

**• 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 incrusted 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.

\*\*\*