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The Untiring Game

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The Untiring Game

El incansable juego

Yrene Santos

Translations:
Isabel Espinal
Note:

These are translations of most, but not all, the poems in the book *El incansable juego* by Yrene Santos (Santo Domingo: Editorial Letra Gráfica: 2002). The poems that have not been translated were already translated elsewhere by others, according to the poet.

These translations were done in the summer of 2002 (or 2003).

Isabel Espinal

July 13, 2013
I want to be a non fragmented woman

shout fearlessly the response that I've known for so long
and have kept quiet
make my face up with words
let the pores burst rebelliously
and love myself more.
I want to be a spider
            butterfly
put wings on the sea and bring him with me.

Quiero ser mujer no fragmentada
The hour of truth has arrived

and we women are not alone
Ondina's with us
to clean our memory

The words will be precise
as we have wished

We women are not alone
no
Yemayá’s here
Ochún
to make us drink her history

The children are here
growing with luck and joy

The men are here
turning around and helping us

The old women are here remembering
with their toothless mouths
and their laughs like angels
They're looking for dreams
in this space
that's theirs
ours forever.
From here

I divide in a thousand ways
look for the path to distribute myself among everyone

From here
the mirrors no longer count
at debate time
they'll break to leave me without form
without repeated eyes
without a shadow to hang onto

From here
the distance touches me
the sea takes me
to where my childhood was
holding on to tenderness

To hug you
and lengthen words
I had no time.

Desde aquí
She got up early

hugged the day with her wide eyes
apologized to the air to the water
to the fire to the earth
that word was still possible
if it comes full of love
breaking the soul's bones

She
hurt in the minute
didn't get used to the echo of reproach
pain hurt her
"Passing things," she said suddenly,
"they won't stop the dreams
that construct my peace everyday."

Ella se levantó temprano
In case someone comes

I'll have the sheets ready
where dreams will take communion
I'll clean the windows
the air will run soft
and now the smile will have another shape

In case someone comes
I'll hide the mirrors
we won't need the erased image
the other face of silence will be enough
to devastate time

In case someone comes
I'll light the incense
fill the room with flowers
multicolored lights will illuminate the corners
in case someone comes
I'll have the wine ready
the moist fruits
the delicate paper
waiting for the brushstroke

In case someone comes
the words will be broken
to unite again
in surprise and happiness.

Por si alguien llega
Worth the excuse

to love you
and that way shine the floor
dust closets
books
photographs
become essence to break sadesses
remain without sins
for the unforeseen instant that I dream.

Worth the excuse to love you
in this last space I have
or rather "they let me have".

That's why the excuse to love you
to sleep calmly after so much...
¿what do you say?

Valga la escusa
Wandering

We met another side of life
the reality of passions
the tempestuous idea of the void

We looked at each other
we asked each other questions
behind the deepest part we found
the desired response
without ceasing to love each other we lied to each other
knives cut into those dreams
that truth isn’t always laughter
it’s silence
a warning of one against the other
the faults wrapped in fear

Yet here we are
to tell each other what we couldn’t
while we were awake.

Andando
Warm the rain

shakes my body
all venerated
In the moist grass
I flit thorns
To scandalize the night
is desire sprinkled
amidst the semi-darkness
craters of dreams
invade
I fall soft
breathe deep
spread arms and legs
silence is cut short
between my eyes
I descend from the evenings
escaped from the sun's back
I shout
night breaks out
scrutiny of voices
manipulate time
there's not a moment to complain
Nothing to complain about.

Cálida la lluvia
I drew

your bellybutton with my eyes
the melody's just given birth
when your talkative clothes light up
around your muscles
I'm sleepy from watching you stretched out
on the warm bed
my bones bristled
by your scent of heaven between my pubes
of morning
afternoon
and night laid out in this room
fireflies construct strategies to sun your
diminutive breasts
jubilant

I believe in you
in your body's maneuvers
wrapping us
    all much nothing
because we are one without having touched.

Dibujé
When you touch my tongue

bridges lift themselves
    servile imposing
Paths are rivers scattered on the earth

When you touch my tongue
the word gets lost in my mouth's depth
the air arrives
short    silent
with gestures like an apologetic Don Juan

I return and my tongue runs away
taking refuge in the water growing between the hills
When you touch my tongue
I am emptiness
plentitude
gladly wounded.

