

# Wasteland



Jan Zwaaneveld

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Poems

*For Cilja*

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*Try not. Do. Or do not. There is no try.*

(Master Yoda)



**Let's go!**

## Lana Del Rey

That night I wasn't going anywhere, as it happens in a life. The Chevy's engine buzzed like a bumblebee. West Coast on the radio. Maybe well on to Tijuana, that filthy pimple of Mexico.

I stopped at Venice Beach, L.A. The gods and angels of the city floated across the beach like resurrected dead. The dying sun painted the landscape softly and behind me flames from forest fires on the ridge.

The sea moved like a sheet over lovers. I heard the salt water bubbling, the surf of my youth. One of the angels struck me. Through a crack in time I saw the orange awning, the bath towels, the wooden house on stilts of the lifeguard service

and I wondered where you were now,  
if maybe you wanted to be found.

## Phoenix

Forty-five degrees and that while the day is  
is already closing in. As if the air wants to push you back  
into the arrival hall, or the fleeing light  
grants you no memories.

In your motel room, the air conditioning rattles like  
an unpredictable prehistoric beast, so  
you can choose, wide awake from the noise  
or half-asleep and hot.

You grab your phone and call yesterday,  
that was just there. Thinking about tomorrow  
doesn't work here, what do you want, the whole city is now  
sunk in ashes.

No answer from the past.  
You wait until the day ignites.