

*from THREE NAMES FOR A PLACE*

★

your shadow turns on your tracks  
    what to say  
to a death with no placenta  
to the final note of suicides  
what thanks  
what farewell to your mother

★

girls and the forgotten  
sitting on the banks of suicide  
embroider everlastings and gladioli  
measuring with their hands  
the wreath of their sighs

★

the unwoven earth of women  
crosses the air with vertical axes  
the water with horizontal ones  
you go into your body as into letters  
you open dead eyes  
to learn you don't dream  
and one by one they drop  
handfuls of dust  
that your dearly beloveds fling over you

★

blows  
like your name  
fallen from above for your distance  
a south marks your north  
your last pilgrimage  
blows  
like his absence  
crossing your womb of voids

going through your arms  
without cardinal points  
the cross is finished—friend,  
to rest your childhood so old

★

you cleaned your room like your eyes  
fear with no memory  
shows you the next step:  
your body-tomb

★

sitting on the ground  
a lonely woman  
opens a furrow  
measuring her height with the dust  
she fastens the four candles that they left her

★

a rumor  
stripped of horrors and forgiveness  
moves underground  
everything is ordered according to logics  
that only children and dogs divine

★

there  
in the deep air of emptiness  
your body at the bottom of the earth  
that vertigo is an ancient rite  
jumps the step toward you  
as in your tomb

★

a rib  
finds its mate under the ruins  
above the indescribable smell

body fluids  
meet, recognize each other  
begin to touch . . .

★

with the slowness of someone familiar with encounters  
and their fugacities  
the bones move toward the hips  
paying attention to the punctual  
complementarity

★

I buried myself  
in my body-tomb  
without crying and full-length  
with my own hands

★

the new blood  
of indistinct color  
groping and half-awake  
began its journey

★

that dusk  
from different points of the city  
crystal spheres and postcards  
and a gap in different hands  
were announcing the sound of dust  
burying a woman

★

inside your tomb  
without air  
with your whole life sleeping above you  
among the bones  
you recognize yourself

you will rise up and sing to the world  
your own version of your story

★

in memory of the patrol  
a name crossed out a thousand times  
will be set on fire for ever  
in the public plaza and with no rituals  
to teach them a lesson, they say  
(which one forgets and which one names)

★

you grew and you leave me  
leaning on your tomb  
after a thousand moons  
you understand  
the pyramid from the earth  
you understand  
heart, world, you  
are three names for a place

★

everyone inside themselves  
by twos, with their candles  
in white, with their hair loose  
they received a little of their death  
they wrote on their foreheads  
the ash and the beginning

★

bidding you white farewells  
I stay underground with the others  
we see you being baptized  
letter, word, poem  
you will take the first step  
backward

★

from the common graves  
the disappeared, the rubbed out  
the lovers of hate  
those you buried inside yours  
those from your own cemetery  
begin a song  
perhaps an arm reaching her hand  
might recognize it as hers  
perhaps they are inventing a language  
perhaps they tidy up her body, her soul  
perhaps  
they say . . .

*Translated by Carolyn Brown*