

Jose SANCHEZ Garza  
POETRY

NEW YORK WAS LEFT SUDDENLY  
WITHOUT JOSEPH BRODSKY

an old car guffaws by  
a trembling fellow offers what you want  
prostitutes in overcoats huddle together against the wind  
some uniformed gents leave a bar completely smashed  
a vagabond stretches out his hand  
at street's end a police patrol car  
lights up as it moves slowly to the right  
a couple leaves the theater  
two black men speak to each other  
and in the shop window in front  
a pair of silk socks  
hang silently  
they seem to be more indispensable than us.

\*

BLUE MEDLEY

he met her at a bar or a concert  
and talks of how to care  
for bonsais  
or some new single he read about in melody mirror  
  
he probably does not remember if he asked her name  
or forgot it  
but slides his hands over her ass  
and they dance  
  
she screams

by fits and starts her clothes come off

he died months later  
and various circles paid attention  
his biography was written (on a number of occasions)  
they gave him memorials  
the president never tired of talking about him

how to imagine his fall from the cliff's edge  
in his yellow Volkswagen  
now that he's in underwear looking in the kitchen  
for whiskey or some rum  
to see if there's any left

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#### A SUICIDE'S LETTER

not the dart that hit the bull's eye  
nor the poison nor the butterfly  
pinned on the point

not a lucky stroke  
perhaps a bit of patience and of course  
a soft target

I do not blame this woman for blowing my head off  
for bringing the song of her hips to my lips

don't be ashamed  
don't pity me

and don't stop her ferocious  
desire to undress

only light the candles  
raise the music  
assure there's wine and cheese

in winter  
catastrophes require subtleties.

\*

MY LANDLADIES

although the three are unmarried,  
the youngest is 62,

they requested no references:  
one told me I looked  
like christ.

I hope the day does not come  
when they ask me to fix the door  
the flyswatter the shower

I can already imagine myself  
with a wrench going into the bathroom  
witness to a sad and painful tragedy:

a woman with dust rag skin  
and soapy hair saying:  
come here little boy,  
or if you're afraid of the water  
let's go to the bedroom,  
just pass me the walking stick,  
you can hit me with it.

I WOULD PROBABLY LEARN TO LOVE HER  
IF SHE SPRINKLED HER BODY WITH BOURBON

she's just passed a towel between her legs

because she was below a middle-aged guy  
whom she obliged to use a condom  
and she danced for him and sucked his cock  
for 100 dollars as they had agreed  
on the corner of sunset and western

now she adjusts her tights and leather skirt  
puts on her shoes  
pulls up her black jacket's zipper half way at the breast  
ruffles her hair  
says goodbye smiling before closing the door  
and walking under a persistent drizzle  
on a lit and solitary street

she drags her handbag with a certain reluctance  
and there's something poetic in all this.

- *Translation from the Spanish by Indran Amirthanayagam*

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