Cuando tocas mi lengua
Agony

After having you
I dream under my eyelids of your leaving
the cold attacks my memory
I look for you
I don't find you
you flee
then you return
    SURPRISING ME
and when I think that your breath is exactly my height
the bed is empty
¿Isn't this a form of dying?

Agonía
I arrived

threw the keys down as usual. Lay down on the sofa. Took off my top through the sleeve of my sweater. Brought my knees above my breasts while I slid my pants off my legs. I threw them in the air till they became a sculpture in the corner of laziness. I left my feet covered in purple socks to get warm. I extended my arms over my head and gave myself to Morfeo, with a vertical leg encouraging the other one's knee to let itself be touched. I closed my eyes; but others were observing, had given themselves, overtaken. ¿Where are they now? ¿What are they watching under those covers that are rejuvenated every morning?

Llegué
She arrived in the early morning

got into bed
her existence cried
distraught between her thighs
she grabbed her hips
she moaned
she trembled
the saliva was a chalice poured on her waist
in her third eye
she blushed as she kissed her
her living flesh smelled of moisture calcined in ecstasy
the curtains danced in the windows
open
wide
white
silent screams
pain of happiness expanded on the bed
she gave everything without waiting for a response
she let herself be carried away by the strange steps
bitten
bathed
basking in pleasure.

*De mañanita llegó*
I knock

I wait
I think
I keep waiting
I knock again
I wait
I wait
the minute gets long
I step back
with the recycling bin
I stumble
I knock/ I knock/ I knock again
inside there's a voice
I become agitated
ants blanket
the open flower
slender
sprinkled with salt and honey
Finally
the door opens
no one faces me
a wind drags me inside
takes my clothes off
a circle forms above my head
everything suspended
and I curved
spiral
over the rug
giant petals
were flying
violently gorgeous
they lullabied me  
fell at my feet  
I was beside myself  
didn't recognize this party  
everything disappeared  
and I felt no fear  
I felt too many things  
to feel fear  
A whirlwind  
an unfamiliar peace  
an endless erection  
was swimming with me.

Toco
The absence in the furniture

sometimes
places its tiny legs on my skin
it bristles
throbs
dreams

The minute is just right for emptying anguish
climbing over you
smelling you
deciphering you...
but it's not like that
pleasure swims between my hot thighs
without waiting
only a pact between love and everything that surrounds me
and this thing bursting on my nipples
in my womb
in my sex anchored to happiness
I tremble
eyes ears lips
a shower of infinite words
you
me
us
circle of action and flight
flight and peace
peace and silence
I think I have it all
Ssss...

La falta entre los muebles
And I laughed

and I cried
and I got tired of watching the air debating itself in my eyes
of the shadow feigning its height at my side
of the word that doesn't reach its number 7
of this whole condition that wraps me/devours me or traps me
and of this insomnia that hunts me/kills me suffocates me
and of these pages that love me between my fingers without feeling guilty
and of all this weight that weighs heavy on my body.

Y reí
Word Loneliness

at 3:20
they flew towards their final destiny
loaded with feelings
amused on the inside
amused on the outside

¿What to do with days and nights
that eternalize the sweet life?
the absence bleeds after a warm wine
and a cigarette on the Forbes' balcony
red/ black/ white
the beer pushed aside
and the clean desire to be in your skin
the small islands were left behind
we've touched breasts
men half-naked
skin blown by the hands' soft curls
I got here
and I haven't been able to abandon that taste
left by the distance
the people
and above all
The word.

Soledad de palabras
Reunion
¿How many times am I going to tell you Teresa?

don't lie to your body
it's so beautiful to recognize what we take pleasure in
what every instant makes us think
that we exist.

How many times will I scream to you Teresa
don't talk about virginity because it doesn't exist
beyond taboos that through the force of years
we carry with distaste

How many time will I ask you Teresa
don't ignore your truths
it's so divine to undress ourselves discover ourselves
without making war between the sexes

How many times Teresa will I implore to you
that by merely living a new sun offers you an optimism
a few hours of laughter
a snail in search of freedom.

