

# M A N D O R L A

NUEVA ESCRITURA DE LAS AMÉRICAS • NEW WRITING FROM THE AMERICAS

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## FOUR POEMS

### ANIMA

*Oh, to have been one step further on, and grown flowers!*  
—Eudora Welty

A field of chicory run through it sirocco hide little lizard.

Here it comes, grazing, here comes the cow, grazing.

A withered chicory field a bunch of flowers in the vase in the living room.

A nightgown blue with printed flowers a black circle death yellowing.

A circle at its concentric center a cornucopia of dead.

And you, is it you, leaning over the bunch of dry flowers in a vase the  
nightgown open wide at the dry blow of the sirocco  
removing the scales, removing the scales of what? You simulate an  
offering: nubile the fine hairs circulatory ovaries  
tubes of light the intimate conduit of your flesh  
a living water sac, filled with flowers.

We press our foreheads against the window pane a twin-arched window separates our  
glances, joins us in the contemplation of the vulture feasting on the  
blue viscera of the cow.