

LOVE  
NO  
OTHER

Enrique de los Chicos Perdidos



THE  
THREAD  
BONE  
AND  
SILK  
PRESS



Enrique



## ENRIQUE DE LOS CHICOS PERDIDOS

This is the fifth collection of poems by former Spanish boy scout and long time live-in companion to Mrs Amanda J Threadbone: Enrique de los Chicos Perdidas.

Since meeting the CEO, CIO, Chair and President for Life of The Threadbone Corporation after a spell as amanuensis and safe pair of hands to her late husband Mr Threadbone, Senor de los Chocos Perdidas has had neither a life nor a personality of his own.

Though a talented and exhibited painter, it is through his poetry that Enrique best expresses his feelings, frustrations and philosophy. A sometime artist-in-residence at the University of Afpuddle, he lives in Great Heaving with Mrs Threadbone.

All profits from the sale of this volume go to Mrs Amanda J Threadbone as a contribution to heating, lighting and electricity.

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Enrique de los Chicos Perdidos

POEMS  
2023

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY

Noah Palabra





# FOREWORD

by

Mrs Amanda J Threadbone

As always, it gives me enormous pleasure to find myself up front and personal with anything issuing from the *corpus* of the quiet genius that is my friend and intimate companion ex-Spanish boy scout Enrique de los Chicos Perdidos. That I have a particular and privileged relationship with him and that I see him as he is in all his [emotional as well as physical] nakedness is neither here nor there. As a sentient - and still passionate - human being, how could I fail to be moved by his utterances or remain stone-hearted when confronted by his manifest vulnerabilities?

Many readers will, like me, be acquainted with previous volumes of his poetry. To those who are I say: prepare to be astounded once again by his masterful command; to those who are not, I say: be willing to succumb to his powerful eruptions, open yourself up to his manliness and allow him to enter into the very fibre of your being!

It was, I think, Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ [or possibly Harry Secombe] who first urged us to “*buy British*” [one confuses the two] and it was certainly Professor Thrupiece’s “*partner in crime*” Generalissimo Franco who asked us to support the endeavours of Spain’s young men. I believe that, in buying this book you have done both and for that we must all be truly thankful.

Mrs Amanda J Threadbone  
Threadbone Towers  
Great Heaving

September 2023

Oda al sol

Hola amado sol  
Cómo brillas en mi vida  
¿Providencial?  
Yo lo llamo suerte.

Ode to the Sun

Hello beloved sun  
How you shine upon my life  
Providential?  
I call it luck.



## Oda a la señora Threadbone

¿Cómo puedo compararte?  
A cualquier otra persona en cualquier  
parte del mundo.  
[Incluida la Costa del Sol].  
Eres más rico y poderoso.  
Más viejo y más sabio  
Más honrados y más exigentes  
El señor Threadbone lo sabía  
Antes de morir, eso es.

## Ode to Mrs Threadbone

How can I compare you?  
To any other person anywhere in the world  
[Including the Costa del Sol].  
You are more rich and powerful  
More old and more wise  
More honoured and more demanding  
Mr Threadbone knew that  
Before he died that is.

## Oda al minitractor motorizado

Caballo de batalla del jardinero suburbano

Eres ligero y rápido.

Puedes enviar casi cualquier cosa.

Incluyendo al Sr. Threadbone

Que desapareció en un santiamén.

Falta la llave y falta la mano

Eso falló.

Pero he sido perdonado;

Tomado y dado un lugar para recostar mi cabeza.

Al lado de otro, considerablemente más antiguo.

## Ode to a Motorised Mini Tractor

Workhorse of the suburban gardener

You are light, efficient and quick

You can dispatch almost anything

Including Mr Threadbone

Who was gone in a trice.

Foul the spanner and foul the hand

That faltered.

But I have been forgiven;

Taken in and given a place to lay my head

Next to another one – considerably older

En sueños

En sueños viniste a mí  
eras alto y delgado  
Y poseía el pene más grande que jamás  
había visto.  
desperté  
Decepcionado.  
Debajo de la manta yo era más pequeño que  
tú.  
Aunque a la señora Threadbone no parecía  
importarle  
La necesidad carece de ley  
Incluso Málaga.

In Dreams

In dreams you came to me  
You were tall and slim  
And possessed the largest penis I had ever seen.  
I awoke  
Disappointed.  
Under the cover I was smaller than you  
Though Mrs Threadbone seemed not to mind  
Any port in a storm  
Even Malaga.

## Detención

Era libre de irme  
pero se quedó  
Detenido por una mirada que decía  
"No te molestes en volver, ingrato ex Boy  
Scout".  
Me marchité bajo tu mirada  
Y se quedó más tiempo.

