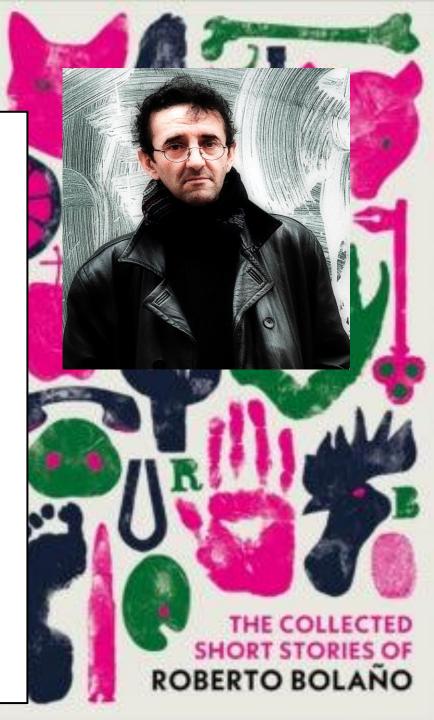


The Memory of Lisa

By Roberto Bolaño (a Chilean poet)



The memory of Lisa descends again through night's hole. A rope, a beam of light and there it is: the ideal Mexican village. Amidst the barbarity, Lisa's smile, Lisa's frozen film, Lisa's fridge with the door open sprinkling a little light on this disorganized room that I, now pushing forty, call Mexico, call Mexico City, call Roberto Bolaño looking for a pay phone amidst chaos and beauty to call his one and only true love.



Roberto Bolaño

About the poet

- Born in <u>Santiago</u>, Chile, in 1953
- Died in <u>Barcelona</u>, Spain, in 2003
- Bolaño was a novelist, short story writer, poet and essayist
- He New York Times described Bolaño as "the most significant Latin American literary voice of his generation"





About the poem

- How do you feel after reading it?
- Which lines or words resonated with you and why?
- What would you say the main theme of this poem is?

ROBERTO BOLAÑO



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