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Dawn of Tomorrow

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Tomás Segovia · *Mexico*

AT THE SOURCES

Whoever unweaves love
Is the one who unweaves me
But it's no one
Love undoes itself
Like the braid of a river
Unbraided in the sea
I am not woven of love
I am woven of weaving it
Of taking from my lonely looms
This tyrannical task
Eternally abandoning
the receding fringe
To dissipation and its stupid yawn
And I only escape from its horror
By gathering all of myself unwarily
In the place where the weave is born.

DAWN OF TOMORROW

Dweller, are you listening
This murmur of stars has never ceased
Within you great shadows are listening to it
There are two unequal silences
The night of your hearing
Is violent and closed and starless
In the muteness listens
Breathless agony listens
But you have not died if everything does not die
Love destroys and restores you

Even Death is nowhere if it is
not everywhere
After strident moments of deafness
This murmur of stars will come again
You will be another and what does it matter
You will learn to live sundered by a stroke
Of invincible ignorance
You never looked for art
You were looking for love.

translated by James Irby

INTERLUDIO IDILICO: CODA

Keep quiet undress close your eyes
give yourself back to silent skin and its broiling
night
flesh is an atmosphere of night
speech too went back into shadows
the inner lining of flesh is another space
we are together on this side of eyelids
now there is neither body nor language
skin is the dark shore of our names
speech returns to the matrix
night begins to talk
in your carnal idiom of sighs
the whole of you is your skin
your whole skin is nothing if not your signal
it is nothing but you invaded by shadows
in this obscurity you are I enter blind
I lose myself in your flesh as I would in a dream
I bite your name my body splits open your soul
we answer each other wordlessly in the unnameable
the shadows are dazzling
wild words mangle the tongue only a little piece of
language survives
your cries give my name over to paroxysm
open your eyes it is I