



Franjo Frančič

Sons of Bitches

Once a month grandma and I went to have lunch with the aunt in Šiška on bus n° nine, aunt worked in a bank, her husband Janez also worked in a bank, she didn't have children, contrary to her sister, my mother, who produced nine, with three losers, I was the first of the five from the third round. The lunch was always the same, beef soup, salad and mashed potatoes from her garden and a microscopically tiny piece of meat for grandma, rarely also for myself, and if aunt was in a good mood grandma got a glass of wine. But at eleven thirty there was always panic, because aunt became nervous in the fear that we would meet Janez, who was coming from mass after his compulsory visit to the pub in the vicinity of the church, we always had to leave before and sometimes we got tokens for the bus. One day nevertheless we met on the staircase, he didn't even look at us, downstairs I could hear him yell at aunt: those sons of bitches don't come for to my place! p.s. Forty years later aunt asked me to visit her, she waited at the door all sobbing with her chattering denture, she had given a gold ring and a necklace with pearls from Ohrid to her daughter, Janez retreated to the balcony, all fucked and in pieces, in his piss-stained pants he was looking somewhere into emptiness, like a real fucking son of a bitch.

I have finished my fifth year of high school, my father is such a cunt, in autumn I met a two years older guy, I dreamt about him, mother is not much better, since I study dancing he noticed me quickly, I have no idea what they do together, he had a girlfriend in his town and I was hurt when he denied everything, this weird coxless pair, when he was supposed to be at the lectures I saw him with a schoolfriend, they were sitting in front of the TV and staring without a word, staring, he was hugging her and looking deep into her eyes, these two weirdos, staring and staring, without a word, now I don't know how I am going to survive, I feel so hurt, staring and staring, without a word, without a word.

My godfather is holding a bottle of wine in his hand and toasting, mum comes almost every night and demands that I drive her around in the old ford escort, the south wind and migration, comas and a remote-controlled pilot, I waited a long time for my hand to become larger than my father's, the rainbow door of the holy never, a hunchbacked grandma and a pram for twins, then I waited for the right moment and knocked him down, children are playing in the city park, in white, pigeons are fighting over crumbs, he was lying on the floor like a son of a bitch when I kicked his head in, and forgive us our sins, I followed the words of Jesus Christ: do unto others as you would have them do unto you, or was it Confucius who said that before him, but then children turn into pigeons and all narrows down to a trade, because it is a bugger if you deny God too much then he IS, because father did this to me so many times, but of course there are no words.

At four am it is dawn and the crazy jay, a needle and rocks in the mouth, at five the broken stalk of a sunflower, you flee to the temporarily liberated area, soldiers of vines and rockets of cypresses piercing the sky, underneath the houses on the saltpans, roofless, swim in the sea, how I planted trees and built the shed without roots, at eight zero zero, obituaries, in the strategic positions always the same sons of bitches, at nine thirteen Leon rolls a joint, cataract above the lump of time, crushing, Jubilo Iwata plays against Jokahama, total nought, light in August, filigree pavements, where to, dear friend, the CDs are evaporating, the snow is slowly falling, outside the world is melting, into its fucking particles, Sunday afternoon, the winter of summer.

II.

Awakening

The universal wind
Shakes the black crown
Stars are falling

At dawn the cascade of light covers the transparent, hanging veil, blind butterflies are hugging the trees, sharp edges of the world, the images are dancing to the song of youth, the song of oblivion, the flag of the sun at half mast, the hand spasmodically feeling and looking for lost mornings, birth is a farewell, the icy fire is going out, morning stars are softly falling into the arms.

In the middle of the night I was woken up by a knife in the water, the snakes have left the roof of the house without roots, captured, I eat rocks, words are closed up in books, paintings in museums, drivers in their trucks, the child stretched out with his eyes closed, where are my wings, he was wondering in the dream, the head of a pigeon was lying in the grass lacerated, you die for a moment, it's not even surrender, you are the shadow of a shadow, a rider in the desert and you are both there, strangers without a face, how I despised and hated

them, it's branded, there is no forgiveness, you wait for the morning, clouds of leaden images, all the anxiety returns again, the naked, destructive fear, again you creep on the floor and lick the blood of the female who betrayed you, ashy sky, the squeaking of the solitary bird, time is sliding through the slots of memory, this son of a bitch will fuck up my brain again and she will stand there and laugh, laugh.

Somewhere in Celine's Journey to the End of the Night there is a passage, I entered unannounced into the flat while the hero was holding my mum's hand, I saw mum through the frost-glass of the living room and a woman who was lying on the sofa, mum was persuading him to join the soldiers on the front, I opened the bathroom door, froze, you will protect your country, won't you, your country is your mother, says mum, the bath was full of blood, slime, pinky flesh with no head, no, no, cries the hero, you are my mum, naturally I didn't open the door, I never asked her, I knew in advance that she had the answer ready, then the hero ended up in the military compartment of the psychiatric clinic, I went there twice, there was this woman who was speaking faster and faster, I'm a murderer, a murderer of children, they took her to the cage and tied her up with leather belts, a baby, who weeps, jeezus!