¿Cuántas veces te lo voy a decir Teresa?
The Untiring Game

Two o’clock
three o’clock
it’s the same old dawn
with its old curves of insomnia
the pencil plays its latest point
in the pointed word that surprises

Three o’clock
three twelve
everyone dreams of everything that’s happened
during the day
the untiring game
the commotion of the children
the endless trips to another’s counter
the slippery escapes of astonishment
the long halls through which memory transited
the stooped bodies of frustrations
my Achilles heal
José’s fatigue
surprise
laziness
yawns
indifference and ¿why not?
faith
prayers
meetings
Four o’clock
four thirty four
I turn towards the wall
anxious I wait for the word
the one that doesn’t reach me
the one that burns
the everyday one.

El incansable juego
I'm taking off

with the yes (possibly accorded)
waiting there is you know who
the word that for years
provides me this happiness on paper
on the wall stained with graffiti
on the supermarket bags ...

You know
I'm like that
a little crazy
good sense destroys the hours
seriousness on faces
mortifies the splendor of my laugh
as a child I was effusive
who would believe it in these fears of now
these palpitations in front of audiences
these wishes to have the earth drink me
with its large mouth
    wet from centuries
who would believe it in my insomnias
that I wait for with open arms
my pale fingernails
and my agonizing eyes

I'm taking off
there'll be all kinds of things
merengues with the taste of El Cibao
Beltrán boleros
perico ripiao
bachatas crying on the floor
gagás
but above all
there'll be us
the ones from then
the ones from before
the ones who'll arrive without being seen
while the lines will extend their flight
pain soaking in the corners
its taste as I feel myself full
as I feel extended
crazed
or profoundly asleep
because in dreams I converted myself into POETRY.

De rumba me voy
**I searched and searched**

neglected steps
smiles that awoke with tenderness
the moon with its reflections of gold
its silk gaze
and a woodcutter punished in my girlhood memories

I couldn't find myself
in those streets long like dreams
I only found a silence the size of the sun
a path of mirrors
giving me a different picture with each step

I searched and searched
and couldn't find myself
just a messy memory
a hurt face
an old age that arrived without my even noticing
a voice that's never satisfied.

*Busqué y busqué*
Reunion

Yesterday I went to the mountain. I spoke with butterflies in their language of flight. I thought the world was a happy ant building dreams and I smiled ... smiled ... smiled. Happy in the mountain, I danced the opera that shook my instinct. Bizet, from his throne of time, of wind; watching, watching me, watching us.

After executing acrobatics with my body, with my mind, with the word; I wanted to descend going round and round on the ground recently damp, just then satisfied from love but I couldn't; someone touched my pubes, my breasts, my back. All in unison, so suddenly and softly that I couldn't hear the movement of those hands. I became almost ecstatic and only shadows observed me, they laughed and between caresses and expressions crossed legs. Eye-lights, long hands planted themselves in my being, almost cold, almost zombie, almost eternal and it was then I just felt like dancing (almost wind, almost sea in delirium, almost time making itself pleasure; wanting to be God vagabonding) and I let myself go; giving myself, shaking, rolling around. Each one of them inventing re-inventing, multi-inventing under my I, on my I, inside myself which I no longer know if I am. I didn't want to flee. There I was happy. That trembling in my bones breaking itself, breaking me, making soft gurgles there (you know where) where flavors are conjugated; where after believing all is salt from the sweat you discover that it's sugar, only sugar. I was happy listening to Carmen and some shadows squeezing me and others letting me come and go and I becoming a swirling mass empowered by the gods making me fly.

Fly. How lovely it was to fly, eliminate the barriers, the silences that can't be shouted, the reality of pain.

Now nothing scares me. Life goes on fall who will... Is it that I'm dreaming? I've become foam. Now I'm a frenetic shadow that dances, smiles and laughs loudly; that cries and not because she's hurt by this height, that melting and condemning. To play with the word, lie down with her and wake up to the moist mountain my chest avid and my hands like an ant constructing a reality that will be eternal, time turned into life.

Reencuentro
Of Being Left Without Life

Now not even the weeping longed for so many times
is needed in these days of forgetting
looking at myself in the mirror I wrinkle a brow
wink the left eye
a bland and slow grimace draws my mouth
every night is identical to the one that passed
without amusing voices to break the monotony
from a from a frightened yes
from an embarrassed no.

