Poemas De Puebla
By Max E. Barnes Herrlander

107 Madison Street #1A
New York, New York, 10002
USA
max@dromfangarfilm.se

June 27, 2019

In 2008, the author arrived in Puebla, Mexico from Sweden and attended a one-month entry-level course in the Spanish language. Herrlander wrote poems daily for public presentation and discussion. This became an investigation into communication and the simplicity of pure expressions. While learning a new language, what happens when you use the simplest words and don’t provide context? These poems represent the exploration from both a philosophical and language standpoint. Foreword is made by Tom Hines.

Permission Statement "I, Max E. Barnes Herrlander, submit this unpublished manuscript, written by me and entitled, Poemas De Puebla. I assign the following rights for usage of my manuscript by others: I place this manuscript in the Public Domain. Anyone can use it however they wish, including for commercial purposes, although I do ask my name as original author be retained."

Date June 27, 2019

Signed Max E. Barnes Herrlander
MAX HERRLANDER

POEMAS DE PUEBLA
(una colección de poemas edición una, dos mil ocho)
By the special disposal and providence of the poet Max Herrlander, there now comes abroad into the world a little history of several very astonishing Spanish–as-a-second-language (heretofore referred to as SASL) poems, which partly my own ocular observation, and partly my undoubted information, has enabled me to offer unto the public notice of my Mexican neighbors, as well as the rest of the Spanish speaking world, not to mention all those who understand, at least, some Spanish. It must be the subject, and not the manner or the author of this Writing, that has made any people desire its publication; For there are such obvious defects in both, as would render me very unreasonable, if I should wish about this or any compo– sure of mine, that it were printed in a book! But you there want not faults in this discourse, to give me discontent enough, my displeasure at them will be recompensed by the satisfaction I take in my dedication of it; which I now no less properly than cheerfully make unto your self, a-hole; whom I reckon among the best of my worldly peers, and the ablest of my readers. Your knowledge has qualified you to make those reflections on the following relations, which few can think, and it’s not fit that all should see these poems. How far the Platonic notions of poems which were, it may be, much more espoused by those primitive Mexican and Spanish language scholars that we call Magic Latin Intellectuals, than they see countenanced in the ensuing narratives, are to be allowed by a serious man, your poetic license, joined with your most irrational philosophy, will help you to judge at an uncommon rate. Had I on the occasion before me handled Max Herrlander’s poetry, or launched forth into specula– tions about his magical verse, I might have made some ostentation, that I have read something and thought a little in my time; but it would neither have been conve– nient for me, nor profitable for those plain folks, whose edification I have all along aimed at. I have therefore here but briefly touched every thing with an American pen; a pen which your desert
likewise has further entitled you to the utmost expressions of respect and honor from. Though I have no commission, yet I am sure I shall meet with no crimination, if I here publicly wish you all manner of happiness, in the name of the great multitudes of Mexico City whom you have laid under everlasting poetic obligations. Wherefore in the name of the many millions of sickpeople, whom your charitable and skillful words havemost freely dispensed your no less generous than secretpoems to; and in the name of your whole new country, which hath long had cause to believe that you will succeed your honorable Swedish forefathers in successful endeavours for artistic welfare; I say, in their name, I now do wish you all the prosperity of them that love Scandinavia. And whereas it hath been sometimes observed, that

the genius of an author is commonly discovered in the verse, I shall be content if this dedicatory epistle of mine, have now discovered me to be your biggest fan. MaxHerrlander, your poems, however paramount they register through this publication, however much esteem they may reap in your servitude to the magic of letters, they are still just shit compared to your spirit, and I feel the immense sorrow of the poor assholes of this Earth who only read your great SASL verse, having never the opportunitity to face you, to know what they feel rather than simply what they read from you. Those poor depraved assholes, Max.

Tom Hines, Summer 2008
POEMA DEL DÍA
VIGÉSIMA DE JUNIO

el desayuno es mas importante para el día. es como un restaurante en la playa.
el sol esta increible hay grandes perroz, negro con blanco con mucho pelo.
yo estoy casi moerto.
tengo mucho mucho ambre,
mucho mucho dolor,
mucho mucho dolor.

finalmente un angel medio un plato con huevos con frijoles.

la vida es maravilloso.

POEM OF THE DAY
TWENTIETH OF JUNE

breakfast is the more important meal for the day. i am eating in a restaurant on the beach. the sun is incredible there are big dogs, black and white with a lot of hair.

i am almost dead.
i am very hungry,
    a lot of pain,
    a lot of pain.

finally an angel arrives with a plate of eggs and beans.

life is wonderful.
POEMA DEL DÍA
VEINTICINCO DE JUNIO

puebla es una ciudad misteriosa.
también es una ciudad de iglesias.
puebla es una buena ciudad para pasear.

y haser ejercicio
(con besos)

esta noche soñare con el instituto y con comprar tenis.

mas mas mas
para tener el triumfo de los valientes

POEM OF THE DAY
TWENTYFIFTH OF JUNE

puebla is a mysterious city.
it is also a city of churches.
puebla is a good city to walk in.

i exercise
(with kisses)

tonight I will dream about the institute and buying sneakers.

more more more
fortune favors the brave
POEMA DEL DÍA
VEINTISÉIS DE JUNIO

hoy comprendo el valor de la amistad.
grandes construcciones que-paresen
rascacielos hicieron cholultecas con
españoles.

reflexiono en el trabajo del personal femenino
del instituto.

magnifico día, y pienso que mucha personas quieren
ser famoso pero cuando estan en la cumbre estaran
solos.

