

TWELVE FICTIONS ON THE FUTURE OF EUROPE

Europe is lost

Kate Tempest



Pau Badia

Kate Tempest (2017) Europe Is Lost, Let Them Eat Chaos. Londres: Fiction Records

In the basement flat, by the garages
Where people dump their mattresses
Esther's in her kitchen, making sandwiches
The slats on her blinds are all wonky and skewed
You can see her from the street before she moves out of view

To kick her boots off tired feet
She wipes her forehead with her wrist
She's just back from a double shift
Esther's a carer, doing nights
Behind her, on the kitchen wall
Is a black and white picture of swallows in flight
Her eyes are sore, her muscles ache
She cracks a beer and swigs it
She holds it to her thirsty lips
And necks it till it's finished
It's 04:18 AM again
Her brain is full from all she's done that day
She knows that she won't sleep a wink
Before the Sun is on its way
She's worried 'bout the world tonight
She's worried all the time
She don't know how she's supposed
To put it from her mind

Europe is lost, America lost, London lost
Still we are clamouring victory
All that is meaningless rules
We have learned nothing from history
The people are dead in their lifetimes
Dazed in the shine of the streets
But look how the traffic's still moving
System's too slick to stop working
Business is good
And there's bands every night in the pubs
And there's two for one drinks in the clubs
And we scrubbed up well
Washed off the work and the stress
And now all we want's some excess
Better yet ☒
A night to remember that we'll soon forget
All of the blood that was bled ☒
For these cities to grow
All of the bodies that fell
The roots that were dug from the earth
So these games could be played
I see it tonight in the stains on my hands
The buildings are screaming
I can't ask for help though, nobody knows me
Hostile, worried, lonely
We move in our packs ☒
And these are the rights we were born to

Working and working☒
So we can be all that we want
Then dancing the drudgery off
But even the drugs have gotten boring
Well, sex is still good when you get it

To sleep, to dream
To keep the dream in reach
To each a dream, don't weep, don't scream
Just keep it in, keep sleeping in
What am I going to do to wake up?

I feel the cost of it pushing my body
Like I push my hands into pockets
And softly I walk and I see it
This is all we deserve
The wrongs of our past have resurfaced
Despite all we did to vanquish the traces
My very language is tainted
With all that we stole to replace it with this
I am quiet
Feeling the onset of riot
Riots are tiny though
Systems are huge
Traffic keeps moving
Proving there's nothing to do
Because it's big business
Baby, and its smile is hideous
Top down violence
A structural viciousness
Your kids are dosed up on medical sedatives
But don't worry about that
Man, worry about terrorists
The water level's rising☒
The water level's rising
The animals, the elephants
The polar bears are dying
Stop crying, start buying
But what about the oil spill?
Shh! No one likes a party p**ping spoil sport
Massacres, massacres, massacres, new shoes
Ghettoised children murdered in broad daylight
By those employed to protect them
Live porn streamed☒
To your pre-teen's bedrooms
Glass ceiling, no headroom

Half a generation live
Beneath the headline
Oh, but it's happy hour on the high street
Friday night at last lads, my treat!
All went fine till
That kid got glassed
In the last bar
Place went nuts
You can ask our Lou
It was madness
Road ran red, pure claret
And about them immigrants?
I can't stand them
Mostly, I mind my own business
They're only coming over here to get rich
It's a sickness
England! England! Patriotism!
And you wonder why kids
Want to die for religion?
It goes, work all your life for a pittance
Maybe you'll make it to manager
Pray for a raise
Cross the beige days off
On your beach babe calendar
The anarchists are desperate for something to smash
Scandalous pictures of fashionable rappers
In glamorous magazines, who's dating who?
Politico cash in an envelope
Caught sniffing lines
Off a prostitute's prosthetic tits
Now it's back to the House of Lords
With slapped wrists
They abduct kids and f*ck the heads of dead pigs
But him in a hoodie with a couple of spliffs
Jail him, he's the criminal
Jail him, he's the criminal
It's the bored-of-it-all generation
The product of product placement
And manipulation
Shoot them up, brutal, duty of care
Come on, new shoes, beautiful hair, bullshit!
Saccharine ballads and selfies
And selfies, and selfies
And here's me outside the palace of me
Construct a self and psychosis
Meanwhile the people were dead in their droves

And, no, nobody noticed
Well, some of them noticed
You could tell by the emoji they posted

Sleep like a gloved hand☒
Covers our eyes
The lights are so nice and bright☒
And let's dream
But some of us are stuck☒
Like stones in a slipstream
What am I going to do to wake up?

We are lost, we are lost, we are lost
And still nothing will stop, nothing pauses
We have ambitions and friendships☒
And courtships to think of
Divorces to drink off the thought of
The money, the money, the oil
The planet is shaking and spoiled
And life is a plaything
A garment to soil
The toil, the toil
I can't see an ending at all
Only the end
How is this something to cherish?
When the tribesmen are dead in their deserts
To make room for alien structures
Develop, develop
And kill what you find if it threatens you
No trace of love in the hunt for the bigger buck
Here in the land where nobody gives a f**k

Diari rellegit i reescrit en primera i tercera persona

Mireia Sallarès

El mar gris

Eluned Gramich

Dos bitllets a Namíbia

Djaimilia Pereira de Almeida

Reflexions sobre el futur d'Europa des d'una avioneta laosiana

Irene Solà

La ficció europea

Cristina Morales

El sistema de signes de Sala-Babot

Borja Bagunyà

L'odi

Kallia Papadaki

Dues lletres

Nina Yargekov

Poemes sobre Europa

Juana Adcock

Cap a Europa

Petar Matovič

Europa està perduda

Kate Tempest



Kate Tempest

Kate Tempest és el nom artístic de Kate Esther Calvert. Va néixer a Brockley el 1985 i és poeta, dramaturga i intèrpret d'spoken word i rap. L'any 2013 va guanyar el prestigiós premi de poesia Ted Hughes pel seu recopilatori *Brand New Ancients*, en reconeixement a la seva innovació en el gènere. El maig de 2014 va treure el seu primer àlbum, *Everybody Down*, pel qual va estar nominada al Mercury Music Prize. El setembre de 2016 va publicar el segon, *Let Them Eat Chaos*. La Poetry Society la considera la nova veu poètica més rellevant en llengua anglesa.