

9/6

el corno emplumado 25



este corno está dedicado a la memoria
del comandante guerrillero ernesto “che” guevara
muerto en las montañas de bolivia.

this corno is dedicated to the memory of ernesto
“che” guevara, assassinated in the mountains
of bolivia, whose death has taught us life.

el corno emplumado

número 25 • enero 1968



the plumed horn

number 25 • january 1968

UNA REVISTA DE LA CIUDAD DE MEXICO

editores:

sergio mondragón

margaret randall

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A MAGAZINE FROM MEXICO CITY

editores:

sergio mondragón

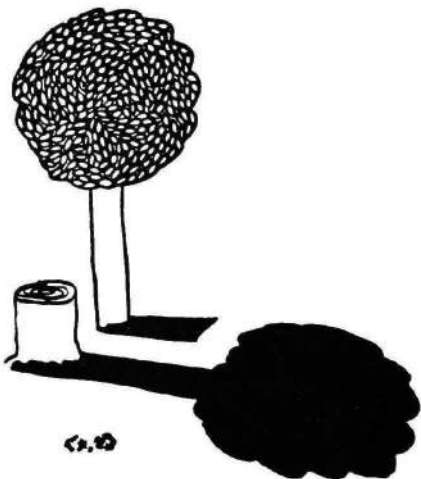
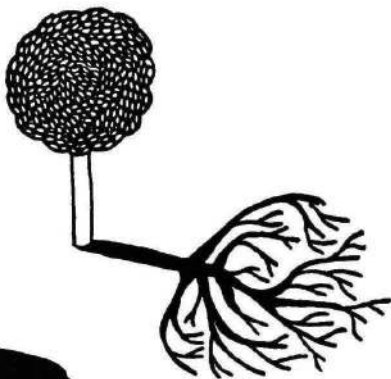
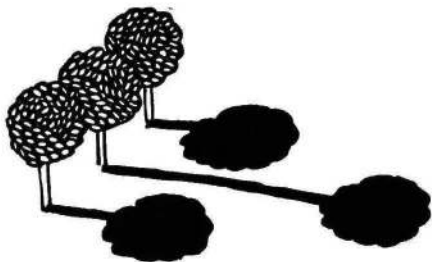
margaret randall

Poetry, prose, letters in english and spanish, artwork. All correspondence should be addressed to Apartado Postal No. 13-546, México 13, D. F. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned. All rights revert to authors 30 days after publication.

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ACE WINDU 68

NOTA DE LOS EDITORES

con este número comenzamos nuestro séptimo año de trabajo, conscientes de que estamos apenas al principio de esta aventura que incluye toda nuestra vida, todo nuestro viaje a nado por el río caudaloso del lenguaje.

sabemos que un nuevo mundo se elabora, y que estamos en el centro de un movimiento que está revolucionando la poesía hispanoamericana, cuyos poetas desarrollan al máximo los magníficos arbustos que nos dejaron los poetas del pasado, Neruda, Vallejo, Huidobro; sólo que este movimiento es mucho más que eso: *significa* el fin de los tiempos anunciado por las Escrituras, el principio de una nueva historia y el momento en que se hunde para siempre un mundo y una concepción del mundo envejecida, para dejar lugar a una especie humana más evolucionada: es el Siglo XXI que ya se abre paso a grandes brazadas de amor y de energía.

y mientras la estructura agusanada de nuestra sociedad contemporánea se desploma, este continente sigue floreciendo rebeldes y poetas, hombres que toman el otro camino, quemando sus naves y nos imponen estilos nuevos de vida y pensamiento.

en verdad, estamos al comienzo de un Renacimiento. es la Edad de Oro que llega, que ilumina ya el interior de nuestros mejores hombres, de nuestros mejores poetas. es ésta una poesía que nos invita a vivir, a *nacer de nuevo*, a transitar con los pies en el cielo y la cabeza en el mundo, porque es aquí donde se encuentra toda llave, toda respuesta, todo sacudimiento del espíritu.

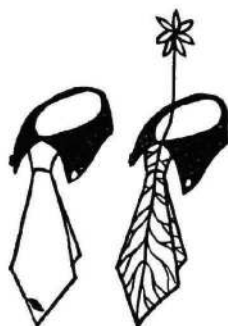
sólo los sordos, los que se empeñan en seguir viviendo en el pasado negarán a la nueva poesía, que exige una actitud distinta y una máscara menos para aproximarse a ella; porque habrá que olvidar todas las ilusas pretensiones acerca de lo que *debe ser* la poesía, ya que la poesía no *debe ser*, sino *es*, y aquí está una muestra de ella, la última floración de este árbol formidable. El que quiera sentarse a la mesa está invitado. Coma de este pan, recién dorado en el horno del idioma hispanoamericano!

EDITOR'S NOTE

starting a seventh year is like throwing the broken pieces of a mirror over your shoulder. 25 issues of a little magazine: they are pieces but not broken, fragments of a whole every day more tangible, every day closer to the hand, clearer to the eye. someone asked me the other day why the *art nouveau* —degeneration and frivolity thrust against a compact society end of last century beginning of this— is flourishing now. my first impulse was to go back to abstract expressionism as the last ART moving in my body (aware of the sometime reader of poetry who says “what does this modern stuff *mean*...?) and write off pop, op and the posters as something else. but art MEANS SOMETHING.

art meaning something is LIFE, and el corno —for six years— has been life through the eyes and ears and hands of poets living and interpreting their years. this issue, perhaps more than any other, is an exchange of that interpretation: williams in spanish, cardenal in english, blackburn widely open, berge tightly perceptive, ishmael going back to the source, morales climbing out of his small significant country. and tribute —inadequate as it may be— to ernesto che guevara.

with the death of “el che” many things died. someone said OUR FATHER IS DEAD; NOW WE ARE OUR OWN FATHER. someone else said COMPROMISE DIED WITH EL CHE; THERE IS NO MORE COMPROMISE NOW. for me, and i pass this on with all the strength of conviction, FEAR DIED WITH EL CHE. the hippies sense this when they say “do your thing,” though many of them do not weigh that yet. in the US the blacks come out of the ghettos; their fear is dead. the guerrilla, living his fear in whatever mountain, has known that greater fear as dead for a long time; now is only confirmation for him. and for the poet, let it be confirmation also. a painful bath of fire from which to rise.



WASH WINTER 01

AT THE DUMB-SHOW

I. "Wait, I can explain everything....."

It is a party at the marvelous house in Washington, D. C. At the long table, the lady sits, immaculate, satin, dignified. It is a lovely house, the one she has coveted. In her way. So that the man seems to be there, even when he is absent, as now. He seems to be opposite her. Everything on the table, around the table, is to her taste; to her own wishes; it is going well.

One of the members of the diningparty leaves briefly. Returns with the terrible news. The children have been taken that night and probably destroyed. The lady is poisoned. Her poise. Her panic.

Her man is not at the table. He is away in the outer country, on business. The aroma of flowers fills the table, those white ones were not supposed to be scented. She does not mind entertaining when he is away. Such luxury. Having the wide bed to herself. Now that the children are almost grown. Silver, marble, the old women in fine dresses, herself quietly radiant as usual. As at Boston or Newport.

The liveried man brings in a weasel, freshly killed. The old friends are aghast. Or look at it askance. Welsh friends. Old retainers nearby. The quiet panic begins and begins to spread. The childrens' wing. The Spode gleaming. Oyster forks. The childrens' tutor, in a chair, eating.

Someone mentions it is known they aren't her children. That she is obligated to him for all of this. No one has known that they are not her children, except... except who? Except the old aunts. Some of whom are present.

The security men come; infiltrate. Gloria, for one, is pale, is ashen in her crepe-de-chine dress. An unmodern young woman, long of nose. The mangoes shine in pewter bowls by candlelight. No one can find the children; a few begin to join in the search, in a desultory way., Many faces seem hostile or turn willy.

She herself continues proudly. She is herself always, younger than that, strong in her lace dress. Stained with the weasel's blood. Her Welsh friend, an old suitor from her school days, promises comfort. A bloody garment is found at her dinner seat. Two rich women seem delighted: "The taste for blood," they say, remembering, over their roast beef.

What is possessed, what must one forego? The talk centers around summer-houses, country places, hunting. The virtues of this or that location. The lights in adjacent rooms flicker, the dessert is served. Across from the woman's face, the face of the oldest child appears. The table appears bright and calm and so does

the child. In white velvet, a long-limbed sweet child, a Gainsborough child... she is unharmed, normal. Has nothing to say. Or little. The usual. Where are the other two. Her husband's political enemies... The other two. Missing, missing. If her husband were here. She is tired of masturbabating. Through brandy and cigars the search continues and reports come to her, delicately phrased.

In the childrens' wing, guards are stationed at the casement windows. There is a smell of iron. How long will they have to stay...

* *

She walks with the man. They have his child with them. As they go into the diningroom of the resort, she notices that the child is not there... what happened to him... such a small child... She moves toward the father, looks at him across the appetizer plates of smoked salmon in sour cream sauce with onion rings: The boy is missing! The man is unconcerned. Whatsa madda babe sit down and eat yr lox, he looks at her. He is a herbert marshall type and dapper as hell. She leaves the table and goes back across the lobby and out onto the path and down the road. Down past the fork in the road she sees the kid, a blond boy, crying, leaning, wandering, scoops him up, he is crying, desolate, lost, lost... She walks back toward where the father is at dinner, back along that path, that road. On the way, a car hurtles by, strikes them, she gets a glance of the fender but it hurts the boy, broken glass, torn, some places of bloodspurts. When she runs back to the father she is crying, he has been hurt, he's hurt badly, badly, jesus christ how can you sit there like that, some kind of monster you, somerset maugham in spats etc., and the man says, you've been gone too long, I want you, I really do, reaches for her, moves across the room and moves her outside with him, intent, sparkling. You goddam bastard creep, she ss, you goddam creep, bastard, this really gets to you doesn't it, kid is hurt, you ought to cream in yr striped trousers, you bastard, indicates crumpled form of kid in grass... Look, she ss, you love all this, look, don't you, the stain on yr pants, I was right wasn't I, the blood turns you on, lousy bastard, & he reaches for her, smiling softly, coming...

* *

The town crazy lady comes into the restaurant. In the middle-sized city. She asks for change. Sits down at the counter. Knows the waitress. Orders a sandwich. Tells the waitress she needs the money for a telephone call. Most of the people at the lunch-counter recognize her. That is, they know who she is. Or they have seen her and they presume to know what she is. How. Who.

Or. They assume. One man is incredulous: she is wearing one brown shoe, one black shoe.

She leaves while her order is being prepared. Has ordered iced tea to drink with her sandwich. Will she return to eat her lunch. When she is gone, the people around the counter shrug and wink. Mutter, make crisp comments, feel safe, disavow her.

Someone has her other brown shoe. Someone has taken both of her blue shoes and one black shoe and one brown shoe. Her own shoes. She has one brown shoe for the left foot and one black shoe for the right foot. They are on the correct feet. Her feet. Left and right. With which she has stepped out to make a telephone call. The party she is calling is the one who has taken the missing shoes. It has been such a while that she does not consider her shoes mismatched. Once that is said, it is the middle of the story. It might even stop at that point. Before she has come back into the restaurant; walked back. If indeed she does.

* *

"My child will be an echo of me," the tiny woman thought, even before the child was born. When they had the child, and it was a girl, the woman was pleased. But the child was not in the woman's image. Taller than she, for one, and awkward; ungainly. The mother was rankled.

The daughter would give fine dinner-parties, usually for friends of her new husband. People he met at his job. He was engaged in foreign trade. She had become a computer operator. Not a programmer; an operator; a fine skill. She did love to entertain. Her table was adorned with the finest crystal and porcelain. But it was her husband who would clear and wash the dishes afterward. He did not mind, as he pointed out.

The young woman's hands. She had eczema on them. Nowhere else. As a little girl, she was taunted for her clumsiness: by the careful, dainty mother. Always dropping things. Just always. Now, in her own home, this eczema, before entertaining, just before guests were due. A fine cook. Marvelous at her job, requiring such fine skill, a digital computer. The food, a bit overdone, was well-prepared. She could cook, and serve, and did.

Afterward, the young husband would clear the table. Would carry the precious crystal goblets into the kitchen; the porcelain plates and platters. Which had been given to the couple by the girl's mother, as a wedding-gift.

II. "It all depends on how you look at it..."

'Which one of these women is yr wife?' he is asked. There are a thousand women in the line before him; he can see perhaps a hundred of them and knows there are hundreds more. Much depends on his answer; her life; his whole future. But he cannot distinguish her. Point her out. Their faces are uncovered, but their legs are hidden.

* *

He and she meet accidentally. He follows her. He learns that she has been playing the tympani with a group of avantgarde musicians. He's been involved in Lab. Psych. research. He ss: "I'd like to learn to play that music, that must be a language; I learned how chinchillas talk to each other, I can learn that too." And he ss: "I had a favorite white mouse and I had to shock it to death and regretted it." "OK," she ss, "met me at so-and-so's loft next Friday." She has her own plans.

* *

The old woman goes to an auction in an upstate hamlet. She buys greedily; some things for the kitchen, but mostly books. 'Zay are for ze child,' she says, loudly, clearly, to anyone. 'Ze child must learn,' she says, in her old-worldaccent. 'For my boy. Old? Zat does not matter. Old books are ze best. New ones might be too fancy. Such a bargain, zese.' She has outbid everyone, many times. Buys a locked trunk, said by the auctioneer to be full of books. Outbids everyone. Her body smells rancid in the hot sun; her husband is docile, patient. She opens the trunk at once, as soon as the husband has brought it to her. It contains the partly decomposed body of a child, a little girl with long hair. She, the old woman, begins to scream, in German. The other people around her, outbid, help her and her dreams to the edge of the crowd.

* *

In the street, the young woman and her mother walk down the sidewalk, with the grandchild near them. Back of them. Back of them, wheeling a stroller which contains the young grandchild, is the young father. He wears no expression whatsoever. The women are talking together.

At the lake, the young mother sits. Waiting for her husband to bring her food from the refreshment-stand. His yellow bathing-trunks are stained and tight over his genitals, outlining them perfectly. A teen-aged girl is taking care of their infant, near the parents. A healthy baby of about six months. The sitter picks up the baby, hands it to the mother. The mother holds it a minute; the baby coos and then cries. The mother gives the baby back to the sitter; reaches for a baby-bottle full of water. 'Time for his water,' she says, to the husband and the sitter. The chairs they sit in are made of metallic chains. All of them sit in metallic chains at the lakeside. The young mother looks rather like Rita Tushingham. The sitter gives the infant water, burps it, puts it to sleep. The young parents eat their hot-dogs.

* *

'He paid for the place,' she says to him. 'You know my dad paid for it. Don't deny it. Without him, you'd have been out on your ass long ago.' He was remembering the speech she'd made when they first met: 'Well, but you'd best watch out for my dad, she'd said. He's got an eye on us and watches out for me especially. He may look mild and easy but mind how you move around him. When he's around. He has his angles, same as you have yours or I mine, of course, but his own, and you're a stranger to him. It's natural that way, you know. The way a man is about his own daughter. Or the way a woman can move between her baby and her man, the little ways she can make a man feel alien to his own child, his own flesh and blood. But if it's a girl-child. He can go wild. But she can begin it, making him feel strange, you know, like he can't do anything right, or for gods sake keep out of the nursery if he's going to be that clumsy. But what I mean to do is to warn you about my father; you know how it is, all men who come near me are strangers to him, and he has his eye on both of us. Watch your step.

* *

Nightmare he has had, the grownup dreaming of toilets. Waking to find he has shit the bed. Nightmare, the lover is always leaving and never coming; nightmare, the old musics are duller than their memory when replayed... He walks into their pad, high on stuff. They are in the bed together. He reaches out, pulls him off her, cock bright slick, smashes him in the mouth. Some friend. Leaves. Goes out, finds another woman, friend of theirs, takes her to bed, enjoys a good orgasm, a good conversation. His fist and arm still bloodied. She is the sister of the man in bed with his wife. I need love, he says, through his teeth. Lots of luck, she says. You're lucky you got yr

health. Now get the hell out. He goes back to his own place. The friend is gone. The wife with him. Yeah, he says. Yeah.

* *

A fine sense of humour. Perspective. Aim. They pass a car on the highway as they go through the Old South. Those in the other car are all looking straight ahead; they have iron-grey hair, are neatly groomed, of indeterminate sex, riding in a clean car, rigidly correct. Erect. As they pass the other car, (they are to the right of the other car,) their kid aims a gun and fires it. Turns out to be a real gun. Then the old folks, the iron ones, pull abreast of their car and fire their real gun at them; toot their horn fondly, and pull ahead. Smoothly. Everybody in both cars laughs, through glass and blood.

* *

III. "For God's sake..."

He would pass there at the same time every morning. He would be driving a red car; an old car, looked to her like it might be a Pontiac. The Indian figure on the hood. After a week or so, she could recognize his features as he passed, he seemed almost familiar to her. This was about the same time she felt that he had noticed her. It was an early hour, not quite seven in the morning. She wondered, where was he going or coming from, must be a job of some kind, came past so regular. Then he must be married surely. Probably drove a milk-truck or a bakery wagon. She made sure more than once that she was standing outside the house when the red Pontiac passed. Once she was all dressed, but once in her housecoat, like Williams' housewife, but she was not herself married. She wore no rings, no jewelry of any kind. She dreamed that with luck she would marry him.

One day he did stop the car, had to acknowledge her, outside her house that way at just the time he passed it every day, not liable to be another human being around for miles, at that hour, in that countryside; he stopped, backed up, said something appropriate to her, she invited him in for coffee. He could do it. She was comely.

It would be all right. She had a healthy appetite for a man and he needed a good cook etc. But at some time in the first month she thought she discovered he did not like to make love. Or did not need to. Something. Usually she had to coax him into bed. Then it would take him forever to come, and by then she would have lost interest. She was with him maybe one out of ten times

they were together. Her disposition was affected. She lost the desire to cook for him or to keep herself up. He didn't seem to notice any difference. He was quite selfabsorbed.

Their hours did not coincide either. At first there was an overlap of time during which they might talk or go out for a drive or eat a meal or start to make love. But his job—he never returned until she was involved in her day, and she was tired when he was wide awake. She did not understand this, but it all suited the man this way. He considered himself different from the rest of the world. When he had seen her at her doorstep mornings, he had seen her as someone who also lived a different life. But now it was becoming awkward.

One night, she would get into bed before him and sleep, and another night he would sleep before she returned from work, and on it went. One night, when she had gotten to bed hours before him, she heard him come into their room. He was sure she was asleep and so he masturbated, quietly, in minute mild little gestures, hardly moving the bed. Satisfied. He slept. She got out of the bed and left him.

* *

'Come live with me,' the middle-aged handsome man said, in his European accent, 'and be my love. Or not really my *love*, 'he clarified, 'and not really *with* me,' (he pronounced it 'vidt' and she found this attractive, she of the Roanoke background,) but near me, alongside maybe, close enough for my convenience, and for yours, at this time. You know you need me, need what I know.

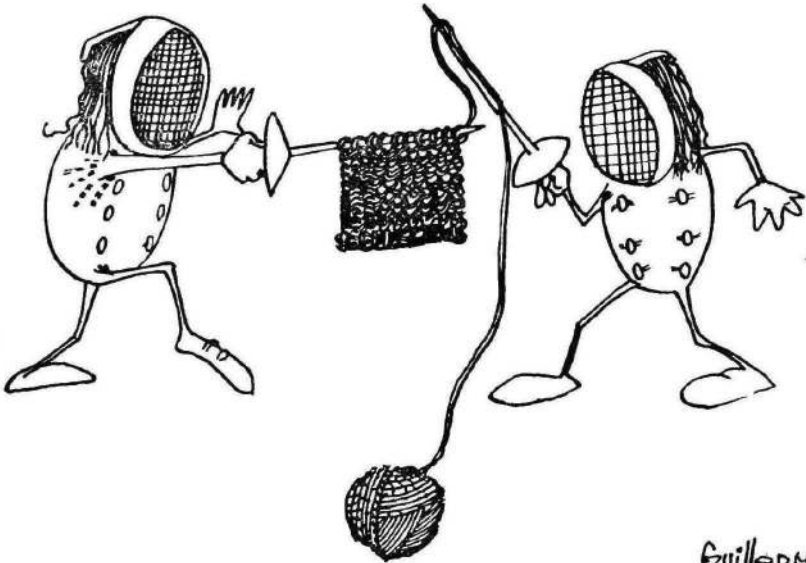
And that is another thing: Time. You must remember that we are fickle men, we must not be bound, men like myself. And I have my needs. And I know about Life. Much more than you, my dear. My little dear. But do not expect this to last, of course. Yes, we will both have pleasure. . .'

But he probably only said the first part of this; and even then, he did not enunciate clearly enough (the accent) and she, a young woman of limited experience, did not realize. What was expected of her. 'How nice to have you here, soft one,' he would say, and 'get into the bed next to me, turn this way, the legs that way, thus, yes, move your body so, so, don't hold your mouth so tight, loosen your lips a bit, yes, now you can see what I mean, now when I do this, do not be surprised, it is quite all right, and I want you to do the same thing to me.

And when she complied, she was provided with a room, at first in the house where the man lived with his wife. A room which had been occupied by other young women before her. And who now lived

as she would be living; in small stone houses or wooden huts upon the man's mountainous property. But at first, she would be provided with a nickname, since all of his possessions were named. Down to the knickknacks on the shelves of his big house. Which he had designed himself. Which he ran as an art-school in the summers of this new country. It was a wonder or an oversight that the utensils on the table were not nick-named. The three or four old cars, the buildings where the other girls lived, the horses, the barn, the stream, even the doors to the big house. Everything, everyone had a nickname, except the man himself. He called himself Alexander, a name once given to him, a name he considered regal. No one knew his last name.

There was once a tall, healthy-looking man in his middle fifties, who thought of himself as a love-god. He was a European and he had developed a convenient set-up to suit this concept.



p o e m a s

(Traducciones de José Coronel Urtecho y Ernesto Cardenal)

ESTO ES SOLO DECIR

Me he comido
las ciruelas
que estaban en
la hielera,

las cuales
probablemente tú
guardabas para
el desayuno.

Perdóname,
estaban ricas,
tan dulces
y tan heladas.

LA CARRETILLA ROJA

tángo depende
de

una carretilla
roja

reluciente de gotas
de lluvia

junto a las gallinas
blancas.

NANTUCKET

Flores en la ventana
lila y amarillo

alteradas por cortinas blancas—
olor a limpieza—

Luz de final de la tarde—
En la bandeja de vidrio

un jarro de vidrio, el vaso
volteado para abajo, junto al cual

hay una llave— y el
blanco lecho immaculado

LA JOVEN EN LA VENTANA

sentada con
lágrimas en

su mejilla
su mejilla sobre

su mano
el niño

en su regazo
su nariz

pegada contra
el vidrio.

RETRATO PROLETARIO

Una joven alta sin sombrero
con delantal

Su pelo cogido atrás parada
en la calle

Un pie en calcetín la punta
en la acera

Su zapato en la mano. Mirando
atentamente adentro

Le saca la plantilla de papel
para dar con el clavo

Que la ha estado lastimando.

ENTRE PAREDES

las alas traseras
del

hospital en donde
nada

crece hay
cenizas

en las que brillan
los pedazos

rotos de una botella
verde

JUGUETE CHINO

Seis pollitos de palo
en una palmeta

que picotean dentro
de un círculo movidos

por hilos sujetos de
un plomo colgado

cuando se agita con
juguetona mano.

A UNA POBRE ANCIANA

mordisqueando una ciruela en
la calle una bolsa de papel
llena de ellas en la mano

Le saben bien a ella
Le saben bien
a ella. Le saben
bien a ella

Podéis saberlo por
la manera en que se entrega
a la que tiene a medio
comer en una mano

Confortada
una alegría de ciruelas maduras
parecería llenar el aire
Le saben bien a ella

EL TERMINO

Una hoja arrugada
de papel de envolver
del tamaño

y aparente volumen
de un hombre iba
rodando con

el viento despacio y
rodando en
las calles cuando

un auto le pasó
encima y
la aplastó

en el suelo. Al contrario
de un hombre se levantó
otra vez rodando

con el viento y
rodando lo mismo
que antes.

COSAS ILEGITIMAS

El agua siempre fluye.
El tordo siempre canta,
aunque en
la falda del cielo,
al fondo de
la distancia,

confusión,
...retumbante cañón.

Cuyo silencio revive
a la paz

valle tras valle,
como los poemas siempre conservan

el lenguaje
de antiguos éxtasis.

EL GRAN NUMERO

Entre la lluvia
y las luces
ví el número 5
de oro
en un rojo

camión de bomberos
moviéndose
tenso
indiferente
al din-dán de los gongs
aullidos de sirenas
y ruedas retumbando
en la ciudad oscura.

MAÑANA DE ENERO

I

yo he descubierto que la mayor parte de
las bellezas del viaje se deben a
las horas extrañas en que las vemos:

las cúpulas de la iglesia de
los Padres Paulinos en Weehawken
contra un alba humeante —el corazón agitado—
son bellas como las de San Pedro
divisadas después de años de anticipación.

XV

Todo esto—

fue por ti, vieja.

Quise escribir un poema
que tú pudieras entender.

Porque ¿a mí de qué me sirve
si tú no lo entiendes?

Pero tienes que esforzarte—

Pero—

Bueno, ¿tú sabes cómo
las muchachitas retozan riendo
en Park Avenue de noche
cuando debieran estar en casa acostadas?

Bueno,
es lo mismo conmigo en cierta manera.

EL HOMBRE

Es un valor extraño
el que me das, estrella:

¡Brilla sola en el alba
en que no juegas ningún papel

DANZA RUSA

Si yo cuando mi esposa está dormida
y el bebé y Catalina
están dormidos
y el sol es un blanco disco de fuego
entre nieblas de seda
sobre árboles brillantes,—
si yo en mi cuarto norte
danzara desnudo, grotescamente
ante mi espejo
agitando mi camisa alrededor de mi cabeza
y cantando bajo para mí mismo:
“Estoy solo, solo.
Nací para estar solo,
y estoy mejor así!”
Si yo admiro mis brazos, mi cara,
mis hombros, flancos, nalgas
contra las amarillas persianas corridas,—
¿Quién diría que yo no soy
el feliz genio de mi hogar?

DEDICACION DE UN LOTE DE TERRENO

Este lote de terreno
frente a las aguas de esta ensenada
es dedicado a la viviente presencia de
Emily Dickinson Wellcome
que nació en Inglaterra; se casó;
perdió a su marido y con

su hijo de cinco años
 se embarcó para New York en un velero;
 fue llevada a las Azores
 llegó al garete a los bancos de Fire Island,
 se halló a su segundo marido
 en una pensión de Brooklyn,
 se fue con él a Puerto Rico
 tuvo tres hijos más, perdió
 a su segundo marido, vivió una vida dura
 por ocho años en Sto. Tomás,
 Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, siguió
 a su hijo mayor a New York,
 perdió su hija, perdió al "tierno",
 cogió los dos muchachos del
 mayor de su segundo matrimonio
 hizo de madre— estando ellos
 sin madre— peleó por ellos
 contra la otra abuela
 y las tías, los trajo aquí
 verano tras verano, se defendió
 aquí contra los ladrones,
 tormentas, sol, incendios,
 contra las moscas, contra las
 que venían a husmear, contra
 sequías, contra malezas, crecidas del mar,
 vecinos, comadrejas que robaban sus pollos,
 contra la debilidad de sus propias manos,
 contra la creciente fuerza de
 los muchachos, contra el viento, contra
 las piedras, contra los transgresores,
 contra las rentas, contra su propio juicio.

