

So that you could see that there is nothing
to fear,
or that all is to be feared.
Every hollow of my body is safe
and is going to be
untouched and loyal like nature most
savage.
(Or like the ocean that you love.)
But you are so powerful . . .
sometimes you scare me.
And I dress up in unmatching disguises,
to hide myself away
or appear fearsome.
And between the two—strangely—
ends the absurd territory of power.
You come close:
water-desert-honey,
and I stretch out
honey-desert-water.
And I don't know where you begin,
where I begin . . .
like the dance of the dolphin in the ocean.

from ABYSS

How I would like to fall again,
with my hope held high
completely alive
early one morning.
Spreading out my traps
to tempt the underground melancholy
of your body.
To repeat the rite of life and the beginning
as if we were the first inhabitants
of anonymous affections.
To fall again,
as if you existed and I existed, too.

An embrace torn to shreds
a kiss,
a merciless kiss,
a bottomless well.
A sword in my body,
a sharp star
piercing me:
that's how I feel you.
And I see disappear
the center of your name,
the dangerous abyss of your arm
your fishlike gaze . . .
and the delicious mirror of your body,
the dangerous abyss.

Imagine that a change
splits your life.
That slowly, once only,
an illuminated forest springs up
and its smells and songs shelter you.
That the seat for solitude falls, falls apart . . .
and that every finger touches you and feels you.
Imagine your desperate, futile work
with a future;
and that glory exists
and shelters you.

Let's think about everything:
your look drenched in other nights,
your hands of seed
about to plant themselves in my side,
and above all your fire, so creative
I fear it will destroy me,
and also
the punctual death of love,

how you spoke to me.
But better still, let's not think about anything
and
open out
the posy of nerves in my touch,
only so that God
will not find me sleeping.

MANUSCRIPT IN THE DRAWER

to Jorge Luis Borges

There is a book in a state of grace,
a manuscript—so they say—of my work,
a city recounted, an adjective,
the keys, the codes, and the speech.
Some pages—so they say—some lines,
an infinite number, a figure,
the fatuous sentence that is life.
The work is airtight, illegible,
its metaphors, tunnels to the emptiness of my time
—its titles, the game of building walls around words—
its destiny, unknown, like our own.

Translated by Ronan Fitzsimmons