

Zombie Mermaids – a song for future Waters

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Act 1

refrain

*The narrative shared today
Is not about revenge
But of rage and resistance*

At the beginning of this story,
Interspecies relations
Were not yet forbidden.
Two beings were caught in desire :
A river and a human.

From this love, a generation
Called the dissidentxs
Were revealed to the world.
They exposed the porosity
Between spaces and species.

After some liquid years
They took flesh and form
And reached the shores.
Living between water and land
Breathing in the léchéras

At dawn they can be observed
Dancing madly on the waves
Which, rising joyously
Heralded the floods
Feared and anticipated.

To supposedly avoid
Other alleged catastrophes
The power tried to break
Their strength with bells
But they danced on even more.

Finally, the bell's clappers fell
Under his helpless gaze.
He took this as an affront
Unable to tolerate any surges
Launched his offensive in rage.

Protecting their offspring
The dissidents drowned their children
In wells, fountains and springs.
These liquified in the waves
Joining the valley's water.

To restore what he called
The natural Order of everything,
The power set the rivers ablaze
Burning descendants and currents
Infant incendiary.

The tears of the dissidents
Formed an immense lake
That swallowed in a single night
All the surrounding villages.
The valley was then deserted.

One can even now observe
The large church bell tower
Floating on the water's surface
Sole witness to this story
Now submerged as well.

Act 2

Some hundreds of years after
History, in a spiral, repeats itself.
Gathering dewdrops,
A human honored a river
And submerged herself to fuck her.

At nightfall, she was seen
Rubbing against the sloping rocks
Of the water body's shores
Revealing her naked buttocks
In a connection with the stone

Such loves being forbidden
Despite what she had to offer
In exchange for a protective silence
The sexuality of docile beings
Would be the ultimate taboo revealed

So the river distilled in her
A potion for her lover
So that she might breathe within her.
In her stomach the filter produced

New mucous glands.

They oxygenated her skin
By an exchange called gaseous
The translucent secretions
Did not dissolve in the water
Offering a cuirass beneath the surface.

Everything begins with the same genes
Back to the mutations
Of the embryonic cells
At the now fluid border
Between evolution and extinction.

A potion or a poison
A balm or salve
It was enough to ingest
The contaminated liquid
To ooze self-hatred

Since all water bodies are linked
The poison soon spread
In all the lakes, rivers and streams
And dripped from every tap
And water pipes of the city

Cleaning the floor of a house
A servant threw herself into a puddle
To reach the water table
Attaining the sea, then the ocean
She left behind shame and alienation

When her story spread,
Other immersive desires
Dripped from hearts.
Then, by the dozen, they sank
Into gouilles, flushes and pipes.

The disappearances were revealed
In the traces of liquid secretions.
More rarely, on their way and back
Dry molts, signs of terrible storms
Littered kitchens and bathrooms.

Act 3

3.A

Through puddles of water
The maids threw themselves into the seas
When they return through the same channels
You might think that
Aborted fetuses reassembled
And mixed with the branches
Tossed by the currents
So unclear is their shape.

In the torment in torrent
The songs of the revenantxs
The puddles in turn become
Basins of passage
Graves flowing with liquid
Channels of communication
Connecting pipes and conduits
To water tables and oceans

Once at the bottom of the abyss
They met the childrxn
Who had been formerly burned.
They eviscerated themselves,
Emptying their bodies of their organs
To survive fire and ashes
They hid in the void
To flee the devastation

In a liquid coalition
With the dissidentx descendants
They found limbo within them.
In this watery promise,
Made of each imaginary,
They called themselves Zombie Mermaids.
Revenantxs since they returned
From necropolitics.

3.B

They desired new emergences
By rallying their loved ones to the sea,
Then, they seeped through all the pipes,
Ducts, cracks, breaches, gutters,
Retention basins and fountains.
Practicing autotomy

They separated the limbs
Hindering their passage.

