

Orgy of Fear

We are all afraid
under this rain that has begun to fall.
We can feel the lump in our throats
the flower we invented one day as children
that doesn't allow Spring to pass.

Someone is knocking on the door of my house.
He comes to lead me on to delayed care
to call me to the thinkers' great feast.
And I don't open.
Still I remain sighing speechless
still with dislodged bones
with bones that have refused to hold up
my volition.

Someone calls me also from within
and torments me with the collapse
of the things
I dreamt about.

Someone chases me through the house
when it's time for the bath, time for meals,
when it's time for our children, when it's time
to sleep with my wife
who also haunts me with her fear.

A Man in Jeopardy

A man assailed by doubt
tosses and turns in his bed.
He feels the weight of the gods upon his back.
His escape argued even in delirium:
hours imposed on fate of being or not being,
fate whirls around his head,
to the beat of some clandestine word
because he discovers that in his room
are also sleeping
the masks of the day.

A man attacked in his man[hood]
feels that he no longer lives alone with his ghost;
he is an offensive, expectant, documentary man,
opposed to his own reflection
because others are waiting for his downfall.
In his pockets, just bread
and some fruit for this improper and turbulent voyage:
A man keeping vigil
carries his own heart as an uncharted island,
barefoot he advances with his shadow
and realizes that he exists
and that he can die as if flying apart
because he must pay for his daring stance
the flaw of talking without depth or undertone

this freedom allowed only to gods on earth.
A man assailed by doubt
must sleep for the other day,
finally wakes his wife
and begins to fuck his anguish.
February '87

Again the War

The war has appeared
in all the corners
spreading disaster, the spoils
of old age, of old war.

The war of those who want to live death
wound by wound
has appeared without disguise
and now no one doubts its colour
or its stinking ribs:
The fucking war has appeared
as always turning its back on love
and I don't know what can do.
Endless Poem

I spin over NOTHING...
Only the garden soothes me
when I pass a cloth over what used to be my car...
22 Nov. '88

Return Journey and Abandonment

If I go out to the street it's
so that they see that I am not a prisoner
among the waves and a blank page.
If I go out it's so they see that I still breathe
that I want to scream my hope
of a man still in love.
If I go out it's not because I want them to see that I walk
that I'm mad at someone
and my fists are clenching some wound:

It has not been easy to go out
to recover what's due.
It has not been easy to persist
with a full head.
It has not been easy to return empty.
May '86

IN FRONT OF THE BLACK WALL

Images attack me and lightning
bites into my dark.
I want to scream like never before or like always
because there's a wounded bird fluttering
in what could have been.

I want to scream where there was once a nest and a mother
prepared to defend her chicks in front of the black wall Oh my God!
These words of mine that won't come out
what good are they to me now if in the end
they compel me to silence.

December 89

POETICS OF LOVE AND LICENTIOUSNESS

The stillness of these trees
tells me that the wind isn't blowing,
that today is another drowsy yet wakeful night.
In the stillness there is a tropical fruit tree filled with flowers,
flowers that are born and fade on the following day. Few are
the fruits
of this tree, which I protected from the ants,
this tree that seems to not be thankful
for either vigilance or sweat.
In the stillness
there are other plants that don't want to bear more flowers:
I water them
I take care of them
to live off their scent,
I water them and take care of them to kill my boredom, my fear, my
forgetfulness, my sorrow.
I can say I have a garden
protected, without reproach:
A garden that defeats its geometric stillness.

Why the hours in a garden
dejected in its adornment. What's the use of
wasting my time in its single sleepless colour,
in its scarce throbbing and agony.
It needs to go away in the autumn and return afresh in the summer.
This garden with its spectrum of fruits and flowers needs to go away.
It's necessary to dig up the ground, breathe and leave its hemisphere:
It's necessary for you to appear in the storm.

THE FANATICS AND THE SCEPTICS

The ones that were present
at the edge full of life
left there with illusions and a new history.
Sadness went off to die of apathy
when the horseman entered on a restless colt.
Prancing through the air and applause.
Jump upon jump and applause.
Circles and more circles and applause.