Ella cavó esta tierra con sus manos,
 fue mandona en este tramo de hierba,
 insolente con el mayor hasta que
 lo hizo comprarlo, vivió aquí quince años,
 alcanzó una final soledad y—

Si no puedes traer a este lugar
 más que tu carroña, vete de aquí.

LA CALLE SOLITARIA

Se acabaron las clases. Hace mucho calor
para caminar a gusto. A gusto
con ralas blusas caminan por las calles
para matar el tiempo.
Han crecido altas. Llevan
llamas rosadas en su mano derecha.
De pies a cabeza de blanco,
con miradas ladeadas, perezosas—
de amarillo, con géneros flotantes,
faja y medias negras—
tocando sus ávidas bocas
con azúcar rosado en un palito—
como un clavel que cada una lleva en la mano—
suben por la calle solitaria

LA JOVEN SEÑORA

A las diez a.m. la joven señora
anda en negligée detrás
de las paredes de madera de su casa.
Yo paso solo en mi carro.

Entonces baja otra vez a la acera
a llamar al del hielo, al del pescado, y se queda
tímida, sin corset, recogándose
mechones sueltos de pelo, y la comparo
a una hoja caída.

Las ruedas silenciosas de mi carro
se precipitan crepitando sobre
hojas secas mientras saludo y paso sonriendo.

POEMA

Mientras el gato
se encaramaba
encima de

la alacena
primero la pata
delantera derecha

cautelosamente
después la de atrás
se metía

en el hueco de
la macetera
vacía.

LA JUNGLA

No es el peso inmóvil
de los árboles, el
interior sin aliento del bosque,
enmarañado de tentaculares

trepadoras, las moscas, reptiles,
los monos eternamente miedosos
chillando y corriendo
por las ramas—

sino
una muchacha esperando
tímida, trigueña, de ojos suaves—
para llevarlo a usted
Arriba, señor.

LAS CAMPANAS CATOLICAS

Aunque no soy católico
escucho atento cuando las campanas
en la torre de ladrillos amarillos
en la nueva iglesia de ellos

suenan botando las hojas
suenan sobre la nieve
y por la muerte de las flores
suenan espantando los zanates

hacia el sur, el cielo
ennegreciéndose con ellos, suenan
trayendo al nuevo bebé de Mr. y Mrs.
Krantz que no puede

por la gordura de sus cachetes
abrir los ojos bien, y suenan
sacando al loro de su aro
celoso del niño

suenan trayendo la mañana
del domingo y la vejez que suma
lo que resta. Que suenen
sólo suenen! sobre el cuadro

del joven sacerdote
en la pared de la iglesia anunciando
la Novena de San Antonio de la semana
pasada, suenen para el joven

cojo vestido de negro con
las mejillas hundidas con
un sombrero hongo, que corre
a misa de 11 (los racimos

de uvas colgando todavía
de las parras del vecino
Concordia Hall como dientes
quebrados en la boca de un

viejo) Suenen suenen
para los ojos suenen para
las manos suenen para
los hijos de mi amigo

que ya no puede oírlas
sonar pero sonrío
y habla en voz baja de
la decisión tomada por
su hija y las proposiciones
y las traiciones de los

amigos de su marido ¡Oh campanas
suenen únicamente por sonar!

¡por comenzar y terminar
de sonar! Suenen suenen
¡campanas católicas!

ADAM

El se crió junto al mar
en una cálida isla
poblada de negros — sobre todo.
Allá se construyó
un bote y un cuarto aparte
a la orilla del agua
para un piano en que practicaba—
por pura terquedad
y firmeza de propósito
empeñándose
como inglés
en emular a su amigo español
e ídolo — el clima.

Allá aprendió
a tocar la flauta —no muy bien—
De allí fue expulsado—
del Paraíso— para probar
la muerte que el deber brinda
tan delicadamente, tan gota a gota,
con un aire tan noble—
que lo esclavizó toda su vida
desde entonces.
Y él dejó atrás
todos los recuerdos curiosos que vienen
con conchas y huracanes—
los olores
y los ruidos y las miradas vagas
que los latinos saben pertenecen
al tedio y las largas tórridas horas
y los ingleses

jamás entenderán —a quienes
el deber ha señalado
con mención especial— con
un trópico propio
y con sus propias aves de alas pesadas
y flores que vomitan la belleza
a media noche—

Pero el latino ha desviado el romance
a un propósito frío como hielo.
El nunca vé
o poco
lo que derretía las rodillas de Adam
hasta volverlas gelatina y desesperación —y
las exhibía de una manera pontifical—
Por debajo de los susurros
de las noches tropicales
hay un susurro más tenebroso
que la muerte inventa especialmente
para los hombres nórdicos
a los que el trópico
ha llegado a agarrar.
Hubiera sido suficiente
saber que nunca
nunca nunca nunca llegaría
la paz como el sol llega
en las cálidas islas.
Pero había
un infierno negro especial además
donde mujeres negras esperaban acostadas
a un muchacho—

Desnudo en una balsa
podía ver las barracudas
esperando castrarlo
como decían—
Las circunstancias tardan más—

Pero siendo él inglés
aunque no había vivido en Inglaterra
desde que tenía cinco años
nunca regresó

pero miraba siempre impasible
 el fin inevitable
 sin parpadear —sin doblegarse—
 al Angel de la Muerte
 que iba callado a la boca del infierno
 a buscar una tarjeta de identificación—
 dándole agua a la posteridad
 un pasaporte británico
 siempre en su bolsillo—
 en mula por Costa Rica
 comiendo patés de hormigas negras—

Y las damas latinas lo admiraban
 y bajo sus sonrisas
 se lanzaban los puñales de la desesperación—
 a pesar
 de tan completa prueba—
 hallaban su corazón inglés invulnerable
 bajo el rosado acero. El Deber
 el ángel
 que con el látigo en la mano. . .

—a lo largo de la tapia del paraíso
 donde estaban sentadas y sonreían
 y le chasqueaban sus abanicos
 a él—

El no tuvo jamás sino el único hogar
 clavándole los ojos en el ojo
 impasible
 y con paciencia—
 sin murmurar, silenciosamente
 un desesperado invariable silencio
 al inapresurado fin.

LA MESERA

No viveza (ni hace falta), sino
el silencio de sus maneras, ojos grises en
una espesura de pestañas negras.
Los ojos miran, la mirada cae.

No hay manera, no hay manera. Por cerca
que se sienta el calor de su mejilla, no hay manera.

Las ventajas de la pobreza son una piel áspera
en las manos, los goznes
rotos, las muñecas manchadas.

Seria. No como las demás.
Todas las otras son embusteras, todas menos tú.

Ven a atendernos,
atiéndenos con el pelo cogido por atrás de modo práctico
por una redecilla detrás de las orejas, a ambos lados de
la cabeza. Pero los ojos;

pero la boca, apenas (aprisa)
tocada de *rouge*.

El vestido negro pone el pelo negro, aunque parezca
raro, y el vestido blanco lo pone claro.

Hay un lunar debajo de la quijada, bastante abajo de
la oreja derecha.

¡Y qué brazos!

El anillo con rubí de vidrio
en el cuarto dedo de la mano izquierda.

—Y los movimientos
bajo el vestido ralo cuando el peso de la bandeja
empuja las caderas hacia adelante levemente al levantar
la pierna y comenzar a caminar—.

El Comité Directivo presenta las siguientes
resoluciones, etc., etc., etc. Todos los que están
a favor expresenlo diciendo "a favor". Los en contra,
"Contra".

Aprobado.

Y a favor, a favor, a favor;
y el modo en que la campana salta escalera abajo:

ta tuk a
ta tuk a
ta tuk a

ta tuk a
y las gaviotas en la ventana abierta graznando sobre el lento
reventar de las grandes olas frías.
Oh, no encendida candela con su fina blanca
mecha, Rayo-de-Sol, Fósforo de Seguridad extrafinos todos en
una cajetilla
y la reflexión de ambos en
el espejo y la reflexión de la mano, escribiendo,
escribiendo.

Háblame de ella.
—y nadie más y nada más
en toda la ciudad, ni un rótulo eléctrico de cambiantes
colores, cuatripétalas margaritas y frondas de acanto pasando del
rojo al anaranjado, del verde al azul— cuarenta pies más lejos.
Ven a atendernos, atiéndenos
con tu momentánea belleza que no será gozada
por ninguno de nosotros. Ni por ti, ciertamente,
ni por mí. . .

(De la Convención de Atlantic City.)



Madison
41 East 57th Street New York 10022
PL 2-5352 Cable: Bondartos

Sents for:

Isaac Agam

Naim Gabo

Adolf Gottlieb

R. B. I.

Jacques Lipchitz

Seymour Lipton

Gerhard Moser

Robert Motherwell

Alicia Penalba

Larry Rivers

James Rosati

Julius Schmidt

Peter Stroud

James Trites

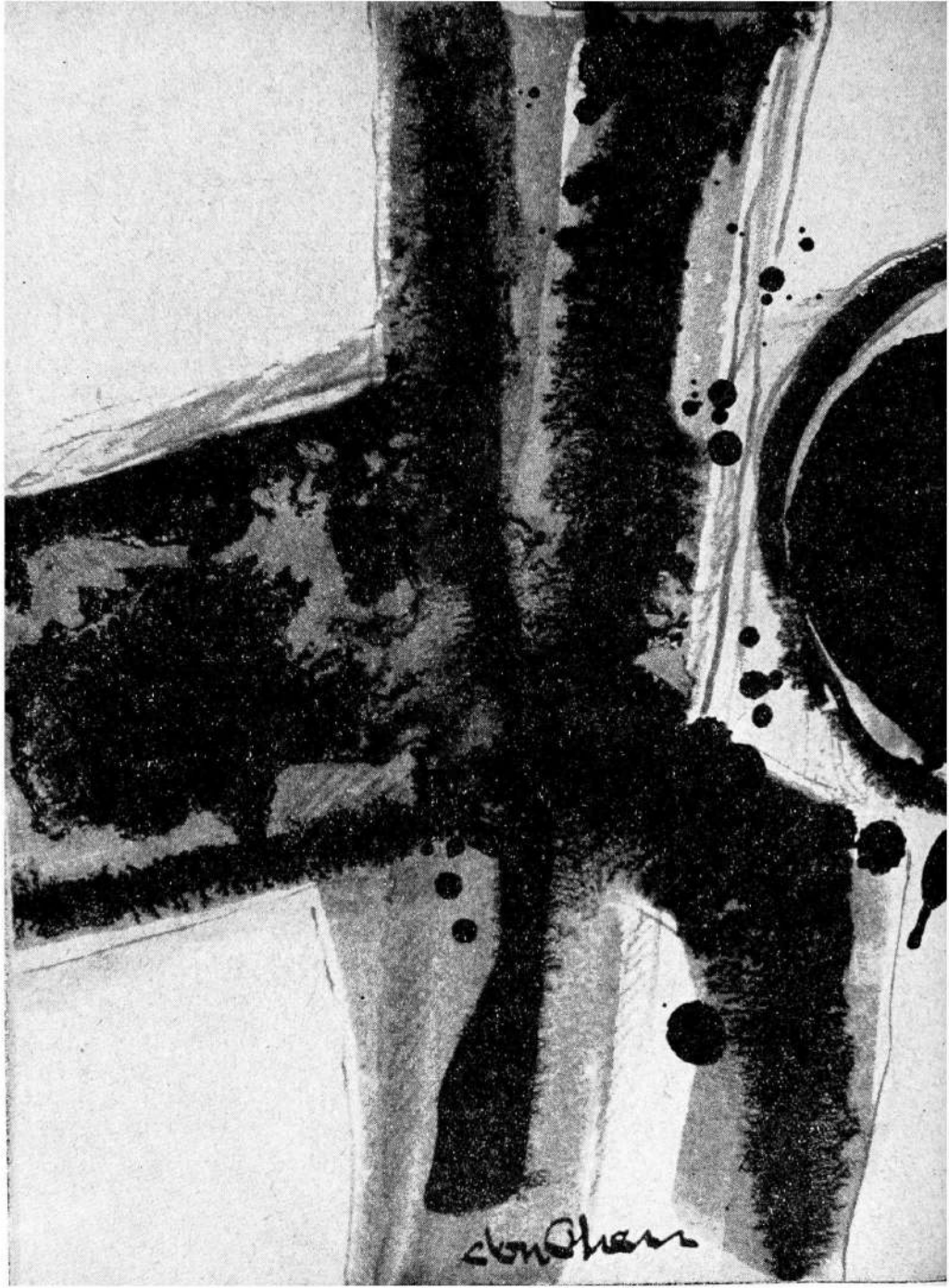
Fritz Wotruba

The Estate of William Baziotos
University of Wisconsin
Kandinsky

don O'Brien



don Chen



clonChen

EL APRENDIZ DE BRUJO

en realidad, señoras y señores, yo no soy otra cosa que un aprendiz de brujo
tengo las escobas, quiero que barran y limpien mi casa
las ollas relucientes
todo como llevado de la mano de Brahms

sé tumbarme entre la hierba, dormirme entre las flores
despertar y gritar ¡viva la libertad!
y recuerdo que la bruja Raquel me dijo un día:
libertad libertad girasol girasol
mientras me clavaba las uñas en la espalda
echados ambos en las risas de los soleados aguardientes
de Colombia
de sus cartas

el aprendiz de brujo está bajo los árboles
hay mucha luz, es mediodía y la hora zumba canciones exiladas
el calor refresca la curvada espalda del Escriba
aprendiz de brujo

pero dónde está la llave, aprendiz de brujo?
en una carta? en un lance de judo?
en el aljibe sobre el que estás sentado?
y si ella no viene el miércoles, y si tu clase de yoga
no empieza mañana?
y si no recibes el mensaje de Jan Arb?
ese pájaro en la rama está llamándote
aprendiz de brujo: toc toc toc

Maestro, ten misericordia de los aprendices de brujo
que abren tus redomas
ten misericordia del aprendiz de brujo
que escribe este poema

LA FOTO

es que no estaba yo allí?
sí que estaba yo allí
yo cantaba y decía oh, dios
mientras bajaba por tus pechos
y mis manos ávidas por conocerte
se topaban con ligas de lino
y rocas de granito
entonces por qué está el retrato vacío?
a dónde se fue me fui nos fuimos
a dónde nos fuimos y te quedaste vacía
a dónde?
y por qué esta maldición de no poder actuar despiertos
para no huir de las fotos
para quedarse sobre tu cuerpo
para quedarme sobre tu cuerpo
(todo sucedió en el diván)
para quedarme sobre tu cuerpo apenas revelado
sobre el tapiz del muro.
tú y yo estábamos allí
pero a dónde nos fuimos?
a qué recuerdo? en qué noria te ocultaste
en qué desierto fui enterrado
para dejarte vacía
para que mi cuerpo no estuviera
es que dos siempre se separan así?
somos momias o qué
estamos muertos o qué
y no te dan ganas de despertar?
despertar
quizá así la foto se recomponga el pelo frente al espejo
y yo ya no necesite el gin ni la mentira de tu lengua
que se clava entre mis dientes.
allí estaba yo
lo juro
pero en la foto sólo apareces tú
(qué espanto!)

TARDE CON LLUVIAS

déjame tocar este *alto sax* que acaba de caer
 veré de, apretándole la garganta,
 hacerle contar del 1 al 10
 y decirme de cuál pie cojea mi día
 de qué llave sale ese *drop drop* de frac y gabardina
 que taladra la tersura de estos días de abril
 el dorado color de esta primavera
 y el olor de los brotes verdes y frescos
 en todos los árboles de la ciudad

(y que no me deja ver con ojos renovados
 la alegría de la fiesta que se avecina
 el color de esas norias que habitan junto al río
 y el espectáculo que nos prepara el cordero de Aries
 en las fibras veteadas de un futuro cercano
 de un presente que arde
 como este *alto sax* que acaba de desaparecer
 en los pliegues de la tarde con lluvias)

HOJAS QUEMADAS (grass)

hojas quemadas encima de la mesa
 ritmos que van y vienen ahitos de silencio
 saxos lánguidos y pétreos
 sexos perezosos y laxos, herramienta caliente
 sonos de sexos laxos y saxos

hojas quemadas
 como mi vida que se va consumiendo en los rincones
 del mediodía
 como saxos que se quitan bruscamente el sombrero
 y salen del cuarto y se van sin despedirse

SIRENAS

a cecilia y a claudio

las voces del mar
son voces de mujeres
son las mujeres que pululan en el fruto caído
son los pasos de latón y la curva manifestada
en la intimidad de un acto carnal
con olor a huizache quemado

las voces piden justicia y derrochan sed
por eso las veis mostrando las piernas
y los pechos, por eso cantan
desde la cabecera de la cama y desde allí dictaminan
en contra de nosotros, los oidores
nosotros los cazadores cazados por el lobo
del cuento, el lobo que respira en nuestro pecho
y entonces:
imagínense el desfile sexual: ballenas de ojos azules
delfines rosados con Fifi a la cabeza
espuma bordada sobre nuestro traje de marineros
manos de plata sobre mi memoria

mujeres del mar
que pueblan la ciudad prohibida colgada en mi garganta
mujeres adosadas a los muros de agua
mujeres con voz de sal, con ojos de mar, con olor de mar
mujeres del mundo
organicen sus ligas, sindicalicen sus caderas
amontonen el lujo sobre nuestras cabezas
y préndanle fuego a nuestros sueños
dictaminen desde la alcoba mientras me despido
muevan el bastón del desfile y denle cuerda a mi pensamiento

yo tomo el avión de las nueve y las dejo con el espejo en la mano
voy a volar sobre el mar a ver si descifro el acertijo
a ver si le encuentro el mensaje
a ver si las descubro detrás de los cristales, quiero decir,
a las mujeres que pastan en el ojo de Dios
las mujeres que guardan las llaves del reino
las llaves del manzano que florece en nuestro cuerpo
la puerta que se cierra para siempre porque le hemos puesto goznes
y ahora se abre indistintamente para adentro y para afuera

TRES POEMAS PARA LANDIS

I

Landis
 es una dicha inmensa
 escribir tu nombre
 recordar
 tus ojos todo lumbre todo amor
 es una actividad espiritual
 reconstruir el paisaje de tu cuerpo
 es una quemadura en mi carne
 tu silencio
 Landis
 te has marchado
 a qué país a qué memoria a qué olvido?
 eres como viento entre mis dedos
 eres sonido de alas y vapor sobre el desierto
 pero eres
 más real que los que me rodean
 más verdadera
 que la noche
 más viva que mi sangre que corre triste y ofendida
 por tu ausencia
 Landis
 te llevo en mi hombro, donde habitas
 te llevo enterrada en medio de mi cuerpo
 como una hermosa daga
 te llevaré conmigo hasta mi muerte silenciosa
 para que allí
 en el bostezo de la nada
 vuelva a encontrarte
 para amar
 amar inmensamente
 tu ser que aquí en la tierra fue nombrado
 L

a
 n
 d
 i
 s

II

Landis

son una mentira las distancias
es una mentira que me hayas olvidado
te estoy hablando en el oído

Landis

es una ilusión de los sentidos
tu partida
es un espejismo infame tu silencio
en verdad
estás íntegra y total en el aire que respiro
eres tú la que habla cuando hablo
eres tú la que escucha esta música amarga y significativa
no soy yo
no soy el que escribe este poema
eres tú la que piensa este vacío
tú te paseas por este cuarto recordándote
eres la pantalla de mi lámpara
estás en el humo de mi cigarrillo
mi cuerpo es la frontera de tu cuerpo
te llevo en la sustancia de mi sangre
no es mi sangre ni la tuya
es el licor de dos amantes que se aman
que se devoraron los rostros mutuamente
que se fundieron en un abismo de presencias
somos sombras hermanas de un ser único e irrepetible

Landis

tu espectro y el mío han sido víctimas de una broma espeluznante
tú y yo no somos dos
no estamos separados
en verdad

somos la única posible realidad
la única experiencia memorable
gracias a la magia del amor
la magia hija de la Augusta Compasión
la magia hija de tus dedos y los míos

Landis

qué fatigado estoy
cómo me duele tu cuello cómo me pesan tus párpados
apagaré la luz para que nuestro cuerpo

visualice la otra luz de nuestro antiguo sueño
 esa luz en la que toda ilusión se ve disuelta
 y sólo es real este amor
 que nos da vida que engendramos que ruinas

III

el cansancio de mis brazos se enjoya de azul
 por eso toco con nudillos de jade los alcoholes
 del recuerdo: tu boca gruta verde abierta a los vientos
 los vientos gasa de plata en el espejo
 el espejo quebrado sin brillo en la casa vacía
 las puertas están sueltas cuelgan y se mueven
 mientras la luna ríe mientras se peina
 y el libro caído alimenta a la rata

tú ida para siempre yo solitario
 respirábamos tan bien aquella noche
 humedecida por la niebla
 aquella noche yo cantaba entre tus piernas
 tú te doblabas bajo el peso del ancla
 eras ola incandescente
 están cansados, dijeron. quién dijo eso?
 y sin doblar la curva del vientre me levanté
 y tú llorabas y cedías cabelleras encendidas al río
 de mi cuerpo, al torrente

tu imagen flota se aleja el recuerdo marea
 qué fue de tus palabras volaron yo solitario
 con qué incienso conjurar el batir del viento
 el viento alto y afilado que muere a tu lado
 y te lame la oreja?

yo solitario vuelvo los ojos a su sitio
 reacomodo el recuerdo y quiebro
 las alas del cielorraso
 mientras te vistes y te guardas
 y las lámparas sollozan
 y te metes entera en mi cabeza
 delirante

SERGIO MONDRAGÓN

PLANOS

voy a desgranar el suave maíz
voy a romper las olas de cristal
voy a sumergirme en esa agua tan dulce la suya
voy a cantarle al viento al oído
voy a trazar una loca espiral que flote en el espacio
voy a aguardar a la poesía en sus medias de seda
voy a escrutar a la poesía entre las constelaciones
voy a contarles una historia de amor
a unos amigos que acaban de llegar

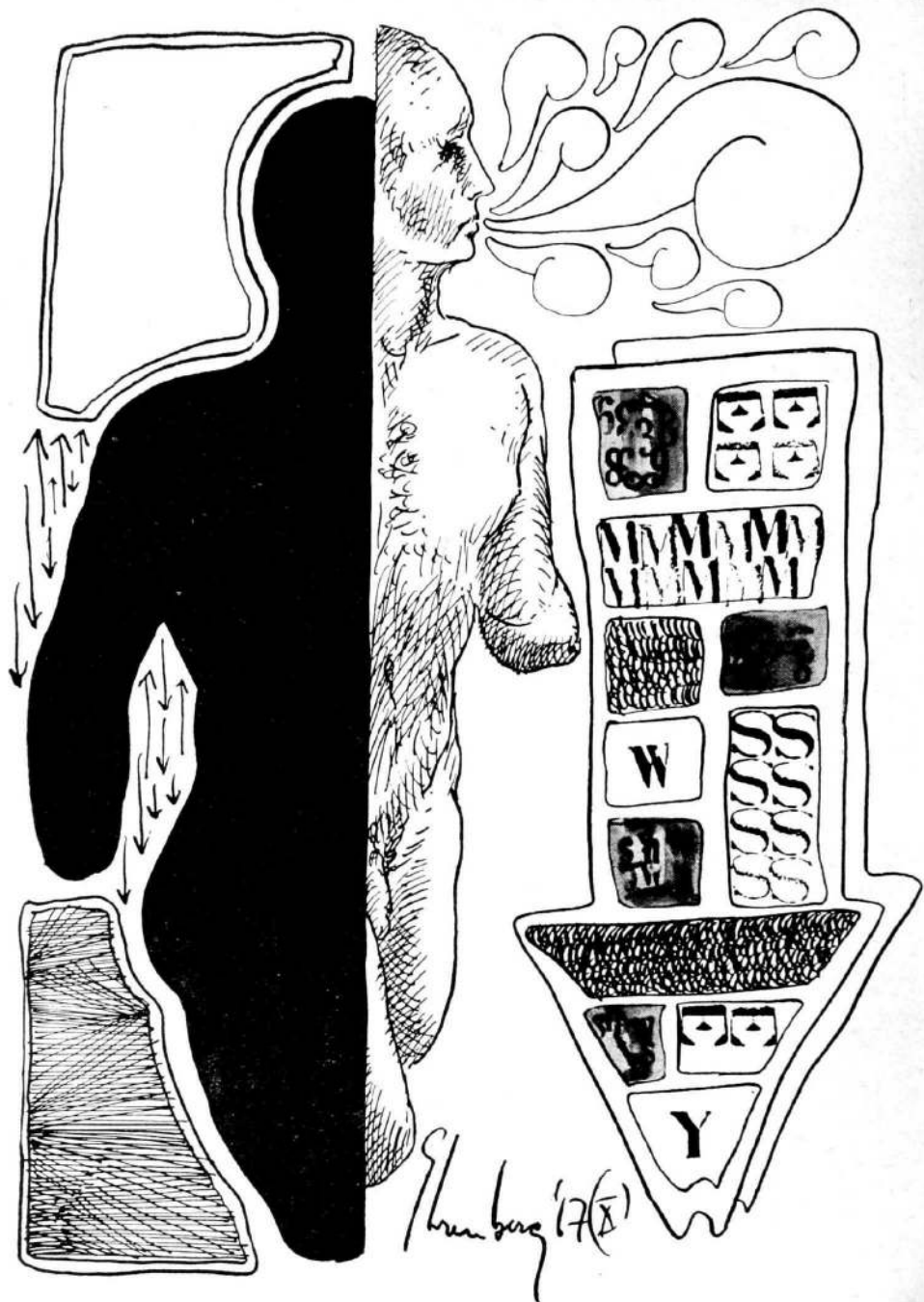
PLACERES CULINARIOS

a pesar de todo
y precisamente por eso
las hojas son verdes
y el enjovado mar
te rompe las medias con furor
si no fuera por tantos frutos!
si corrieras a refugiarte
entre los pliegues
de la mandarina!
pero no :
miras el sol y las nubes ríen
la comida era espléndida
los moluscos de tus piernas
estaban exquisitos
y los pezones de abril
recuerdas?
se abrieron como golondrinas
después :
entre apios y cilantro
la cocina se llenó con tu presencia
y tu ombligo
cantó en la madrugada
así :
tus dos piernas y tus dos memorias
suman cuatro senos
y mi dedo
te acaricia la espalda
por si acaso

TRIBUTE TO ERNESTO CHE GUEVARA

“...one che is dead, others have just been born, others are already fighting and will continue to fight on every part of the continent...”

—REGIS DEBRAY.