Underneath constructed areas, they slid
Poison and potion at the same time,
Or spirits and presence.
Flowing from sinks and showers,
Dripping from radiators
From toilets, glasses of water,
They called all dissidentxs
To the promised waters at last.

When they still had a tongue
They poured it into the ears
To wash away all the bullshit heard.
The tales that had been told at the cradle,
To smother the water of little girls,
Their desire to be taken by the waves,
To circling penises
To lick clitorises later.

At night, the Zombie Mermaids
Were thrusting the ill-bred bodies
Down the pipes to expel them.
Shellfish powder,
Which they offered to inhale,
Transformed the bones of the infantxs
Into a multitude of storeefs
Blurring all boundaries.

3.C

Skeletons and shells
Being made of the same calcium
The morphic transitions were smooth
Then, they started to sing
At first, there were no words
Only cavernous sounds
The rustle of ghosts vibrated
In the scaly membranes.

Breathing a little oxygen
They dove towards the springs.
As soon as their new skin
Rubbed against damp currents
They regained the memory
Of having once been
In a place as deep

As the ocean abyss.

Act 4

To stop the contamination
And of the bodies the hybridization,
The power closed the water pipes.
And blasted them away.
The dynamite shattered
Pipes, Ducts, Skin, Taps
Gutters, Sinks, Water, Bodies
Rivers, Tunnels, Limbs and Sky.

The executioners burned the remains
Flushed the ashes down the toilets
Seeking to scare those
That would join the Zombie Mermaids
They had to leave traces
And traumatic sweat
In the flesh of generations
To control behaviour.

The economic project
Needs servants
Wombs must produce
Soldiers for wars
And metalworking.
In a legal framework
Structured by inheritances
Of those who are already powerful.

The maternal abysses of those
Who know how to birth themselves
Is what most frightens the power.
Who shudders at their return to the day
When aquatic ancestors
Had not yet crawled ashore.
Perpetuating his anxieties
Of a humanity that refuses all norms.

Hatred arose and spread,
Under the skin, in and after life,
Until the executioners were
Terrified by their own violence,
Turning them into mass murderers.
But massacres only frighten
Those who have not already
Lost everything they had in the water.

Power will fear revenge
Of future Zombie Mermaids
That they may return to devour hearts
And the brains of the executioners.
But what he has not yet understood
Is that today this story
Is not about revenge
But of rage and resistance.

Act 5

I have water in my belly
Mixed with plastic
And shale gas
Retention basins
For the dams erected
Of my gastric walls

Compressed bodies of ghosts
And other more-than-human beings.
Petrol already nourishes
future marine species.
Which dissidentxs will be born
From a biosphere of black liquid?

Which generations will emerge
From artificial water bodies
Of hydroelectric power?
How many futures are we ready
To mortgage without batting an eyelid
When aridity will have struck?

Extinction
Evolution
In a loop.

Abysses, void within the void
Are dark purple in color.
Swimming, Flowing, Sinking,
Let yourself be engulfed.
In the valley of tears
The fire devours all doubts.

In a future near or far,
When the Zombie Mermaids
Will have been exterminated
The power will say

That their life form was
Excessive to all boundaries.

The violence was justified
He will say, it was either them or us.
But the power knows that after
Each mass extinction
New species develop
And he can do nothing about it.

Extinction.
Disappearance.
Transformation.
In a loop.

He erected on the square
Overlooking the fountain
A statue to the descendants
So that they do not forget the cost
Of moist and wet dreams
Of owning twin members.

Yet liquid loves
Will still moisten hearts.
Then, as a preventative measure,
He will dry up all the rivers.

Like a snake biting its own tail
The power will go straight to its own ruin.
And with it, all living beings.

I have water in my belly
Mixed with plastic
And shale gas
Retention basins
For the dams erected
Of my gastric walls

Compressed bodies of ghosts
And other more-than-human beings.
Petrol already nourishes
future marine species.
Which dissidentxs will be born
From a biosphere of black liquid?

Extinction
Evolution
In a loop.