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Respirando (Breathing)

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Breathing

I feel the air from his lips;
 the rhythm of his lungs.
It touches me like the breath of
 the night;
 the nights I know well.
The darkness envelopes me and his sweet
 breath is the cord that
 keeps me in this place.
He turns and I do the same;
 we are back to back:
 like brother and sister.
Our feet touch and the night is solitary.
I only hear the air from my mouth;
 it smells like cigarettes:
 it is not sweet, but bitter.
There was a time when to sleep was
 welcome.
And then, in the fires of passion, when it was
 unnecessary.
Later, sleep becomes the shared space of
 loneliness...

Tanya J. Chor

Respirando

Siento aire de los labios;
 el ritmo de los pulmones.
Me toca como el aliento de
 la noche;
 las noches las conozco bien.
La oscuridad me envuelve y su aliento
 dulce es la cuerda que
 me mantiene en este sitio.
El se vuelve y yo hago lo mismo;
 estamos espalda a espalda:
 como hermano y hermana.
Nuestros pies se tocan y la noche es solitaria.
Solamente oigo el aire de la boca;
 hoele a cigarillos:
 no es dulce, es amargo.
Era un tiempo cuando el dormirse
 era acogido.
Y entonces, en los fuegos de pasión, cuando
 no era necesario.
Luego, el dormir convendrá un espacio compartido de
 soledad...

Tanya J. Chor