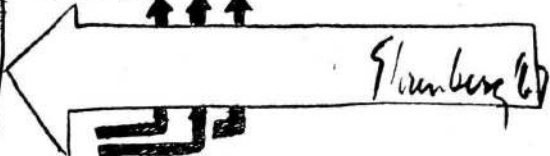


¡CONFIRMADO!

MURIO EL CHE



CONFIRMADO
CONFIRMADO
CONFIRMADO



CHE COMANDANTE

Not because you have fallen
is your light dimmed.
A horse of fire
sustains your statue of guerrilla
between the wind and the clouds of the *Sierra*.
Not because they have silenced you are you silent.
And not because they burn you,
let you rot beneath earth,
not because they hide you
in cemeteries, forests, swamps,
will they keep us from finding you,
che Comandante,
friend.

With her retired teeth
North America laughs, squirming now
in her bed of dollars. The laughter
becomes a mask,
and your great body of steel
rises, swarms out
in guerrillas like horseflies,
and your wide name wounded by soldiers
lights the American night
like a sudden star, fallen
in the middle of an orgy.
You knew, Guevara,
but said nothing
so as not to speak of yourself,
che Comandante,
friend.

You are everywhere. In the indian
made of copper and dream. And in the negro
bathed in the foam of multitudes,
in refiners of oil and saltpeter,
and in the terrible helplessness
of the banana, and in the great animal *pampa*
and in the sugar and salt and coffee,
you, moving statue of your blood
as they cut you down, alive,

as they couldn't love you,
che Comandante,
friend.

Cuba knows you by heart. Face
of the beard that teaches. Ivory
and olive in the skin of the young saint.
The strong voice that directs without commanding,
that commands *compañera*, orders friend,
tender and hard, leader, comrade.

We see you each day official ,
each day soldier, each day
man who is easy and difficult
each day.
Pure as a child
and as a man, pure,
che Comandante,
friend.

You pass in your fading, torn, well-used battle fatigues.

He of the jungle, as before
he was of the *sierra*. Half naked
and powerful chest of weapon and word,
churning wind and slow opening rose.
There is no peace.

Health, Guevara!

Or better still, from the depths of America:
Wait for us. We will leave with you.
We want to die to live as you have died,
to live as you live,
che Comandante,
friend.

(translation by margaret randall)

CHE

che...

*No es que yo quiera darte
pluma por pistola
pero el poeta eres tú.*

—Miguel Barnet

being true or not
being true as much in us
a part
 measure
that great fire sprung up in you
there
 then
when you appeared
as any other man
at home

in your hands, argentina
almost pre-history
the years in guatemala the years
in mexico
and the years
in the *sierra*
 cold
 damp
the medicine for your asthma
that didn't come that didn't
ease
the men, few, the arms, fewer, older,
there

where you made and fought and came
through
where you talked, said it out,
always
remembered for taciturn
 intransient
that clear honesty
beyond the rule
or how to measure that.

being true or not, now,
in our sideline status fighting
with nothing
in our hands, doubt, the need
to know

how and where you went and if
till the words from habana
erasing wonder
replace it with death, certain,
the great emptiness left
even myth

leaves that
or more. back

to your history for us
where you took an island
and impossibility
in your hands
where you rode off that mountain,
on a mule
where you walked across *santa clara*
climbed
came down, off, out of,
taking every blade of grass

and every death
and every new life and every promise
making it whole, the circle,
in your hands
what only can be imagined, talked about
by others
as if it wasn't enough

you left
rejected fruits, the just reward
for ritual
left what you made and lived
and didn't die for

almost
there,
where it grew

before you because of your eyes
and days, nights
in the dark trees, brothers,
you went off to other lands
'while one man is slave'
the question of need
inverse
direction only sought and said

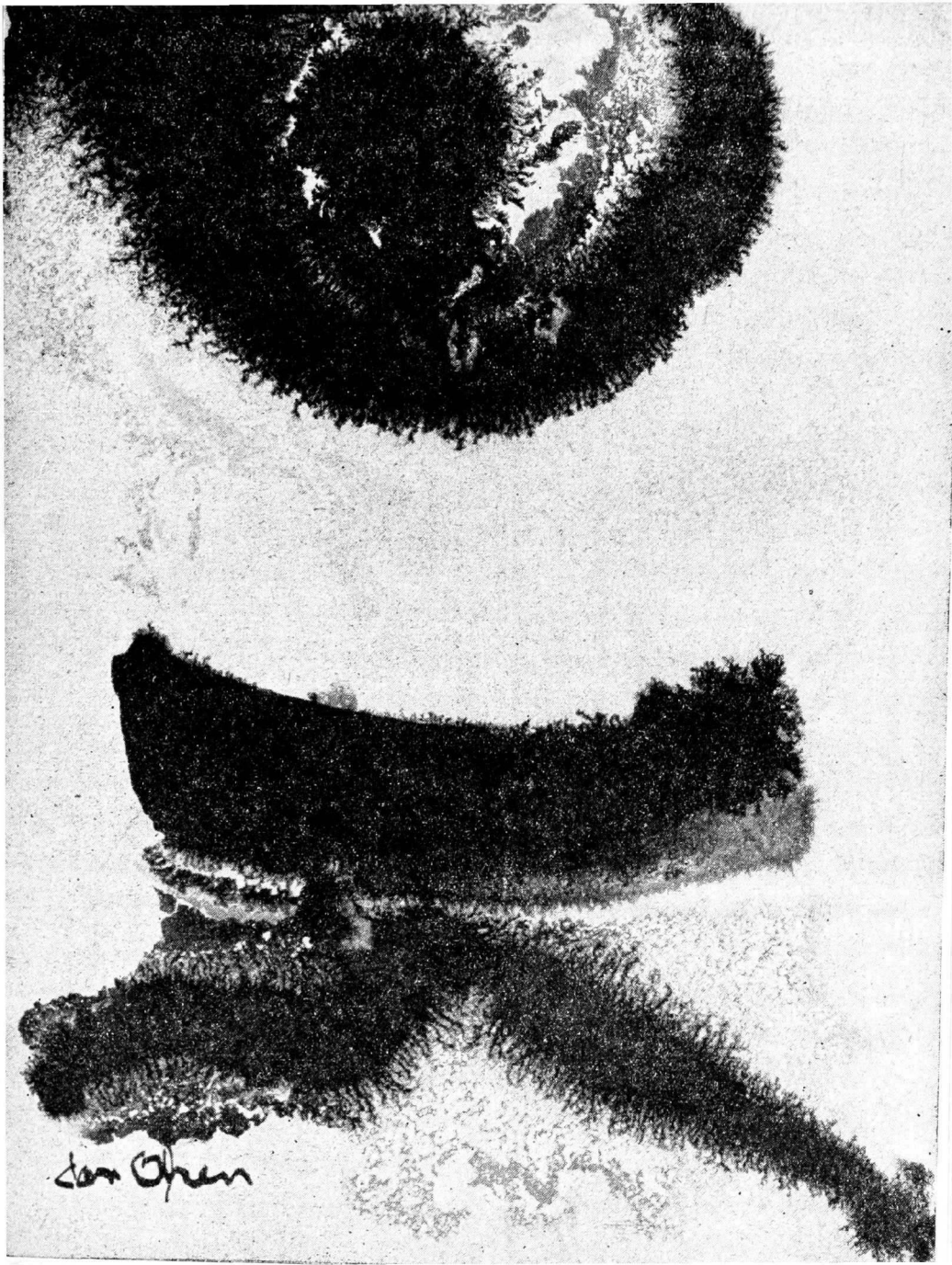
by us.
being true or not, your death,
and then
being terribly
 possibly
 probably
irrevocably true

four months making the truth of it
for you, for us
it is headlines and shortness of breath
reaching to live with doom
in our heads behind our eyes
in our cold fingers

reaching between two places
where
you are still fighting
or still dying
or dead.

ice age of empty empty open
wounded in *gracia*
 grace
where is the door, che,
before the fire
coming
where is the door the hinge the window open
on that place
to pull us through. . .

mexico city / 10.21.67



Jan Chen

O V E R H E R E

The sense of separation is intense.
No folklore sense of right is given
tho the government attempt it.
We do not believe them.

I do not vilify the dead of either side
soldiers — or civilians, what a goddamn
awful name for *people*.

It's the old things that persist as a fantasy
the Pentagon cannot hide or smear, it
is the reality :

Hunger, Thirst, Poverty, Pain, Sorrow, Injustice, Death
These ancient things are hard, harder
than the hot metal of jet planes or
gun barrels, or anti-personnel bombs

LAZY DOGS

The signs we give our government

it does not heed.

Nevertheless it escalates

Nevertheless we are losing

& hv bn since '54.

The whole point, Lyndon, is

TO LOSE THIS WAR, not

for our own good,

for their good.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

(for Mac Rosenthal)

Give a nickel to the collection plate
a dime to the bum
a quarter to three in
festing the streetcorner spring day;
a half-doll to the magician
a buck to the herd of does

Two bucks does not an evening make

Take guns to the theater
Should you not enjoy the play in
dulge in direct criticism, shouting
"Author! Author!"

Dybuks do not a season mate
One buck to the poet
a half-rock to the green grocer for green
bottle holding pale ale invisible
a quarter of the way down the block
a dime to win and a dime to lose
a nickel on the dead Indian's eyes
a penny for the old man.

THE DEPOSIT

It's an ill wind
what blows nobody no good
or what else have I forgotten? I don't
remember, odd's blood, it's
Spring, and I
am in an airy mood, only
you're sick
I have no lover
nor no love, no have
ni un ni otra, no
way to keep the new wine
aging, simply,

old bottles & all that
which, for sentimental reasons,
you just don't
turn into the local grocery store
for 5 cents .

THE FASTNESS

To stand there in the dimness with a robe on
I shake loose the feelings your eyes have
under your lids in a moment of intimacy
another dim time wheeling over you, it's

no business of mine
what you wear under your robe
or what the hour is .
And don't tell me,
your eyes
keep saying that .

THIN WALLS - OPEN DOORS

Zipguns of lightning over the lower hills

Grey pencils of rain

She giggles for a long while
then there is the quiet sound of his lapping
her — you can tell by the regular stroke,
very quiet and loving . winging

pencils of rain . she tightens .
racing across the green hills like fingers
on the white berry hills
evening
showers .

PAUL BLACKBURN

Well, I know that
and it's not enuf.

I kissed you on the mouth and sent you
back to bed.

I sat & read for a long time & sipped my drink.
on the clock it said : a quarter after 3.

I tired of reading finally . it was nice
knowing you wanted somehow to make it up,
that imponderable.

But the fact of the strike was there, with its reasons.
I made myself a dish of dry cereal.

The milk crunch was cold & tasted good.
I enjoyed it.

I have to feed myself.

H E A T

Under the sun for days
no relief, a few clouds, no rain
Here, take the damned thing,
ourselves,
this flame, this thief of blue
we have become.

FALLOUT

Now she's gone
who are those mountains
an I look out the window?

Summer's left, the dogs bark all night
Sun rises in the morning just the same,
but the world's gone down

Light strikes the hillside later in the A.M.
Later the moon / dark now
the dogs restless this end of town .

Windows without curtains, anyone

can look in . she's gone . it's
as tho I'd gone myself but am still here to
doze and talk, hark, hark
the dogs do, she's
gone, I say.

There's nothing else to do but work
and pack my bags .

DEPARTURE: the sounds of silence

Sirius bright over Smuggler
The Hunter is over the Pass
/ September almost
5 in the morning, almost . I
hate it, leaving the valley .
Walking thru deserted streets
the air is brisk without wind, no
cars, no
dog barks,
nothing
moves except myself

& the hunting dog over Smuggler
& Orion over the Pass .

WAITING FOR (W H A T ?) THE CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR
HEADING EAST FROM GLENWOOD SPRINGS

August 1966 . for Robert

“The bus,” you sed, “it
took a long time to come.”
Which was the answer .

Walk on by, the tune sez,
only it hadn't bn/ written yet .

And now,
look what you've done .
“Well, she wasn't my sister. . .”

H E R R O O M

for Tim Reynolds

It is the regular quality makes us all obscene
and so much of it mineral . . . Rocks
assume unnatural positions, and yet
never have the dubious luck, she says,
of being properly fucked.

Whatever else that is, a very subjective statement
of a case
—ment, not overhanging in a useful way and give
the singer no cause for complaint, no ivy either .

And is it always that way?
You wait 2½ storeys up
for the spotlight
to hit you?

And coming down
was always
more difficult .

GETTING ON AND OFF

Lexington Avenue bus,
21st of June, 1963 .

His left eye bandaged & swollen
with a cap
he sits behind me, they
/ pass it back and forth .

The girl sits to my right .
Her necklace is
very small
coral beads
and she is 25 with a worried expression,
gets off, at 19th St. East and walks west / Her
legs were expressive enuf, sweet
thighs under blue cotton denim skirt
enuf for me to have gotten down or

said two words — or three .
Lust is unpredictable.
The bum with swollen eyes & cap
got off at Ninth with his girlfriend.
 These days
I go down to Seventh, myself .

The other day the lovely
negress on the A train, no,
not a spade chick, a beautiful negress,
lipstick only, pink, the dress a
shocking pink, low heels, good thighs under the tight pink & big
straightout angry eyes and old hair straightening job,
nothing matched or met
except the

 intelligent anger
 of the eyes . too credible .
 Lust is unpredictable . But
to get it back to the old bum:
his left eye bandaged & swollen, with a cap, he
takes leave of his lady love, both raucous voices
 at 23rd and Third Avenue
 rasping above the motor, the
friend at the hydrant toasting them both
with a 45 cents bottle of Arriba . Credible,
 & lust is unpredictable, etcetera.
 She decided to go with him .

EZRA'S CONTRIBUTIONS

As for the politics
order, justice, fiscal and otherwise,
which ended in Dachau and Belsen, i-
 deas going into action, etc.,
 “It's a lonesome day today”
 the blues says and
 (economists see money as abstract)
 “it looks like tomorrow
 will be the same damn way.”

HEY, OUSPENSKY, HOW DOES IT FE-EL?

If we find ourselves
too knowing, too
clever for passion,
it is the attention
(general)
to the casual detail
(specific)

“Did you mean
what you said to me with your eyes?”
Billy the Kid raises the gun to his lips
away the smoke from the barrel

COOL. “Lila, L-I-L-A,” says a voice vrm da vindow,
giving an address and phone number . It is
the cleverness of those who cannot rest

I fall back sometimes
afterwards, the
exhaustion
having made it well
or close to, there is that difference, too clear, or
“Rest, there is color in the world.
It is a triangle, if
you want to talk abt basic forms . Tie
his wrists to the crosspiece.”

To tell where the angèr is
is not permitted . the sierras
stretching their scorching ranges at that
angle across Spain, sun
burst on the upper eastern sector
above Valencia, con-
tained by the coastline, or
they drop, and the Baleares are the extension, raised
up in the sea?
What I'm talking about is love.

Fire has some integrity at least, it
consumes its wooden fools.

HOW DOES IT FE-EL?

The foto is of the cross
in front of the mission al Taos :
the gesture (he is fotographed against it) is
the head turned to one side, the hands out, not stretched,
the show
of help
lessness, he is too low on the cross, string him up, I say,
"It is a triangle, tie his wrists to the crosspiece."

But he does that himself
when he is
hung up, then
spreads his arms, that helpless gesture, it
is all too literary, what
I'm talking abt is an ambiguity of sex and the mis-
uses of attention .

The capacity for love
CAN be sacrificed

to a habit of mind
or of body for that matter .
Baby .

SIMPLE TECHNOLOGIES

Brown eyes, brown eyes,
green eyes
the underwater eyes

The rack-system of raising oysters :
ancient Romans used to dam up the mouths
of estuaries
at spawning time
twig bundles thrust into the water to catch
spat, the settling oyster larvae .

When it was my place to give, I
offered you a
daffodil in your hand last night, it

PAUL BLACKBURN

was part of a performance, but
I saw what happened to your eyes
“An old army jacket, so far from the wars.”
The eyes

Now we build frames of narrow sticks
stuck into the entrances, the
lower reaches of estuaries.
When the spat have settled out, take
the sticks upstream to waters
with less salt
where oysters grow best.

The games.
After performance you brought the flower back to me.
It was an offer and I was scared
to look on you too long and said
“I gave it you to keep” and turned
to speak with George, his one eye flashing

The sticks are nailed across racks
single layers at proper depth
and left to grow .

Sometimes the young oysters are
culled from the racks
and placed in wire netting at the
right water-level,
may grow to proper size in a few months.

How is it we are summoned by it?
the flower
that may not be returned,
the eyes .

dark land/
black poems

i

heard my own old
name come bucking up
from palm-tree forests:
saipah! (o boss!

white man! master!)
and that was just the
children, black as fear

they roused in me,
passing the giggle
of my arrival on
down the road—

o shit, kids, knock
it off, cover up:
names are tough
to live with and I
didn't ask for mine.

ii

the black jews of cochin
see this dirt, stand
kneedeep in the red clay,

send long green creepers
out to visit the synagogue,
buy bones and whiskey

at the white white shops,
roots churning as they sniff

old dry temptations
off the yellow desert.

themselves they hack
for cuttings, turning
black with each stroke,
sing out in pain beneath
the rusty knife, and scatter
about their coarse dark roots
the dark manure of old
words, rhythms, prayers,
lusts, greeds: all black.

iii

now it's these black
crows, crows black
as my bad blood
(that fakes in cuts

a life as red as yours
though I know better),
that take this place.

from first light on
they batter dumbly
upward on thick wings,

never soar, but get
there all the same:
they' have the morning

then, their clumsy
chunk of sky, first
pick of garbage and
the last black caw.

poem of the box
which beckons

for nick

for a long time
it stood before
us, or we before
it, but all was

dark could you
tell that something
was there? it was
a difficulty just

finding our hands
at first, the night
always seems so
busy. but, then

how large it is
at first light,
filling all: you
can see, the box

is empty, that is
a very pure thing
and we are both
relieved, we are

standing holding
hands and facing
it together now,
looking into its

whiteness. it's
been scrubbed with
sheer intensity,
neither of us has

said much of that,
perhaps we would

prefer some name
for such intensity

for then it could
be spoken of be—
tween us: 'whew,'
we'd say, w'hat

a job it's done:
just look at that
that. . . whiteness,
depth, at the very

size of the thing.
ah, see, now, where
that sun's climbed
to, high up behind

us and this box
of no relief, its
white redoubling
the glare and not

a drop of liquid
in it. god, what
a season. liquids
would have been

the wrong liquids
anyway, water that
ought to have been
other than what it

was, to bathe in
warm. we have
enough of warmth,
we have our hard

white open glare,
we have no name
for this square
openness of space

but it . . . it has
neat, clear, broad
edges, in the broad
daylight a nameless

searchlight we turn
each on the other;

widely it beams be-
fore us, and with

no pretense of, ha,
escaping the sun,
we see how wide it
is, and go on in.

* *

skin diving

what with flesh as
the direction we're
going, and the sea

all soft look!
I was the first to
identify home there
in the distance. see

the lights, I cried.
damn, I was tired.
then you objected
to the haze: looks

like everything is
under water. and when
I drove around that
bend, at night, in

spring, and said, no,
hell, it's absolutely
the right way home,

the dark road went
squish with frogs,

I dove, deep, held
my dark frog breath
behind the glass of

:of divers like this:
suddenly, six feet
down, the sea grabs
hold, squeezing in

hard against your
mask enough!
quick sea pressures

pinch and bloat this
face, salt the voice
hoarse home?
I still flop that
way, old rubbery
webfeet go up on

highway splat.

knowing what it is
you say you are

a drag is a kind
of an anchor, it

ties you down in
high seas says

o: there you are.

Shanmuga Subbiah: 6 poems, translated from the Tamil by
T.K. Doraiswamy and Alvin Greenberg

Dog Show

I too saw it:
what a sight!
but the moment
I passed the exit
I could see
the roads swarming
with all those
ill-fed mongrels.

Life (1)

I built
a trellis,
and over it
the creeper
that I tended
grew and spread,
in due time
produced,
and I
frolicked around it
wildly.
but as if
only perfect circles
last,
one fine day that
trellis came
down
with a flop.
try as I did
to raise it
with all my
might,
I only found
the whole thing
a tangle no one
could unravel.

so
in a what-
the-hell mood
I said I'd
water what remained.
I do.

Lullaby

when no one
has chastised you,
why do you cry?
because
I tried my best
to aid and abet
at your not being born?
and what is it
that makes you smile?
because
you have won
the round?

Life (2)

she's got no love,
won't share my life:
that's my wife.
as for the kids,
those two make one
sickly pair.
even the house
nudges me out.
the food is o
so tasteless,
and my job's worse
though I
hang on—just to
be.
so:

how is it
all this doesn't
make life
bitter?

The Stink of Fish

inside the pot
of fresh clay,
on the oven
heated by
dry sticks,
we fry the fish.
on the other side,
to stuff it,
still more
fish are
broiling.

Those in the West

how to live well
none but you know.

you also have
the expertise to cast
the seeds of death.
we're not
like that:
what we know is
how not to
live as we should.
what's more we'll
still steer clear
of death.
no, we're just
not the same.
living,
we're still
not alive,
and dying,
we're not
yet dead.
such as we are
we only are:
the best of the lot.

T.S. Venugopalan: 3 poems, translated from the Tamil by T.K.
Doraiswamy and Alvin Greenberg

Values

green means grass to the cow;
it means worm to the cock.
that way the calf and cock
have learned to scan
what is green.

so the calf ate
the mandrake,
and the cock bit
the green snake.

of the five metals
one is gold, yes,
but

like those blind
men spotting the elephant,
should you hold
that all the metals are gold?

the saintly saffron robe
makes a shield and buckler
for the practice of vice,
and aren't the temple gods
sold in the market?
it is the single note
that sets the norm:
you name the wood
after the first sapling.

dismount!

youth

time's
a thread that threads
an endless tense-sequence
along the point-present,
a transfer
that breeds
dreams, deeds, and stories.
'I'
is a dot:
true!

and when
the swaying stems
hit the eyes,
when the graceful creeper
that spreads the snare
comes up,
the old moralities whip up
with the promise of
eternal life:
the bent back
and the bare stick
for us to miss the mark,
get lost.

bless me!
what is
eternity but
a dotted line!

Poem

the seer and the scientist
can manage with one drop
to size up the sea,
but for you and me
to grasp that whole
or just the point
which marks the center,
where the stop

and start of things
collide,
is not allowed.
the clipped nail,
the lock of hair,
are the artist's concern!
for you and me
to grasp the whole,
we'd have to capture the whole
through a vision that
dwells and delves
and delves and dwells
on the total form.
the form and the vision,
the object and the subject,
will have to
become one:
for us to get that
center of truth.

KA. NAA. Subramaniam

The Secret

if you quit the scene
can you say
we are quits?

the verbal glut
can't wipe off
the blot;
words can't erase
what is: whatever is.

this fleshly
tenement has
nine doors,
and each one
has its mode:
and these are
the blossoms
trailing
this mobile arbor.

DIRGE

Standing in the corridor
Among the crowding, pushing voices
I know what eternity is—
The voices run like water over me,
The absolute emptiness of voices.

I am the hurt face of my brother,
His stunned eyes, the dead sensuality
Of his mouth.
He does not see the rocks
That startled him,
Nor how the hair upon his head
Flows like the river out of him,
Nor how deeply goes his blood
Out of that struck head
Into the salt, the mothering western sea.

I know the absolute indifference
Of their voices, the rage of new life
Down the corridors,
And I am drawn like a dream of him
Into the crazed, the stone rivers
Where Orpheus sang last
His fresh song.

(St. Paul, February 1967)

SCHOOL FIGURES

(a cycle of poems for
Ray Livingston)

(St. Paul, February 1967)

I

That day the mine exploded
I saw them come running
Out of the earth
With fear and sunlight
Blown upon their faces.

Words stumble on their tongues
Like miners coughing—
Out of such depth
Are true words spoken.

III

Snow and Echoes

I have watched darkness gather
Like the snow between us.

To walk is not impossible,
Nor to speak— "...darkly"
For those who understand."

The wine of their voices
Runs deep like fever,
Like these siren streets
That intersect my wisdom—

The structure of despair is not
My structure—voices echo in
Denatured places
Like hands reaching at me
Out of the earth—

Sleep comes up at me ,
Is an exhalation
Where dreams burrow
Like dark, nimble swimmers
Into the when the where of me:

* *

Last night,
In those quixotic rivers
Where I spend
The sleep of winters,
I saw the Nile kings
Pendant, obese,
Like pears suspended
From the branching stars,
I saw them
Dream their deaths
Luxurious as
The fleece of cats
In those black urns,
In the enunch eyes
Of Abyssinia.

* *

Tomorrow,
On College Avenue
I will think of kings
Who are remembered only
For the splendor of their death,
Of black slaves who came to know
More about stones than Newton did.

I will think of that imagination—
Sterile and deserted,
And the fury or the wind,
The clean sharp wind
That remembers nothing
But the pyramids
And the death of kings.

I will think of eunuchs
On the edge of time
Who curse the knives
That unmembered them.

IV

It is true—
The most beautiful concentrations
Occur in prisons or asylums—
A man's whole cranium is filled with birds.

The stone-faced guards,
Their *malice, muscular confidences*,
Form walls upon your senses
And what is true, what is honest
Fills all that space between them
And you become, perhaps,
What you were meant to be
Before your mother let you go.

I sit now in a room with my beloved
Building stones of silence—
Fantastic structures, as though
My hand had never ceased
Moving among the wonderful shapes
We give to children for harbors,
Towers, for great leaping towers
That reach like vines into another world,
And we climb, like Jack, out of poverty
Or despair to bring our masters down.

RETRATO FISICO

tengo el cráneo en forma de avellana
y unas nalgas festivas a la orilla
de unos muslos cosquillosos, de melón.
tengo rodillas de heliotropo y tobillos
de piedra pómez, cuello de abedul
africano, porque aparte de los dientes
no tengo nada blanco. ni la esclerótida
de color indefinible.
tengo veinte dedos y no estoy muy segura
de poder conservarlos. siempre están
a punto de caerse aunque los quiero mucho.
después me termino y lo demás lo guardo
a la orilla del mar. no soy muy desvergon-
zada a decir verdad. siempre que hay un
hoyo me caigo dentro porque no soy
precavida ni sospechosa.

LO DE SIEMPRE

mi amor: una libélula sin control.
sólo espero envolverme en dios. sólo espero
lo sagrado. no soy más que ternura. dios es
Sol. dios es lo que no veo. lo que deseo. lo
que veo siempre. dios no es nada por fin y
espero entrar a él como a un océano inmeditable.

MANERA EN QUE DESCUBRI LAS DOS CLASES DE MUERTE

de pequeña yo tenía conejos y me gustaban tanto que en todo el día no me despegaba de ellos. los miraba sin cesar pero jamás se me ocurrió que eran unos animales que comían y así fue como murieron. yo no podía comprender por qué había sucedido siendo que ellos *sabían* que yo los quería. para mí sólo existía un tipo de muerte y era la de pena o tristeza. después, un tío me preguntó qué les daba de comer a los conejos y yo lo hallé rarísimo. le dije que no les daba nada, preguntaron a los grandes y todos contestaron que siendo míos los animalitos era de suponer que yo los alimentaba. gran conmoción por la muerte de los conejos. todos consideraron que yo era tonta y desnaturalizada. a mí no me importó, pero pensé que de ahora en adelante le daría comida a todas las cosas que me gustaran porque quería decir que había dos clases de muerte: la de hambre y la de pena.

WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

para ustedes no soy una mujer, para nadie
lo soy: todas las personas son de patearlas.
pero los que se niegan a subir por las enredaderas
serán comidos por los lobos. sólo los amigos de montar
Bada y el murciélago serán llamados a la playa roja.
las bellezas son los primeros barcos que desembarcan.
todo es un sensual trabajo que va
avanzando y llegando repentinamente a puntos luminosos.
los pinos son el ensueño de los búhos.
la fruta de los cielos es la alegría.
el sol no necesita apagar las llamas.
la lucha es una maldita vela blanca en el subterráneo

de los pisos, sexo de flor viene a dormir junto
 a mi boca. ¿sientes el laurel? nada enseña el
 clima de la pregunta. ¿liberación? lo máximo.
 ¿quién te tiene atado? sentir lo que se siente.
 las mariposas pierden su vientre en las flores.
 la iluminación inunda los cercos y las pala-
 bras no llegan a decirlo y hablo de las palabras más
 prestas a lo mágico sublime infinito. algunos
 duermen en el vientre de la creación, al despertar
 rozan su vagina, la historia del mundo hasta
 ahora ha sido algo tonto e insensato. si no fuera
 por los poetas y los iluminados. la época glacial
 empezó hace 20,000 años, desde entonces hace mucho
 frío. los peritos calculan 400 generaciones desde mí
 al pitecantropo. el cálculo es una inmundicia, más
 vale una canción.
 el vientre es el túnel del alma. para
 despedirse con valentía.

OBSCENIDADES DE UN GIRASOL

mi cintura es un girasol
 UN GIRASOL DE VAN GOGH
 un campo amarillo y perfumado.
 no iré muy lejos para que no llueva.
 los que me aman no podrían vivir sin mi cintura
 a veces girasol o amapola.
 los que esperan que del cielo caiga una nube mágica
 para volar
 no podrían hacerlo sin el punto en el mapa
 que es mi cintura.
 muchos morirían ahogados mientras buscan una sirena
 para sustituir mi cintura.
 y por último los corceles salvajes del sueño
 no tendrían quién amarrara sus crines
 a una cintura sutil.
 es cierto que hay mil cinturas más bellas,
 pero ciertas cosas son absolutamente incomparables.
 los hipocampos no tendrían una latitud más tibia
 donde nadar

las olas no podrían navegar entre mis extremos
y se sentirían desoladas.
muchas flores que han crecido sólo
para que yo me las ate a la cintura,
preferirían secarse a tener
culquier otro destino.
en verdad mi cintura tiene que quedarse
todavía en la realidad
si no, nadie sabría lo que hay entre dos palmas abiertas
y eso sí que sería una tragedia.

ENCARNACIONES

para claudio bertoni

es natural que tú y yo nos comprendamos desde lo
divino a lo terrenal, porque después de habernos
encontrado sucesivamente, bajo mil formas, durante
siglos, podremos llegar a constituir solos la
santidad.
habrá una última vez en que llegaremos preparados
a la Tierra y cada uno en su paraje predicará
la magnitud infinita,
lo ilímite,
lo sagrado.

en esta encarnación nos encontramos a la orilla
del mar, en una situación aparentemente fortuita:
yo llevaba bikini como corresponde a las muchachas
de 13 años en 1962 y tú pensabas en las sexuales
mujeres, como los muchachos de 16, pero todo era
un cálido disfraz para reunirnos.
era un día de lluvia, yo crucé el mar en un bote
naranja, mientras tú nadabas para impulsarlo. la
lluvia me mojaba el cuerpo casi desnudo, después
las capas del cielo fueron cayendo y los ojos
se iban iluminando del modo más misterioso.
(solos no habríamos surgido de la maraña complicada:

era necesario que la vida fuera doble: dos fuerzas alimentándose.)
 el amor deriva en santidad, en sabiduría, en sexualidad más que pura.
 claro que lo que va sucediendo queda en definitiva fuera de toda descripción.
 en fin, no importa que no sea escrito porque ES.

.....

en la antigüedad tuve una encarnación en la civilización Khmer.
 naturalmente a la edad de 5 años nos encontramos; como sucedió a lo largo de los tiempos.
 aquella vez nuestras familias se conocían y siendo nosotros muy pequeños nos destinaron el uno al otro.
 crecimos juntos, como le gusta a dios que nunca nos ha puesto en el mundo separadamente.

la vida era magnífica en las ciudades acuáticas con templos de piedra.
 el misticismo se enrollaba con aquel paisaje casi celestial.

(el alma es algo insospechado,
 nosotros amamos demasiado)

no se sabe cómo íbamos descubriendo la maravilla,
 tal vez a causa de la delgadez extrema de nuestro cuello o de las miradas sin punto fijo
 que solíamos lanzar en la más perfecta ociosidad.
 sea como fuere, llegó un momento en que él partió y entró en la leyenda,
 porque fue un bodhisattva como pocos.

EL AMOR FUE DE MILAGRO

yo amaba la danza y mi modo de "irme al cielo" fue danzar.

los seres puros despiden un cierto humo reconocible para algunos i sucedió que finalmente mi danza entró a la mitología y no se supo si yo era bailarina celeste o ninfa.

en Angkor-Vat los escultores se dedicaban a inmortalizar y hacían retratos de los bodhisattvas y las apsaras.

así después que habíamos muerto quedamos el uno

frente al otro en un templo lleno de lianas.
él todavía está contemplando
y yo danzando con una sonrisa de luz.
en cada nueva encarnación volvemos a llorar al
pie de los templos, donde entre los inmutables
de piedra están los ex-amantes de Angkor-Vat.

.....

en el siglo VIII tuvimos una bella encarnación
en Uxmal, entre los sabios mayas y aún antes vivimos
en Tiahuanaco, cuando era un puerto relacionado
con Venus.
hasta el Tassili alcanzamos a ver en su apogeo
porque la historia del mundo es más larga de lo que
se cree.
además aprendimos a nadar en el diluvio,
desde entonces somos casi acuáticos.
la verdad de todo esto es que se pierde,
porque toda la sabiduría lograda durante una vida
se conserva y en la próxima encarnación uno aparece
con ella en la sangre.
cada vez va siendo más perfecto.
terminará en la divinidad
para los que han sabido qué hacer con sus días.

SEA LO QUE FUERE

me desvanezco con mi sinceridad estúpida.
sólo lo estúpido anda flotando en el universo.
es algo estúpido crear de la nada un mundo
sólo para llenarlo de flores
árboles y animales;
todas cosas perfectamente tontas
y sin sentido.
también lo son los planetas que dan vueltas
como malos de la cabeza
alrededor de su astro-sol,
junto con los estúpidos cometas

que vagan echando luces.
todo lo que dios creó es estúpido
y carece de sentido.

yo amo a dios.
se ahorcan los que quieren darle
un sentido a lo que no lo tiene.
el sentido de todo esto
está en que no lo tiene.

eso es lo perfecto.
sólo a dios pudo ocurrírsele
inventar lo inútil, que es sublime.

“porque es grande parece tonto”
lao-tsé.

SENTENCIA CUARTA O AMBIGUEDADES DEL UNIVERSO

ustedes que
alegan en contra
de los inútiles de la sociedad,
no saben acaso
que en el universo
también hay vagabundos
y beatniks?

me refiero a:
los aerolitos y cometas
que vagan y pasean libremente,
no como los planetas
(o ustedes)
que dan vueltas y vueltas
firmemente atados a
ALGO.

SEPARACION INCREIBLE

mi blanca blusa máxima
debajo
 hay
 un
 pecho.
sólo uno porque el
otro
 fue
 a
 pasear
aprovechando lo
inmaculado
 de
 la
 ocasión.

EX-OASIS

después de todo llegamos a un oasis, nos abrazamos y buscamos un lecho de oro para pasar la noche.

los espejismos nos ayudan a bramar de paraíso. todo el desierto nos separa del resto, recogeremos dátiles indefinidamente.

cuando pasan las caravanas nos hacemos invisibles, luego que han bebido su agua, volvemos a la realidad.

todo cae del cielo. las dunas perfectas, el amor como baobab y el esfuerzo que no existe, nos distraemos, nada nos hace gran falta, nos dedicamos al plagio y a la invención. el resto practicamos nuestras doctrinas del ocio y la felicidad. el espacio es de un color distinto cada vez. los héroes pasan galopando y las ruinas nos calientan. desde aquí no necesitamos huir a los astros, nada nos hace daño. llega el mediodía y pintamos los muros, dibujitos rupestres. podríamos hacer menos cosas todavía. aún nos faltan las esculturas. podríamos hacer pensarán y con razón, que aquí bajaron unos marcianos, porque lo que dejaremos será anormal.

fin del día:

nos tendemos y comenzamos a elevarnos, cuando estamos suficientemente altos tenemos los mismos sueños, las mismas visiones.

ésto es la apoteosis
sólo nos falta volar.

ARDNAJELA-ALEX EN LOS SUBURBIOS

para alejandra cerda

ARDNAJELA

una
virgen
de
dos
piernas
amarillas

el regalo de la paz profunda, liviana como cristal.
la ternura un tonel que vibra. una reina de dos me-
tros, humana. nosotros en el desatino podemos decir:
“estas lagunas de tus ojos azules nos llenan de luz”

todo
esto
es
poco
para
contar

que un pequeño aparato vivo dulce y blu nos puede
llenar de felicidad. en ese hueco que ocupa uno ve
los mejores colores y una chifladura sin par. enton-
ces es imposible tenerla quieta aunque no se mueve
a ningún lado. después de todo el mejor remedio es
llamarla ardnajela-ternura y con esto se salva de
llorar a causa de la hipersensibilidad.

un
retrato
es algo
que no
puede
resultar
si no
dejo
en

claro que es rosada, que prefiere dormir en una
duna y que cuando la mitología sea mejor se recono-
cerá su cualidad angélica y brutal. además la vida
más perfecta de ardnajela es el sueño y éste
no tiene fin

si la magia nunca ha sido suficiente entre los blancos, menos para significar un ámbito salado, luminoso. ella nunca se atreve a pronunciar palabra y cuando los humanos manifiestan odio se lanza a correr. es muy difícil convencerla de que el postre no es un huevo frito y que no se sabe lo que el mundo condenado pierde si ella hace ¡PLIP! y desaparece. yo misma he tratado de comunicarle nuestra lívida ansiedad por su amor. pero entre nosotros todo se comprende: nos amamos.

ardnajela es la mujer de marcelo;

un ostrogodo mas bien chino, ella en cambio carece de raza. uno pudiera creer que salió de entre la selva del amazonas, pero qué hacer con los ojos propios del Hindu-Kush y el cuerpo natural de una madona italiana y al fin y al cabo unos pies japoneses que sin zapatos parecen 2 protozoos blancos en fermentación. yo y ella planeamos viajes, pero antes tendrá que aprender a nadar porque no todo será esquiar o practicar extravagancias nocturnas, ardnajela suave e imperceptible duerme todo el día, despierta y se ríe por 25 humanos pero no emite jamás un ruido. su bicicleta es una porquería, no tiene ni frenos, qué diría henry val campeón de brooklyn! ardnajela siempre está a punto de partir a los bosques.

esto es muy comprensible si uno ha sido un buen vagabundo y ha visto los árboles. ARDNAJELA a veces nos da miedo que te suceda algo espeluznante gracias a tus costumbres afrodisíacas y tus paseos solitarios por los barrios de mala muerte que más te gustan. sobre todo Hurtado de Mendoza, hay que decirlo. claro que eres intocable de antemano y nunca perderás la oportunidad de subir a un globo: la imaginación es el balde de oro imperturbable, por lo que ardnajela-alex perfectamente real reina en nuestro sueño.





Guillermo

LAS HERMANAS DE LA PRECIOSA SANGRE

*Una, sobre todo. Tan dulce.
"Ven a ver, querida".*

André Breton

la niña del chaleco
azul conversa con la
niña del chaleco
rojo y simula abotonarle
el chaleco
a la altura del
pecho.

la niña del
chaleco rojo se
apoya levemente
contra el muro y entreabre
sus labios
levemente
cierra los ojos.

EL PARAGUAS NEGRO EN LA
QUEBRADA CHINA

si no
somos
libre
s Tod
o se
inter
pone

entre
nosot
ros

y la C
ONTEMP
LACION
PRIMER
A

NO..? (AQUI TE QUERIA VER.)

De la ventana de la
cocina sale un cordón
largo de 5 metros ama-
rillo que atraviesa las
baldosas bien rojas
como un río enflaque-
cido.

Su meta es una
escultura amarilla
con forma de aspi-
radora.

ELLO

doy saltos
en el tiempo como un canguro.
el tiempo no existe
así mismo
los ríos el mar
y el invierno-primavera
dan saltitos completos en sí mismos
y no van de ningún tiempo
hacia ningún otro.
estamos siempre y somos siempre
lo que siempre está
y siempre es:
así el viento es una sábana cubierta de inmovilidades,
infinitudes quietas.

INVOCACION Y DIALOGO

“Pero, ¿no íbas a tocarme?”

Mallarmé

aviso:

*“se necesitan doncellas
de pies ligeros para
la pagoda del bosque”*

(desnudas y todo.)

EL RECIBIMIENTO DE LAS NINFAS:

buenos días

..morning

I've got mist all over

ummmmmmmmm.....

tengo fango en las pantorrillas

tengo las pantorrillas con fungo

tengo los dedos entumidos

los tobillos de vidrio.

es aquí?

sí, aquí es.

...ya se hace tarde

buenos días bonita locura.

jay!

pase ud.

...el lugar despide luz

mirando de allá lejos

(bendita sea su forma

y su figura

y su gracia

y bendito sea su cáliz de cada poro)

más tarde te beso.

los pliegues de mi vestido no saben

lo que hacen.

¡oh por fin!

haz una rayita en el libro

de las incrédulas arrepentidas.

los pliegues de tu velo tampoco saben lo que hacen.

¡lindo!

...estoy morada

no importa. (no te preocupes) demasiado.

*...nunca me llamaron antes para
desquiciar un sueño.
...son las únicas lágrimas del día.
qué tibio eres.
¡blanca y roja!*

PERFECTAMENTE LIBRE

cuando yo ví a la mujer
blanca, recién llegada de
Europa, paseando por el parque
hice como que no
la había visto y me lucí
delante de ella con mis
libros, corrí por el parque
en semicírculo. levanté una
gran polvareda.
al fin ella me vio y me preguntó
por qué hacía yo todo eso.
 caminamos un rato y
ella llevaba un vestido
azul de seda;

 así que tú eres perita
en romano, le dije
yo.
 ella me dijo que no
tenía por qué serlo.

MY LITTLE WHITE BLUES

para Eric Dolphy

u
n
a
niñita

b
l
a
n
c
a

-núbil
apena
s-

¡DESNUDA!

atraviesa

H
A
R
L
E
M

a
las
3
de
la
mañana

sorteando
golletes

SURREALISTAS

de
botella

q
u
e
b
r
a
d
a.

“MMMMMMMM.....POEMA”

la palabra religión me acalora
me pone los pelos de punta
 me hace pensar que soy
la estrella de una superproducción
de la HOLY-GOLDWYN-MAYER
y que vestido de blanca túnica
voy besando a mis hermanos
uno por uno
 les hablo de los lirios
como Jesús
 y levanto una flor
como Gautama Buda

 la palabra religión la tiendo
como una mano
porque yo no escribo poesía en mis
mejores momentos: amo y los deseo profundamente
 digo religión por decir vida
 digo religión sin verso
como palabra hablada
 la digo como reverencia
frente al milagro
de sentir y ser sobre la tierra.

A UN KILOMETRO DEL "PALILLO"

para cecilia

recuerdo el baño
donde me peinaba
y hacía caca
y silbaba en la tina antigua
con los pies dentro de ella
fue en ese baño
a 300 millas del continente
en la isla de Robinson Crusoe
naranja
de la mitad para arriba
y calypso
de la mitad para abajo
amplio
con una ventana blanca
donde se veían los arrecifes chinos
caminando de un lado para otro,
donde repetía en voz baja
y cada vez en la misma voz baja un
verso terrible del poeta Rimbaud
que me llevaba a unos estados frenéticos
que se traducían en incontables
y silenciosas lágrimas en excursiones ardientes
de mis 10 dedos por entre mis cabellos
y en levantar los ojos al techo verde del baño.
después,
al volver a nuestra pieza
las lágrimas se duplicaban
y permanecíamos largo rato abrazados.

hada pitonisa

te veo desnuda
en el silogismo
perfecto
de tu mirada
celeste
y me descubro
encuentro tu ser
estructura limpia
cálida cuerda
de peceç sibilinos
y grito
para hacer callar
la oscuridad legamosa
de la noche
con luna negra
que revienta
en mil pedazos
de excremento
y se desespera
muerta de miedo
porque no puede
tocar tus pechos
soles de gleba
diez luces
que ríen
y absorben
dudosos instintos
de boca triste.

1.

con la mano
en un sexo tibio
veo desnudarse
a la luna impúdica
y bella
huyendo de los perros
por andar sola

y a esas horas
de la noche.

2.

tomé tu'pecho
de queso
blanco
lo abrí con cuidado
y saqué tu sexo
que se arrinconaba
en el fondo

soy un compositor de relojes.

filo.

todo el día
se escurre amalgamado
por debajo de
mis pupilas
que huyen asustadas
como tijeras
hasta que el sol
siempre silbando
pinta
sin darse cuenta
estanques de agua
y los llena de sangre
entonces tomo un
ilusorio
y me disfrazo
de muelle
para poder
sumergirme
en la noche
de mil luces
apagadas.

código.

quiero libar tu cuerpo
 y hacer mil fotografías
 y matar al sol
 con un tridente
 tus pechos y tu sexo
 como un racimo
 de immaculados granos
 blancos de estrellas
 en la bandeja de sudor
 quiero resbalar
 entre tus piernas
 escurrirme
 entre tus labios
 introducirme
 abrirme
 desde el interior
 dejar la luz
 vaginal
 para sentirte llorar
 con el corazón
 en los dientes
 y un ganglio
 en cada oreja.

OSA MENOR

blandiendo una pipeta esporádica
 asomo mi cabeza
 por el hueso del filodendro
 y saludo al universo
 multilaginoso
 donde despunta el escorpión
 amarrado
 que grita a las cuatro arenas
 canciones de cuna
 en sol mayor
 inéditas en su mayoría.

* *

en varios días
 he convertido mi cuerpo
 en cucurbitácea
 y he vivido de la fotosíntesis
 es difícil cambiar de reino.

UNA NOCHE DE 350 CABALLOS VERDES.

la puerta de vidrio
 después de la noche
 de carne cruda
 perejil cebollita y
 limón
 la cama
 dos plazas sin árboles
 y esas mujeres ¡oh señor!
 yo no quise verdaderamente
 pero estaba solo
 y esas mujeres
 y yo masturbándome
 groseramente
 con un pañito que pudo ser
 de felpa
 y una hembra de kentucky.

PLIOCENO

el sol nuevamente golpea los vidrios
quiebra las antenas
barrena mi cráneo
de los árboles caen cuchillos
el pavimento es quebradizo
ya no se puede salir a la calle

en otra época vivía desnudo
mi cuerpo era de frutas frescas
y mi pelo caía hermoso y brillante
y mis ojos eran granadas
por lo que llenaba de pelotitas rojas
los vientres de las mujeres
los pájaros entraban y salían por mis agujeros
todo era agua y aire para respirar
en otra época lloré mucho más que hoy
pero lloré con el aroma del pasto verde y fresco
que me ofrecía mi mujer
y con las piedras y las nubes
y si yo hablaba era con las cabras y las águilas
y si copulaba era con la naturaleza entera
siempre virgen y pura
útero divino de calor y alma
todo era uno
dios madre árbol pájaro cucaracha sol
único
en otra época me empapé del tibio vapor de la tierra
y es que en otra época américa cobijaba hombres y ángeles
que bailaban la danza loca del amor desnudo
y trocaban leche por semen fecundo
hombres y ángeles que nacían cada día con el sol
y mujeres brutales
que alumbraban como soles cósmicos
hombres dioses ángeles y mujeres
repletos de lágrimas vivas
de corazones tajantes como cinceles de cadmio
de alma
de centro universal
seres vivos que construían montañas con piedras vivas
y guardaban el sol en cajitas

hombres potentes de grito de vidrio y mandíbulas de oro
y es que en otra época américa hervía de vida
y es que en otra época américa no era américa

un día el sol se puso negro
y muchos de los que alcanzaron a nacer fueron muertos
otros hubieron de enterrarse a mil metros
volver a fundirse con la madre tierra
y callar
desde entonces no puedo acompañar al águila en su vuelo de plata
desde entonces apenas escucho el grito del sol entre las montañas
desde entonces los que no alcanzaron a enterrarse
viven con un látigo triturándoles los testículos
desde que américa se llamó américa
desde que cayó la lepra del viejo e inundó la tierra
y los hombres se siguen llamando hombres por inercia
y se secaron las mujeres
y el sol quiebra los vidrios
y de los árboles caen cuchillos.



L'a

Paris par Marc
labot, Jean-Jacques L

Appel
Foug
ents v

... de cou
... de l'opet
... un poy
... par le vent
... Mais ses figure
... venoies pas q
... de la
... de si vie
... un per
... rce

don't men

THREE WOMEN

I

He is a big boy now. He is in first grade. I do not like him any more. He runs with the other boys and throws stones and teases. He walks different too. He used to remind me of butterflies when he walked, but now he is all jerky. I hide behind mama's skirt and watch. I want mama to be good, so I never tell her I do not like him. She would hit me again if I told her. Mama thinks I lie but I do not. I used to like him but now I like mama. She is pretty and when she talks it sounds like warm milk.

I do not like the way he laughs now. The corners of his mouth are all hard and dry. It sounds different too. I remember the first time I saw him laugh. A long time ago, before I started kindergarten. It was summer and I was wearing my new yellow dress and mama said be careful don't dirty it and don't play too far away because it is dangerous in the park. You might get lost or somebody might try to kidnap you.

I was busy picking grass when a stick fell near me. Before I knew what happened, a big brown dog came running right at me. He had point teeth and a long wet tongue hanging out the side of his mouth. I was scared and fell down and hid my eyes.

He wont hurt you.

I peeked up.

He didn't mean to make you cry. He was only chasing my stick.

I'm not crying, I said. Then I saw the dog standing very close to me. I think I began to cry again. Take him away, go away.

What are you so scared of? He's a good dog. He don't bite.

Are you sure?

You wouldn't bite anybody, would you Harry?

His name is Harry?

His real name is Harry Rivers but I call him Harry. Would you like to pet him?

Do you think he'd let me?

If he likes you he'll let you.

How do I know if he likes me?'

Don't you know anything about dogs?

Mama says to keep away from them because they might be bad.

Then your mama don't know much about dogs either.

I worked up all my courage and finally touched Harry's nose. It was wet. Then I scratched Harry behind the ear like I saw him do.

He's pretty. Is he a boy or a girl?

He's a boy and he's almost a year old. I've had him since he was a baby.

It's different with dogs. When he's one year old he's really seven.

Do you understand?

Yes, I said, although I didn't.

He sat down next to me on the grass. He had on on grey corduroy pants with blue suspenders.

Do you go to school?

I start kindergarten next year.

I finished kindergarten already.

Did you like it?

It was okay. I like it better in the park. He twisted some grass around his finger. Want to climb a tree?

I never climbed a tree.

Come on, he said, I'll show you how.

We ran over to a big tree. Harry ran with us. Before I knew it he was on the first branch looking down at me. He pulled me up. At first I was wobbly and scared I'd fall or dirty my dress, but he sat dangling his feet like a leaf or a bird. Then he stood and climbed higher. I got scared again. Don't leave me alone. But he smiled and helped me up. Then he pointed at the sky and I looked and saw thick white clouds rolling right into the sun and thought of how my pillow feels just before I fall asleep. I saw mama and Emily sitting on a bench far away. How tiny they were. I waved to them. I shouted but they didn't hear me. I looked at him. He began to laugh. I laughed too. We sat on that branch a long time laughing.

Then he helped me down and we climbed a hill and rolled all the way to the bottom. The grass was so green it came off on my fingers and dress. I was scared mama would be mad but he told me to forget it and we ran back up and rolled down again.

Then he took me to a secret place nobody else knew about, on top of the hill in the middle of some bushes. A hole all covered with dead leaves, big enough to lie down in. It was pretty because the bushes were full of white flowers. If you stood up you could see the park below. But nobody could see in. At first I was scared mama would find out. Even he looked scared. His forehead was all wrinkly.

Would you like to see something? he said.

What?

Something special.

Okay.

It's just between us, he said. You wont tell nobody.

I think I giggled. Why should I tell?

ISHMAEL

His hands were in his pockets and he was swaying back and forth. I didn't think you would but I wanted to make sure.

Then he said: Turn around. And don't peek till I tell you.

I covered my eyes.

Okay, he said, you can look.

His pants were open and something was sticking out. I stared at it a long time.

What's that?

My pee-pee. Do you like it?

I thought a minute. It's very pretty, I said although I wasn't sure I was telling the truth.

Would you like to touch it?

Do you think I could?

If you want to.

I reached out a finger and pulled back. Then I touched it again. It felt warm, like a little bird.

It's the nicest pee-pee I ever saw.

Have you ever seen anybody else's?

I shook my head.

Now let me see yours.

I looked away and didn't talk for a long time. I almost began to cry. I haven't got one.

You're a girl, he said. Don't you know girls have a different kind of pee-pee? They're just as nice.

It was really fun. He taught me all sorts of new games we could play with our hands and mouths and we laid there all afternoon.

Suddenly I heard a scream behind me. There was mama, her eyes all puffed up and red like a crazy dog. Her lips were squeezed together so I couldn't see them and her chin was crinkly. I thought she was going to cry.

Is it time to go home already? I said

She jumped at me and grabbed my arm, she jerked me into the air, my shoulder hurt, I was all mixed up, I wanted to ask her what was the matter but she wouldn't listen. She slapped at him. He tried to cover his face.

I fell into the bushes which were prickly and stuck me. I saw him all hunched up on the ground. Mama stood on top of him making funny noises and her hair was wild. Then she started spanking him again in the face. I began to cry. Leave him alone, I screamed, he didn't do anything.

I wasn't let out of the house a long time after that. I played with my dollies or sat all day looking out the window.

Mama found out where he lived and went to see his mama. I don't know what they said or what his mama did to him, but the next time I saw him he was all different. It was on the first day of school. He was throwing

stones across the yard. He didn't come over and he did not smile. He looked sad and very old.

Every once in a while mama's face gets all screwed up and she starts hitting me.

But then she holds me and kisses me and tells me a story. It goes like this:

A long time ago there was a beautiful princess who lived with her mother in a big castle. One day an evil prince rode by and told the princess the king her father had sent him.