I make holes in the walls to empty my aggravation
howls, neighing and punches are heard
in the heart of that silence that spies on this form
of being left without life
Askance
I lie down with the only fear of the insistent nightmares
that arrive and exploit the intimacy of my eyelids
I nibble my teeth
I scream
I pick myself up
hurl words
I curl up in this breathing that is mine only
when it sleeps
A tear slips from the earth's eye
the sheets are wet with fright.

De quedar sin vida
She surprised me geometric

¿What comes over me, that I smack into the line,
and believe I’m being chased by the point?

César Vallejo
I'll transform walls
bifurcated dreams
concealed kisses
if you mark with hurricane brushes
this reunion

• • • • •

Come here
dream that you undress me.

• • • • •

When I woke up this morning
I cried from so much love.

• • • • •

Your eyes ask
and I don't know how to answer
¿ Could it be that sadness took off with the words?

• • • • •

And I saved my complaints
the loneliness that teemed in my careless ∇
I celebrated myself under the sheets.

• • • • •

From this side
a light diminishes its pace
From the other
a kiss is needed to extend life.
¿ Is it worth getting up, 
looking around and discovering 
that time plays with us women?

I sing   I sing   I sing 
and laugh in the bath tub 
until laughter is left 
suffrage of my liberated body

Raptures 
Lullabies 
Reflections of love.

Now it's not even memory split in two 
it's the hour 
the minute 
peace at the bottom of the abyss.

You come to me 
and I remain inalterable 
It's not the flesh that asks for a caress 
it's the heart that requires a word.
A beat swims in oceans of kisses
ostentating spirals in the bed.

The morning
was born
today
without warning me
she surprised me geometric
moss
flower in every form.

Carmen
here we are again
burning our eyes
so we won't die in silence.

Melina
so much rummaging through our old trunks
looking at ourselves in the mirror of the blue coquette
to turn ourselves back 20 years.

José
embraces my head
until I'm lost to him
with that smile
so his, so mine
so everyone's.

* * * * *

I still remember the hotel
bleeding impulses
whisking avenues
silence wasting away on our lips.

* * * * *

**To a friend, one of those who arrives and never leaves**

He always comes slowly
as if trying to surprise me
what he's never known is
that behind every annoyance
always is him.

* * * * *

Peepeepeepeepeepeepeeppeee...  
5:45 am  
a burning in the chest  
some green wings  
a word list in the bed sheet:  
-- Breaking news:  
Snow is falling from the heart.

* * * * *

Beginning today
what could not be will be
in this line that divides eternity and its labyrinths
in this land that has eaten our flesh
our elasticity
but that never touched our beauty
that fragility of our dreams
the light discerned beyond the lamps
the sun and the stars.

● ● ● ● ●

A cold from an abandoned island shook your origin
the hotel doesn't matter
nor the excuses
nor the words
love died in the lie.

● ● ● ● ●

I will rescue the boy’s glance
that skies between shadows.

● ● ● ● ●

A weeping in the full moon’s plain
arrives
cries
and scares off bodies
wanting to love itself from its navel
blazes run through someone else's furrows
Rain
Rains

● ● ● ● ●
Last night he told me and I didn't believe him. Hours and hours passed before the day would appear. And again I encountered him. He looked at me with his deep and repentant eyes. He didn't need to tell me more. I assimilated his silence

• • • • •

The sky curdled with enormous clouds, laughter absent
On the other side, she, curled up from her chest to her shoulders.
Peace was seen running out of her pale fingers. From time to time she opened her eyes and fixed them to where silence and the stifled cries of the heart were. Then she would close them with an exasperating stillness. But no. No one tilted their eyes towards hers. Only a bitter silence reigned in the living room.

• • • • •

In the bed
I remain immobile
eyes glued to my skin
my hot breasts under the sheets
the other woman arrives
she trickles from my feet
to an arc that forms on top of my thighs.
Points inward and doesn't find angels like before,
only energy scattered all over my body.
Amidst memories
If I'm alone

among chairs
photocopiers
long tables with sleeping conversations
a telephone that rumbles assaulting ears
I go from El mal metafísico to El Quijote

I laugh
    I quiet down
    I have fun on the fingers of craziness

My eyes smell like lines dusting centuries
If I'm alone
beginning and end come to the agenda intact
silence to silence
someone arrives
sits down facing the lover
(who is me)
now
in this instant
in which metaphors burst forth
driving away fatigue
boredom
the idleness of sleeping and watching television

If I'm alone
I'll divvy up the anxieties
and I'll smile lightly...
if possible
I'll construct a future
half happiness
half past demolished in time

If I'm alone
I'll keep wandering paths going nowhere in particular
where the wind would take me
where my steps would linger
where my hands would extend towards the infinite
begging for help
and giving THANKS.

