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La Vida de Blanca / A Life of White

Roxanne Modafferi

University of Massachusetts Amherst

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La Vida de Blanca

el blanco de mis ojos en frente de mis ojos
colchonetas polvorientas
debajo de mi nariz
nuevas paredes se recién pintadas
luz de la luna
refleja de la nieve
me quitan las memorias
un mundo, puro, frío, y desolado
pisadas marcan la costra capa de la nieve
con dolor levantando mis botas
el cuero mata
la nieve grita

el blanco de mis ojos enfrente de mis ojos
techo yeso y abollado
or guiñan sombras grises
a mis parpados cerrados
piel pálido, pelo sin color
afuera solo es de luz brillante
refleja de la escarchado
el orbe, una torte
probando de los continentes
tranando los oceanos grandes
olas rompiente blancas

acompañando por jabon blanco
podemos ser jamás
bastante para atrapar los cristales en la aire
lenguas calientes, manos con mitones
frío, blanca, torta de cumpleaños
existe una senda a la alma
sin trampas y mentiras
ojos que estan sonriendo
ojos que estan llorando
el blanco de mis ojos en frente de mis ojos
la verdad cristalina se estrella
yo lamo la escarchado sobre la luna

A Life of White

the white of my eyes in front of my eyes
dusty mats under my nose
freshly painted walls glisten
light from the moon
reflection of snow
carries away my memories
a world, pure, cold, and stark
footsteps rupture the snow crust
painfully lifting my boots
their leather slaughters
the snow screams

white of my eyes in front of my eyes
bumpy stucco ceiling
grayish shadows wink
at my closed eyelids
pale skin, colorless hair
outside is only blinding light
reflected off resilient icing
the earth, a birthday cake
daintily sampling countries
gulping down thundering oceans
waves with white breakers

accompanied by white soap
can we ever be pure
enough to catch crystals in mid air
warm red tongues, mittened hands
cold, white, birthday cake
do clear pathways to the soul exist
without tricks or lies
smiling eyes, crying eyes
white of my eyes in front of my eyes
crystalline truth shatters in silence
I lick the icing off the moon