Now the king had been in exile for many years and was forbidden to set foot in the realm under penalty of death

I will give you everything in the world, the prince said, if you come away with me.

But the princess loved her mother very much. I will go with you, she answered, but first you must ask my mother.

As soon as he passed through the gate, the princess locked and bolted it. She helped him off with his armor. When he wasn't looking she stole his sword and gave it to her mother.

The prince knelt at the throne. May I have your daughter's hand? he asked.

The mother said nothing, but drew the sword that was hidden behind her back and plunged it into her own breast.

The princess threw herself on her mother's body and wept. Then pulled out the bloody sword and with one blow slayed the wicked prince.

She was about to kill herself too, when suddenly her mother stood.

The prince is dead by his own sword, the mother said. The spell is broken.

They kissed and lived happily ever after.

School has been disappointing. Mama and Emily bring me every day then take me home. There are many other children here but I don't like them.

I like Emily better. I never used to like her but mama told me I loved her, so now I like Emily.

The other children just look like puppets, all cold and dead. Everything here is like that. You have to sit in hard wood chairs all day with your hands folded. They don't let you move around or talk. I don't want to either.

Mama says I wont have to go to school much longer. Then I can stay home all the time and have fun.

Sometimes they ask me about my daddy too. I don't tell them. Once I tried but they laughed.

It smells dusty and the walls are ugly green. Not green like grass but green like rotted food mama throws out. They give you little gold stars to bring home if you're good. I try very hard to be good but it is difficult. Sometimes I think I just don't understand. Maybe when I grow up I'll understand.

Whenever mama lets me I wear my yellow dress. It still has grass stains on it. Mama has washed it many times but the stains are still there. They are still very green.

II

Window corroded like tarnished silver. Grey streams of rain outside, grey fog inside. Peaceful and warm to watch the rain. Yellow slippers, blue housecoat, cup of tea - milk, no sugar. Camphor, wet wool, radiators, dust. Streets deserted. Black umbrella inside-out. Garbage in gutter, floating. Glass encrusted with rain, scaly like mica or patina bronze.

Emily fifteen years dead, mother twenty-five. But still when Joanna looked at the green chair, yellowing crocheted doilies hiding the tattered armrests, she could see first mother then Emily sitting there reading, back straight ankles barely showing beneath brown cotton dress, brittle yellow hair in bun, cheeks willowy, lips thin, eyes unmoving. And with mother or Emily there she was no longer afraid; she could wander freely from room to room cleaning and dusting, making sure everything was in place, exactly as it had been the last fifteen years, even the carpet - she never stepped on the charred part for fear of disturbing the ashes. Sometimes she'd even go through the drawers and closets, take out Emily's feather hat and black shoes, mother's shawl and stockings, put them on and sit in the green chair herself. Then stand in front of the mirror whispering naughty thoughts her eyes flare, throat tightened, reprimanding, then asking forgiveness, holding back tears, comforting herself till everything was all right again.

But this much was certain: Joanna knew what he would do when he would creep through the shadows huge and dark, moving like a mad bull, his mouth wet and red, eyes burning black, but she'd hold tight to the pillow till he went away.

All she knew about him was through mother's and Emily's stories; she'd been too young to remember. And their stories changed each time. Sometimes he was a pilot, a banker, sometimes politician, sea captain, hunter, doctor, but mother overheard his strange whispered plots and when he passed out drunk and vomiting tied him to the bed. The men burst through the door; just as they were about to shoot him, he escaped.

But this much was certain: Joanna knew what he would do when he

came back. And he would come back some day. Emily told her Mother told her. She awaited that day since she was a child, she prepared for it. While mother and Emily lived she knew she could never leave. Her place was by their side, all three together to face him when he came. She shuddered at the thought of missing him, of leaving mother and Emily unprotected. And she would never leave them, as father had left them, alone.

Even when mother died she was not afraid. Emily had strength enough for both of them. Life remained the same. Walls the same shade of tan, some thin lavender rugs, polished wooden tables and chairs. But now instead of mother opening the green metal box each month, it was Emily. Emily who kept the key on a string about her neck spent half the day adding numbers, writing lists and sealing envelopes exactly like mother. And groceries were still always delivered on Friday, always the same groceries in the same size box. She never questioned mother (or Emily) about those things - they would be angry if she did. But they were good to her. Sometimes Emily took her for a walk or to the library. Once they went to the museum. Joanna wanted to go again, but never did and was afraid to ask.

Then Emily took sick just like mother. Three years she did not get out of bed, always too cold or too hot and Joanna rushed back and forth closing and opening the window, Emily whimpering, complaining and Joanna had to massage her, wash her with a sponge, comb her hair 500 strokes each morning 500 strokes each night, and though she never looked sick every movement pained her, a different part of her body every day. But mother had never whimpered, even when she wasn't much more than a corpse, skin tight to her bones, hair and eyebrows fallen out. She wouldn't go to a doctor at first. Then when she wanted one Emily said the doctor was here and left, don't you remember? But no doctor ever came - none Joanna ever saw at least. Emily said she'd been sleeping and showed the medicine he left. Emily woke mother every hour to give it to her, never permitted Joanna to nurse her; though mother spoke only to Joanna, Emily always answered.

Mother had not said a word to Emily since the night she ran away, right after they'd stolen Joanna's baby and killed him. Mother was frantic, furious, stormed around the house knocking over furniture, beating Joanna. She didn't tell me anything, why don't you believe me, nothing. But a few days later, in the middle of the night Emily crept back. Take a bath, mother said, and get in bed. Mother never got angry, never hit her. But from that day Joanna knew it was forbidden to speak to Emily in her presence or even to mention Emily's name. And somehow she knew Emily wasn't at fault. It was because of her Emily ran away; Emily was being punished for her.

ISHMAEL

Till mother could no longer get up even to go to the toilet. Horrible stench began to rise from the bed, but Emily told Joanna it was her imagination and would not let her change the sheets.

And there was always a strange smile on Emily's face. The night mother died Emily went out; she did not return for two days. But from then until her own death she never smiled again.

They always slept together now. They hadn't since that night so long before when weird shadows crawled through the window, slithered toward Joanna's bed where she cringed beneath the covers then suddenly threw them off and ran. She opened Emily's door. Strange muffled groans, gasping, Emily writhing.

Joanna screamed frantic to mother, who hurried with her to find Emily sitting up alone in bed. You see, said mother, she was just having a nightmare.

An hour later Emily stole into her room. I was having another nightmare. Can I stay with you a while?

But mama will be -

It's all right.

The sliding next to her, cuddling close (hold me I'm scared) arms and legs wrapped round (it's all right, she whispered, it's all right).

Finally crawling out, Emily turned: if you ever tell mama I'll kill you.

And Emily wouldn't let her wear rags any more. When the evil came Joanna had to sit on the toilet three or four days till it went away. If she ever dripped Emily stood over her, arms folded, till it was spotless.

Thirty years now the evil was upon her, but mother had never found out. Emily'd warned her she'd heard of this happening to some bad girls. Joanna was taking a bath when Emily came in. Sorry I didn't know you were here but I couldn't wait: like she always did when mama was away. She sat on the toilet a long time smiling, looking at herself in the mirror on the door, watching Joanna in the bath when she saw the blood. Joanna tried to hide but couldn't and finally broke down sobbing in her arms. Iodine and bandage won't help, Emily said, it will never heal. Every time it comes stuff rags in underpants and pray. But always hide and burn rags, never let mama know because she will be mad and hit you, and now you can never have a baby.

But she wanted one so bad and while they still let her out alone-wandered the park for hours with the mothers, fondling their babies.

Hot steaming blood streams down the window pane, fire escape melts, swept away. Woman carriage floating, rain slashed, carriage hood rattles, slams open: baby howls.

It will die.

All babies dead like her dollies, cold plastic faces, puckered lips;
pull off their dresses, spank them, fingers in eyes then smash wall
and stamp their heads.

Sit at window watching mothers babies. Cry But let mama
catch you crying, for mama thinks you bad.

Bad like father. That is why they began to lock her in. She didn't
sit up straight enough at table. She asked too many questions.

Till she could stand it no more. Mother and Emily were away. Joanna
sneaked out, stole to the park.

She sat beneath a tree, watched the sun sink slowly from the sky
and was afraid. A small face looked down at her. She touched his white
cheek, his hair, held him in her arms, don't cry please don't cry, your mama
isn't dead mama loves you. And before she knew what she was doing, ran; out
of the park, through the dark streets. She crept up the stairs, stopped before
the door, listened then stepped quietly in. Mother and Emily were not
there. She took him to her room, showed him her dolls, undressed him then
dressed him again, her baby clothes, the yellow dress, washed the mud off
his face and hands, scolded him, knelt beside the bathtub and scrubbed the
stain till her fingers were raw then stood before the mirror, held the
dripping dress in front of her; though it barely came down to her waist
it seemed still fit. She slipped it over the baby's head.

Noises, footsteps; she scrambled to the bathroom door and locked it.
Mother called. Joanna crouched by the toilet half hidden, baby at breast;
she could see herself in the mirror on the door. The knob turned. What
do you want? she stammered. Why don't you answer when you're called? I
didn't hear you come. Baby screamed. What's the matter, what are you
doing in there? Hand over mouth but wouldn't stop. Come out this instant
I warn you. Screamed. Grabbed a towel, wrapped round his head, into
mouth. Door burst open, mother and Emily stood over her. He stained
his dress, she said, I had to wash it.

But now mother was dead and Emily was sick and every day she would
bring her breakfast in bed.

The tea is cold.

I'm sorry. I'll fix some more.

Quickly.

Joanna hurried to the kitchen, heated water, poured it steaming in
the cup.

Emily sat up in bed, covers to waist, lips drawn.

Joanna set the tray on her lap.

She lifted the steaming cup to her lips, took a sip, suddenly threw
the scalding tea in Joanna's face.

Burned my tongue Emily jerked her forward by the hair - If you ever bring me tea that hot again Then grabbed matches off the end table, struck one - Open your mouth - Twisting her head back Now stick out your tongue.

Joanna screamed, broke away, into the living room, Emily cursing threatening, Joanna crouched in the far corner by the window face in hands when Emily burst screeching through the door, mouth hideously contorted, eyes bulging, nightgown and hair on fire, fell face down fingers still clawing twitching a few inches from Joanna's feet.

Joanna watched the last embers writhe and vanish. She knelt, slipped the string from Emily's neck. The key in her hand. She stared at it a long time. Then slowly slid the string over her own head. She opened the desk drawer, took out the green metal box. Joanna turned the key.

Night. Globules of rain still clung to the window; illumined by the street lamps they glowed like a bed of sparks in a Black pit. Joanna played with her dolls a while, washed and undressed them, put them to bed. As she waited for the tub to fill she sat before the mirror combing her hair; she wrapped it in a bun.

Pushing the door ajar (she always left it open, ever since they took her baby away) she undressed to her underpants then turned out the light and slipped them off.

But as she climbed in she heard a noise. Cautiously she stepped out, drew on her robe. She stole from room to room, checked the latches on the windows and door, but everything was exactly as always.

Joanna sat in the bath, methodically began to scrub with a rough cloth as she'd done every day for the last forty years, till the skin prickled.

A slow creak then a thud. She dropped the rag. A long time nothing. Slowly she stood; she bolted for the door, slammed and locked it.

Joanna squatted naked and shivering alongside the toilet, half squeezing behind it, staring at the vague shadows of her own image in the mirror on the door.

Footsteps; a knock. The handle turned.

Joanna let me in. What are you doing in there so long? I can't wait.

Almost mechanically she answered, I'm coming I was - in the bath.

God, said Emily pushing past her, you're so slow. Pulled up her dress and sat on the toilet. How can you take a bath in the dark? Turn on the light. And since when have you started locking the door?

Joanna suddenly realized she was naked and tried to cover her breasts and thighs with her hands.

Why are you looking at me like that? Emily said. You make me nervous. Is something wrong?

I must have been dreaming.
Well don't let me disturb you.
I thought

Go ahead. Get in the tub.

Joanna stepped in, sat down, Emily watching them suddenly onto her knees alongside, grasping Joanna's hair, jerking her head around.

Emily Joanna come here this instant.

Emily shrank back. Then: Don't forget, she whispered, I'll kill you. She stood, straightened her dress in the mirror, glanced back smiling then shut the door behind her.

Why don't you answer when I call? Joanna if I have to come get you I promise you'll be sorry.

She jumped up, pulled on underpants and robe, hurried out.

Joanna opened the bedroom door. Mother by the window, arms folded beneath her breasts.

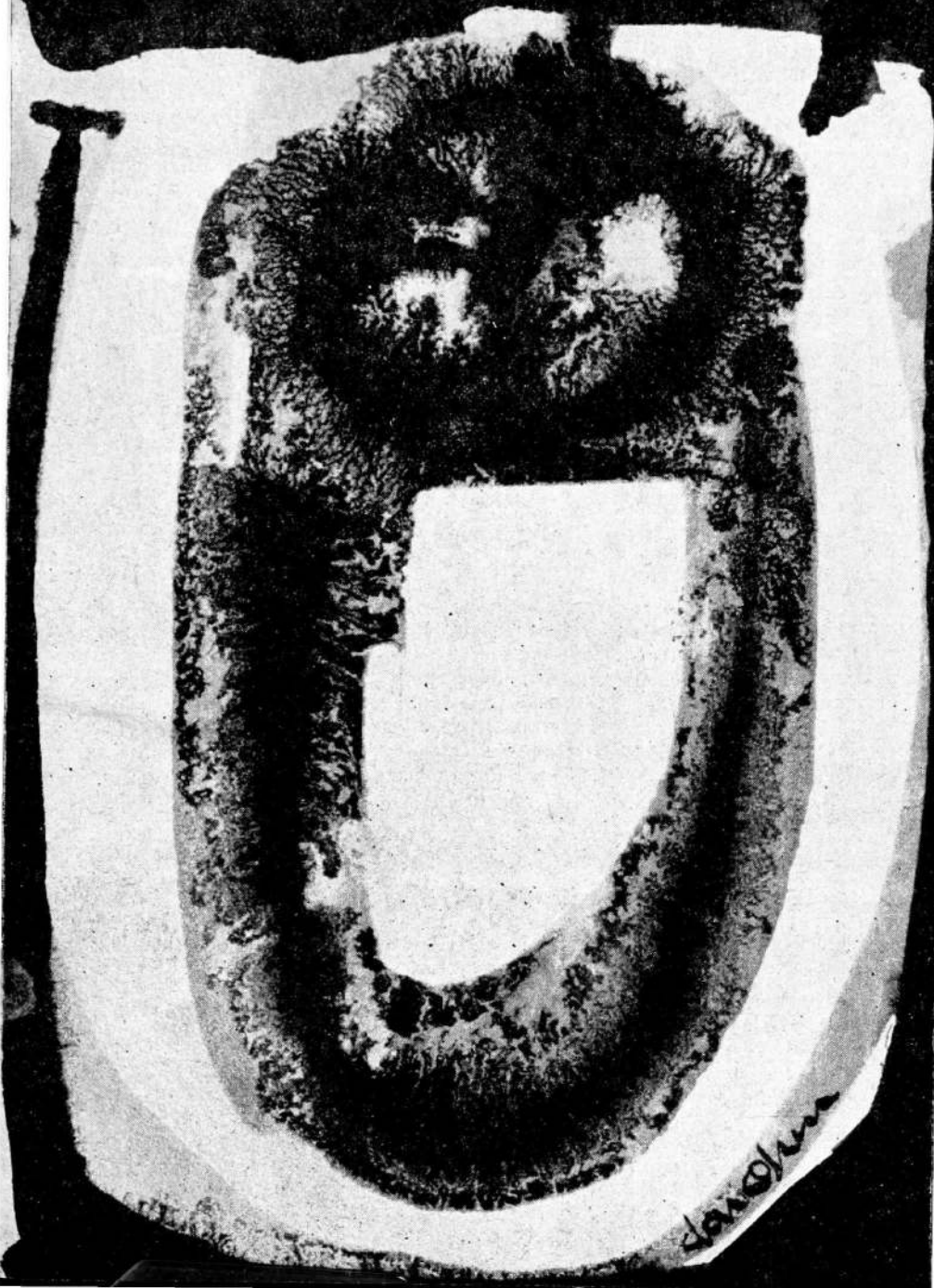
What took you so long? Come here.

Haltingly she stepped toward her, eyes down, when mother's hand lashed across her face and she fell sobbing to her knees; then shaking her, screaming in her ear, lifting her, kissing her lips and it was not mother any more but Emily whispering confess confess, laying her on the bed, stroking, comforting, fondling her breast then wrenching it hard and it looked like Emily, like mother but wasn't a little boy whose face contorted older and wrinkled, someone she'd never seen before leering down at her, cackling, holding her arms kicking to get free, red eyes and mouth, long shiny knife in his teeth, pushing his rough face to hers, forcing her mouth open, blade ripping her lips, thick hot tongue like wet gravel, then tearing at her robe, underpants, as she tossed writhing helpless, when he slapped her face hard, climbed on top of her pushing knees apart and she felt her body rip open, explode, insides fall bleeding out, her fingers gripping knife yanked it from his teeth jabbed again again into head and neck, blood vomiting as he stiffened, a horrible grin on his face, then rolled slowly off and thudded to the floor.

A long time Joanna lay panting staring at the ceiling.

Finally she sat up. The room was transfused with light, glowing, blinding her. She stood. Naked Joanna wandered from room to room, stumbling, banging against walls, but all she could see was light. She collapsed by the window. Her thighs dripped blood. She threw open the window, crawled halfway onto the fire escape when she stopped.

Joanna walked slowly into the bedroom. She knelt beside an almost transparent figure. With the sheet she wiped his face and neck. Then lay down, wrapped her arms and legs around him, laughed and cried.



YO HICE EL ESFUERZO

Yo hice el esfuerzo -aunque no lo crean
Ni lo noten- de pulir líneas tan vitales
Como el cristal de bacará para las ricas
Herederas de la Banca y el Comercio. Quise
Engrosar el Museo de Cera de la Literatura
Nacional. Claro que fracasé en mi empeño.
Impotente para surtir al mercado de útiles
Filigranas y perlados prensa-corbatas, opté
Por darles prosa cortada sin ingenio. Mi logro
Fue diluir más y más los límites entre poesía
Y prosa. Que se diviertan mucho.

ARTE DE AMAR

Con qué temple mi Amarilis olvidó
Sus pulcras costumbres! Amarilis
Mis sentires supo. Supo que en compañía
De puercos o margaritas; tendidos
En blancas sábanas o contra paredes
Grisas de parques solitarios, en el amor
Lo primordial no es el espacio, sino
El tiempo. Y que *el tiempo debe detenerse*
Entre las piernas de los amantes.

UNO DE ENERO

(Paráfrasis de Ernesto Cardenal)

Anochece lentamente, con un cielo
Violento, violeta, color sangre.
Las calles están llenas de miles
De hombres cantando y portando
Miles de ardientes teas. *Pareciera*
Que fuera Revolución. Pero es sólo
La procesión anual de varones católicos.

CONSTANCIA

Efebos:

Por lo mismo que no creo en el detergente en polvo
Que lava lava lava y nunca se acaba
Hoy me permito compartir vuestro sano júbilo ante
La vida merece vivirse de nuestro caro John Fulton Sheen
Conste

VANIDAD DE VANIDADES

Consideren que no he tenido
Las olorosas queridas
De Salomón

Cómo haré para exclamar
Nada nuevo bajo el sol?

CÓMO MATAN

Si digo salvaje cielo
Si agrego cielo estrellado
Y después estrella pura

Digo puras palabras
Y las palabras, Julio, matan

EXPRESIONES

*Vigor poético de sostenido aliento
Y amable sencillez metafórica
Bellísimo conjunto de octavas reales
De unitario sentido casi monolítico*

Y eso no es nada:

*Eximio educador de sublime docencia
Ejemplar humano de generosidad inaudita
Esclarecido tribuno ilustre patricio
Preclaro varón poeta académico crítico
Y ensayista de ponderado alcance*

BELTRÁN MORALES

Tales expresiones me turban tanto
Como los cromitos de San José y el Niño
Portando un lirio en la mano

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO

(Instrucciones condensadas)

Reúna con sumo cuidado
La Suma Theologica
Nieremberg Vives
Y el padre Suárez
(No por liviano olvide
El potente librito
Ejercicios)

Entre los más modernos
Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo
Es inapreciable

La Enciclopedia Espasa
Y José Antonio Primo de Rivera
Imponderables

Coloque con primor tal Maravilla
En una de esas cajas que dicen
This side up handle with care
Y súbala y bájela acompasadamente
(Un dos tres cuatro un dos tres...)
Hasta completar cien movimientos

Con unos quince años de práctica
(Exito garantizado)
Usted será un consumado
Atleta del Espíritu

ZOON POLITIKON

Quisiera ser tan frío como un cadáver
Pero está comprobado

Que en ágapes o cocteles tarde o temprano
Me delato en forma indecorosa al denigrar
El prestigio de reconocidas instituciones
Verbo y Gracia

La Esso Standard Oil Company
La Compañía Colgate Palmolive
La Compañía de Jesús

Acto seguido manifiesto simpatías
Por el Ché Guevara y Camilo Torres
Y cuento que Cuba ya es del cubano

Lo peor es que adorables madres católicas
Apostólicas y romanas se dan por ofendidas
En tanto sus maridos se hacen los disimulados
Porque son *intelectuales progresistas...*

CANCIONES DEL AIRE DEL VECINDARIO

Tañía (tañe) una *Campana Rota*
Sonaba (suena) el tema de *Casablanca*
Y no te olvido
Carla

INFANCIA

A Manuel

Quedan las siguientes rápidas imágenes:

Un colegio de monjas y el olor a lápices
De Sor María Luisa Libros con garabatos
Y perfiles siniestros Las filosas lajas
Del río Talpetate al anochecer El puente
Plomo los patines y el panteón El rostro
Del barman del club parecido al que ilustra
El Almanaque Bristol Carmela con la falda
Subida metida conmigo bajo una máquina Singer

Imposible renunciar a tantos fantasmas

BELTRÁN MORALES

MEDIANOCHE

Cuando el dulzón engranaje salmodia una canción
Y da doce campanadas el reloj
De Santa Catedral
Un hombre medita en su tibia habitación
Y otro en harapos se arrincona en el portal
De Santa Catedral

CARNE

Las variantes del infinito devenir
Carnal giran y sin cesar se repiten
En eterno círculo virtuoso:

El verbo se hizo Carne
La Carne Cama
La Cama Canto

A su vez
El Canto se hizo Carne
Y ésta se divide en tres:

Para uso de místicos
Carne de Dios

Para hijos de vecino
Carne de Mujer

Para sodomitas
Carne del Diablo

(Fuera de selección
Carne de Gato
De Lechón
Y de Aves de Corral)

Escoge tú
Hipócrita lector!

EVANGELIO APOCRIFO

No permitáis que la Ley Mosaica
Os apriete los testículos

No os dejéis sorprender
Por la maligna influencia
De Pablo Agustín y Tertuliano

Por ningún motivo
Provoquéis en vosotros
Actos de contrición
Perfecta o imperfecta

Antes bien
Acostaos contra viento y marea

Machacad vuestras cabezas
En húmedas grutas escondidas

Porque en verdad
En verdad os digo
Que el otoño es cruel
Y el ahogo dulce

LEMA

El que no mama
No quiere a su mama

THOMASWOLFEANO

Quisiera leer
Todas las mujeres
Y acostarme
Con todos los libros

BELTRÁN MORALES

1.45 P.M.

El joven del chevrolet negro
Con su señora grávida

El joven del chevrolet blanco
Con su papá de sombrero

El contable el viajante el dueño
De un maletín extraño
La putidoncella solapada

Pasan pasan pasan

Día a día

Pasan

-A la una cuarenta y cinco-
Por mi grada

Yo sin tedio sin asco

Sin hastío

Ni contento ni triste

Mientras estoy sentado

Con gripe

Y el ocio es productivo

Saludo a los campeones del trabajo

ASI SON

Cada vez que me la encontraba por la calle
Y le decía un cariñoso "adios", esa virgen
De labios apretados me respondía con un tono
De virtud ofendida, como si yo estuviera
Haciéndole proposiciones deshonestas.

FLASH DOS

Brinco del asiento de la sala
Al vislumbrar la silueta de una dama
Que pasa

Salgo la palpo la beso
Con la vista pero

Y qué?

CONSEJOS A UN JOVEN POETA

Puesto que ignoras demasiados mecanismos
 Y los que sabes te causan
 Desvelos desasosiegos sobresaltos
 Pesadillas diurnas y nocturnas
 Para reconciliarte con el mundo
 Atiende hijo mío a la voz de la experiencia:

Calla cuando hablen los mayores de la tribu
 Y na trates de interrumpirlos con finos modales
 Cosa fatal por dos motivos: porque son
 Tus mayores y porque no te asiste la razón
 Directamente inspirada por el Espíritu Santo

Aprende a leer el pensamiento de tu interlocutor
 Y sorpréndelo a base de ingenio y encanto personal
 Celebra chistes estúpidos y ensaya sonrisas
 De complicidad con sátrapas y prelados
 Deja en paz al Sr. Arzobispo quien ningún daño
 Ni perjuicio te ha ocasionado

Endulza tu lengua y no repitas tan a menudo
 La palabra *hijo de puta*

Entrénate en caminar por las aguas sin hundirte
 Y en correr descalzo por cables de alta tensión

Si adquirieras lo que te falta
 Y botaras lo que te sobra
 Otro gallo te cantara:

Bordarías en cálidas puntadas
 Un "Diario del poeta recién casado"
 Y a corto plazo triunfarías oh hijo de mi alma
 En el certamen anual de arreglos florales

*POEMA PARA UNA MUCHACHA QUE ME PIDE
REANUDAR LAS RELACIONES*

Te conozco en el zumbido
zancudo!

* *

En la carta de antier decías:
“...me es imposible decirte esas cosas...”

No me importa que mientras en tu carta
si tus ojos me dicen lo que quiero
y un poco más
y un poco más
y un poco más

* *

Estabas encendida con tu vestido rojo
y me gustó mirarte.
¿Cómo se te ocurrió calzar tus pies
con zapatitos de tacón bajo?
Estabas tan preciosa esta noche cuando te ví
que me dije:
es una tontería escribir cómo está.

-Va a ser media noche
y no resistí escribir esta tontería.-

EL TESORO EN EL CIELO

César Costa tiene un Jaguar despampanante y
cien sweaters ninguno igual al otro
los colores chillones
que envidiaría la coqueta Marina Pérez

Paul Anka un reloj de pulsera
todito de platino y

comprarse no un Jaguar:
 varios Jaguars será
 pura pendejada para él

Mi amigo, Don Julio Guevara, tiene
 un bote de remos carcomido y sin pintura que
 se hizo él mismo en el que
 sale feliz con su camisa vieja rota a
 pescar guapotes mojarras y laguneros con
 una cañita fuerte que halló en el monte es
 un hombre que siempre está bromeando con
 los otros aunque -es cierto- no canta.