Si estoy sola
He arrives

with quiet hands
his eyes looked like they were falling
slipping off

She has been watching him
and without opening her mouth doesn't stop asking questions

He takes her by her tense shoulders
that girl
who lives in the ambush of her fear

She gets up and bumps into the fright
that crams her days
She sees and feels that he brings her to the center
her desire to escape whispers to her
to where there will be trees so big
they will cover her ears
to flee the bombs
the screams that grow in her enormous heart
they have made a river from the inside of her eyes
down to her feet
from them flows a sweat that drips to the floor
They are immobile
looking at each other without blinking
No one knocks on the door
The telephone forgotten
the world has become mute.

Llega
To my aunt Isabel; lovingly “the other Mamá”

Part Against Part

fighting off the hours of pain
she smells like incense in the dying house of being
awakening madmesses in this room
of waiting and being startled

This search taking refuge in good faith
go to bed I tell her, but no
the idea of defeating fear
is an obsession of voices screaming hopes
She becomes elastic in order to stay awake
suns cross through her gifts of goddess

Outside
the intermittent steps
the light mocking sleep
the fluttering of the streets.

Part against part
arguing a what for
that after so much time has found a response
inside
the thoughts
the penances
the distant eyes
the reverse of anguish
Calm as never before she forgives herself not having dared
fifty somewhat years flagellating herself
now
curvilinear she gets up
to confront a present
that neither bucks nor forgets

*Parte contra parte*
I suddenly became quiet

my tongue turned spiral became very still
I needed the silence to scare away stares
I was pale
enormously pale
my face cried perspiration
I moved back in time

In the same place
the chair of the grandfather
whom I never met
the old house with its huge parlor
the black trunk where they saved their memories
my ancestors
the donkey where my uncle maintained happiness and restlessness
the stone bath where part of my family multiplied

As if wanting to break with the years
won from time
"to remember is to live again"
some say
happiness is not totally lost

We've grown
   We've loved
   We've lived.

Callé de golpe
You're here

there
every where
violating ancient regulations
At the river
we wash the chairs in secret
in its puddles we get drunk on kisses
repressed for so many years
crabs bit feet and hands
extremities forgotten by a passion
flowering in the water
You're here

there
every where

and you're not God
you're something obtained in solitude
old monastery erected in my childhood
accumulating
ancestors
youth
everity.

Estás aquí
The flame burns

in this emotion that piles up
the joy that had been sleepy for decades laughs
there’s no need for other reasons
the world is ready to celebrate history

The "sad privileges" of my friend
are no longer sad
in this land
she will smile again on that side of the night
the days will fall with thick drops of harmony

To dream
will no longer be our hope
there will be a reality different from these embraces
of words that have molded this planet in a different way

We'll look at each other then without anguish
now without accepting those defeats
sing the hymns again
feelings lifted to the beat of the march
we'll touch the ascension of a new day
covering with enormous wings
the forgotten happiness of poverty

The hands
the many hands that one day the artist
shaped in oil celebrating the unity of humans
will join
will disjoin in this world
which only dreamt of a little happiness.

To Virginia Moore

Arde la llama
I'm heading towards him
without knots in my throat
nor broken legs
I'm heading towards him and I see that I am who I wanted
an opening of the door at every minute
a speaking to everyone with a broken or satisfied voice
an enormous silence for the ritual of the one that I am
the one who sprinkles truths in the bedroom
the one who feels wild tufts in her hair
the one who perverts the night with her gestures

I've kept the taste of the forgotten childhood
the picture frame where the grandparents were tucked away safely
the girl who died as I was born

Definitely
I've opened my eyes at this age
not old
not young
but certainly a girl in my memory
at this age of defining myself
to rereach the earlier choices
making myself suddenly in the citrus blossoms of my house
the ones I miss
in that turning
that wakes me as the day breaks.
Today I found

my friend
smiling more than ever
the possibility of being happy
flooded her eyes
¿how are things? she asked
with her tongue almost broken
I’m fine I said
and I hugged her like before
before / way before
we interlinked strongly
trying to perpetuate ourselves
feeling ourselves / loving ourselves
innocent
free
avid
morir soñando on this sidewalk
Frozen at last.