POEM OF THE DAY
TWENTYSIXTH OF JUNE

today i understand the value of friendship.
big constructions of faith-like skyscrapers made by
cholulans and spanish people.

i reflect on the work of the female staff in the institute.

great day, and i think a lot of people want be famous
but when they are at the top they will be alone.
POEMA DEL DÍA
VEINTISIETE DE JUNIO

si no, soy más productivo es lógico que
yo consuma más.

no tenemos problemas por que no tenemos
idea de cual será nuestro próximo trabajo como
adultos.

la risa es muy importante. reírse es lo que alimenta
a la vida.

POEM OF THE DAY
TWENTYSEVENTH OF JUNE

am i right? if i am more productive, it is logical that i
consume more.

we do not have problems because we do not have an
idea of what our job will be like as adults.

laughter is very important. laughing is what feeds the
life.
en fin semana yo amo la lluvia.
y a mariana que es del instituto. estoy
un poco triste porque mariana no estara
conmigo y no podremos hablar.

encontrare a un hombre sinhogar. el tenia
una chaqueta increible. yo lepregunte de donde
eres?

in the weekend i love the rain.
mariana, who is from the institute. i am a little sad
because mariana will not be with me and we can not
talk.

i met a homeless man. he had an incredible jacket. i
asked him where he got it?
OTRO DÍA MARAVILLOSO EN PUEBLA.
YO NO TENGO HONOR PERO TENO UNA VIDA FELIZ.

ES POSIBLE CUESTIONAR MI ESTILO DE VIDA,
POSIBLMENTE SEA UNA FALSA ILLUSIÓN PERO
YO QUIERO SER MÁS FELIZ ANTES DE SER DIFUNTO.

NOSOTROS SOMOS UNA OBRA DE ARTE.
POEMA DEL DÍA
SEGUNDO DE JULIO

yo nunca me enfermo en mexico, por que?

yo como comida de colores vivos carne en puestos de la calle. tambien como mucho picante de chilies rojo y verde, el color no es importante.

las comidas de la calle aun con bacterias no son problema porque las bacterias tienen una guerra civil pero no han herido mi cuerpo.

con un poco de mezcal de un color como el oro. medan un gran fuerza.

no tengo miedos, es venturoso comer y tengo una vida dulce.

POEM OF THE DAY
SECOND OF JULY

i never get sick in mexico, why?

i eat colorful meat in the street stalls. also much spicy chilies that are red and green, color is not important.

street food contains bacteria, they are not a problem because the bacteria have a civil war amongst themselves and they do not hurt my body.

with a little mezcal of a color like gold. gives great strength.

i am not afraid, it is happy to eat and i have a sweet life.
yo actuo en la galería, mi cerebro siempre esta trabajando, mi cabello lo siento que es un erizo.

maxim no se presento para la importante grabacion porque no toma en serio la artesania de la musica y poemas.

mi premio de consolación fue un buen bocado y mi tarea.

---

POEM OF THE DAY  
THIRD OF JULY

i act in the gallery, my brain is always working, my hair excuse it, looks like a hedgehog.

maxim did not show up for the important recording session because he does not take the craftsmanship of music and poems seriously.

my consolation prize was a good snack and my homework.
POEMA DEL DÍA
CUARTO DE JULIO

yo soy un soñador.
yo soñé con ver a los estados unidos, ahora lo he visto.
yo soñé con tener una vida en mexico, ahora vivo en mexico, pueblos, puebla, mexico, el mundo.
no olvido los sueños que pueden ocurrir.
devemos realizar nuestros sueños.
ahora yo sueño con que mi zapatos estén secos.

POEM OF THE DAY
FOURTH OF JULY

i am a dreamer.
i dreamed of seeing the united states, now i have seen it.
i dreamed of having a life in mexico, now I live in mexico, people, puebla, mexico, the world.
i do not forget the dreams that can happen.
we must realize our dreams.
now I dream that my shoes will dry.
hace muchos años no me gustava leer.  
los libros era dificil en la escuela y suecia.

ahora yo puedo leer en sueco y en ingles  
pero me cuesta mucho trabajo, es un tiempo bien invertido.

los libros tienen una fuerza como una bomba de hidrógeno.

las personas deben de leer.  
a mi me gusta pero cuando empezo a leer yo tengo que hacer otra cosas.
la caida. 
regresaba de la lucha libre y mi targeta de 
credito esta canselada. camino por la calle 
contando mis ultimas monedas para comprar 
cigarros. 
caminando me encontre con un poste de metal 
que no vi y golpie mi cabeza la cual sangraba y 
sangraba. 
este fue otro dia en paraiso.