She was a black lady with aristocratic features, she had a son, a blind father and a failed marriage with a sailor, fast food, fast fuck, provided it's a good one, cheap purchase, three times a day she forced me to shower, buy cheap and sell costly, hey zombie don't look back, the pH of my skin was dropping, but fortunately in Lent near the market there was a plastic snack bar with tramps, drunks and gypsies, the superstore offering a large selection of candles, the Sales increasing, she fucked like a machine gun an ordinary one, in chain orgasms she fell into a trance, buy dear lady, great selection sir, I asked her how I should know when she likes it, low prices, special offer, great selection, no fight, just watch my nipples, when they are erect I am willing and ready, dear consumer, to let you know, the carnal cognition, but hell, her nipples were always standing out and erect.

Like a son of a bitch I was running away all the time, there in the cell it was dark, and Dragica on the other side of the walls, I was running away from everything, from mum, the ever-drunk dad, the world and myself, these walls don't exist, you can ignore them, I was really good at running, I was training for a great competition, sweating, just close your eyes, I'll pull you off, come on, imagine it, can you feel my hand, those concrete board-beds and the fourteen holes in the wall of the jail, can you feel it, can you feel it, how you push it into my wet cunt waiting for you, they say, come on beat the outside ones, for us the castle ones, do you like it, tell me, do you like it, come on, push it, ram it up to my throat, I started off like a madman, I was many metres ahead of others, come on, do me harder, jeez, do me to the end, do it, damn, and then, I stopped just before the end, I let everything slip past, did you come, come on, tell me, you bloody bastard, the heavy hand of the teacher knocked out two of my front teeth, was it good, did you like it, I was fourteen and I wasn't growing anymore, you know, when we get out, don't you think that the whole barracks fucked me, I was fourteen and I was the most lonely boy, who was wondering: where do the butterflies hide from the rain?

I looked so long for the temporarily liberated area - in the pharaonic mornings I dream of page boys, the white fur of the morning cuts into the glass of time - and it was close by inside me, softly the senses are awakening, what's been decided will have to be done again, the time is crashing and forgetting the minor prophets, the flakes of hope are getting lost in the lava of reality, the judgments you pronounced in the petty wars are losing importance, there is so much of this

kind to do between birth and death, seeming victories, bent over the clods of the ground, the seventh day of solitude, the birds are heading south, the jug is empty, the images are counted out, on the dead boat, in the toiling for a new empty day, horses ride on the walls of memory, the indefinable knocks gently, the miracle is in growing, in the stars, in the moment, which flees before you can catch it, you scream: who is the magician?!

Burnt grasses, a landscape foreign and deaf, memories like dried flowers of oblivion, the winter is coming with a tired face, wrong words about power and truth, about small wars and escape, about long nights, when they settle down in the roofs of houses, about a house without roots, about fled dreams and the sharpness of loneliness, about life, which has slipped past, love is or it isn't, your death is born with your birth, the fire goes out in the eyes of the night, the heart is a lonely hunter, loneliness, silent and white like a transparent veil, loneliness as sharp as a knife, naked, radiant and gentle.

I gather them, these sheets, in the crushing time, I don't have masks any more, all the letters have been sent, the way I was building the shed, the way I was waiting for the sunny daughter, the mornings are sloughing into evenings, hope without dreams, the way I was running away before a winter in the blood, wrapped in a daze, there is no sun left in the hands, no moon in the hair, sometimes the scars smart, just enough for me to catch breath, the poor say the rich are happy, the rich claim the poor are happy, both say that God is happy, what's happening with him, is he tired? One am, the sharp edges of the disappearing world in the dark, I run naked into the landscape, green how I hate you green.

You choose a tree, approach it and greet it, you ask it for permission to come closer and enjoy its shadow and protection, you sit with it and keep it company,

you can imagine your body similar to the trunk of the tree, your legs turning into roots,

They are getting heavier and go deep into the ground, and your arms are like branches, you indulge in the peace and fill up with the energy of the tree, slowly you start to become aware of your body, you stretch and open your eyes, thank the tree for its kindness and support, but then some cunt comes and cuts down the tree and three more that you had planted, you approach him, you don't ask for permission to come closer and be in his company, you imagine your arm heavy, you concentrate the whole weight of the tree into the punch, you cut him down with the first well aimed blow, you cannot really do more for the protection of our planet.

A morning in spring, you and the butterfly go hunting, the silence of the moon, the rainbow of the night and the call of a jay, the ground is breathing, the sea is sleeping, the miracle of birth, white childhood like a knife, like a cry in the night, an exhausted face, the evening a treasure, my child is sleeping, in the centrifugal dance of the masks, the glow of parting.

I buried a boat in the ground, sprinkled soil into the boat, I planted a tree in the clearing, there is wind in the sail, seed in the wind, life in the seed, in the morning the blossoms of the waves, a quay in the dreams, there is charm in the time, power in charm, in the ground a white, white night.

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