Hoy encontré
The mirror bleeds

everything topples over my days
to the beginning I return countless times
and there's nothing

Only time
carving our origins
The mirror bleeds.
Everything had dissolved

in your head
the boy’s forehead can't fit any more praises
the guitar laughs
the night cries mistreated on the edge
we inhabit prohibited zones in the sex of the world
we cover spaces that mark adventures

After an unsuspected while
I walk without end towards the orbit
the dreams have stayed back from where I came.

Todo se ha disuelto
At six o'clock

the stares will return prickling your recollections
the ogive of your thigh will arrive in your memory
the latch broken by the kiss
will chase the bedsheets from its orbit
you'll be surprised if someone withers the subconscious
you'll cry with your thumb on your chin
abstracted
you'll stay there
waiting for the time to descend.

A las seis
I look out the window

and see nothing but time fabricating lives
dreaming ruined hearts
repeating smiles
pronouncing the word imprisoned in desire

It’s exquisite to close your eyes
when the earth covers the horizon

In that world that surrounds my world
there exists a word that saves sins.

Miro por la ventana
Poetry bleeds

between my fingers
no amulets can prevent the wound
you enjoy the pirouettes
the disagreements
to disentangle luck
approximating a being that counts from one to ten
to calm the bones
and this I don’t know what
that makes you feel different
inexplicability colored in the soul
noun the size of the energy that put us here
"here" definition of the indefinable
you enjoy yourself in the muteness of the room
where skeletons of annulled passions are revived
annulled by time or by man himself.

Poetry bleeds
it runs through the walls  leaving marks
triangle, pyramid
to reach God
    suspended on the cusp
with that immobile age
    unchangeable
his desire is to conquer the wayward
Poetry
innocuous volcano
bowing to the unknown
rock
jungle
river birds.

La poesía se desangra
Barely the beginning

and already a tear is needed
the truce I confront is not so easy
time is very concrete in the clock that sleeps
the telephone is silence although it rings constantly
everyone dreams here without imagining anguish
they contract viscera from so much thinking about you
from so much loving you
from idealizing moments that still don't come...
that perhaps never come

In front of the mirror I write my last attempt
and a verse surprises me
that doesn't reach my hands
it kissed my pulse and ran off
it was bothered by that ant that bends my body

*The Seagull* feigns happiness on its night-table
it's not true
I know
but I play dumb
someone wakes up and notices the voiceless body
the gaze plays around in the infinite point of melancholy

I keep replaying the conversations
the misunderstandings
with my eyes open I see the future
the bad company seducing innocence
I stand up suddenly
I thought I heard voices
Through the whole apartment I walk naked
I imagined a face covering my body
I felt afraid of that presence
I returned to bed as always
with my memory all mixed up
talking to myself
   thinking to myself
   feeling to myself
next to me someone was sleeping

I took the book again
reread the pages
there was no conclusion...

It was seven o'clock.

* Apenas el comienzo
Startling cold

runs through my skin tonight
music
wind digging in my head
dream and time do not exist now that truth
approaches sad happy tormented joyful

passion life silence feast
the word moves away and left are only
eyes herbs faces

What I don't know approaches
bringing in its hands a crystal ball
to teach me what I haven't learned
there
defeat or triumph
here
the avid notion of dreaming
of what comes to make me different
the hour advances and my body recedes
peace
ration bifurcated in the two rooms
in order to reach happiness
Desire...

