

POEMS

from I WRITE THE LIFE OF A WOMAN

Upwind from destiny
I turn my back on my dreams
and begin each day by doing what is right.
I put my routine in order
in sterile rows
waiting for I don't know what absurd battles.
And I walk in haste, firmly, intensely
forward . . .
to see that the compass has changed,
that the rose of the winds is drunk . . .
that all that matters is your skin
or the strange taste of my heart
torn to shreds together with my senses.

Let's try
and play a trick on life;
perhaps it won't even notice,
because it's nighttime and cold
and death is also busy elsewhere.
Maybe we'll make it, if we hide,
the moon is clouded and shrouded in silence . . .
We'll pretend it really doesn't matter;
that we are alone for the first time,
our bodies stretched out
in this perfect swarm,
like a single trap
that has lain in wait for centuries.

A woman is only
the one who sometimes
nurtures doubt

(in the wrong place),
in emphasis without logic,
the shaking that slowly . . .
A woman plants herself gently
with the movements of a fish;
she gets inside your feelings and words;
she leaves an open book between your sheets
and a camellia
of fire between your legs.

ALL THAT IS NEEDED

We are alone in never-ending exile,
alone, like a bottle in a sea
without a name.
Without friends,
without echoes,
without sounds.
Silence, mirrors,
dreams.
My touch kisses each former lover,
Vallejo, Pound, Borges.
While I ruffle Dante's hair,
they return
and see that I await them,
that I was waiting for them;
that we are alone,
alone, as ever.

LIKE THE DANCE OF THE DOLPHIN IN THE OCEAN

If I could appear
naked before you.
If I were brave enough
or maybe lucky enough . . .