

A bit of me,  
a bit of everything



**A bit of me,  
a bit of everything**

**Maya Teklal**

Schrijver: Maya Teklal

Coverontwerp: Lyndal Tollefson & Joëlle Narmon

Illustraties: Joëlle Narmon

ISBN: 9789465015767

© Maya Teklal

## Contents

Wetlands .....	7
Badlands.....	41
Highlands.....	69
Moorlands.....	125
Woodlands.....	175

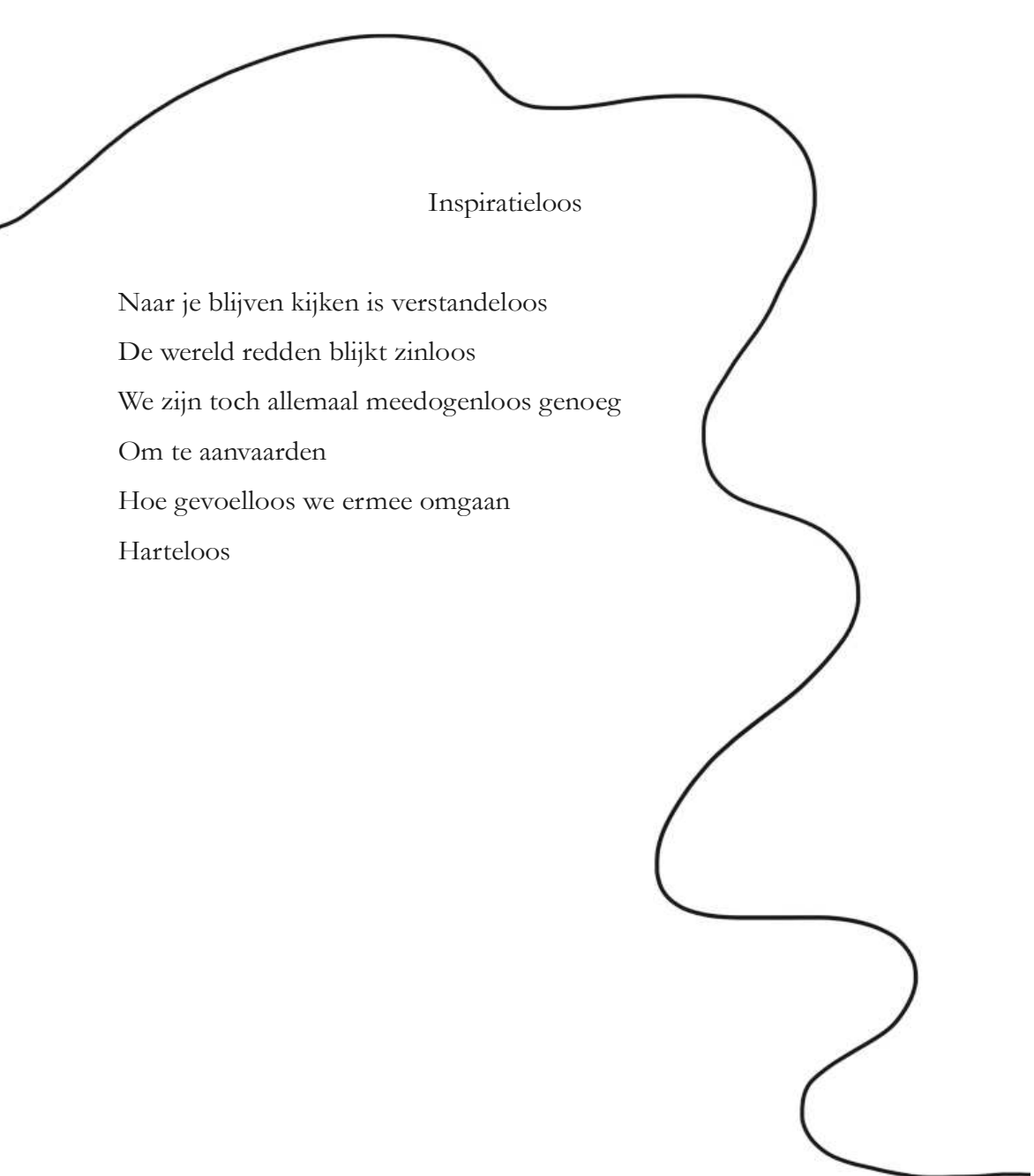
*Voor de jongere versie van mezelf*

# **Wetlands**





Okerkleurige lakens  
Geven zachte steun aan bruine kniekousen  
waarin benen gewikkeld zijn  
Mijn net gestylde haar  
Geknipt door moeder  
Valt in laagjes langs het microvezelpapier  
waarop een warm licht schijnt  
Hier op dit queensize bed  
Schrijf ik  
Niet voor jou  
Over jou  
en langs je gedachten heen  
Niet over mij  
Door mij  
als water met gevaarlijke onderstroom  
Over de wereld  
boven mij en in mij  
Alles lijkt zich te ontplooien terwijl ik begin te schrijven  
met gekromde rug en zachte kniekousen  
dit is wat ik zie, voel en bedenk  
Welkom



