

# **SHOTS & PUPPIES**

**ADRIÁN  
DOZETAS**

© 2023 Adrián Dozetas  
ISBN 978 3 9505157 8 7  
All rights reserved.

## **A better world**

You told me  
that when you'll be an old lady  
you want a front yard and a bench  
to sit and watch people go by  
and I thought that  
when I'll be a old man  
I want a back yard and a bench  
to sit on with a shotgun  
and shoot drones.

## **You were living on drugs and didn't know it**

Once on a beach in Peru  
I got stoned with a shaman who was like a bear  
I cried with the sea  
and I drank tea with a pelican,  
and after nine hours  
starving my shaman and I  
we found apples on my backpack  
it looked like someone had left them there for us  
then my shaman took a bite of his apple  
and told me Hey you duck the idea is not to fish  
but for the fish to come to the mouth.

## **A worse world**

I don't get  
how everybody's purpose  
is not  
to become an angel.

## **Autopilot**

You were going one way  
and I was going other way.  
And we arrived at the same place.

## Arriving

I'm listening to Mozart's pianos for  
three hours now  
on a balcony in Lisbon  
eight years ago I left for Europe  
because I felt lost  
eight years later  
I still feel lost  
so much laughter and so much sadness  
so much cold, substances, loneliness  
so many houses, so many beings on my skin  
so many languages on my tongue  
so much boxing against myself.

Sometimes I feel exhausted  
of living in uncertainty,  
this notion of having left  
but of not having arrived.

It must be said,  
life can be horrible.

But you can't stay there.  
It is your duty to improve,  
it is important not to believe your head,  
to get rid of the shitty education  
you've been given,  
it is your duty to invent a world in the world,  
you can't live following the pack of fish,  
it is your duty to check yourself, to clean  
yourself.

We are born clean. We are dirtied.  
Or worse, we let ourselves get dirty.

Unlearn  
destroy  
start from scratch  
peel the onion,  
the rich life is close to the bones,  
where there is little



where you are there  
almost forty years old  
still lost on a balcony in Lisbon  
listening to Mozart's pianos  
remembering beings  
who have made you happy and sad  
remembering that to be lost is to be rich  
that this vertigo  
of not having arrived anywhere  
of not knowing where you come from  
much less who you are,  
is just to exist  
and it should be neither beautiful nor horrible.

Tonight you will go out alone  
once again to walk  
so your feet don't know if they're coming or  
going  
to get drunk at the first bar you find  
to talk about something with someone  
and learn Portuguese  
and even if nothing happens

even if no encounter changes your life,  
which is to be expected,  
you will return to this balcony  
with this paper and this ink  
to tell you again  
long live what is out of control.

## **Passport?**

Those of my tribe are the tribeless.