I found myself eager, intoxicated
by the sounds, skeptical in opinion.

Anguish climbed us right then and there
it won consciences, magnetized parts.
But so brave, and so skilled and gallant the hunter
So lost in his euphoria
among the shouts of the crowd.

Dust in time was his magic show
in this game of conjuring:
because suddenly he had defeated the beast.

BELOVED HOME

Those of us who went to buy love in the patios
where urgent lemon trees were planted.
Those of us who kept getting wet beneath their trickles
of past rain. Those of us who arrived frightened
at the sickly earth
and surprised our innocence
agreeing on each wound.
Those of us who left home,
the impatient, elusive girlfriend,
the games and artifices of shattered youth.
Those of us who departed on the very night of the wedding or pregnancy.
Those of us who missed the warmth of the newborn's
mother. Those of us who drank dry tears
among the letters, photos,
some tape or wilted flower.
Those of us who finally passed the edge
of so much overflowing death on the open seas and the sole existence.
Those of us who left our friends behind
with their flesh and bone baptized
by the fire of another sky;
Let's receive the medals with foreheads
and chests steadfast. Let's receive
a new rise over death; as the lemon trees
ripen and leave us their acids,
their gravity fever;

TODAY I CAN'T SUM YOU UP IN MY MEMORY

The same nights are no more
those I left go by one day without your hips
separated like the teeth in an alligator's
sudden mouth.

I've been playing a fiery trumpet
since I went to drink death at your shores.
How could I not know
that you existed in a manger
of sprouting grass.

The sun between your legs is a coin
in the alms box.

I don't want to breathe this luck
for fear of it being torn away. I don't want to pass by
or allow you to pass by with your body intact
in this anguish of obsolete clocks,
on this night
the very night of the day
where you come to graze on my despair.

PRESENCE

I
I've witnessed
a fissure in my hope.
I've touched with the moisture of my violent fingers
the pages that I always wanted to write,
denied pages, that denied me
being a reflection of myself
in times of defence and exaltation.
I've always breathed between two dates
to feel the contingency of fruit.
I've wanted to assist my trajectory
with a stroke of my pen or a simple thrust,
to save from the fishhook that golden fish
that wanted to live yesterday in my eyes.
I've crossed the rocks without shoes.
I've witnessed my death
escaping from lived history
by mortal leaps.

II
Birth and death become a constant
even in positions attained by assault:
Light's clef?? on the earth.
What's the use of tying my loneliness to a drifting vessel.
I'll allow it to arrive with its beating sails
at any port. I'll allow
its flags, its announcements,
its horn's perfumed loneliness.
Why waste hours in twists and turns:

I want to live the pulchritude of my sole existence
within the barricades of love.

III

Will the pyramids be eternal?
Their power eternal like a giant wedge
in the air's ribs?
Conspiracy of the gods
who stone by stone
sealed the blood of mortals.

They're there
millennial
sown in the root of the earth: defenceless and vibrant??
Poor man who wants to eternalise his life
and his dominions,
what little death he'll leave at his despoilment!

IV

We were born of an act of love or desire.
We still travel with those coins
which serve as payment. We go on
with our faces printed, fused:
heroes used also in metal or in paper
from hand to hand. Already silent. Sententious.

We still attend the night time functions
the banquets, the speeches.
We still escape in smoke or in alcohol.
We still run away from the police and the soldier
as much as from our family.
We still aspire to a government job.
The evening still dies.
And that's enough:
I remove my naked body.

V

Who has seen a fish cry?
Its glassy lobes,
iris of rock,
pupils of cotton:
subtle staves without answers,
they keep passing each other
ocelos-ocelots(ocelotes)?? by/with scales?? in the air's skin
and in the folds of space.
Eyes of the future will be their eyes.