## Inspiratieloos

Naar je blijven kijken is verstandeloos

De wereld redden blijkt zinloos

We zijn toch allemaal meedogenloos genoeg

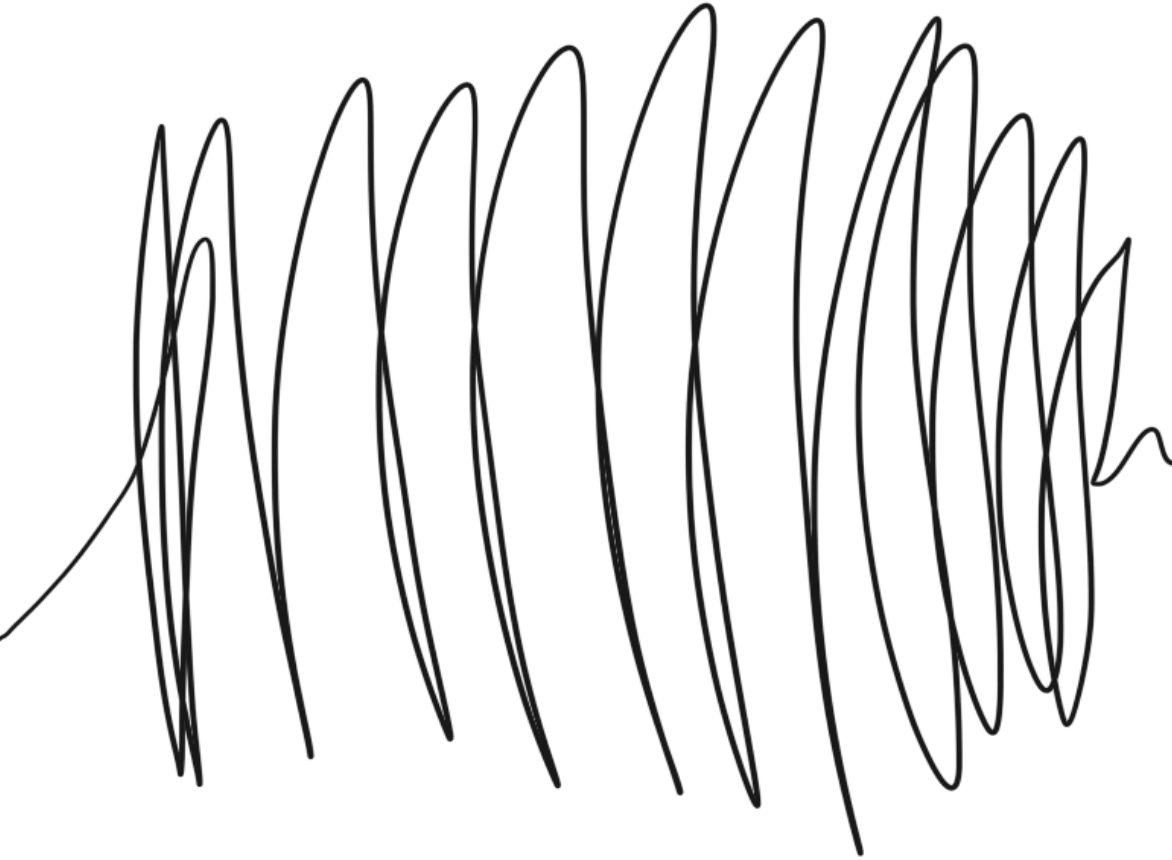
Om te aanvaarden

Hoe gevoelloos we ermee omgaan

Harteloos

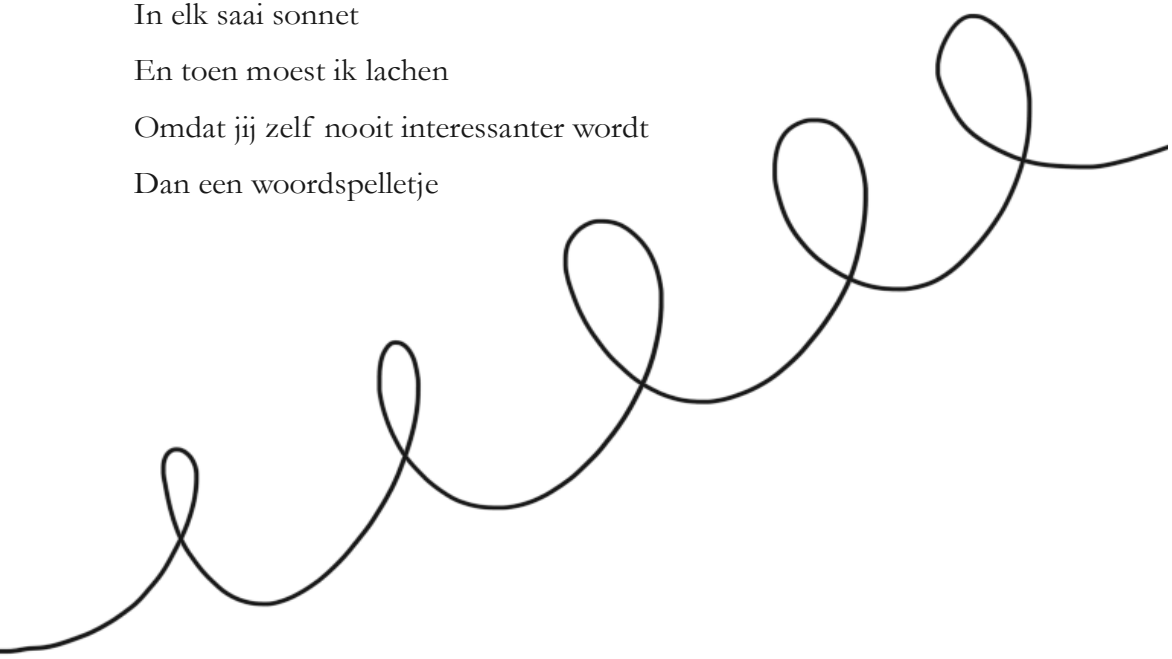
## Wood

I feel so blue  
my eyes are red  
teeth are yellow  
toes are purple  
head is wet  
soaking in dirt  
I smell death



## Poëzie

Ik hield helemaal niet van poëzie  
Tot jij de betekenis compleet veranderde  
Plots vond ik jouw karakter terug  
In elk saai sonnet  
En toen moest ik lachen  
Omdat jij zelf nooit interessanter wordt  
Dan een woordspelletje



## Dorst

Verlaten op een donker terrein  
Er zijn geen auto's die wegwijnen  
Geen straatverlichting  
Zelfs geen camera's  
Een hond blaft  
Waarschuwing  
Boze mannen kijken haar na  
Dit is niet jouw plek  
Dit is niet voor mensen zoals jij  
Dit is ons milieu  
Bezorgd  
En  
Snakkend naar nieuw vlees  
Meningen verdeeld  
Met snelle passen loopt ze langs de witte parkeerlijnen  
Tien procent korting  
Op een vers jong varkenshaasje  
Op is op  
Zolang de voorraad strekt  
En ze strekt zich uit  
Eens ze het terrein voorbij is  
Kans gemist