Frío espantoso
In the subway

If it weren't because
my brains will be fondled tonight
my memory would finally get old
stuck in these streets under the earth
one
two
three
twenty
one hundred
hearts divided
going up and going down
towards happiness or slavery

If it weren't because my bones are words
I'd wind up suspended
in the bench tanned by thousands of buttocks
that have constructed the history of this city

If it weren't for that innocent breathing
under the sheets
there'd be no sense to this constant parting
from dream to reality
or vice versa

If it weren't for silence
in the worn out corners of the house
it wouldn't be worth it to lengthen the days
until my skin breaks
making perennial curls
that modernity wishes to hide.
Smiling to the stranger

green/blue eyes tell how to lessen the tedium
On West 4th
mystery of indecipherable colors

his throat
   the shame of a defeated eagle
and his light suit carrying his powerful hand
(I imagine)
triumph of the cliffs
movable by my fingers
unique species in the unnamable planet
from a cosmos reinvented in my memory
wise and rotund its breathing from recent oceans

West 4th
the word ran past there
within one who howled
every day and at all hours

West 4th
inside the sleeping page
until this instant
broken from crying
laughing and dreaming.

Sonreir al desconocido
Recognition

Time has played with us women. He came singing from the womb filled with thick and soft waves. With butterflies in its bends, a round river got us out of the path where innocence is perennial; and amidst cheerful and sharp shouts we escaped without permission because someone traced the route for us.

Time wanted us to see daybreaks with rain and shiverings of tenderness. He wished for a search in every green/ gray/ blue look... He yearned to conjoin us and slowly drive our instincts.

He believed in conjectures when we came out wrapped in a fragile material clinging to our skin. "These girls bring with them a mystery, a mission," he said.

Time has played with us. And we have let ourselves go with happiness in order to comply with him. We lift our eyes. We breathe through our feet and our hands; through our mouths and through our ears; and we leave the nose alone waiting for something to incite us, to take us to sin.

Time, hidden face in the days and in the nights. Silence whisked away by Eros' sleight of hand.

Enormous jolt that mutes weak and errant souls, eternal throbbing if we learn how to attain happiness.

Reconocimiento
And she was there

with her pink high heels
pink stockings
moving her fingers unintentionally
resuming in her long feet
the quick steps of the day

and she was there
with her long dress very long
and wide and pink
the waist got lost in the waistband
the fingernails ran through her fingers
with her pale pink
distant
her flesh dry/long and red
surrounded the arteries of her neck
She imagined a shout in the hallway and closed the door
green / green
not pink like her face; almost red
without makeup or lipstick
like that, ovaled
with half sized laughs
and her commentaries in English
and her questions in Spanish
wounding ears anchored in her voice
in the movement of her lips
she is like that
And the other
freezing words in order not to die
touches us with Residence
from her eyes moons come out
indispensable dreams

Now
the hour broken in the clock
a silence of clouds went through the door
I took my coat
the sun outdid itself that afternoon
and I left
with the excitement of fear
of soul
of life.

Y estaba ahí
"I have said that love is a force that moves storms and makes the earth tremble."
José De La Rosa

Anniversary

And in the tired pick-up truck, they rattled frying pans. And in the palm leaf chairs they disentangled the knot through which the wind enters as fire and comes out as life.
My mother is a nameless flower invented by God
he sprinkled her with petals from her fingernails to where thought forms. She ran through my father's paths to embroider eight souls bringing with them hope for life and eternal love.

My mother and father made our navels in the vivid nature offered to them by instinct, by the moment and the beating of the heart. They squeezed tomatoes in the hills. Their hot bodies looked for the fresh pond under the amapolas and the enormous jabillas of the river. They let their passion flow in the commotion of the mattresses filled with dried leaves. They danced the bolero that fell out of the tub while they bathed in the room filled with sins forgiven many centuries before. They kissed each other on the eyelids and in the half-hidden sides of their ears; making their lips gyrate in order to move time. Dreams and words hidden in the pillows liberation of whispers and joy.

My father's hands, my mother's hands
twenty strings to kill off cold and knit the night.
Forty-five years looking at each other with the same tenderness of children because love has survived.

Aniversario
What will I do without my hands?

at the precise hour of insomnia
death has hurt me
before getting a close look at me
If I didn't have hands
what difference would life make
the poem will pass through my eyes
and I will not be able to write it

I will want to hear myself
listen to moans and sighs in the time that doesn't arrive
a drum in the distance will announce the accident
there will be no words today
perhaps tomorrow the fingers will grate on the page
I can't imagine myself like this
without dreams in my hands
without scribbles cheering up my eyes.

¿Qué haré sin mis manos?