

MANDORLA

NUEVA ESCRITURA DE LAS AMÉRICAS • NEW WRITING FROM THE AMERICAS

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SELECTIONS FROM *INCURABLE*

FROM PART V, "LA MAÑANA" (MORNING)

With a puff of mummy I exited, flashing lightning.
There were pastures, fine prose, shellfish
and the traces of a softened Monday beneath the assorted infections of life.
Soft, I say, despite the fact that its components weighed heavily on the purple
serenity of my bloody bandages—and even despite the fact that my
crudeness was sort of light and blood-curdling, not overly squalid
and weighed down, oh, by all those messages from the intellect.
So, being mummified allowed me to think (and I thought like a lightning bolt,
like an ensuing filament of neutrinos,
through the interstices,) my ideas
were like wafers, handled and corrupted by the restless climate of the most
Egyptian,
most Boriskarloffian resurrection,
if you get my meaning—why the hell don't I tell you?
(Of course, that's not the point. You'll understand: you will place your elbows
on the balustrade of *Last Year in Marienbad*

and will imagine that you were Delphine Seyrig among the frozen statues
of a missed encounter and a postponement, for which
you will have to reread the script, make faces at Robbe-Grillet, curse out
Resnais... Fine prose
to accompany the vulgar shellfish of the sprawling Monday...)
But you were infecting me like a mummy, fresh and undulating, marvelously
light and airy: that is how
I crossed out the monumental intensification of identity as I passed.
I was perceiving the ill-fated germinations in the crypt of my tranquility,
and my bandages were now a tatter in the freezings of my fantasy.
But how do I leave, in what direction did the dug seeds head in the paranoid
softness of my bandages? What features
of lightning bolt must I have displayed in the promised tepidness?
Mummy or lightning bolt, I was exiting in puffs through the prohibitions of
any place.
Thus Monday becomes me, civilizing me.