EXCELENCIAS

Un cura que, como Jairo Guerra
 el de los ojos chiquitos y la cara fofa y las 200 libs.,
 tenga la sotana a media pierna, sucia y arrugada,
 un diente quebrado, los calcetines caídos,
 voz como zumbido de abejorro
 y salude siempre así: "Quihabido!"
 sea amigo íntimo de los choferes, fogoneros y lustrabotas
 y pertenezca a su equipo de fútbol
 incorregible bebedor de café, fumador incesante
 que sea compañero de serenatas y se ría con fuerza como Ramón
 ("cebollo")
 y sea amado por "Cheno", Angela Góez, el "Loco Sevillano"
 Rosita (la cretinoide) y Marcos Velásquez
 nunca será

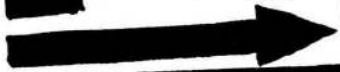
Monseñor Su Señoría Su Excelencia Ilma. Rvdma. Eminentí-
 (simo Señor.

Amorosamente pienso en tí y te recuerdo:
cuando mastico un trozo de papel celofán de cajetilla de cigarrillos,
cuando veo unos ojos verdes ó un pelo amarillo,
ó un bus con un letrero que diga: "América-Barrio Cristóbal",
cuando siento la argollita de oro en mi meñique,
cuando miro los libros con dedicatorias que me has regalado,
cuando me miro los ojos ó las manos,
cuando canto "Sombras" ó "Niebla del riachuelo",
cuando me acuerdo de "The Ventures",
cuando toco "Miel de abejas",
cuando veo un teléfono,
cuando recuerdo el odio que me tiene Roy,
cuando leo este nombre: EE.UU.,
cuando mencionan el templo de los Doce Apóstoles,
cuando miro una pareja de enamorados,
cuando pienso que me da miedo lo nuestro,
cuando tengo la idea de la fragilidad,
cuando me rebelo contra algo ó alguien,
cuando pienso que podría interesarme el inglés,
cuando pienso que te quiero y
cuando pienso que no te quiero.

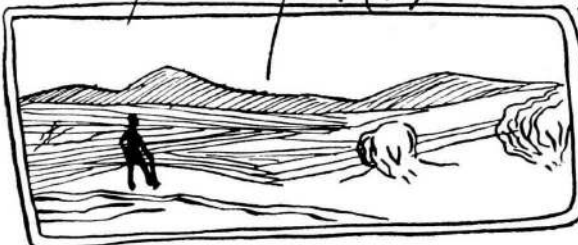
MIS ALUMNAS DE QUIMICA

La de la mata de pelo lisa y amarilla bella como cabuya
("La Mirla de Llanadas") que canta soltando
con sabiduría el dulce chorrillo de su voz
la de la simpática sonrisa fruncida por su diente quebrado
la coqueta con los párpados pintados de azul
la cari-inocente deliciosa con los bracitos dorados felpudos
puestos sobre el pupitre
la tímida la delgada la ojilimpia la seria
la gordita inteligente y brincona
la tetoncita sumisa
la morenita de gafas precoces que pone en aprietos con sus preguntas
la remolona cari-redonda cínica hipnótica
la rebelde hipócrita de cara perfilada y hermosa dentadura
las que encantan.

Alba Lía, Ofelia, Bertha Mathilde,
Blanca Rosa, Martha Jael, Eunisse,



→ G. Rosenberg '67 (X)



ZERO HOUR

Tropical nights of Central America,
lagoons and volcanoes under the moon
and lights in the places of the presidents,
barrack-rooms and sad bugles at curfew.
"Often I have decided to send a man to death
while smoking a cigarette",
Ubico says smoking a cigarette.
In his palace like a pink birthday cake
Ubico has caught a cold. Outside
they scattered the people with phosphorous bombs.
San Salvador under the night and spies
with whispers in living-rooms and boarding house
and screams from the police-stations.
The palace of Carias stoned by the people.
One of the windows of his office has been smashed
and the police have fired on the people.
And Managua a target for the machine-gunners
from the windows of the chocolate-cookie coloured palace
and steel helmets patrolling the streets.

Watchman, what of the night?
Watchman, what of the night?

* *

The campesinos of Honduras kept their money in their sombreros
when the campesinos sowed their own crops
and the Hondurenos were masters of their own land.
When they had money
and when there were no foreign loans,
before Pierpont Morgan & Co. took their taxes
and the fruit company competed with the small holder.
But the United Fruit Company came along
with its subsidiaries the Tela Railroad Company
and the Trujillo Railroad Company
and Vaccaro Brothers and Company
later the Standard fruit and Steamship Company
of the Standard Fruit and Steamship Corporation:
the United Fruit Company
that stirred up revolutions to obtain concessions

and exemptions from millions of dollars of import and export duties, revisions of old concessions and subsidies for further exploitations, violations of contracts, violations of the Constitution...

And all the obligations in case of confiscation (the nation's obligations, not the Company's) and the conditions that it (the Company) imposed for the return of the plantations to the nation leased for free by the nation to the Company) for 99 years...

“and all the other plantations that pertain to any other party, company or corporation whatsoever that is dependent on the contracting parties and in whom the latter holds or may hold later interests of any category whatsoever will remain for that reason included in the aforementioned clauses and conditions...”

(Because the Company also corrupted the language.)
The condition was that the Company should build the Railroad, but the Company didn't build it, because in Honduras mules cost less than the Railroad and “a Deputy less than a mule”

-as Zemurray said-

though it continued to profit by the exemption from taxes and the 175,000 acres granted to the Company, with the obligation to pay the nation for every mile that it didn't build, it paid the nation nothing although it didn't build any miles (Carias is the dictator who holds the record for miles of railroad he didn't build) and when all was concluded it was a shit of a railroad) and of no benefit to the nation because it was a railread between two plantions and not between Trujillo and Tegucigalpa.

They corrupt the language and they corrupt Congress.
The bananas are left to rot on the plantations, or rot in the freight-cars by the railroad, or are cut overripe so they are rejected when they arrive at the dock, or are thrown into the sea; they declare that the bunches are bruised, or too small, or wormy, or underripe, or overripe, or rotten: so there shall be no such thing as a cheap banana,

or so bananas shall be bought cheaply.

Until there was starvation on the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua.
And the campesinos are put in jail for not selling at 30 centavos
and their bananas are bayoneted
and their Mexican Trader Steamship sinks their barges,
and the strikers are put down by shots.
(And the Nicaragua deputies are invited to a garden party).
But the Negro has seven kids to look after.
And you have to do something. You have to eat.
And you have to take what they pay you.

24 centavos a bunch.

Meanwhile the subsidiary company Tropical Radio sends a cablegram
(to Boston:

“We hope that the distribution we have made
among the deputies of the majority party in Nicaragua
will have the approval of Boston
because of the incalculable benefits it represents for the Company.”

And from Boston to Galveston by telegram
and from Galveston by cable and telegram to Mexico
and from Mexico by cable to San Juan del Sur
and from San Juan del Sur by telegram to Puerto Limón
and from Puerto Limón by canoe to the jungle
the order of the United Fruit Company arrives:
“The United is not buying any more bananas.”

And they fire the workmen in Puerto Limón.

The small factories close down.

No-one can pay their debts.

And the bananas are rotting in the freight-cars by the railroad.

So there shall be no such thing as a cheap banana
and so bananas shall be bought cheaply.

19 centavos a bunch.

The workers get scripts instead of a day's wages.

Instead of a salary, debts.

And the plantations are abandoned as they are now no use for
anything

and given over to colonies of the unemployed.

And the United Fruit Company in Costa Rica
with its subsidiaries the Costa Rica Banana Company
the International Radio Telegraph Company
and the Costa Rica Supply Company

litigate in the law-courts against an orphan.

The cost of the derailment is 25 dollars compensation.

(But it would have cost much more to repair the railroad).

And the deputies are cheaper than mules - Zemurray said.
 Sam Zemurray, the Turkins retail dealer in bananas
 in Mobile, Alabama, who made a journey one day to New Orleans
 and saw the bananas being thrown into the sea from the docks of the
 (United

and offered to buy up all the fruit to make vinegar,
 bought it and sold it there in New Orleans,
 and the United were obliged to give him lands in Honduras
 to make him give up his contract in New Orleans,
 and so it was that Sam Zemurray made presidents in Honduras.
 He provoked frontier disputes between Guatemala and Honduras
 (that is, between the United Fruit Company and his company)
 proclaiming that Honduras (by which he meant his company)
 wouldn't lose an inch of land either on the disputed frontier,
 or for that matter in any other region of Honduras
 (that belonged to his company) which was not under dispute...."
 (while the United defended the rights of Honduras,
 of the United Honduras, in its suit with the Nicaragua
 Lumber Company - not Nicaragua: the Nicaragua Lumber Company,
 the so-called "Territory under Dispute"!.) until the dispute ended
 (the one between Guatemala and Honduras) because Sam came to
 (terms with the United

and then sold all his shares to the United
 and with the money from the sale bought shares in the United
 and with the shares he had bought took over the presidency in Boston
 (together with its employees, the presidents of Honduras)
 and so he became master both of Honduras and Guatemala
 and the dispute was abandoned between the exhausted lands
 which were now no use to either Guatemala or Honduras.

* *

There was a Nicaraguan living abroad,
 a "Nica" of Niquinihomo,
 working with the Huasteca Petroleum Co., in Tampico
 and he had saved up five thousand dollars.
 and went to Nicaragua to enlist in Moncada's revolution.
 But when he arrived Moncada was surrendering his arms.
 He spent three sad days on Común Mountain.
 Sad because he didn't know what to do.

And he was neither a military man nor a politician.
He thought and thought and finally made up his mind:
Somebody has to do something.
And then he scribbled out his first manifesto.

General Moncada sends a telegram to the Americans:
ALL MY MEN ACCEPT THE SURRENDER EXCEPT ONE.

Mr. Stimpson imposes an ultimatum on him.

"The people will not thank you..."

Moncada informs him.

He assembles his men in el Chipote:

29 men (and with him 30) against the U.S.A.

EXCEPT ONE.

("A man from Niquinohomo...")

- And with him 30!

Moncada wrote to him again

"If you set yourself up as saviour they will crucify you."

For Moncada and Sandino were neighbours;

Moncada from Masatepe and Sandino from Niquinohomo.

And Sandino answered Moncada:

"My death is not of the least importance."

And to Stimpson: "I have confidence in the courage of my men...."

And to Stimpson after the first defeat:

"If you think we are beaten

you don't know my men."

And he was neither a military man nor a politician.

And as for his men:

Many of them were kids

wearing sombreros of palm leaves and sandals,
or they went barefoot and carried machetes, old men
with white beards, twelve-year old boys with rifles,
Spanish, impenetrable Indians, blonds, curly-headed negroes,
with their trousers in tatters, with no provisions,
with pennants they made from the rags of their trousers,
marching in Indian file with their banner in front
- a rag tied to a pole they had cut from the jungle -
marching silently under torrents of rain, worn-out,
their sandals splashing through the puddles in the villages

Viva Sandino!

and they came from the jungle and went back to the jungle,
splashing through puddles with the banner in front.

An army in sandals or barefoot with hardly any weapons

which had neither discipline nor disorder
 and neither the leaders nor the troops had any pay
 but no-one was compelled to fight
 and though they had a military hierarchy they were all equal
 with no distinction of rank when they shared their food
 and their clothes; they all had the same rations.
 And the leaders had no adjutants:
 It was more like a community than an army
 and it was not military discipline that united them but love,
 though never was there so much unity in an army.
 An army of happy men who embraced each other and strummed
 guitars.

Their battle-hymn was a love-song:

*“Si Adelita se fuera con otro
 La seguiría por tierra y por mar
 Si por mar en un buque de guerra
 Y si por tierra en un tren militar.”*

“All of us embrace each other instead of saluting”,
 Sandino said -and no one could embrace a man as he did.

And whenever they spoke of themselves they said *all*:

“All of us...” “We are all equals”.

“We are all brothers here”, Umanzor said.

And they were all united until all of them were killed.

They decoyed aeroplanes with soldiers made of straw

and food and clothes and arms was all their pay;

they hoarded every bullet as though it were gold;

their mortars were made of lead-piping,

their bombs of stones and broken glass

which they loaded with dynamite from the mines and wrapped in
 (leather;

their grenades were made of sardine cans.

“He is a bandido”, Somoza said, “a bandolero”.

And Sandino never sold anyone’s property.

Which, being translated, means

that Somoza called Sandino a gangster.

And Sandino never stole anyone’s property.

And Moncada called Sandino a bandit at public banquets

and in the mountains Sandino didn’t have any salt,

and his men were shivering with cold in the mountains,

and he had mortgaged his father-in-law’s house

to set Nicaragua free while in the President’s palace

Moncada had mortgaged the whole of Nicaragua.
"It's obvious that he isn't" - the American Mister said laughing
- but it's in a technical sense that we call him 'bandolero' ".
What is that light in the distance? is it a star?
It's Sandino's light as he moves through the dark of the forest.
That's where he is with his men around their red bonfire
wrapped in their blankets with rifles on their shoulders
smoking or singing sad songs from the north,
none of them stirring, only their shadows stirring.
His features were indistinct like those of a ghost,
deeply abstracted by meditation
and preoccupied by the difficulties of a guerrilla campaign
with its life of continual exposure to torrential rain and sun.
And Sandino's face wasn't the face of a soldier,
but of a poet turned soldier by necessity,
and of a highly-strung man dominated by serenity.
He had two faces superimposed on each other:
a dark physiognomy which was at the same time lit up;
sad as the sunset over the jungle
and cheerful as morning over the jungle.
In the light his face was youthful
and in the shadows it seemed overwhelmed by exhaustion.
And Sandino was not intelligent nor well-read
but became intelligent in the mountains.
"In the mountains everything teaches you", Sandino said.
(dreaming of las Segovias full of schools)
and he received messages from all parts of the mountains
and it seemed as though every cabin was spying for him
(where foreigners would be regarded as brothers,
all kinds of foreigners even the "Americans")
"even the yanquis..."
And: "God will speak through the people of las Segovias..." he said
"I have never expected to come out of this alive
but I have always believed it was necessary..."
And: "Do you think I will become a landowner?"

It is the middle of the night in the mountains of las Segovias.
And that light is Sandino! A light and a song...

"Si Adelita se fuera con otro"

But the nations are following their destiny.

And Sandino never became president
but Sandino's assassin was the president
and president for twenty years!

*"Si Adelita se fuera con otro
La seguiria por tierra y por mar."*

The disarmament was signed. The weapons were loaded on carts.
Guns lashed together with cords, rusty rifles
and half a dozen old machine-guns
And the carts wind slowly down the mountainside.

*"Si por mar en un buque de guerra
Y si por tierra en un tren militar."*

Telegram from the American Minister (Mr.Lane)
to the Secretary of State - sent from Managua
February 14, 1934 at 6.5 P. M.
and received in Washington at 8.50. P. M.:

*"Informed by official sources
that the aeroplane was unable to land at Wiwili
and Sandino's arrival is delayed..."*

The telegram from the American Minister (Mr.Lane)
to the Secretary of State on February 16
announcing Sandino's arrival in Managua
Not Printed
was not published in the records of the State Department.

Like the guardatinaje that runs out of the bushes
onto the highway and is surrounded by dogs
and remains motionless before the hunters
because he knows there is nowhere he can go...

"I talked to Sandino for half an hour"

Somoza told the American Minister
"but I can't tell you what he talked about
because I don't know what he talked about
because he knows there is nowhere he can go..."

"And you will see that I won't own any properties..."
And: "It is UNCONSTITUTIONAL", Sandino said.

"The Guardia Nacional is unconstitutional."

"An insult!" Somoza told the American Minister
on the TWENTY-FIRST OF FEBRUARY at six in the evening,
"an insult! I want to stop Sandino."

Four convicts were digging a pit.
"Who've they done in?" one of the convicts said.

"No-one", the guard said.

"Then who's the pit for?"

"Quit bellyaching and dig", said the guard.

The American Minister is having lunch with Moncada.

"Will you have coffee, sir?"

it's very good coffee, sir"

"What?" Moncada turns away from the window and stares at the servant: "Oh, yes, I'll have coffee." And he laughed. "Certainly".

There are five men in a locked room in the barracks with guards posted at the doors and windows. One of the men has only one arm.

The fat bemedalled officer comes in and says: "Yes."

Another man is going to have dinner with the President to-night (the man for whom they were digging the pit)

and he says to his friends: "Let's go. It's time now."

And they go to have dinner with the President of Nicaragua.

At ten o'clock they get into the car to go, Down to Managua.

In the middle of the journey they are stopped by the guards.

They take the two older men off in one car

and the other three in another car in another direction.

To the place where four convicts were digging a pit.

"Where are we going?"

the man for whom they were digging the pit asked them.

And no-one answered him.

Then the car stopped and a guard said to them:

"Get out". The three of them got out,

and a man who had only one arm shouted "Fire!"

"I was in a Concierto", Somoza said.

And it was true, he had been at a concert

or at a banquet or watching a ballerina dance or whatever the shit it was he was doing.

And at ten o'clock Somoza began to be afraid,

Suddenly the telephone rang outside.

"Sandino is calling him on the telephone!"

And he began to be afraid. One of his friends told him:

“Don’t be chicken-shit, man!”

Somoza ordered them not to answer the ‘phone.
The ballarina went on dancing for the assassin.
And in the dark outside the telephone went on ringing
and ringing.

By the light of a moon in February.
four guards were shovelling earth in a pit.
By the light of a moon in February.

It is the hour when the morning star of the Indian of Chontales
wakens the Indian girls to grind the corn
and the gatherer of chicle goes out, and the woodcutter and the
gatherer of raicilla
with the plantain trees turned silver by the moon,
with the cry of the coyote and the wild-cat
and the owl hooting in the moonlight.
The guardatinaja and the guatuza come out of their holes
and the pocoyos and cadejos go back to theirs.
The Weeping Woman wanders weeping by the banks of the rivers:
“Did you find him?” “No!” “Did you find him?” “No!”
A bird laments like a pole creaking,
and then the ravine is silent as if listening to something,
and then another cry....The bird pronounces
the same sad word, the same sad word.
The herdsmen are beginning to call their cows:
Tooo-to-to-to;tooo-to-to-;tooo-to-to-to;
the boatmen unfurl the sails on their boats;

the telegraph officer of San Rafael del Norte Cables:
SAN RAFAEL DEL NORTE REPORTING ALL’S WELL
and the telegraph officer in Juigalpa: ALL’S WELL IN JUIGALPA
and the logs are travelling down the Rio Escondido
and the ducks cry quack quack, and the echoes,
the echoes, while the tugboat goes off with the logs
sliding along the glassy green surface of the river
towards the Atlantic...

While in the rooms of the Presidential Palace
and the courtyards of the prisions and in the barracks
and in the American Embassy and the Police Station

those who stayed awake this night look at their hands and faces
and in the light of dawn they seem stained with blood.

‘I did it’, Somoza said later.
“I did it, for the good of Nicaragua.”

And William Walker said when they were going to kill him:
“El Presidente de Nicaragua es nicaraguense.”
In April the fields are dry in Nicaragua.
It is the month when there are fires in the fields,
it is the hottest month and the pastures are covered with red-hot
cinders,

and the hillsides are the colour of coal;
the month of the hot wind when the air smells of smoke
and the fields turn blue under the smoke
and the tractors turn over the clods with clouds of dust;
the beds of rivers are as dry as roads
and the branches of the trees stripped bare as roots;
it is the month when the sun is blurred and red as blood
and when the moon is enormous and red as the sun,
and far off in the night the bonfires burn like stars.

In May the first rains begin to fall.
The young grass is reborn from the ashes.
The tractors plough through fields heavy with mud.
The paths are littered with butterflies and puddles,
and the nights are fresh and full of insects,
and it rains all night. In May
the malinche trees are in flower in the streets of Managua.
But April is the month of death in Nicaragua.

They killed them in April.
I was with them in the April rebellion
And Adolfo Baez Bone was my friend:
They hunted him down with airplanes and armoured cars,
with searchlights, with tear-gas bombs,
with radios, with cops and with police dogs;
and I remember the red clouds over the Presidential Palace
like bloody balls of cotton-wool,
and the moon red over the Presidential Palace.
The secret radio said he was alive.
The people didn't believe he had been killed.

(And he hadn't)

Because there are times when a man is born in a country
 And the country in which that man is buried
 is that man.

And the men who are born after him in that land
 are that man.

And Adolfo Baez Bone was that man.
 "If they gave me a choice between the destiny
 (Baez Bone said to me three days earlier)
 of being assassinated like Sandino
 or becoming President like Sandino's assassin
 I would choose Sandino's destiny."

And he chose his destiny.

Glorry is not the way they teach it in the history text-books:
 it is a flock of vultures in a field and a bad smell.

But when a hero dies
 he is not dead
 for the hero is reborn
 in a Nation.

Then the U.S. sent more arms to Somoza;
 for fully half a day the arms rolled past;
 truck after truck loaded with case of arms;
 all of them labelled U.S.A., MADE IN U.S.A.,
 arms to take more prisoners, to hunt down books,
 to rob Juan Potosme of his five pesos.

And I saw these arms going down Avenida Roosevelt.
 And the people in the streets fell silent when they saw them passing:
 the skinny fellow, the one with no shoes, the one with a bicycle,
 the negro, the one with a big nose, the one dressed in yellow,
 the tall fellow, the blond one, the bald-head, the one with a moustache,
 the flat-faced fellow, the scrawny one, the curly-head, the one with
 straight hair:

and every one of these people had the face
 of a dead ex-lieutenant.

The music of the mambos goes down towards Managua.
 With eyes red and bleary like a shark's eyes,
 but a shark with a bodyguard and machine-guns,
 (*Eulamia nicaraguensis*)
 Somoza was dancing the mambo

mambo mambo
qué rico el mambo

while they were killing them.

And Tachito Somoza (his son) goes up to the Presidential Palace
to change his blood-stained shirt
for a clean one.

Stained with blood and chile.

The dogs in the prison howled with pity.

The people who lived near the barracks heard the cries.

First a solitary scream in the middle of the night,
then more screams and more

and then a silenceThen a volley of rifle-fire
and a solitary shot. Then another silence,

and an ambulance.

And in the prison the dogs are howling again!

The noise of an iron door clanging behind you
and they begin the interrogation

and the accusation, the accusation of conspiracy,

and you make your confession, and then you begin hallucinating,

you see your wife's photo lit up like a spotlight

before your eyes; the nights are full of people screaming,

of noises, of silence, a graveyard silence,

and again the same question, the same question,

and the same noise reiterated and the spotlight in your eyes,

and then the endless months of waiting.

How good it would be

in your own bed to-night

without the terror of them waking you up and hauling you out of **your**
house,

or of knocks on the door and the bell ringing!

Shots ring out in the night, or what seem like shots.

Heavy-laden trucks are passing, come to a halt,

and move on again. You have heard their voices.

They're at the intersection. They must be changing guard.

You hear their laughter and the clash of their rifles.

The tailor who lives opposite has switched his light on.

And you thought they were knocking here. Or at his door.

Maybe to-night they have your name on their list!

And the night wears on and the hours till dawn are endless.

And the day will only be a sunlit night.

The silence of night under the sun at noon.

The American Minister Mr. Whelan
has gone to a banquet at the Presidential Palace.
You can see the lights of the palace anywhere in Managua.
The music is wafted from the banquet to the prisoners' cells
on the quiet breeze of Managua under martial law.
The prisoners can hear the music in their cells
mingling with the cries of men being tortured in the water-troughs.
Upstairs in the palace Mr. Whelan says:

"fine party!"

As that sonofabitch Roosevelt said to Summer Welles:

"Somoza is a sonofabitch
but he's ours".

Lackey to the foregners
and, to his own people, a tyrant
imposed by intervention
and kept there by a policy of non-intervention:
SOMOZA FOREVER.

The spy who walks by day
the secret agent by night
and the arrests at night:
those who are arrested for talking on a bus
or for shouting a Viva
or for a joke.

"Accused of slandering Mr. President..."

And those who are sentenced by a judge with the face like a toad
or in the Councils of War by cops with faces like dogs;
those who have been made to drink piss or eat shit
(when you have a constitution remember them)
those with bayonets in their mouths and needles in their eyes,
electrocuted in water-troughs with spotlights in their eyes.
- "He's a sonofabitch, Mr. Welles, but he's ours."

And in Guatemala, in Costa Rica, in México,
the exiles wake up in the the middle of the night and cry out
dreaming they were being tortured over again,
or that they were being tied up with cords over again,
or that they were being tied up with his needle.

"...And he was a nice-looking fellow, y' know..."

(said a campesino).

"Yes, that was him. And nice- looking y' know..."

Fair-skinned and wearing a little yellow shirt
with short sleeves.

Nice-looking, the prick."

When night falls in Nicaragua the Presidential Palace
fills with ghosts. And faces appear.

Faces in the gloom.

Faces that drip with blood.

Adolfo Baez Bone; Pablo Leal with his tongue ripped out;
Luis Gabuardi my classmate whom they burnt alive
and who died shouting "*Muera Somoza!*"

The face of the sixteen-year old telegraph operator
(even his name is forgotten)

who sent secret messages at night

to Costa Rica, telegrams trembling across
the night, out of the dark Nicaragua of Tacho

(and he will not be remembered in the history text-books)
and who was caught in the act and died staring at Tachito;
his face stares at him still. The kid

who was caught one night sticking up posters that said

SOMOZA IS A GANGSTER

and who was dragged off out of the city by guards who laughed as
(they
shot him...

And hundreds of other ghosts, so many ghosts;
the ghosts whose bones were picked by the vultures of Wiwili;
the ghost of Estrada; the ghost of Umanzor;
the ghost of Sócrates Sandino;
and the greatest ghost of them all, the ghost of the greatest crime,
the ghost of Augusto César Sandino.
Every night in Managua the Presidential Palace
is filled with ghosts.

But the hero is born the moment that he dies
and green grass springs again from the ashes.

