Spring 1980

On the Order of Things translated by Elisabeth Hamilton-LaCoste

Blanca Varella

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss14/13

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
ON THE ORDER OF THINGS
To Octavio Paz

Even desperation requires a certain order. If I put a number up against the wall and machine gun it, I'm a responsible individual. I've freed reality of a dangerous element. I have nothing left but to take on what's left, the world with one less number.

Ordering creative material is no different. There are many ways to approach this problem, but in the long run they're all the same. I get into bed or lie in an open field, look up, and the machine is already functioning. A big ideal or a small intuition swoops down, its only purpose is to fill the natural sky, or the false one. First you'll see shadows, and with luck, a sparkle here and there, a premonition of light, to be more exact. Color is a different story, it's a matter of knowing your work and persevering.

Putting a cloud in working order isn't difficult, children do it all the time. The problem is making sure it can't get away, so that it's ready to play as soon as you whistle.

There are people who, at given moments, are able to put it all up there, or all down here, but can they keep it like that? This is the problem.

You must learn to lose with order, this is the first step. The ABC. You'll have gained a solid footing, feet up in the air, or feet on the ground, what's important, I repeat, is
that it's solid and permanent.

Back to desperation, real desperation doesn't develop from one day to the next. Some people need a whole lifetime to get it. We're not talking about that small desperation that flashes on and off like a lightning bug, all it needs is stronger light, noise, or a bit of wind to make it go away.

Now we're getting somewhere. We've learned to lose without changing our solid position, we believe in the efficiency of permanent desperation.

Let's start over: lying face up, (as a matter of fact the perfect position for creating is a drowned man's position half-buried in the sand.) we call that nothing, sky, the nothing we've already found. Let's put up the first spot. Stare at it steadily. Blinking could be fatal. This is an intentional and straightforward act, there's no room for doubts. If we can get the spot spinning, changing into a moving point, contact will be made. Repeat: desperation, assuming a position of failure and faith. Faith is the new and conclusive element.

Someone's knocking at the door. Don't worry, we can't lose hope. Naturally, the first little spots were erased, and the light over us went out. But we've got to answer, desperately, holding the correct position, (face up, etc.) and full of faith: Who is it?

Of course, the intruder will have left without waiting for us to answer. It's always
that way. There's nothing we can do but start over in the given order.

translated by

Elisabeth Hamilton-LaCoste