

## Idioms

I am a back-seat driver  
in this business of trying  
to incarnate a kind  
of presence, and this is probably why I have no control  
over my so-called free will.

Neither in this country nor in the country of my origin  
do I feel safe to say what I think,  
do what I please, or more importantly move into the front seat.

I cut to the chase  
and try hopelessly to adapt. But adapt to what?  
Customs? Language? A history which  
is not my story? A people who are not my  
next-of-kin?

Who are your people, then?  
What is your history, then?  
More questions than answers, I suspect.

I say nothing, pretending  
this is some dry run for  
the definitive staging of a life.

I am led on by anything glistening, fool's gold, to replace the  
urge to be part of a group, however dissimilar to what I am or  
stand for or would wish.  
The need to belong appears to be ancestral, and I try so hard.

But I fail terribly, not just miserably.  
I try and fail.  
I have failed.  
I will fail.

There is no green room, no time  
for anticipation, no rehearsal, no interval  
to learn the ropes and prepare for  
the final close-up, the closing lines, the  
moment of total ecstasy, the Madrid of my dreams.

Improv it all becomes, and in the end  
there will be no need to hold your horses or burn  
your midnight oil. You might as well give up  
before your time is set, nothing is against the clock.

Instead you may want to spend your days jaywalking or  
loose-cannoning, all of it but a New York minute. And only  
when you begin to get the gist of things, it is all over, done  
with, gone, extinct, over and out, sunk, washed up, kaput.  
There are many ways of saying the same thing simply because it always is the same  
thing.

And if you can understand  
all this then, well, you can understand –and justify– anything,  
any life, any wanton desire, any childhood dream of attaining  
the everlasting and the unearthly.

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