

The Anarchist Library (Mirror)

Anti-Copyright



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,
tinnitus, 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 expres-
sion

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.