchief
Dirty with mucus
Sliding gently on his nauseating throat
You must squeeze
Rage and disgust seem suffocating you
But it's him that suffocates

TO M.M. AFTER DENVER

Self conceited
Ignorant
They want to sacrifice you
On the altar of their hypocrisy
They condemn
Innocent music and words
The murderers are children
Of their teachings
They are the only satan
Bringing evil into the world
They fear you can unmask
The false truth
Which they have based their power on



THE WOMB OF THE UNIVERSE

The universe is female
He comes
And tears her womb
And devores
All her children



DEFENCELESS

An unknown smile
Has changed the innocuous mates
Into mortal enemies
Now your flowers are withering
And you're going towards death with them
We're shedding over you
Useless balms that will not save you
Your awful agony
Perhaps we're going to make longer
It does not matter
To know where it came from
Searching the faults is useless
Now, that you've remained
Defenceless



TRANS

It was my first whimper

And then I was marked
As branded,
Contained here inside
My labyrinth has
No exit at all
The mirror is lying
I don't recognize
Myself, That's not me
I'm acting a role
That's not mine
I am the killed virgin
The bosom boyfriend
A mother
A father
I am machoman
A poet
A wife
A harlot
A husband
Immense I'm a spirit
So perverse I'm flesh
I am... who?
I'm everything
Nothing
I am
An endless mistake



MUCH TOO SHORT

Fleeting glances
Then indifference
You prefer the despising looks
That you can hate
Now and then
A kind smile
A friendly sprinkle
Over the mess of your garden
A tender warmth wraps you
Then soon disappears
Leaving in you an all consuming wish
Of making it last longer
Everlasting nostalgia of that short instant
That could be protracted
Just by death



opening image **"The last tunes"**
oil on canvas by Liv-Chayah Dodino

NoDrinkableWater 1989

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