⥺⥎⥄

POEMA DEL DÍA 
OCTAVO DE JULIO

the fall. 
i came back from wrestling and my credit card was 
canceled. I walk on the street counting my last coins to 
buy cigarettes. 
walking into a metal pole that i did not see and hit my 
head which was bleeding and bled. 
this was another day in paradise.
POEMA DEL DÍA  
NOVENO DE JULIO

subida.
estoy vivo y en mi próxima vida sere una canoa  
porque siempre tengo mi cabeza arriba del agua,  
en la superficie del mundo.

no quiero ser una bandana de socorro.  
vivamos este mundo maravilloso.

POEM OF THE DAY  
NINTH OF JULY

rise.
i am alive and in my next life i will be a canoe because i  
always have my head above the water, on the surface,  
of the world.

i do not want to be a band aid.  
let's live this wonderful world.
por lo visto las profesoras del instituto creen que yo hablo un español super bueno. la próxima semana yo estare solo con una profesora.

eellas quieren que les enseñe una doctrina. ellas me ofrecen dinero pero yo no lo necesito.

yo trabajo gratis. porque ahora pienso que yo sere un nuebo rico.

apparently the teachers of the institute believe that i speak a super good spanish. next week i will be alone with a teacher.

they want me to teach them a doctrine. they offer me money but i do not need it.

i work for free. because now i think that i will be new-rich.
estoy feliz, escucho y me pongo mi sombrero en
la cabeza, tengo dinero, hablo español y digo la verdad.

viago por todo el mundo, vivo en D.F. como picante.
estoy saludable, puedo hacer películas.
quiero dar besos,
soy sueco.
todo me sale bien, soy muy acertivo

 POEM OF THE DAY
ELEVENTH OF JULY

i am happy, i listen and i put my hat on my head, i speak
spanish and i tell the truth.

i traveled the world, i live in mexico city. and eat spicy.
i am healthy, i can make movies.
i want to give kisses,
i am swedish

everything works out well, i am very successful
tengo muchos diferentes amigos, ellos existen en otros lugares y son de todo los mundos.

tengo a dale cooper, clair fi sher y jack bauer. aqui en mexico solo pago diez pesos y es posible ver a todos mis amigos. es mas barato que tomar un cafe. es perfecto.

i have many different friends, they exist in other places and they are from all the worlds.

i have a dale cooper, clair fisher and jack bauer. here in mexico I only pay ten pesos and it is possible see all my friends.

it is cheaper than having a coffee.

it is perfect.
POEMA DEL DÍA
DECIMOQUINTO DE JULIO

me gustan mucho los braquets, me gusta mucho
un estomago gordo. es posible presionar mi cabeza
contra él.

las personas quieren verse perfectas.
no existe la perfeccion. querer perfeccion
es no tener inspiracion.

todos somos capaces de tener inspiracion.

« « ̈»

POEM OF THE DAY
FIFTEENTH OF JULY

i really like dental braces, i like fat stomachs a lot. it is
possible to press my head into them.

people want to look perfect. there is no perfection. want
perfection is not inspirational.

we are all able to have inspiration.
POEMA DEL DÍA
DECIMOSEXTO DE JULIO

los mosquitos chapan mi sangre, esto no es un problema para mí, pero sí es un problema que inyecten toxicos en mi cuerpo.

me dijeron que todos los animales son necesarios para el ecosistema.
tenía sarnas y garrapatas, ustedes saben que esto es terrible,ninguno de los otros animales quiso comerlos. es posible que existan por otra causa.

POEM OF THE DAY
SIXTEENTH OF JULY

the mosquitoes suck my blood, this is not a problem for me but it is a problem that they inject toxins in my body.

they told me that all animals are necessary to the ecosystem.
i have had scabies and ticks, you know that this is terrible, none of the other animals wants to eat them. it is possible that they exist for another reason.
POEMA DEL DÍA
DECIMOSÉPTIMA DE JULIO

jueves huevos
empaque de „jabon de huevo de gallina negra para limpias“
es muy bueno para el cabello.

siempre es aforunado encontrarse cosas en la calle
que te enseñan de la vida. es bueno tener higiene,
también es bueno guardar estas cosas en tú cueva de ladrones.

estar arropado es magnifico.

<< ⬅️ ⬅️ ⬅️ >>

POEM OF THE DAY
SEVENTEENTH OF JULY

thursday eggs
"black chicken egg soap for cleaning" packaging it is
very good for hair.

it is always fortunate to find things on the street who
teach you about life and it is good to have hygiene, it is
also good to keep these things in your cave of thieves.

being wrapped up is magnificent.
POEMA DEL DÍA
DECIMOCTAVA DE JULIO

estoy perdiendo mis pantalones dorados en el camino verdadero del rock’n roll.

todo lo que quiero en la vida es libertad.
sara es una estas personas.
ella es libre.

te deseo mucha suerte y para mi tambien.
mantente rockeando en el mundo libre.

POEM OF THE DAY
EIGHTEENTH OF JULY

i am losing my golden pants on the true road of rock and roll.

all i want in life is freedom.
sara is one of these people.
she is free.

i wish you good luck and for me too.
keep rocking the free world.