RETURN TO THE VOID IN SEVEN MOVEMENTS

I

No, I will not write the chronicle of the asphalt
nor tell stories about skyscrapers
that squash hedgehogs as they collapse
from cold, or about faces in the underground
turning sallow from accepting so often
the logic of the moves.
The trail I must follow is modest
like the snail's, and as fine
as that blade of tremulous
grass. The municipal trees
cannot traverse the glass, nor make
their plastic sorrow sound.
So I introduce myself into a wood
of a green so intense my bones
ache. Its dampness keeps me prisoner,
each of my pores turned into
a flute most sweet, a green
and penetrating path. Yes, my inside
is a damp sock, settled
among the ferns. You do not know it,
my love, nor will I be able to explain it to you.
The white hand I lost, will it be
living in that rubbish bin?
I grieve through lack of entering your body.
But the snow drowns all thought
of fixing or inhabiting the sounds.
I am as dry as yesterday's
newspaper and my ears creak.
There is no music or skin anymore. Desire is
a word disguised as otherness.

(Translated from Spanish by J.S. Amador Bedford)
it wasn't A HURRICANE

it → A CRASH

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