

MANDORLA

NUEVA ESCRITURA DE LAS AMÉRICAS • NEW WRITING FROM THE AMERICAS

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IDEA VILARIÑO

DAMNED BE THE DAY

Maudite soit la nuit
Ch. B.

Crushed the hours the undertow
of the day overhead in stains
lingering on in the air
of the stars out this way
dangling
and you and I and you stepping
on what is the day's
in other words forgetting the memory
in other words you and I and you
we ourselves
for once

finally
after everything
after all that left in the air
wholly disembogued like stones
in the water
in the intact scope of a night
that couldn't reach anyone
like stones
dragged knocking about in a bed
mossy and well excavated by the centuries.

LETTER I

As I go about the house
saying dear
with fervent voice
desperate
that poor word
it would be unable to caress you
to sacrifice something
to give its life for you
dear
to convoke you
to do something for this
for this invalid love.
And that's all
dear and I see
your eyes still fixed on mine
as if made fast by love
looking at each other
as we loved each other
looking at me your eyes
your whole face
you
and it was life or death
to be like this
to look at each other.
And I close the windows saying
dear
dear and I don't care
that you're doing something else
and that you don't remember anymore.
And I'm caught up
in your looking at that
in that look of yours
in our love looking at each other

and indignant I go about the house
turning off the lights
putting clothes away
thinking of you
looking at you
without letting you fall
wanting you
loving you
saying dear.

Translated by Anna Deeny