De gewone boodschappen zullen dan maar verhandeld moeten worden

Volgende nacht

Is er misschien weer

Een éénmalige promotie

## Maan

Ze gaf toe dat ze enkel haar hart durfde te luchten

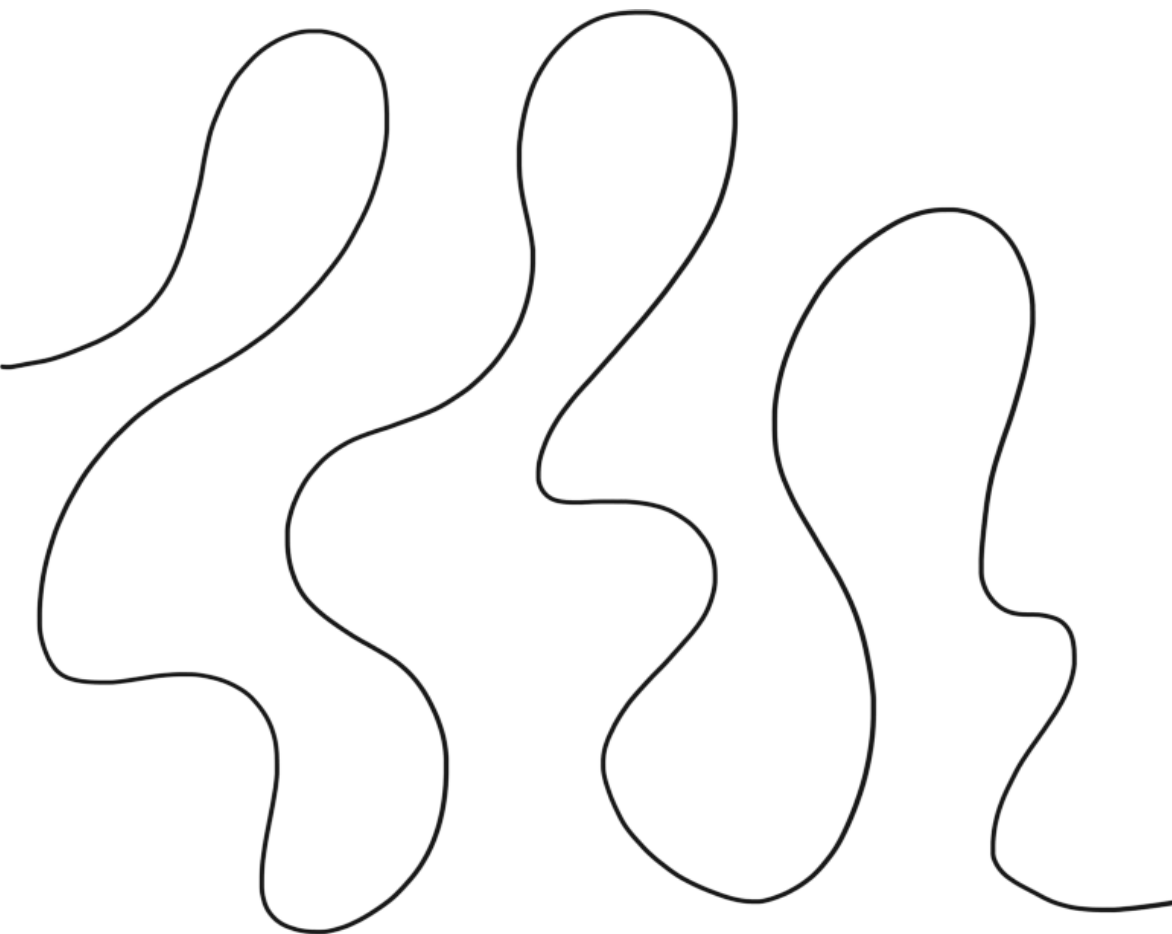
In het holst van de nacht

Ik vroeg waarom

Ze vertelde me

Dat haar huid nog nooit verbrand was geweest

Door het maanlicht



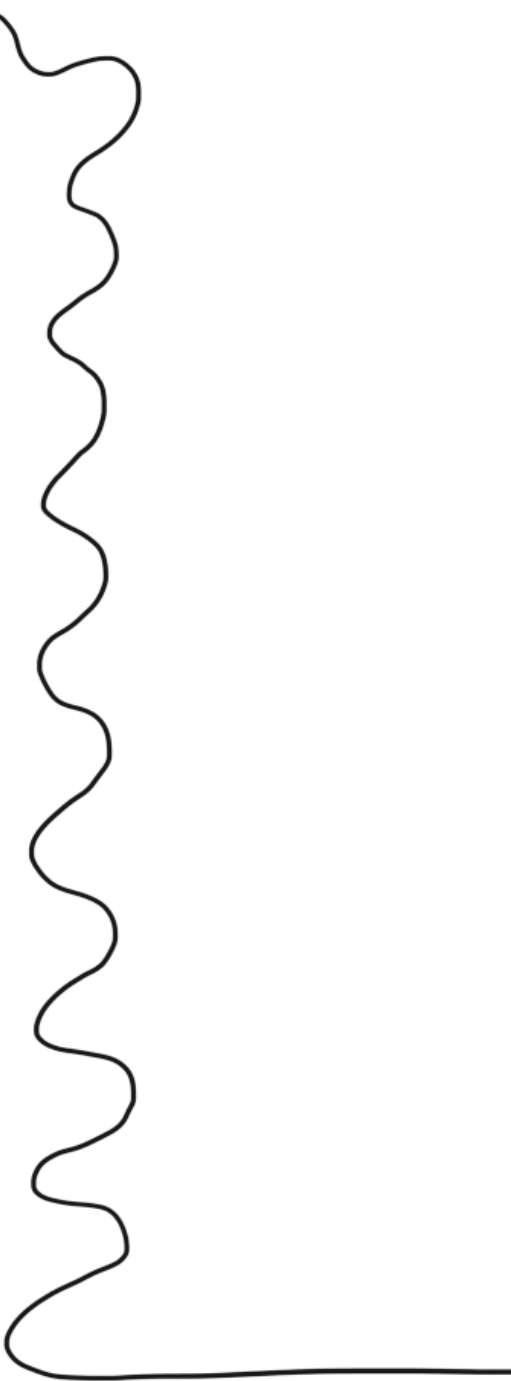


Pray

The first time I prayed  
I wasn't sitting in a church  
Nor was I wearing something to cover my face  
No

The first time I prayed  
I was at home  
I wasn't alone  
I wasn't screaming  
I wasn't forced by family  
yet  
it was for my family  
and it was a sunny winter day as well  
Clouds were hiding  
The sun wanted them to undress her  
again  
so that she  
narcissistic as she was  
could show herself to us  
just like she could show us the truth  
about grandma's condition  
She wanted to shine bright on the day  
I heard she had cancer  
So goddamn bright





that the news could be heard clearly  
without any misunderstandings  
or words that said

*Sorry, what did you say?*

No

The first time I prayed  
it was a beautiful horrific day  
with a sky mesmerising me  
and a future haunting me

Pensée

La mort ne vieillit jamais



## Mother

Do you love your mother?

The one that made you belong somewhere

yet told you

you were wrong sometimes

Do you love our mother?

The mother you don't have to bother for using her sanity and lets  
you be someone on earth

Humanity

Do we, as humans, love our mother?

The one in which fruit literally grows on trees

Where colours are not machine made

They just appear in whatever space you are

You don't need to find consolation

Your soulmate in another state on Facebook whose status changes  
all the time

From single down-to-earth

To down to money

To down to success

To down to dress up

To down to destroy

To down to collapse

To down to harm to

---

Happiness

Mother?

She doesn't need any approval from her fans to ascertain who I am

She provides us with space to live and to love

