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From "Three Names for a Place"

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from THREE NAMES FOR A PLACE

★

your shadow turns on your tracks
 what to say
to a death with no placenta
to the final note of suicides
what thanks
what farewell to your mother

★

girls and the forgotten
sitting on the banks of suicide
embroider everlastings and gladioli
measuring with their hands
the wreath of their sighs

★

the unwoven earth of women
crosses the air with vertical axes
the water with horizontal ones
you go into your body as into letters
you open dead eyes
to learn you don't dream
and one by one they drop
handfuls of dust
that your dearly beloveds fling over you

★

blows
like your name
fallen from above for your distance
a south marks your north
your last pilgrimage
blows
like his absence
crossing your womb of voids

going through your arms
without cardinal points
the cross is finished—friend,
to rest your childhood so old

★

you cleaned your room like your eyes
fear with no memory
shows you the next step:
your body-tomb

★

sitting on the ground
a lonely woman
opens a furrow
measuring her height with the dust
she fastens the four candles that they left her

★

a rumor
stripped of horrors and forgiveness
moves underground
everything is ordered according to logics
that only children and dogs divine

★

there
in the deep air of emptiness
your body at the bottom of the earth
that vertigo is an ancient rite
jumps the step toward you
as in your tomb

★

a rib
finds its mate under the ruins
above the indescribable smell

body fluids
meet, recognize each other
begin to touch . . .

★

with the slowness of someone familiar with encounters
and their fugacities
the bones move toward the hips
paying attention to the punctual
complementarity

★

I buried myself
in my body-tomb
without crying and full-length
with my own hands

★

the new blood
of indistinct color
groping and half-awake
began its journey

★

that dusk
from different points of the city
crystal spheres and postcards
and a gap in different hands
were announcing the sound of dust
burying a woman

★

inside your tomb
without air
with your whole life sleeping above you
among the bones
you recognize yourself

you will rise up and sing to the world
your own version of your story

★

in memory of the patrol
a name crossed out a thousand times
will be set on fire for ever
in the public plaza and with no rituals
to teach them a lesson, they say
(which one forgets and which one names)

★

you grew and you leave me
leaning on your tomb
after a thousand moons
you understand
the pyramid from the earth
you understand
heart, world, you
are three names for a place

★

everyone inside themselves
by twos, with their candles
in white, with their hair loose
they received a little of their death
they wrote on their foreheads
the ash and the beginning

★

bidding you white farewells
I stay underground with the others
we see you being baptized
letter, word, poem
you will take the first step
backward

★

from the common graves
the disappeared, the rubbed out
the lovers of hate
those you buried inside yours
those from your own cemetery
begin a song
perhaps an arm reaching her hand
might recognize it as hers
perhaps they are inventing a language
perhaps they tidy up her body, her soul
perhaps
they say . . .

Translated by Carolyn Brown