

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*