All we do is invade it

Make place

It's like a plague

It's like a race

Who can make mother cry tsunamis of hurt?

Who can make her rage as big as fire burns?

We're all doing it for the so called *happiness* (also known as money)

I know the economist in you will tell me

This is a trick

Don't listen

I've listed up some good points to save our life and the

Importance

Of

Building new capital

We don't care enough for our mother that put us inside of her

Taking care of us like a billion babies

All we do is destroy her beautiful body

But we cannot come out

It's not the time of our birth yet

We don't want her to die when we say *hi* to earth for the first

or goodbye for the last

---

When we found another planet to blast  
Have you ever looked at mother's nature?  
For real  
Looked at animals without seeing them as a meal  
Didn't look at insects like annoying creatures with scary features  
Have you ever noticed her beauty?  
At broad daylight  
A moon with dark eyes, due to staying up all night  
A sun to introduce a new day with fresh air  
New lights  
New day  
Big smiles  
Or noon, when sun is standing on top of us  
Burning eyes of looking almost upside down  
It is worth it  
What is worth it?  
Is it the energy of woods with trees  
Is it the perfect summer day with a warm air breeze?  
Is it geese  
Some chicken to eat  
Or  
Are we worth it?  
Will mother change her mind  
Give us a new plot  
Where it will all stop

We won't be the king of mother's body

We will be the not-worth mice

Stuck in the polar area with

Water

Melted ice

Truth is

Why do we need to look further when heaven on earth is not a lie?

Heaven is earth, look around

Where does all the greed come from?

Truth is

We are mother's baby

There's 7 billion of us, not GMO's

Living and loving

Do you love her?

This is not a marriage, nor a break-up

This is a make-up for the damage

If you do

Let's not waste any more time further

To climate change murders

Where would you be without your loving mom?

Right

Not even in existence.