VI

One day I wanted to be a sailor.
The fury took hold of me, as they say
the same way as when I wanted to be a doctor
without ever facing my first cadaver.
With the sea it's different
although I've never tried it
I just know it's different.
I fancy the sea like a wild colt

that just by immersing its body can be tamed
so that later it may be a colt again.

Time passes and the sea doesn't grow old.
Every time I look at it, its lines wave to and from,
its waters frolic in my fear and my furore:
it knows that I am more beach than horizon
and it tempts me
like that young girl with perverse eyes
when she said to me without realising my age "touch me here"

Closed curve
beguiling skin,
I know that you're waiting for me,
I know that one day you'll carry me away
gently
wherever I ask you to.

VII

Six hundred years weren't enough
for the quietude of Pinatubo.
A measure of bitterness fossilised in the outpourings
filled its cone.

With so much failure its?? bad mood
went to lay down at the crest,
melted and melting.
There is its ash and lava concert
carpet and pedestal of its conquered breath
thud that was waiting
and was expected.
There it is redeemed in the action
of what would have been its oblong silence.

LITTLE DAYTIME TESTAMENT, ALMOST SAD

Include me in your life with all my spores,
hapless, luckless.
Include me with this weak heart ever since I would yearn at night
for the story and the kiss that my mother never gave.
Include me because of the fairy that didn't come to me in my dreams
and because love entered and exited with a thousand shapes and disguises
and is now a cage and a forgotten bird, a drink
that can be swallowed and left behind without leaving fingerprints.

Include me in your life, owner of my being, in a complete love dialogue
with all my fears and failures as a reliable yet orphaned man,
persecuted and threatened
since the day I discovered the iron bars
with all my misfortune and my devotion not reciprocated
in that kiss I left lost on your cheeks
eager for your lips full of youth.

Include me in your life because I'll give you everything:
my fatigue

my longing
my constant rebellion.

February 1988

SO MUCH DEATH IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM

The heroes died:
and have left their pores
like a tattoo on sensitive skin.
The heroes died for me and they gravitate like pendulums.
They died for those who love the intelligence of bread,
the oven and the enthusiastic, alert hand.
They left their last colour on the land
ever disposed to impregnation
in its jumping from root to root??.
Sincere, gentle, thankful
even with those who deserve neither salvation nor glory.
The heroes died for those who repeat
names
among the trimmings of some lost belief:
So much death will surpass needless death.

The heroes also died for their enemies.

DO TELL, DO TELL; IT'S WHAT GIVES US LIFE; OR DOES IT KILL US?
"Words are pliers of the wind."
I.S.

I want to tell about ?? the other side of the coin, the one that never comes
up
in bets when you need it the most,
talk about the things that aren't foreign to us,
leaven and well water in cathedrals
turned the wrong way, which mix together
with those haphazard confessions.
Be able to tell in key what you are not allowed,
what we ourselves do not allow:
The eyes of the drowned man,
the salt of the salt shakers and the salaries,
like dying by trying to be original.
Let the spiders of recollection fly.
Let spiders fly?
Be able to jump without having?? it all figured out?
Let memories be the hangover
of what couldn't be done,
out of error, almost out of fear,
in the diaspora or in the figures that were drawn
against the grain, because I feel like it
like shiny, bare buttocks
by the moon's caress
or the railway laid out over the bones of a slave,
as a joke yet seriously,
as a tragedy or as a comedy

as a comedy?
Do tell, do tell;
Even if this is the last act of my life.

RHETORIC OF THE ONE WHO BELIEVES HE HAS LIVED

Through great fears life is fashioned
more so than through great hopes.
I have what I was yet not what I will be.
I possess more when my body passes through limitless jackknives??
and arrives to the simple abolition of two aspects: fear and valour.

I am what I discover in spite of my fears
in my highs and outpourings??.
Nothing can get to me, nothing frightens me. It's enough for me
to go around being threatened or assaulted.
The only thing that can stop me is
a giraffe peering out from the crack
where a child mercilessly delves into fantasies
where a child delves like a child into
his hole.