PRESENTACION DE MARIA

(Fragmento de la novela inédita *La luna muere con agua*)

...apoyado contra el tronco del nogal, en el huerto de los Molina, donde se celebraba la fiesta de las bodas, el padre Mondrego no parecía tan gordo como en el pequeño púlpito de la iglesia, y comía tacos, por lo menos engulló una docena, y bebía pulque de su jarrito, pero no por eso dejaba de injundir respeto a la gente, aunque un poco menos, ésa es la verdad, y yo también estaba allí, como había estado en la iglesia, porque entre los casados tenía a un primo, y echaba de vez en cuando una mirada al cura y a las viejas beatas obsequiosas que lo atendían, procurando que no le faltasen tacos, mientras algunas muchachas regaban el suelo y otras esparcían pétalos de rosa y alhelí, y los músicos preparaban los instrumentos, y se oía gué-gué, el clarinete, como un graznido de ganso, tocado por Florentino de Atlauta, tartamudo él, menos cuando le daba al instrumento, rong-rong, la guitarra de Bautista de Nepanila, quien solía cantar con los ojos cerrados y torciendo mucho la boca, tii-tii, hacía la flauta soplada por el flaco Tiburcio de Tepelixpa, tuerto y braguetudo, ñin-ñin, gemía el violín de Rutilo de Zoyatzingo, triste y tres veces viudo, pomporopom, sonaba el tambor de Ponciano de Ozumba, cacarizo y patizambo, tará-tará, espetaba la trompeta de Pascacio, el único músico de Huehuecalco, de quien sólo se veían las piernas porque se había trepado a un nogal; y en medio del guirigay de los instrumentos el padre Mondrego devolvió vacío el jarrito, se limpió los labios con un gran pañuelo a cuadros y dijo en voz alta, dirigiéndose a todos: "Diviértanse, hijos, pero honestamente", y se marchó, seguido de tres o cuatro viejas cacareantes que lo acompañaron hasta el abierto portalón, donde una de ellas, muy delicadamente, le echó el manto sobre los robustos hombros, y durante un buen rato todavía siguió el lio de los instrumentos, un gueronñiñin pomporom taratá, porque cada músico se había quedado solo con el suyo, como si éste fuese una mujer, y lo besaba, acariciaba o aporreaba, talmente como si se tratara de una cuestión muy personal, hasta que poco a poco se fue imponiendo la guitarra de Bautista, y entonces hubo un momento en que todo el mundo se detuvo, se inmovilizó y calló, mirando la boca o la mano del músico, o el negro agujero de la guitarra, esperando las primeras palabras de la canción, una ésta entre las mil que se amontonaban en la me-

moria del viejo cancionero mugroso, memoria que era como un puesto de chácharas donde lo usado va desde el clavo torcido hasta la bola de cristal, un momento que terminó cuando el cancionero Bautista puso repentinamente la mano plana sobre las cuerdas de la guitarra, tapando el agujero, la levantó y, al tiempo que la dejaba caer de nuevo rápidamente para arrancar las primeras notas, de su boca brotaba la canción:

Por eso los tecolotes, cantando: ¡Ticú-ticú!,
volando de rama en rama,
de noche, afligidos llaman
al pobre Pájaro Cu...

y, como empujada por un brusco viento, Mónica, la hija mayor de los Molina, salió al ruedo mojado y oloroso y se detuvo en el centro, escuchando, como para dar tiempo a que la música y las palabras se apoderaran de ella, y de pronto alzó los brazos, balanceó graciosamente todo el cuerpo, giró sobre sí misma, de modo que su falda amarilla formó un remolino y le temblaron los senos debajo del huipil, moviéndose rítmicamente recorrió un círculo invisible, quedó inmóvil, ligeramente inclinado el torso hacia la derecha, y susurró: ¡Ticú-ticú!, y el hijo jorobado del sacristán se aventó a cruzar el ruedo moviendo los brazos como si fueran las alas de un tecolote, tambaleándose en su borrachera, y la mano de Bautista el cancionero inmovilizándose unos momentos sobre las cuerdas y su boca calló, para que todos, en coro, pudieran contestar Ticú-ticú, y María, la hermana de Mónica, fue y arrancó un membrillo del árbol, lo olió y se sentó en el suelo, a mi lado, con la dura y amarilla fruta en la mano...

-¿Quién eres?

-María.

-María qué?

-María Cu...

La muchacha rió. Con los labios nada más, porque el rostro, sobre todo los ojos, habían permanecido extrañamente serios.

-¿Andan muchos tecolotes detrás de ti?

-Alguno que otro. Pero los ahuyento. No soy como mi hermana Mónica. No me gustan esos pájaros.

-No hay que ser así, María. Ya estás en edad de casarte. Eres de buen ver.

-No es cuestión de edad.

María hincó los dientes en el membrillo, sin arrancar ningún pedazo. Sonriendo miraba las huellas que habían quedado en el fruto. Luego dijo:

-No me gustan los jóvenes. Todos son como animales. Sólo piensan en soñarla a una, con manos ciegas y duras; son léperos y volanderos, sólo buscan...

-¿Cuántos años tienes?

-Dieciocho. Nací el día en que mataron a Zapata.

-¿Y tú qué buscas?

-Algo que tenga raíces. Como un árbol.

-Tendrás que aprender a esperar.

Ella tardó unos momentos en contestar:

-¿Ve usted este membrillo, Braulio?

-Sí, lo veo.

-No enrojecen, los membrillos, se quedan amarillos, del color del sol. Es la fruta que se parece más a una piedra. Pero duran mucho, y siempre olorosos. Y no se pudren: se van secando, poco a poco... ¿Comprende usted, Braulio?

-Sí, comprendo, María Vida.

-¿Cómo ha dicho usted?

-He dicho María Vida.

Ella, entonces, sin mirarlo, le puso el membrillo en la mano, y se levantó y fue a reunirse con su hermana y su madre, balanceando ligeramente las caderas.)

...y aquel día entré en mi casa de hombre solo, de anochecida ya, después de haber dado el pienso a los animales, y sucedió que como estaba oscuro dentro quise encender el quinqué de petróleo y al meter la mano en el bolsillo de los pantalones encontré el membrillo, del que ya no me acordaba, aunque no había dejado de pensar en quién me lo había puesto en la mano, aquella muchacha extraña y tallada, extraña no, más bien distinta por su carácter, sin nada de machorra, pero sí ruda y cálida. María de cara ancha, de caderas anchas, de manos anchas, María Vida le había dicho yo, sin saber verdaderamente por qué, y repetía este nombre acostado en la cama, sin haber encendido el quinqué, y con el membrillo en la mano, percibiendo su aroma y tocando con las puntas de los dedos las huellas de los dientes, me preguntaba si realmente vendría, ella que me había dicho claramente que no le gustaban los jóvenes, y en el caso de que no fuera así, de que no viniese, si debería yo procurar verla y hablar con ella y conocerla, porque cada vez iba pensando más en María como mujer, y en mí mismo como hombre, allá acostado, palpándome el cuerpo con dedos preguntones, para comprobar su vigor, y sí, los brazos y el pecho eran musculosos, el vientre sumido, los muslos fuertes y el miembro duro, ¡qué caray!, porque la estaba viendo en mis adentros como si la hubiese traído desnuda una oleada de la noche, con un brillo de luciérnaga en la piel y la boca mojada de luna, y porque no era un hombre viejo yo, ni mucho menos, entre los cuarenta y cinco y los cincuenta, unos treinta más que ella, demasiados tal vez, pero no había que considerar la cosa así, no había que mirar para atrás sino para adelante y saber cómo ultimadamente le importaba a ella eso, y con estos pensamientos me fui quedando dormido en una especie de tranquilo azoro, meciendo la imagen de María con los rayos de la luna que entraban por la ventana y los sonidos de las esquilas, dormido el cuerpo con un dormir de corteza, todo dormido pero sintiéndolo dormir, como una oscuridad en la que sonaban los pasos de los pies descalzos de ella que se iba acercando, aunque su imagen continuaba dentro de mí, acercándose suavemente hasta que se detu-

vieron en el mismo momento en que me sacudió el sobresalto de que el membrillo se escapaba de mis dedos y rodaba, y abrí los ojos cuando ella ya se había arrodillado al borde de la cama e, inclinándose, acercaba sus labios a mi oído y el susurro de la llamada caía como una sonrisa de viento en la hierba: ¡Ticú...!, en aquella noche, en que por primera vez abrí surco en ella y dormimos con la cabeza y los pies juntos...

-¿Dónde está Golondrino, María?

-Sigue debajo de la cama. No quiere salir.

-Los animales conocen.

-Está con la cabeza entre las patas, como si durmiera también. Lleva tres días así.

-¿Duerme?

--¿A quién te refieres, Mónica?

-A tu hombre.

-No sé si duerme o ha perdido el conocimiento. No se puede saber. Pero aún sigue respirando y a veces mueve los labios.

-¿Necesitarás leche esta noche?

-Creo que no. Además tienes poca.

-Podría ir a pedir.

-No es necesario.

-La vaca apenas da.

-Tendrás que llevarla pronto al toro.

-Hay tiempo. En cuanto junte cuarenta pesos. La vez anterior tardó en quedar preñada. Tuvo que cubrirla tres veces, el toro.

-Me acuerdo.

Atardecía. El viento movía las pasionarias del jardincito de María y saltaba las cercas silbando. Ya había salido la estrella de la tarde, gorda como un chícharo de plata. Después saldría la luna. María entró en el chinancal y tardó todavía un rato en prender la lamparita que llenaría la casa de animales de sombra. "¡Dios mío! ¡Dios mío!", gemía su pena, por dentro.

(Todas las tierras, todos los montes, todas las aguas, todos los sueños, todas las hambres, todos los dolores en el mismo haz, como los mirasoles de septiembre, desde la soledad de sus frágiles tallos, van siguiendo con sus ojos de oro los pasos del sol, esos ojos de oro hacia los cuales, en esas mañanas que tienen una dulzura de recién parida, se abalanzan aludes de mariposas multicolores, y toda la mata semeja un pequeño y tembloroso árbol de alas, esos ojos que primero pierden los ocho párpados lilas o blancos y luego poco a poco se marchitan y cuelgan inmóviles al extremo de sus tallos convertidos en quebradizas pajas, se agrietan más tarde y sueltan sobre la húmeda tierra sus diminutas semillas, ojos ciegos esparciendo incontables semillas de las que sólo germinan

unas pocas, como el hombre sólo salva de la caída de sus días, de todo lo que ha visto, oído, tocado, olido, gustado, fragmentos de recuerdos que se balancean en los tallos de la memoria de la vida: los ojos secos de Tiresias Maldonado en su casa crepuscular rodeada de olor de bueyes, allá en la parte alta del pueblo, cercada de nopales y cedrillo, y él andando entre los mirasoles de su jardín, deteniéndose de vez en cuando para arrancar las cápsulas secas y doradas con sus dedos cortos y gruesos como cebollas, trizarlas sobre su mano ahuecada y luego soplar, y así una y otra vez, con su andar vacilante entre las matas que crecían siempre en el mismo lugar y daban siempre los mismos mirasoles blancos y lilas, como si el destino de aquel pedazo de tierra no hubiese sido otro desde el principio de los tiempos que dar idénticos mirasoles, desde el comienzo de la montaña, desde el día en que alguien dijo que los mirasoles sean y los mirasoles fueron, desde el principio de la eternidad de la repetición de las creaciones de la naturaleza: los dedos gordos de cacique del viejo Tiresias asesinado cayendo como voraces arañas sobre los mirasoles de largos tallos inclinados, como había caído un día sobre el rostro de Braulio, la primera vez que fue a verlo a su casa crepuscular, ya viejo él también, por la época en que pasó del arado al hacha, es decir, de la pobreza a la miseria...

-¿Qué dice tu mano, Tiresias?

-Lee.

-¿Qué?

-Lee tu frente, lee tus ojos, lee tu boca. Mi mano toca la verdad.

-Escucho.

-Tu frente está dura de recuerdos, tus ojos son como dos mendigos asustados y en tu boca ha recién nacido el viejo.

-Lo que dices, Tiresias, es verdad. Sigue hablando. Te creo y no te creo. La mano con que tocas mi cara no es la misma que la que la tocó hace cincuenta años. ¿Te acuerdas?

-Mi mano no recuerda tu cara joven, pero mis oídos no han olvidado tu voz. Hace cincuenta años reías, Braulio, mientras mis dedos tocaban una cara que has perdido. Ahora no ríes.

-No, Tiresias. Tú tampoco.

-¿Tampoco qué?

-Tampoco ríes.

-Es verdad. Siempre tengo frío...)

...y luego dijo que mi boca era como una chochoyota muerta y otras cosas sobre la vejez, la ceniza y los signos de la luna que apenas comprendí, siempre con la mano sobre mi cara, allí dentro de la casa crepuscular, aunque era por la mañana y fuera brillaba el sol, hasta que se apartó de mí y fue a un rincón y sacó una botella de tequila de la que bebí a morro y volvió a esconderla, después de haberme ofrecido un trago, porque ignoraba que yo no bebía, y en

realidad no sabía nada de mí, excepto lo que había leído en mi boca anciana, mi boca-agujero a donde iban a hundirse todas las arrugas de mi cara y de mi cuerpo, como los senderos que conducen a una cisterna, y entonces entran las mujeres, silenciosas, Leocadia y Silvia, madre e hija, sus dos últimas sirvientas, y algo más decían en el pueblo, aunque no creo que hubiese algo más, porque estaba ya muy canijo, y la madre se metió en un cuarto y la hija salió para la cocina...

(-Tiemblas, Tiresias.

-Siempre estoy tiritando. Desde que la luna se me metió en los huesos. Sólo logro entrar en calor por la noche. En la cama.

-¿Con ellas?

-Sí, Braulio. ¿Por qué ocultarlo? Sólo ellas, las pendejas, me dan calor; hacen conmigo lo que yo hice con Maximina, que en paz descansa. Excepto que yo me quedé, y ellas se van, todas, y he tenido muchas desde que Maximina está bajo tierra. Dejo que éstas me roben un poco más que las anteriores, para que no se vayan, y porque son dos, jóvenes ambas, quince años la pequeña y treinta la madre, y de ellas puede decirse aquello de que puta la madre, puta la hija y puta la manta que las cobija. ¡Chirrión y mierda!

-Pero te quitan el frío.

-Para eso sí sirven, no puedo negarlo; dormimos los tres en la misma cama: yo en medio, a mi derecha Leocadia, la madre, y al otro lado Silvia, la pequeña, encueradas ambas, y todos bien tapados con las cobijas. Ellas se quedan dormidas en seguida, pero yo a menudo permanezco despierto hasta el canto de los gallos. Despierto. Sin mover el cuerpo. Pensando. Escuchando. Tocando.

-¿Tocando?

-Con las manos. Quedamente, cautelosamente, empiezo a moverlas, como si fueran dos cacomixtles, ¿comprendes?, de esos que se beben la sangre de las gallinas; y ellas siguen durmiendo en la oscuridad, mientras mis manos las acarician de arriba abajo durante un rato, todo el cuerpo, desde la cabellera hasta las corvas: las acaricio, como te digo, sin dejar de pensar y escuchar, y a veces mis manos se detienen en los vientres, la gran dulzura de los cuerpos, y allí se quedan, como dos animales dentro de un escondrijo de harina... ¡Chirrión y mierda! No tengo más alegría que ésta en la vida. ¡Esta es mi última alegría! ¡Tocar, oler y escuchar! Mis tres reinos. La garganta de la pequeña huele a ruda; los pechos de la madre a maíz tostado. Y así permanezco, quieto, en mi doble oscurana, vivo y muerto, porque mi sangre ya no canta, y lo que tengo entre los muslos fue mordido por la boca fría de la luna...Porque soy ya muy viejo. Tengo la raíz seca. La pequeña es virgen.

-¿Sí?

-Por lo menos, yo no... Como te decía, estoy en la cama, sin moverme, como una piedra larga, y escuchando, pensando, durante la noche.

-¿Y en qué piensas, Tiresias?

-Pienso, veo...

-¿Ves?

-Cosas. Vi el mundo. Hasta los diez años, en que quedé ciego de resultas de una caída. Primero escucho y luego vienen las cosas; no nacen dentro de mí, sino que vienen de fuera, entran y se transforman. No sé, Braulio, si puedes entender esto.

-Entiendo, Tiresias. Es como si los recuerdos tuvieran fiebre.

-Más o menos. Nunca hay silencio para mí. La noche me labra la cara. Cuanto menos frío tengo, más cosas bullen en mi cabeza. La habitación está llena de la respiración de las dos mujeres. Huelo el olor de sus cuerpos, un olor caliente. Fuera ladra un perro. Hay recuerdos que acechan, oigo el roce de dos ramas, y murmullos de la tierra. Ciertas noches los pensamientos son claros y tranquilos, como un rebaño de ovejas paciende en un verde talud; otras, son bruscos y extraños, negros, como esas lagartijas que viven debajo de las tejas y salen un momento a la luz para volver a esconderse en seguida. Vuelve a ladrar un perro, lejos, ahora, en una de las últimas casas del pueblo, pero los ladridos que oigo dentro de mí son de otro perro. ¿Sabes, Braulio, que no he visto nunca la montaña a cuyo pie vivimos? Cuando llegué hacía ocho años que mis ojos no veían. ¡No puedes imaginarte cómo la siento, la montaña! A veces, en la oscurana, oigo crujir sus viejos huesos, crac, crac, crac, y pienso que debe estar cansada, la montaña, y desea tenderse en el llano y dormir apoyando la cumbre sobre la tierra... Escúchame. Cada vez toco las cosas con más angustia. Ahora prefiero las piedras. Tocar con mis manos las piedras inmóviles y duras, palparlas, sobarlas, acariciarlas, hacerles preguntas con mis diez dedos, alzarlas si no son demasiado pesadas. Todo llora en el mundo menos las piedras. No hay muerte en ellas, ¿comprendes? Y es en ellas, sin embargo, sólo en ellas, donde puedo a veces tocar el tiempo fuera de la vida, un tiempo que no es el de este mundo... ¡Vete!

-¿Qué te pasa, Tiresias?

-Quiero estar solo.

-Todos estamos solos.

-Estamos jodidos.

-Estamos como siempre.

-No sé por qué vienen todavía a consultarme.

-Te necesitan. Tienen miedo.

-Las mujeres todas son costales de pena. Con ellas se puede hacer aún algo

-¿Y los hombres?

-Nada.

¿Por qué?

-No arden. ¿Comprendes? Están apagados. ¡Están apagados!

...y después de eso, me acuerdo muy bien, bebió algunos tragos más de

tequila y empezó a gritar tanto que Leocadia y Silvia acudieron a ver qué pasaba, un poco asustadas, la pequeña con las manos mojadas, porque debía estar lavando los trastes, y la madre rodeada de gatos, con el pelo suelto y un peine en la mano, y Tiresias las despachó con una mueca y un rápido movimiento de los dedos, sin dejar de hablar, ya sin gritos, hablando de San Diego de un modo que al principio no le entendía, pero luego sí, le oí repetir la palabra cabeza, la cabeza de San Diego que estaba allá en la zahurda, llena de estiércol, y vamos hacia allá los dos, y él da una patada en la barriga de la marrana que estorbaba el paso, gruñidos, y dice: "San Diego el descabezado, ¿no te acuerdas? antes de empezar la escarbaadura con las manos, y añade: "Siéntate a mi lado", y yo contesto: "Sí, claro que me acuerdo, desapareció del pueblo hace muchos años, cuando los zapatistas entraron en el pueblo con tiros y mentadas", y él: "Ahora verás", dice, no sé si a mí o a la marrana, "ahora verás, Braulio", escarbando la tierra con ambas manos, "la cabeza está aquí", y desentierra una especie de raigón que deja entre sus dos piernas abiertas, y luego se rasca el cuello, bebe otro trago y con voz ronca dice: "Aquí está la mera cabeza del santo, mírala bien", eso dice, mientras la limpia de la tierra húmeda que tiene pagada, y yo veo cómo van apareciendo el cráneo pelado y con una gran rajadura, los ojos vacíos, la nariz, la boca, las mejillas hundidas, negra toda ella, color de estiércol aguanoso, y añade: "La mera cabeza", tocándole la cara con los cinco dedos de su mano derecha, y luego, agarrándola por el cuello con las dos manos y levantándola como si fuera un cáliz, "ni su madre le conocería", dice, "y a nosotros tampoco nos conocerían las nuestras", y suelta un carajo, y luego se la acomoda sobre el hombro izquierdo, ladeada hacia la derecha, de modo que cuando voltea la suya, no para mirarla, claro está, sino para hablarle, las dos bocas casi se rozan: la viva de viejo agorero y la de madera podrida sobre el hombro, como el pájaro de la mala luna que escucha el silbo de la serpiente loca, y así dice, así dice:

"hola, saluda, santo, eso es, inclinando un poco la cabeza, sí, es lo único que te queda, y ahora huele mi aliento, ¡ahaaa!, juego del infierno, calor del demonio sobre tu cara que es como la mía, desmadradas ambas, nos parecemos, viejo, como si fuésemos hermanos: la tuya negra, la mía roja como un sol borracho coronado de excrementos humeantes;

"escucha, compadre, te habla Tiresias, el rey de la casa oscura, oidor del polvo que duerme entre el nopal y el magüey, coyote de sigilo, masticador de la mariposa de obsidiana y otras fórmulas para mis brujerías, cada vez más baratas, viejo, porque los tiempos son malos, y ahora mira: en mi mano bailan los gigantes mojados de la luna, se comienza con la flor desollada de los señores de la noche y se acaba cortando la cola del pavorreal, desde donde miran los ojos del tiempo, ¿me oyes, cabeza podrida, zopilote desplumado sobre mi hombro;

“hiedes, compadre santo. ¡Salta, cabeza! ¡Abajo, a tu hoyanco!

“viene la noche, viene con pasitos de cabra, viene con su picada de viruelas de plata.....

“tiempooooo, no existes, hay tiempos de aquí y de allá, del viento y del agua, de la sombra, de la luz, de la lengua del ceniztle, del ajeno y del alhelí, el tiempo de ¡upa cabrona vida!, cuando en el umbral del patio me acostaba sobre la piel cruda de un buey y cantaba a Maximina, que contestaba con zureos de paloma y luego me murmuraba al oído el gemido del sauce y el nacimiento de la estrella de menta; olía a yegua, ella, la primera mujer debajo de mí, y en ella mis dedos aprendieron a hallar la raíz de la arruga; tiempoooo, boca desdentada que quiere otro trago de oscuridad y ceniza, yo, chivo sucio de tetas colgantes,

“yo, Tiresias, luz en el ojo del perro que muere por arsénico negro y blanco, dormido en el arco iris, yo, con un clavo en la frente y vestido de hermosísima leche,

*yo, sombra del gallo de los ojos arrancaños,
bailo con la madre del trigo, duermo con la hija del maíz, vienen rebaños de lámparas,*

“yo, quiquiriquí, yo, cocorocó, picoteo en los graneros del buboso de la luz hendida,

*caigo
desnudo y con espuelas de trébol,*

“y ahí caigo de rodillas...¿dónde está la cabeza?... digo, la botella, tengo sed, tengo frío, vuelvo a tener frío, no sé lo que hago, no sé qué digo, y este lanzazo de viento en mi costado, babeo, no tengo dientes, ¿dónde están las mujeres que entibian la oscuridad?, sigo babeando como la vaca cuando saca el morro del abrevadero después de beber, suenan las campanas, tierra, toco la tierra con las manos abiertas, campanas, bandadas de pájaros hacia los árboles, la marrana sigue gruñendo, maldita sea, me inclino, toco la tierra con las manos y la frente, debe estar pariendo la marrana, mis patadas la pusieron a partir, muerdo, necesitaré más hoyo que la cabeza del compadre santo, muerdo, los gruñidos, muerdo la tierra...”

DISCREPANCIES AND APPARITIONS; Diane Wakoski: Doubleday and Company, New York, 1967: \$ 2.95.

this more than makes sense, and feels good, that first full hard cover and somehow complete book for a poet who could have offered us that long ago and has finally been given the chance to. the collection is exceedingly strong and even in quality and richness of texture. diane's poetry stands alone, projects a world we do not often enter but through her line, her word, her vision. for me APRICOT POEM, ABSENCE, VIOLENCE, SCALE, APPARITIONS ARE NOT SINGULAR OCCURRENCES and THE FIVE DREAMS OF JEFFIFER SNOW AND HER TESTAMENT stay with me longest.

but this is not a book to pick and choose from; the totality is as important as any one piece.

* *

WALKS: Clayton Eshleman: Caterpillar Books, New York City; 1967: no price listed.

this is the tenth in clayton eshleman's caterpillar series, and his own. a very tough collection, as is all that he gives us lately. eshleman is alone but moving in his direction, taking us with him. on page 21 of this book there is a letter to cesar calvo (peruvian) titled LETTER TO CESAR CALVO CONCERNING THE INAUGURATION OF A MONUMENT TO CESAR VALLEJO. this letter should be read, not only by every american poet and every latin american poet, but by every human being concerned/involved in the revolution coming together inside and out of the human body.

* *

POEMS AND ANTIPOEMS: Nicanor Parra: New Directions, New York, 1967: \$1.95.

Pablo Neruda and Gabriela Mistral (sic) notwithstanding, Nicanor Parra is the most exciting poet writing in Chile today. His work has great meaning for the contemporary American reading public. New Directions (and translators Alegria, Ferlinghetti, Ginsberg, Laughlin, Levertov, Merton, Merwin, Rachal, Williams and Dr. Williams) have done us a

service with this book, from which I extract the following first part of "Memories of Youth":

All I'm sure of is that I kept going back and forth,
Sometimes I bumped into trees,
Bumped into beggars,
I forced my way through a thicket of chairs and tables,
With my soul on a thread I watched the great leaves fall.
But the whole thing was useless,
At every turn I sank deeper into a sort of jelly;
People laughed at my fits,
The characters stirred in their armchairs like
 seaweed moved by the waves
And women gave me horrid looks
Dragging me up, dragging me down,
Making me cry and laugh against my will.

* *

POETRY EUROPE SERIES: *Shadow Land* by Johannes Bobrowski, *Jonah* by Jean-Paul Dadelsen, *Concerning the Angels* by Rafael Alberti: each 21s from Rapp & Carroll, London, 1967.

These three books --and perhaps everything published by this exciting house-- are musts in the search for identity in the younger European verse. The translations are excellent. The physical feel of the volumes is perfect. Bobrowski is the most to my particular liking:

Her
 song, who
 bound to the coast
 repeats her swaying song:
 sea after storm
 her song--

Dadelsen is very much the "deep image", rich and full. Alberti is a poet whose work should have come to us long ago in good translation (and to this effect there will be a selection of it in our next issue.)

* *

THE LIGHT AROUND THE BODY: Robert Bly; Harper & Row: New York City, 1967: \$3.95.

Robert Bly, with his own work and his magazine THE SIXTIES,

has long been one of the Americans doing most for a joining of poetries. He has taken the textures and tones of the rich Spanish verse and not only done excellent translations and critical essays, but merged the finding with what has best come out of American poetry for a new and valuable image. Unfortunately, in his own verse (which I hear comes through better listened to than read) rhetoric often weighs down the intention:

This burning in the eyes, as we open door,
This is only the body burdened down with leaves,
The opaque flesh, heavy as November grass,
Growing stubbornly, triumphant even at midnight.

(first lines from IN DANGER FROM THE OUTER WORLD)

* *

BEAUFORT'S SCALE: Nelson Ball: Weed/Flower Press, Toronto, 1967: \$1.25.

This small, carefully produced mimeographed pamphlet retains our faith in the inexpensive publication offering good poetry. In KITCHENER I, Ball says:

I don't want your
song tonight, not

while my wife is
singing hers.

And

it's easier to
shut this window

than turn her off.

* *

THE BINNACLE: Robert Peterson: Lillabulero Press, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, 1967: \$1.50.

This press (other books reviewed in our last issue) is doing some good work. Peterson is an exciting new poet on the scene. The drawings by Robert Hunter are organic and work in well with the text. Another example of cheap offset successful to the eye and hand. This is a poetry that doesn't easily "fit in" to any mold, and no poem can be half-quoted. Those I liked best are THE DAY

IKNEW I WAS NOT ALONE, BRICKS, REPORT FROM THE SERVICE, and JEAN GABIN AS SHIP. the "haiku" make it less for me.

* *

KARMA CIRCUIT: Harold Norse: Nothing Doing in London Press, 1967: \$2.75.

