

Cristina Piña · *Argentina*

A SONG FOR T.S.

I should be able to sit down,
brilliant and whole of light in the morning,
seize the typewriter, plunge my hand into words and
sing,
because the song comes down from the pines in the garden,
bends gracefully at my window.

Queen without a scepter, revoked queen,
you scarcely have a garden
where twilight is possible
and where the voice of old Eliot,
the voice of Simeon shouts and proclaims:
“Lord, the Roman hyacinths . . .”

Lord, the pines in the garden resist
entering the poem
and my fingers don't stop drumming:
“The dark typewriter,
both wounded and white,
retort of an alchemist,
mistful, mysteries.”
Games of impotence,
because the word escapes and retreats,
the word travels wrapped in feathers and nostalgia,
the opulent whore to whom I call and pray,
before whom I bend and call,
I shout until silenced,
 until hoarse,
 until blinded,
eyeless Sappho facing the sea of Lesbos.

I should be able to sit down
and the pines in the garden should sing in my voice,
Simeon should break the ring of words for being,
for exploding in You,
word or God or whatever is denied,
what I search for like Sappho in Lesbos,
lose as Virgil at Brindisi
(Virgil blinded by the light),
bathed by horror, by love before the silence.

The pines in the garden bend before my window.
I write, I shout.
Finally,
the word lifts chaste,
 unfaithful,
 unreachable.

*to Federico Peltzer
translated by Anne Knupfer*