

Roberto ECHETO

**THE GARDEN**

Two rectangles save me from the noise.

Two rectangles shelter me from others' voracity.

Two rectangles teach me that resurrection exists.

Two rectangles of earth where the myrmidons and I spend our days.

\*\*\*\*

I lose myself among the leaves and the shears. I learn that every garden speaks the language of nodes.

\*\*\*\*

Ahead of the epic of distance, rake, shovel--dirty, silent work in a section of the world.

\*\*\*\*

Grass, the earth's overcoat, tell me how much sky have your eyes seen.

\*\*\*\*

In the kingdom, a tenuous universe floats.

The anonymous hour's light shows its constellations.

Between the distant points of the same tree, the wake of a traveler, liquid thread uniting worlds despite the elements.

Atop the foliage, an insect probes the crenellation of an abandoned honeycomb. Its meticulous wings stir the tranquility of the unshaded particles.

The balance has not been broken. The minute spheres continue in their elegant orbits until the stars appear.

Each and every day.

\*\*\*\*

The rectangle calms my grim thirst for order.  
Fragile water is what steadies and centers me.

\*\*\*\*

In the garden everything changes.  
Time is measured by waves.  
Of greens.  
Of orchids.  
Of avocados.  
Of alpines.  
Of mangoes.  
At times the ground is black mud.  
Bitter dust.  
It is easy to see the changes in the rectangles.  
It is easy to turn a fairy into a cricket.  
A macaw into fire.  
A lizard into effigy.  
A splintering into forest.  
A rectangle into garden.

\*\*\*\*

Just light.  
There are no limits to the green song.

Each sprout follows its own voice upwards.

\*\*\*\*

The garden retains the footprints of its guardians. A flower pot's bold or serene disposition is enough to make out who (and perhaps when) made the kingdom their own.

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The flower is the world's heat

Delicate center of pleasure.

An entire landscape.

The flower alone.

\*\*\*\*

Hands cross the branches; ford minimal rivers; come and go among the roots, collect leaves, open furrows; rise.

Like birds.

\*\*\*\*

All water was sky.

The ants know it.

That's why they draw lines making up the horizon.

River.

Rain.

Earth.

\*\*\*\*

In the garden, what's wild teaches us that everything is in place.

The green explosions.

The rays that open among stones.

The nameless seeds.

The fruits we await...

The gardener does not keep order.

The gardener contemplates; maintains the path; underlines the limits of the universe.

\*\*\*\*

Rectangle.

A forest reduced.

A cloud observatory.

\*\*\*\*

The sound of drought creaks with stones.

A snail, nimble as a cloud, reminds us that water always returns.

\*\*\*\*

A garden lavish and unstable.

Its order an imperfect fiction, like that of books.

\*\*\*\*

Upward.

Higher yet.

A tooth floating on a diagonal.

It thinks it's rain.

Umbrella and cloud all at once.

\*\*\*\*

The channel of screeches.

The flight of eyelids.

The sweat of stones.

The intermittence of song.

Stains in the sky.

The beam-striped air.

Who encrypted messages in my garden?

What do they mean?

Who is or will be their recipient?

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The bee (kind and ferocious) lives and dies in a geometric state of grace.

\*\*\*\*

I break the planet slowly.

I open the grooves of future shadows.

I see a kind wound in the world; the dots, the lines of a sinuous and ancestral design.

In the air the murmur of prosperous roots, the repeat thunder of crickets.

Nothing unusual happens in this kingdom.

The same miracle.

The faithful resurrection.

\*\*\*\*

Noone sees the rectangle's complexity.  
A garden is a knot of mud and wind.  
My interpreter plants know this and remind me of it.  
Every day.

\*\*\*\*

Among the foliage grow arms that entrap arms.  
The sun is not what they pursue.  
It's the line's continuity.  
Landscape's creation.

\*\*\*\*

In the kingdom we also learn that every hour smells differently.

\*\*\*\*

From the throat rises the thread; the meticulous humidity of the twilights; the purifying trail that expands and delves into the good earth.

This is how shapes breathe.  
Evoking the clouds, becoming sky.

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In the garden the colors conceal the structures.

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The noises in the kingdom forge another kingdom in the air.

Near me, the ancient vibration.

The leaf's echo.

The needle shaping worlds.

The continuation only noticed once it's been completed.

\*\*\*\*

Water the grass.

Look after the house.

Preserve the memory of my parents.

Prune the croton plants.

Live in peace.

*Translated from the Spanish by Adriana Dyurich; edited at IWP.*