

Sad

Part of what about support and what about struggle

Fernanda Laguna

14 May 2021



Fernanda Laguna, *Morir de emosion*, 2013. Courtesy of the artist.



Fernanda Laguna, *Un momento difícil*, 2017. Courtesy of the artist.



Protest works by the collective Vivas nos queremos, active between 2014 and 2017, presented as a living archive of memorabilia from protests organized by Ni Una Menos (Not One Woman Less), a grassroots feminist movement in South America, in opposition to violence against women, in the project Mareadas en la marea (High on the Tide), co-curated by Fernanda Laguna and professor and activist Cecilia Palmeiro. Courtesy of Fernanda Laguna.

Sad

Fernanda Laguna

*The princess in my dreams
is so sad this morning...*

and I don't know what to do.

*Heart,
don't leave me
don't move away from me.*

I cross the street.

Carefull!

*The cars speed by
and one plasters my pretty dress.*

Carefull with cars!

I am a mind and a heart

*My mind is foolish
and my heart doesn't know what it
feels.*

*I see my doll rest
and she looks beautiful.*

*I embrace her with my arms
and I fly to infinity.*

Poems for me.

*They calm me down
and make me happy.*

*The mother of a friend told me
that her daughter is foolish
and she prefers me.*

-lady, come down?
- Yes, low.

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24

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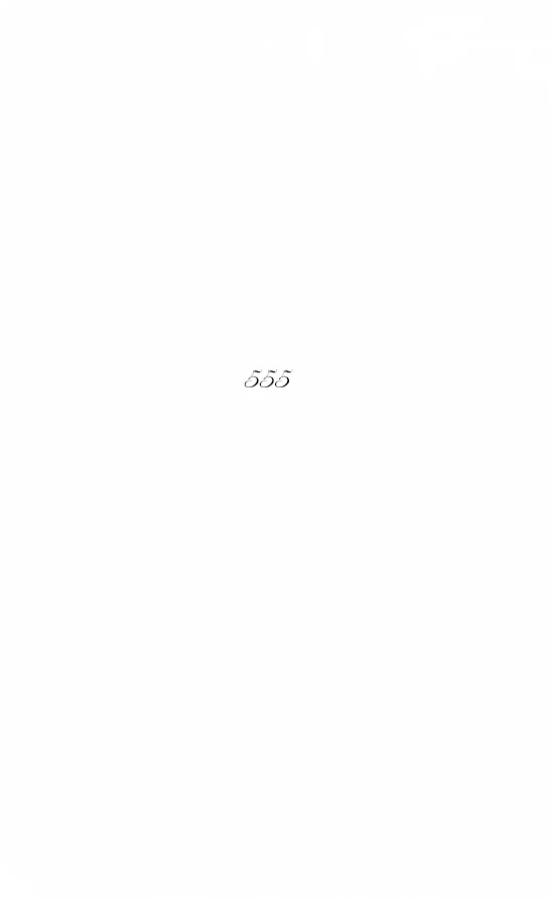
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225



12,3



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6350

Sad

My goddess queen!
Me just me.

Without limits
my imagination grows.

Florencia.

*Silvana,
Mariana,
Karina.
Jane.*

*Gabriela,
Cecilia,
Cecilia,
Gabriela,
Gabriela
and me.*

*Beautifully boy,
one day we won't see the moon anymore.*

*Peaceful morning in my diary.
Peaceful seconds.
How are you
my mind?*

*Pretty
sleepy
like a pearl at the bottom of the sea.*

*The little saint
(my travelling companion)*

*I am in heaven
she takes care of me.*

*Even though she sleeps
she takes care of me.*

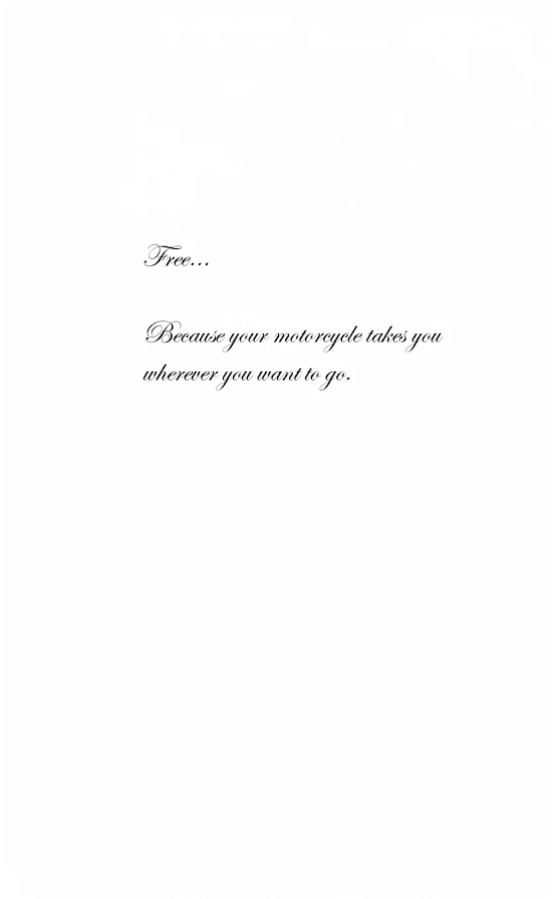
What is poetry?

*My mind thinks
carnal
juicy.*

*My mind is pure flesh...
and I watch everything
with eyes full of tears.*

The sun arrives!

*Summer...
and the girls
come and go
on the beach
splashing each other
with the cool sea,
but the sun
only shines for her*



Free...

*Because your motorcycle takes you
wherever you want to go.*



*It 's not sad
it 's strange.*

Lashes!

*What I should and
shouldn't do.*

Lemon.

*My hand scots quick
like a rifle.*

My Virgin!

*Lovely
as you know.*

*In her chest
you look splendid.
With this music
you look magical.
In this bus*

Girl on the beach.

*I see a motorcycle
skidding because of the wind.*

I hear it 's song.

*They 're coming...
on their motorcycles
bringing japanese happiness.*

Who was It who waited on me?

*... Everything...
is beautiful.
What more can I do?*



*I saw a girl
on her amazing motorcycle
Is it that I am really dreaming?*



This is heaven.

*I see the
soft
even
landscape
the rhythm of my state.*

In the dark...

*I make love
with the dark,
with the first thought
that comes
to mind.*

*My sweet child
you come flying in
towards the light.*

*I fall
on this country
and I try to see you...
often.*

Buenos Aires
1995/1998

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