This book is the epitomy of beautiful rare printing, handsome design, and the poems are worth it. Harold Norse, coming into long-deserved prominence now through the efforts of Blazek and others, gives a tough, hard visual/sense line beyond the capacity of most of us to create. The photographs of vibratory phenomena by Hans Peter Widmer are as exciting as the poems themselves, and part of a total necessary experience. Get the book.

m. r.

* *

MIRROR ON THE FLOOR,

George Bowering, McClelland & Stewart Ltd., Toronto, \$2.50. Toronto, \$2.50.

A mirror is to look in, and when we look, if we look, there for us is a scene in which the self, at the center, is just what we anticipated, or not the same at all, or blinks with change at our looking, or blurs into the unrecognizable. One way or another, it can be hard looking. And if you place the mirror on the floor the encounter becomes trickier yet, and you bend over a small world which gives the illusion that one small slip may send you tumbling into it, there to plunge into the mystery of your own images, or one you thought to be yours: to be, for a time, lost in it, and to emerge, at the end, perhaps not altogether certain what, in this experience was real, what illusion, but changed, all the same, sensing something not known before, of the nature of the encounter, and of the image, of the self and of that other, in there.

Thus the encounters of this moving book of the mirror, which may be an intriguing and obsessive going in, a baffling and agonizing being there, and a painful coming out, and yet lead us toward the humanizing it all does: towards "a well-touched-by-human-hands English car rather than a sleek glossy Detroit model." Which is all that counts. Or as Bowering adds, "I guess if you haven't figured out what I mean by now, I have lost you."

The central look is that of one Bob Small, who emerges unexpectedly from the darkly narrow confines of a night in jail -- the meager limits of his own society and personal world--into the bright, harshly reflective morning of the

girl Andrea. Unlike his friend Delsing, who would play with the world before him and not risk the entry into it, Bob Small, enlarging, plunges, leaning over it, a lover, going all the way. If in it, her, there is much that is mystery and much that is agony, he shows us the painful human gentleness that knows not to probe too hard at the first and not retreat at the last.

For there is the experience, the mirror. That it has, in the end, for the one coming out of it, cold contours, cannot deny its reality, its meaning, the fact that

it couldn't be the way it was in the old-style novels, where a man's fate was decided on the merits of a choice he makes: up comes the moral dilemma--he makes the wrong choice and the rest of life is misery, but if he makes the right painful choice, his spiritual rewards outweigh all his personal afflictions, and he emerges stronger in the places he has been injured. But there is always the point of choice. The world waits while he works up to his decision

It isn't that way. Things happen to the world, that's all.

They happen to the world that is inside us, each person.

This Bowering finally offers as all you know and all need to know; it cannot do any "good," and yet that is what is there, real and human. Bob Small cannot be altogether "with" Andrea, however he gropes for her in there because things happen and his story, like his chapters in this book, is different from hers, her chapters, in ways he can never fully know. Andrea looks into the mirror on her floor, Bob into the mirror of her world, the reader into the many-surfaced mirror of this book, the complex reflections and expanding images of their respective chapters. There, for all, is the ever-present bump of contact, the view there, no fun-house mirror-maze. "Things happen." The pain of collision and the emptiness after. And much more besides.

a. g.

Correction:

CATERPILLAR

a magazine of the leaf : a gathering of the tribes
was advertised in EL CORNO EMPLUMADO No. 24
with the wrong address. the correct
address for this exciting new magazine is:

36 Greene Street
New York City, New York 10013
USA



DIANA

• siempre los libros
de mayor interés.
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21 AÑOS

de labor editorial en

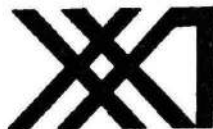
MEXICO:

EDITORIAL DIANA, S. A.

MEXICO-BARCELONA



LA CREACION
LITERARIA EN



siglo
veintiuno
editores
sa

APARECEN EN NOVIEMBRE-DICIEMBRE

JULIO CORTAZAR- *La vuelta al día en 80 mundos*
Ilustrado. 224 pp.

GABRIEL ZAID- *La máquina de cantar*
(Ensayos) 136 pp.

TOMAS SEGOVIA- *Anagnórisis*
(Poema) 144 pp.

En colección mínima

AURA, AYALA, BECERRA,
GARDUÑO- *Poesía joven de México*
140 pp.

J. L. BORGES,
G. CHARBONIER- *El escritor y su obra*
104 pp.

MARIA ZAMBRANO- *La Tumba de Antígona*
(Ensayo) 100 pp.

Reediciones

MIGUEL ANGEL ASTURIAS- *El espejo de Lida Sal*
(Premio Nobel 1967) 2a. Edición.

CARLOS FUENTES- *Zona Sagrada*
3a. edición

En la serie Sociología y política

CARMICHAEL Y HAMILTON- *El poder negro*
200 pp.

EN TODAS LAS LIBRERIAS DE AMERICA O EN
GABRIEL MANCERA 65, MEXICO 12, D. F.

Lima, Perú Noviembre de 1967

Sergio, Sergioooo, mi hermanito, cómo estás?Aquí yo. en un hueco del tiempo hablando, pensando en Uds. Estoy de vuelta en Lima, ya te conté que hice un trabajo de bibliotecaria en un convento. El retiro fue maravilloso. Me trasladé en cuerpo y alma a otras centurias y a otras visiones del universo. Trabajé mucho y aprendí más. Con todo hay algún músculo en alguna parte de mi espíritu que se resiste cada vez más a aceptar la hojarasca de la literatura actual. Hemos creado montañas-trampas de papel, papel. Olvidando la mayoría de los casos un significado, una unión al cosmos. Hemos olvidado un lenguaje perfecto. Ahora nos llenamos de palabras como quien se embadurna de goma y se pega hermosas plumas. Esta es nuestra cultura. Ves, Sergio, a lo que me ha conducido el buscar en los libros antiguos. Quizás ellos tenían menos avances científicos, pero más Conocimiento.

Bien, te quiero decir otras cosas. Por ejemplo. lo que ustedes significan.

Ha venido por mi casa un cura joven, poeta y revolucionario en cuanto a ideales de una nueva iglesia, como Cardenal y Agudelo. Les estamos escribiendo a la Isla. (Agudelo se salió para casarse) Este joven se llama Hernán Rodas y me contó que en Ecuador viven esperando el Corno. En su Seminario recitan los poetas del Corno, conocen esta cadena nueva de solidaridad continental por el Corno. Me cuenta que a mí me citan y dicen: Raquel escribe que....así con toda familiaridad. Oyéndole me reconcilio con la Iglesia. Harán una nueva. Ves, cómo son de importantes, Sergio, con su obra?....Hay mentes en pequeños pueblos que esperan tu llegada. Tienes que seguir adelante. Aunque te ataquen los perros rabiosos. Otro día vino a verme, Gerrit Huizer, un sociólogo con una hermosa barba como la de Fidel. Me traía saludos tuyos y la noticia de que estuviste en Cuba con Margaret. Y que también hay un Corno dedicado a Cuba. Los cinco números anteriores los he repartido entre estas dos personas y otros poetas de Lima que te admiran. Siempre siento una enorme piedra sobre mi cabeza con esto de las cuentas. Yo ni siquiera te envío dinero, pero te los distribuyo entre gente que merece. El resultado será positivo. Con Gerrit nos hemos hecho grandes amigos. Ahora anda por la sierra visitando los campesinos. Hace una labor formidable. Lástima que se quede en Lima tan poco tiempo. Es muy inteligente y sencillo. Fue en su casa, cuando estaba casado con Else, que tú me llevaste después del Congreso de Escritores, recuerdas?...qué cosa es el mundo...Te escribo y estoy muriendo de deseo de ir a México. Tú sabes lo que amo esas calles y esas gentes. Son mías. Tengo aquí un librito que quiero publicar. Explicame un poco, en pesos, las ediciones que tú haces, aparte del Corno Emplumado (-Tengo mucho interés en el Número de Cuba ¿Quieres mandarme uno?)

Sería tan bueno hacer otro libro juntos. Hasta ahora no trabajo, pero pronto

comienzo como una hormiguita a juntar para el viaje y para el libro. Seré modelo en la Televisión. Cualquier cosa en este mundo loco. No importa. Huizer me mostró un trabajo que escribió Margaret en Cuba, muy bueno. Se lo llevó porque no tenía otra copia. Los quiere mucho a Uds.

Por una carta del último número descubro que Gonzalo Arango vive. El muy carajo jamás contesta mis cartas. Una monja debe habérselo comido. Yo siempre le escribo, por años, por costumbre poética, porque es un ser formidable, aunque me castigue, con el silencio. Mañana le enviaré una de mis últimas fotografías en bikini. Sergio, cuéntame qué haces. Qué amas. Qué escribes. He leído poemas tuyos publicados en Venezuela. Profundos y misteriosos poemas. Estás muy bien. Estás lejos y a veces quisiera, como hoy, ir contigo debajo de los árboles que guardan la lluvia, conversando. Me hace falta un poeta. En esta ciudad también están lejos los poetas. Bien, Dayal está pintando abstracto. Es maravilloso. Ilustra algunas cosas mías. Tus niños?...Ese jardín ya estará crecido. Pronto los veré, si Quetzalcóatl me es propicio. Por favor, escríbeme lo que sea. Háblame de México, de Cuba, de tus proyectos, de un rostro en un café.

No nos abandonemos tanto. Les envío una pequeña colaboración.

Les quiero mucho, aunque no crean y si creen, mejor. Todos los admiran. ¿Qué escribe ahora Margaret? Acaba de haber un temblor. Tiembla mucho, casi a diario. Vamos a desaparecer bajo el mar. Antes que esto suceda, te envío un abrazo lleno de animalitos de luz. Tu hermana Raquel

RAQUEL JODOROWSKY

EL MONASTERIO, Bogotá, Noviembre de 1967

Mejicano: ésta con el fin de saludarte como te saludo para decirte
que aunque estés lejos siempre estás

Que aunque no escribas te leo

¡Que vivan los poetas de Cuba del Corno 23!

De esa revolución los nadaítas somos "olas", realmente los cubanos hacen una poesía de armas tomar, de armas vivir, la bella guerra del arte por la dignidad humana contra la abyección. Admiro el valor de estos poetas y respeto la causa que los inspira, su lucha por la vida que en ellos es inseparable de la belleza y de su revolución. Muy bien, ellos han elegido comprometer su arte libremente, oran y aman en otros altares, eso los salva, ya no necesitan dioses viejos, ya no tienen miedo, ni dudas, y son capaces de morir por su fé. Y esa autenticidad, esa identidad de su arte con la vida, nos parece envidiable a quienes en estas trincheras nos seguimos revolcando en el lodo de infelices y estériles contradicciones. Uno está jodido con su libertad para nada, para aburrirse, para oscurecerse. De pronto uno la quisiera cambiar por un disparo, de pronto....Si al menos uno tuviera fe en "eso", pero no, eso está como podrido en uno, en el fondo es algo que pesa, que oprime, como un traje raído, o falso,

que luce sobre un maniquí. No sé, hay algo que sobra en nuestra libertad o que le falta, quizás un sentido, algo que la libre de ser un concepto y la convierte en una pasión. A veces la ponemos a arder en el sexo, la gastamos adorando el divino agujerito, pero uno no puede vivir siempre dentro, "uno se cansa de ser hombre", uno debe salir a preguntar por *Nosotros*.....

creo que tú estás más claro por dentro que yo, me alegra eso. Encontraste en Cuba la pomada milagrosa? envía la fórmula para darnos aquí, estamos muy necesitados de un milagro, a Fray Escoba lo pusieron a barrer gerencias, resultó un santico de palo el pobre mulato, ahora pasé mis devociones para Solentiname, hay que cuidar al poeta Cardenal, no lo vaya de pronto a tostar el sargento Tacho por la cartica verraca que publicó el Corno 23, el santico Agudelo está rezando todo lo que sabe para que no le pase nada, que no le pase lo que a Camilo. no más cristos muertos, carajo, ya basta con el del viernes santo. La vida lo que necesita es cristos vivos. cristos poetas, como el ernesto que hace sermones sobre letrinas y cómo sembrar tomates, esa sí es poesía de la buena, no de la palabrería en la que los poetas seguimos enredados, esa se está muriendo. La nueva poesía hay que hacerla a golpes, a puñetazos, como el negro Alí, el otomano, ese sí que es un genio, a su lado Cervantes era un *manco*. Viste el puñetazo que le dió al vaquero de Texas con su *negativa* a entrar al ejército? ese sí es un gesto de poeta, de un verdadero hombre, esa fue su gran victoria, aunque haya "perdido" su corona, simbólicamente ganó una guerra de opinión mundial en favor de la paz contra el imperialismo, eso lo hace superior a Mr. Johnson. Nosotros admiramos a este reverendo musulmán por haber sido capaz de desfilar a la Séptima Flota, nosotros lo vamos a coronar con los "laureles de Apolo". Este año en su honor, el premio nadaísta de poesía se llamará "Cassius Clay", y además lo vamos a candidatar para el Premio Nobel de la Paz. Ustedes por qué no hacen lo mismo en México? Y todos los poetas jóvenes de todos los países de América? Eso sería un bello y poderoso plebiscito: los poetas coronando al campeón, no se le ocurrió a Homero por ser ciego, ni a Platón por tener ojos sólo para Alcibiades... pero Clay es el más bello... ¡VIVA EL REY!

Todo esto que te digo es más serio que la inciclopedia británica, aquí están las pruebas, dos manifiestos firmados por 20 poetas nadaístas, en inglés y en español, te los envío para que el poético Corno nos haga el honor de dejar constancia de nuestra adhesión a Clay, y de nuestra protesta contra los pistoleros del ring y la Mano Negra. okay, hermanito?

Aquí voy al fin con 20 dólares verdes a tomarme la bolsa negra del "irving trust company": qué diablos será eso? espero que te lo paguen allá, es un chequecito que me envió de "Zona" Juan Liscano, qué tipo maravilloso, él contesta mis cartas en plata blanca, como lenguaje poético es insuperable. Yo creo que estoy más colgado que un ahorcado en tu libro de saldos rojos, perdona monje pero es que mis negocios con la poesía andan mal de fondos, no es que el Corno no se venda, claro que sí, se vuelve humo, el corno es la marihuana de los poetas. pero por lo mismo son tan malas pagas como yo, tam-

bién mal de fondos, y a la hora de pagar se hacen los locos, y hacen bien...

Lo que te quiero decir es que no te preocupes que yo no me preocupo, yo sólo te prometo que el Nadísmo será en América una verdad tan verde como el dólar. Así que, conténtate por ahora con este abrazo que vale por 20.

tuyo en el corno y en san francisco de asís

GONZALO ARANGO

Lima, Perú - 9. 22. 67

On a recent trip through the Andean highlands I had to think a lot of what I had heard a few days before leaving from a "hippy" modern literature professor whom I had met. Psychedelic movies, be-ins, love-ins "happening" somewhere in California where he came from. One can get rather "high" in the Andes mountains and valleys and "low" at the same time. Cerro de Pasco, as high as 4000 meters above sea-level, seat of the Cerro de Pasco Corporation Incorporated, a US enterprise digging for metals. Spread over the slopes a great number of "campamentos", barns which are subdivided each into twenty or thirty five by five meter apartments for the miners' families. The word living conditions does not apply. How can one live there? On top of one of the highest hills a small camp, surrounded by barbed wire fence, a guard at the entrance, all suburban type bungalows which could have been transplanted from Los Angeles or Chevy Chase: A "reservation" for some exotic tribe? a concentration camp for dangerous beings maybe? People told me that the "Yankees" were living there, the managers and engineers of the Corporation Incorporated. Maybe — I thought — the sons or nephews of these managers, or those of the shareholders of the Corporation are "hippies" who just drove to a love-in somewhere in California. "High," bare-footed, with Indian (from India or the Americas) tatouage or dresses, on the tunes of far-away music, also Indian maybe, melancholic. "Hippies", disconforming and breaking away — at least for the time being — from the Incorporated Corporation life of their fathers, uncles, neighbours, making "trips", exploring new frontiers and "high" lands or digging for treasures which don't require capital investments or cause silocosis.

A NEW WAY OF LIFE to replace the American way of death.

Similar searches occurred in Cerro de Pasco, not long ago. People still get excited when they tell about it. Hundreds, at times thousands of them, Quichua speaking Indians, bare-footed men and women with their hats and coloured dresses and the Peruvian banner and the flutes playing and the drums, and the children, the few cows and sheep and llamas and other belon-

gings, altogether crossed the newly built fences, frontiers, and settled on the more than half a million acre estate and let the cattle graze the lands which, according to old documents, signed by some Spanish viceroy ages ago, belonged to their communities but which in ways they had never understood had fallen into the hands of the Corporation Incorporated.

The act which provoked the whole "happening" was the building of fences by the Corporation and the capturing of cattle of the Indian communities which continued to graze where they always had grazed. Happening, love-in, be-in, everybody was "high" not on any drug or stimulant but on the fact that they had taken courage to stand up and say no.

The Corporation sent its police, reinforced by other police, more than a hundred men. The people, the Indians, the "campesinos", were "in" however and said no. Two peasants were killed, and there are a hundred versions of how this exactly occurred. The men withdrew, but the women and children stayed and the men came back the next day, when the police was trying to despoil peasants in another area of the half a million acres. The people are still there, they "recovered" their lands, they made a step, crossing frontiers, barriers and fences of the Establishment Incorporated: MOVEMENT, peaceful, love-in.

Is there a close tie between the descendents of the Incas who recover their lands and new possibilities of survival and fuller life, saying no to the Incorporated values.... and the descendents of the "Yankees" who do so in California or Georgetown ? I just wonder and continue my "trip", at times high, higher than México, and sometimes low, lower than in Holland.

GERRIT HUIZER

Washington, D. C. - 6 November 1967

...In haste, as always, but I could not simply send in the enclosed without saying: CATERPILLAR came -- thank you for your letter on Cuba. You did make it real to us here. Especially when you write about money because oh my God yes how can we really *think* of anything else when it takes so much money just to live? Crisis after crisis and always about money, yet real, too real -- how can it not be? Reading about Gauguin, say, we are forced to see it, not only in our own lives, but everywhere. Colleges, universities talk of money. Thank you for writing to us that there can be another way.

MICHELE MURRAY

...No 24 today, one of the finest yet. Since Eshleman was so kind as to say (at least) that I should know better (for Eshleman that's practically *nice*, no?), I can say that I'm much impressed with his long business -- he's working in a valuable direction. Larry's shooting script should be shot -- it's moving even to read; give all Siegels my love, right? Chatfield has a wonderful ear, a sort of classical lift and balance and knowledge of how it all works together as sound that I often envy. Reynolds has three lines dropped from his last two sections, but has moments of grandeur. I haven't had a chance to look at the Spanish end of it yet... tell Gregory I'm very proud of him and he's better than anybody in Mexico except Ehrenberg and modester than Cuevas and why doesn't he do more and send me some? Van Newkirk's letter really exciting -- like 10 days that shook the world -- difference from Watts is incalculable.

TIM REYNOLDS

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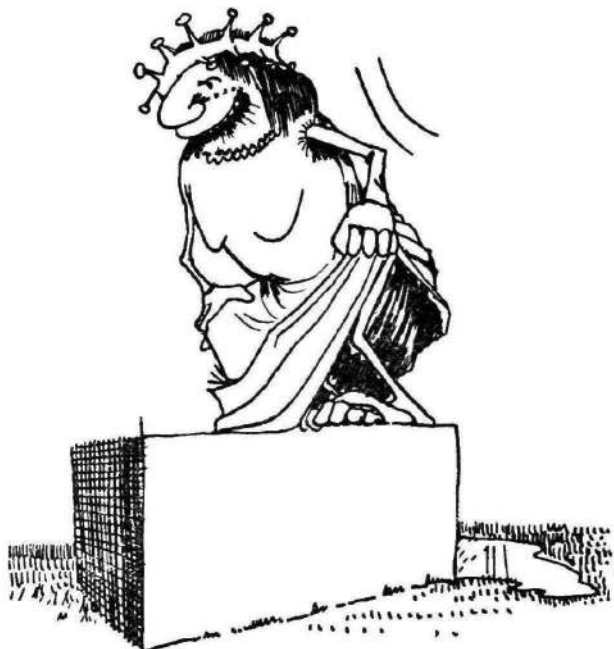
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WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, aquí traducido por los poetas José Coronel Urtecho y Ernesto Cardenal, es poco conocido en América Latina. Fué médico rural, murió hace cinco años, escribió unos treinta libros de poesía, novela, cuento, etc. Junto con Ezra Pound y T.S. Eliot, es el renovador de la poesía norteamericana, el continuador de Whitman. el que habría de negar el intelectualismo estéril de poetas como Yeats. (y en esto se diferencia de Eliot, que sigue siendo intelectual y erudito), el que inaugura el Siglo XX y la conciencia moderna del arte en los Estados Unidos. Su generación se llamó "imaginista", porque su preocupación estaba centrada en la imagen, en lo que el ojo ve, en el objeto que toca. Es, podría decir, una especie de poesía Zen. Los poetas más interesantes escribiendo actualmente en los USA, son discípulos y continuadores de Williams...**SERGIO MONDRAGON** ha terminado la elaboración de su segundo libro de poesía, **EL APRENDIZ DE BRUJO**, que se publicará este año. En febrero viajará a la Universidad de Illinois para dar un seminario de poesía de cuatro meses y medio...**CECILIA VICUÑA**, poeta de veinte años, residente y *oriunda* de Santiago, de Chile, es, junto con **CLAUDIO BERTONI** y **MARCELO CHARJIN** (chilenos también) el último fruto del árbol de la poesía en lengua castellana. Estos poetas nos devuelven la mirada hacia las cosas simples de la vida, pero ya no "poetizadas", como en Neruda, sino iluminadas por la luz del humor y por esa otra luz de la "razón loca" que a perseguido a Lautreamont y Bretón, y que tiene por paciente lejano y raro al Zen y sus "disparates" (parecidos a los disparates de los Evangelios). El lenguaje de estos poetas es ya "otro lenguaje", nos están hablando de cosas absolutamente reales pero hay que tener pasaporte de simplicidad y de higiene mental para comprender sus claves. Sólo la ceguera, la mala fe y el cáncer espiritual impedirán a cualquiera "ver" en esta poesía la voz de la "gente nueva", de la generación postapocalíptica, el retorno al cristianismo primitivo, al rito del fuego, al arte salvaje, tarea en la que ya inició Picasso nuestra sensibilidad. **EL CORNO EMPLUMADO** saluda en estos tres poetas, en particular en Cecilia Vicuña -la más marciana de los tres- a la nueva poesía, al nuevo espíritu, a estos auténticos profetas y revolucionarios. La poesía está de fiesta, no nos quedamos afuera del banquete. Como puede verse, la línea más honda de la poesía sigue caminando: es la de San Juan de la Cruz, Arnim, Baudelaire, Blake, Apollinaire, Paz... **BELTRAN MORALES** nació en Nicaragua en 1942. Es uno de los poetas más importantes de su país, junto a Cardenal, y uno más del formidable grupo de poetas hispanoamericanos que están renovando la poesía en lengua castellana. Vive en Cuernavaca, Morelos, México... **WILLIAM AGUDELO** es otro de esos poetas. Tiene 23 años, es colombiano y nuestros lectores ya lo conocen. Su poesía es su autobiografía, es la historia de su vida personal, de sus pasiones, de sus descubrimientos, sus experimentaciones. Es también un auténtico poeta, otro precursor de esta "nueva prehistoria"...**AGUSTI BARTRA** es uno de nuestros maestros. Refugiado de la guerra civil española,

vive en México desde hace 30 años. Su aportación a la cultura es incalculable. Ha traducido y nos ha hecho amar a Apollinaire, a Blake, a la poesía norteamericana. Escribe ensayos, novelas, poesía. Injustamente "ignorado" por la estúpida crítica mexicana, es seguido y respetado por los poetas jóvenes y por los poetas que tanto le deben... DON OLSEN es un pintor que vive en Salt Lake City, Utha. Nos entregó estos dibujos cuando nos recibió y acogió en la sala de su casa, el invierno pasado. Tiene muchos de sus cuadros en el Museo de Arte Moderno de N. Y....LANCE WYMAN es diseñador norteamericano. Trabaja para la Comisión Organizadora de los Juegos Olímpicos que se tendrán en México el año próximo...GUILLERMON es argentino, conocido ya por la familia del Corno. Estos dibujos pertenecen a una serie que hizo sobre Hamlet...FELIPE EHRENBERG es ya ampliamente conocido de los lectores del Corno. Tiene 25 años y es uno de los artistas más importantes de México.



Guillermón

CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES

CAROL BERGE is one of the most important "lady poets" writing today in the united states. over the last two or three years she has shown herself, as well, as a really exceptional prose writer. the piece here published should prove the point. a collection of her stories will soon appear in new york, where she lives and works with her twelve year old son, peter ...NICOLAS GUILLEN is the great old cuban poet still writing in habana, where he is president of the unión of artists and writers of cuba. we featured a larger selection of his work in our cuban issue, No. 23. the poem we print here, *CHE COMANDANTE*, was written just after the death of el che guevara and translated by MARGARET RANDALL two weeks later. cuba and the revolutionary world mourn the brutal assassination of this great guerrilla and leader; this poem by guillen and the one following by margaret randall form part of a small tribute by el corno emplumado... PAUL BLACKBURN was in mexico briefly this summer, when we were able to obtain this large selection of his recent work. he came down after teaching the summer session at the aspen writers workshop, and before taking off for europe on a guggenheim fellowship. his translations of julio cortazar's short stories has just been brought out by pantheon and a book of his own poems, *cities*, will soon appear from grove press...ALVIN GREENBERG, poet and novelest who published with us before, is now back in st. paul minnesota after a year of exchange teaching in kerala, india. the poems we print here come out of the indian experience...C. W. TRUESDALE is another st. paul poet we've published before. he has just had his second book of poems, *the loss of rivers*, out (reviewed in our No. 24) and has a third manuscript looking for a publisher. having taken off from his teaching at macalester college, he is currently living with his family and writing in nyak, new york...ISHMAEL is a member of the "drop city" community near trinity, colorado...ERNESTO CARDENAL was active in the anti-somoza movement of his country --nicaragua-- before he turned to the catholic church, becoming first a trappist monk with thomas merton in kentucky, then a benedictine with the now much-discussed lemercier in cuernavaca, and finally a secular priest after some years of seminary in antioquia, colombia. he is now living on the island of solantine in the lake of nicaragua where he has founded a monastic community. he is one of the greatest latin american poets and one of the most important poets writing in the spanish language. among his books: *getsemani*, *kentucky*, *oracion para marilyn monroe*, *epigramas*. in mexico recently he recorded his poems for "voz viva de américa." this long poem, *ZERO HOUR*, is one of the finest revolutionary poems of the language...DONALD GARDNER, young english poet who made the translation, went to solentine and spent some time with cardenal prior to his final rendering ...the drawings comprising part of the tribute to guevara are by FELIPE EHRENBURG, mexican painter who has been more than plastically part of us for a long time...DON OLSON paints and lives with his wife, the poet betty weiss olson, in salt lake city, utah. he has exhibited his work widely...GUILLERMON is an argentine artist who has published with us before.

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