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I Look at My Hand translated by Joel Hancock

Angel Gonzalez

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I LOOK AT MY HAND

I look
at my hand. The one I forget
so often,
leaving it among the most
vulgar objects.
Now it's like a bird
which has abruptly fallen
from my body to
this spot.
Another discovery: here is
my body. I live
in it without knowing
about it, almost without feeling it.
Sometimes it stumbles,
all of a sudden,
against another inevitable body.
And it is love. Surprised,
I then feel it isolated,
whole, different,
other times the sun
outlines its warm
profile, or the wind surrounds it
with a concrete and confining
boundary.
But now it is a cold
foreboding.
Tree, standing erect
in front of me, sudden body
of mine!
Blood runs through it. How
it descends! Listen to it:
this is the heart. Here sleeps
the pulse, like the water
of a quiet river.
There is the clean

