

The Anarchist Library (Mirror)

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## Murmurs and Cries from the Underground

Anonymous

Winter 2019

I have to get away from my home  
thoughts have saturated the room leaving no space for oxygen  
have you ever tried to walk hand in hand with restlessness?  
and if this began to shadow your every step, what would you  
do?

the worst is to sense the answer without being able to scrape  
up the courage to act.

I am speaking of work, understand?  
that part of the day taken for granted  
or rather to be served as a punishment.

Why condemn yourself to a time suspended  
spent with your eyes on the clock waiting to die  
so as to be reborn a few breaths later?  
existence as hourglasses to live to the utmost  
but only in the moments granted by the hand that turns them  
over.

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have you ever wept thinking about all the sand that you've let  
fall, oh so slowly?

haven't you shaken with rage at having allowed gravity to be  
in control?

Anxious for freedom, spasms and tremors, blurred vision, tinni-  
tus, salivating like a dog,

I am hungry, and they throw me crumbs in the mud  
not smiling with your dirty face, not saying all is well  
that's how it should go!

I get no consolation in knowing that the shift will end, that the  
weekend will come

that there will be days off, rest days and holidays,  
that I will have the right to sick days  
I AM SICK NOW!

I get sick every time that an alarm forces me to get up  
that I don't get to choose when I leave my house and when I  
return

every time that I pass over the same miles, that I obey a boss  
that I put on a mask to face imposed human interactions  
every time that I take that envelope wondering if it was worth  
the pain.

I wear a ball-and-chain, have a yoke on my neck, blinders like  
a horse,

a repertoire of overused metaphors, not one original expression  
I have stability to maintain, taxes to pay, vices and pleasures  
that aren't free

a repertoire of pitiful excuses  
not one plausible argument

I have shelves of illuminating books, a reality that speaks clearly  
to me,

and a youthfulness with a short fuse,  
but an arsenal of doubts and fears that keep me motionless.

What else shall I write then?

nothing more for now

*I have to go to work.*