Ahora he estado aquí para siempre  
No hay vuelta atrás  
A mi pequeño José  
¿Quién fue el primero en enseñarme a hacer un nudo?  
Y atado uno en mi corazón.

## Detention

I was free to go  
But stayed  
Detained by a look that said  
"Don't bother coming back you ungrateful ex-Boy Scout".  
I withered under your gaze  
And stayed longer.

Now I have been here forever  
There's no going back  
To my little José  
Who first taught me to tie a knot  
And tied one in my heart.

## Andalucía

Don Quixote  
tenia un burro  
Sobre el que cabalgaría los llanos de  
Adaluz  
Inclinarse hacia los molinos de viento,  
pelea con ovejas  
Y darle una serenata a su Dulcinee.  
Tengo una bicicleta  
En el que viajo por las calles de Dorset  
Pasar por molinos de viento  
Evita las ovejas  
Y cuando en casa  
Escuche a una viuda alegre  
Hablamos de balances, Salud y Seguridad  
Actas del Comité y las tasas de impues-  
tos.  
Creo que el Don tuvo suerte.  
Y está muerto.

## Andalusia

Don Quixote  
Had a donkey  
On which he would ride the plains of Adaluz  
Tilt at windmills,  
Fight with sheep  
And serenade his Dulcinee.  
I have a bicycle  
On which I ride the lanes of Dorset  
Pass by windmills  
Avoid the sheep  
And when at home  
Listen to a merry widow  
Speak of balance sheets, Health and Safety  
Committee Minutes and the rates of tax.

I think the Don was lucky... and he's dead.

Ofensiva de primavera

¿Por qué la primavera es ofensiva?  
creo que es gay  
las flores salen  
A veces la lluvia para  
Y la señora Threadbone cobra vida.  
Sólo lo último es ofensivo.  
Pero ¿por qué culpar a la primavera?

Spring Offensive

Why is Spring offensive?  
I think it gay  
The flowers come out  
Sometimes the rain stops  
And Mrs Threadbone comes to life.  
Only the last bit is offensive  
But why blame spring?

## Sobre el arte

Me gusta el arte  
Me hace completo  
La pintura trae sus placeres.  
El retrato sobre todo  
Generalmente prefiero los desnudos a los  
bodegones.  
Excepto cuando estoy en casa  
Ahí prefiero pintar un frutero.  
Que una fruta vieja.  
Se queda quieto y tiene menos arrugas.

## On art

I like art  
It makes me whole  
Painting brings its pleasures  
Portraiture most of all  
Generally, I prefer nudes to still life  
Except when home  
There I would rather paint a fruit bowl  
Than an old fruit.  
It stays still and has less wrinkles.

## Inglaterra

Oh dame un hogar  
Donde deambulan los tímidos frisonos  
Y el cielo no está nublado ni gris.  
Un lecho de paja caliente  
Y una persona para dibujar  
Y un modelo [que es preferiblemente gay].

## England

Oh give me a home  
Where the shy Friesians roam  
And the sky is not cloudy or grey.  
A bed of warm straw  
And a person to draw  
And a model [preferably gay].

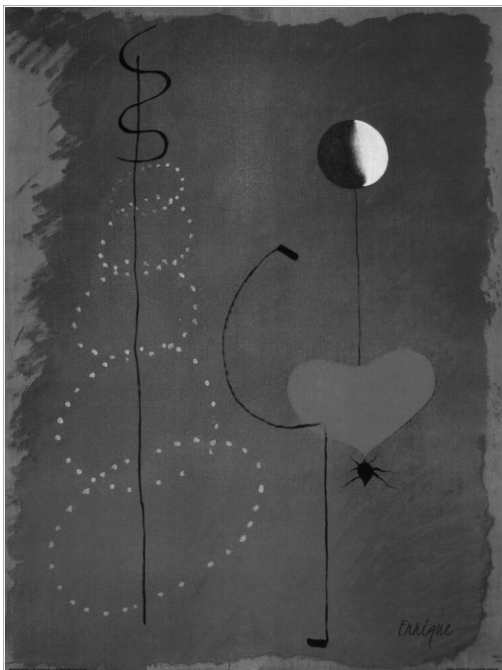
## Un quintilla

Había una vez un boy scout de España.  
Quien intentó obtener sus insignias en  
vano  
Hasta que un día completamente solo  
Conoció al señor Threadbone  
Y entró en una vida llena de dolor.

## A Limerick

There once was a boy scout from Spain  
Who tried for his badges in vain  
Till one day all alone  
He met Mr Threadbone  
And entered a life filled with pain.





*I Left My Heart in Salamanca [2017]  
by Enrique de los Chicos Perdidos  
[Oil on canvass]*

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*Enrique*

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