

Spring 1980

from Out of Time translated by Elisabeth Hamilton-LaCoste

Blanca Varella

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from OUT OF TIME

The day's gone,
dream scales whirl.

Everything drops,
night is boredom.

In the desert, in the dark
afraid of love
the oyster is crying alone.
Purple leaves drop from your forehead
you turn away, black bubble
with nowhere to go.

Suddenly a thousand streets open
burning reefs
hold your icy body back, tear
that nothing hurts,
coral digs its claw into your shadow,
your blood slips loose,
drenching fields,
a red sound jumping out windows
and all this is nothing but Fall.

II

Give me your hands,
this is our last light,
don't leave me here, forgotten
on the top of a wave.

Get out of here.

Shave those cypresses off the cold landscape,

sweep those drowning people away,
they're cluttering the horizon.

Did you hear about life?
It's very moving.

Crossing the desert
where the sky collapsed
there's a terrifying feast
I'm almost forgetting.

III

The perfume of the sun's rays in
our house. Ferocious!
We're thirsty, in a hurry to knock
on complete darkness with a flower's bone.
There's a tree stump in this story.
We look to the sky, no signs.
Is it night? day?
The spider that measured time died.
There's nothing but an old wall and a new family of shadows.

IV

Desires, stones, strips of sky,
not a bird,
I'm running.
A new mountain,
young river, no anger.

This is the world I love.
I want a fast sky,
a different morning, without colors,
to put my angels in,

my streets where there's still smoke and surprise.

*translated by
Elisabeth Hamilton-LaCoste*