

• MORNING

The light. A dust
speck
floating

nebulous; plankton
in the sun's diagonals

which cross
the shutters and reach
your hair,

a nest of insects
dishevelled
on the pillow.

• THE ALMOST BARREN GROUND

Locked to the shade
of a wall in the middle of
an endless summer. Then silence
came
first to the mouth, then
to the ears. And so on
day after day

under a flawless
sky, without
a drop
of wind.

• LANDSCAPE

On that usual stage
(un paisaje de mierda)
where everything rots
with no cure
in blisters or in simple gestures
repeated in every mirror,

I tried to dig
a pit to lie in
quiet and still
like a leaf
untouched
by the wind.

Then nothing.

Or else we held each other embraced,
the sand from the graves, oh yes,

clouding our eyes.

• MASONRY

Inheritance
of rain: black land
and puddles; our whole morning
of heavy sleep, the beasts'
warm fumes rising
from the horizon: amphoras
of silence and bowls to gather
the tender silt of tears: the heart left to air
at the core of the night.

One by one
silently, we appear standing
up or sitting on wicker
along the hallway, among rotting
pillars; holding cracked cups
or cloudy glasses discarded
by a relative whose motto is: all's
useful, nothing disposable;
or reading a newspaper
spread out the floor. Last night

the shadow of a tree

half blossoming touched your body
(something terse among ruined masonry)

in the light of a match. I drank.

The wind warped the stretch
of the waters, shook the roofs'
shingles, the timber
of doors and windows.

Frost rose some inches from
the ground. It had to be that

(at a wise hour) someone goes out

to forage, for flowers, salt
of the badlands.

• **ETIOLOGY OF US**

It poisoned the white
flesh in the inlet.

I tried that miasma.

And knew of the constant lament
on the enemy's face: traces

in homage to

the abundance of noble wounds. Ballast
that should have burned as if weed.

• **THE LOVERS**

The animal was sacrificed.

And clear, an air bell
sounded (moved by the breeze) – randomly
extending its notes (those of a ghost

town) under the vines

where summer, which comes before the end ,
was being crushed-:

Falling

blood fills the deep
basins, till they flow over.

The face

removed from the rest was washed
and afterwards taken

softly

skirting puddles of light
among lemon and medlar branches

as if a creature.

What followed was just a routine:
perform an incision, divide up, eat.
Keep the leftovers for the dogs.

• **THERA**

Late in the sleep
a message arrives: two

or three

bitter salt splinters
release the mouth

from (ancient) breath

of silt
black crumb of sun

cracked

at the shores of oily water.

• **UNDER AN INCRUSTED SKY**

Under a cloud-incrusted sky
we sail swallowing darkness:

mute foliage fermenting
in batches of bloods. I play

with instruments of torture. I play,
talk, hit my head against the walls
of an alien city. In vain
the walls are limed. In vain

the prayers in temple. You
ask for alms, burn the dead leaves

and warm your hands under the
sky incrustated with wrenched clouds.

I temper the torture devices.

You ask for alms

offering slices of
the saddest heart on the square,

darkened just like
a mirror does when the light fades.

• WHERE THE RIPE WHEAT

Where the ripe wheat falls
as if a nest, grief

oozes midday wounds
over the inlet in which
I insisted going to pasture.

From afar comes
the dinner bell's call.

Wash up your thighs in
muddy water, clear up
the folds

and show

the light face of
immaculate
suffering.

• WINTER HOLIDAYS

at a snail's pace
you return from the beach
on the crushed shell
path, ascending among
dunes and daisies

Wind, blowing and cutting

from the sea it
touches your face

with needles of sand,
and the smell of something,

something dead (scattershot,

a dog) in the dusty sterility
of yards and streets of
a coastal town

in winter.
