

Entombed

A Proem in Five Stages

Camilo Garzón

*“Placed inside, safe and sound
Shades and colors are all I see
Shapes of colors are all I feel.”*

—Camilo Wong “Chino” Moreno,
“Entombed” in *Koi No Yokan*

I. Memory

The lies you tell yourselves.
That is what you are.

Those stories:
the buried,
the submerged,
the dormant,
the concealed,
the hidden,
are the ones that have been
outright arrested
and left inside
this *prison-house of language*,
the ones that are still here
to become a peculiar self-deception...

Faith is what you start with,
the antonym of love,
the *mana* of solipsists,
the one in which you realize
that you want to tell them who they need to be,
instead of accepting who they truly are,
and you look at the photo album,
and kids are growing up amidst the mud,
and the synesthesia that is present in the images
emanates and perspires colors,
that express the enthusiastic smell of emerald grass,

that comes out of this memory jar,
and prepares you for the uttermost task,
to realize, if you may say so, that a death-wish
is *written in light* with these particular *time-being*
documents.

And then, you realize,
you understand,
and you begin to start comprehending,
or, at least, that is what you tell yourself.

You start telling yourself:

That the memories you have of what it was are the
truth.

That lies are sometimes the only excuses and
reasons you get out of bed in the morning.

That you are special.

That you know.

That you will be a *rock star* and live a life without
worries.

That your catatonia will be cured.

That you won't have to descend to the catatomb.

That childhood was the best time.

That happiness is just *spondulicks*.

That a feeling is not just a fantasy that you
remember time after time.

That you remember *the feeling of what happens*.
That you can say what you feel.

That lies give you purpose, and they give you
hopes, and they make you believe.

That your life is a myth. That your deeds will
become legends.

That you are a character in some God's story.

That web-slinging would become your leisure.

That you'd become Spider-Man.

That there is a tooth fairy that puts money under
your pillow after you lose a tooth.

That Santa Claus comes at night, eats your cookies
and milk, and provides gifts.

That your swing will get to go all the way.

That digging a hole, all the way through, will get
you to China.

That you can fly out your window.

That your parents will stay together.

That your parents will separate.

That you won't move anymore.

That your parents are.

That you are your parents.

That a gaze that would never materialize,
but that still was shared for an instant,

will be eternal for the imagination.

That all you'll remember are the happy stories.

That you need to grow up.

That you are normal.

That you are solipsists, deceivers.

And that prestidigitation is all that your lives are.