

Shots and Puppies

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**SHOTS
&
PUPPIES**

ADRIÁN DOZETAS

A better world

You told me
that when you'll be an old lady
you want a front yard and a bench
to sit down 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 down on with a shotgun
and shoot drones.

You were living on drugs and you didn't know it

Once on a beach in Peru
I got stoned with a shaman who was like a bear
I cried in front of the sea
drank a 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 buddy the idea is not to catch the
fish but more to get 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 the other way.
And we arrived at the same place.

Arriving

I'm on a balcony in Lisbon
listening to Mozart's pianos for three hours now
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 mind,
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

but 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 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 unpredictability,
of not having arrived anywhere
of not knowing even where you come from
much less who you are,
belongs to exist
and it should be neither beautiful nor horrible.

Tonight you will go out alone once again
and your feet won't know if they're coming or going
and you'll 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
and tell you again long live what is out of control.

Passport?

Those of my tribe are the tribeless.

My last Christmas

I woke up at 11 o'clock with the sun
like every Viennese winter
I had a micro-dose breakfast of LSD
walked naked through the house
walked naked on the terrace
I listened to weird music
that is almost not music
I wrote two poems with a coffee
filled the bathtub with salts and oils
I lit candles and traveled
I saw people I love very much
I smelled the smells of some of them
and it gave me joy,
how important it is to smell,
I sent light to them
and I felt pain
pain in the hole of my mouth because of
the missing tooth that
was pulled out of my mouth yesterday
with violence, with bureaucracy, with lost hours
I was found guilty that my teeth have rotted because I
live a bad life
well, I spit in their faces.

I wash my beard and my pores in the bathtub
I think about the importance of
having your own language

those who don't have a
private personal language are slaves
I get out of the bathtub
I feel horny
I watched pornography
I touch myself slowly
hour and a half.

it gets dark in Vienna at 4 o'clock in the afternoon
like every Viennese winter
bed, nap, ideas leak into my brain
how many other disobedient ones
won't gather at Christmas
how many will be wasting it like me
thinking about unproductive things,
practicing this bad way of going against the world
how many will be alone walking around the house
naked,
now to kill my mind and the toothache
I read a little Lord of the Flies
which speaks of the unheard and forgotten children,
of developing a character of our own so
that the collective does not devour us.

12 o'clock at night is approaching
not a message, not a greeting, not,
what would give me more joy, an insult
my mind goes back to its traps even though
I know that the things that matter actually don't
matter
I don't know how I got to where I am
maybe by getting closer to myself
rejecting the cultural cage

not in the utopian idiocy of living in the present but
in being available for the next step
Take this: feel this immigrant loneliness in this dead
city of Christmas-Vienna
Take this: feel the mute birds worried by
so much human silence.

now I pull my feet out from under the blankets,
not a complaint about this situation,
the plan is set by life, not by me
I toast to the unusual
to love when it's unusual
happy Christmas.

I wake up at 11 o'clock with the sun
like every Viennese winter
with half a swollen face, with
half a face on top of my face
December 25th my body betraying me,
my rotten gum
calls to the dentists, impossible waits
the only thing I want
is the antibiotic that the butchers who pulled out my
tooth two days ago refused to give me
probably thinking
at what time should I pick up
grandma —I don't blame them
probably thinking that no idiot like me will be alone
in Vienna
on December 25
fighting against two thousand years of history.

no one on the other end of the phones, no one

no Ibuprofen in the house
me with ice on my face on the street
on my way to some hospital
No sir, we don't have a
dental emergency room here
But I need an antibiotic
I'm very sorry,
getting on a streetcar
worried that security guys won't
think of checking tickets,
going to another hospital
still with ice on my face
and a cigarette hanging from my mouth
full full of people waiting four hours in a waiting
room
me terrified that the swelling of
my throat will close my throat
I love life please don't kill me
motherfuckers make me pay for who I am,
to consider being yourself is to be different
and those who are different are attacked
simply with indifference
but I swear that one day
I'm gonna make a weird and happy family
just to show them that you can invent
infinite ways of living
and create unusual beauty in the world
and without fucking any other soul.

four hours I waited
four hours for some asshole to point at me
saying that this inflammation
is caused by the bad life I live

as if he were the Pope
as if living wasn't a priori a sin
the guy lays me down on the stretcher
he shows me a syringe with a bent tip
he sticks it in the flesh of my tooth with
such a smile on his face that I almost faint
I almost fainted not because
of pain but from so much sadism
he prescribes me an antibiotic with
a You don't deserve it face and on the way out he tells
me Don't eat don't smoke good luck,
good luck to your mother.

it's already dark
it must be 4 o'clock in the afternoon
like every Viennese winter
and I'm looking for a pharmacy by foot
buying antibiotics and anti-inflammatories
everything that's anti
carrying my body home
as if I were carrying on me a sack of rotten meat,
stuffing all the pills in my mouth
sleeping for fourteen hours
waking up the next day at 11 o'clock with the sun
like every Viennese winter
beaten by the world
knowing that as in so many other battles
in the next one
the winner will be me
this is being alive
the rest is a lie.