

## THE LAST OF THE SOUTH

Back stayed the wheat, the composure  
of the orange tree, the gray-blue cov-  
erage of the olive. Back the agrarian  
arm nourished by lunar seeds and the  
grand river, the ancient snowstorm of  
the sacred drum.

They arrived like birds of circular  
memory, the blinded pupil in the  
conquerable galaxy, toward the black  
cloud and tin can paradise, up to the  
stabbing edge of the tear. They ex-  
tended the line of exile and dreamed  
on many nights, along with certified  
victories, with radio programs and  
leaders and Sunday's demonstration  
return.

But they, the sons of the sediment  
and the tuna, knew of the fire and of  
the spinning needle and in secret fled  
the dark smoke that carried them to  
the stadiums in helpless pilgrimage,  
that beat them (intermittent gust of  
wind) in the great warehouse until  
—at a loss for bread—it impressed on  
their memory a song of mythic ship-  
wrecks.

And in the nostalgia of attics, to the  
stereophonic rhythm of the dishwash-  
er, without other petals than those

the plastic legislates, they saw, without flight, the horizon. And determined not to die of forget they asked themselves—fetishists always—when to light the oil lamp, the only ritual reference that could bring back the vegetable days.