

MENTIR LO MINIMO

ENGLISH VERSION

Haiku

A minimal dose of reality
The way we lie about beauty
That's it, nothing more to see

EL GORDO

I have something to say: I'm fat.
I've been fat my whole life, I've always been "the fatty," "el gordo."
My parents called me "el gordo"
My sister calls me "el gordo"
All my classmates - "el gordo"
My ruby team "el gordo"
All my ex's "el gordo"
My current girlfriend "Gordito"

But I've never taken it badly. I actually think we only talk about the dark side of being fat.

For example, why don't we talk about how cozy it is to sleep with us during winter?
And why doesn't anyone talk about how lovely it is to give us a hug? So squishy!
And why doesn't anyone talk about the pleasure we take in knowing that today, we will eat our favorite meal.

And, above all else, why doesn't anyone talk about the sheer enjoyment we feel in watching you eat a salad because you're on a diet.

Did you know: we are made of 70% water. So I'm not fat, I'm plump!
And now that we know each other a little better, let me truly introduce myself:
I am "El gordo".

MONSTERS

I am simply made wrong. Even if you can't see it, I am "made wrong".
I was born with a deformation, with my belly button in the wrong place, and couldn't move my legs.
I am part of a special group of people who have the chance to be born: different, special, unique, one-of-a-kind...

A congenitally malformed or mutant person : in other words, a monster. According to the English dictionary.

I'm sure there are several monsters present here today. Usually we hide ourselves, but we can recognise each other.

I had a problem at birth that left me in a wheelchair for a period of time...
I won't bore you with the details, but the doctor told me I would never be able to walk.

I can still remember my mother fixing her eyes on me, and she told me:

“No-one in this world, not even me, can tell you what you can or cannot do. So if you want to walk, walk.”

But the doctor was right, because I don't walk.
I am a monster, and monsters don't walk:
We run
We jump
We climb
And, more than anything, if we want,
As monsters, we can fly.

POEM

Mi-ni-ma-li-sm
Fake wave of altruism ?
A trend that blasts the city with brutalism
Let go of all your things,
Beware of what tomorrow brings.

Empty attempts to break free from this prison?
This won't change the rhythm of consumerism
The same radicalism
The same fascism
The same egoism

It's useless to hide behind your list
Don't forget - we are only tourists
Let yourself go,
Enjoy what lies below
And I ask myself, with some cynicism,
Will tomorrow's craze be cubism?