

THREE POETS FROM VENEZUELA

Together, I and Me

When we're together
I and me
I feel something coming
loose

When I is with me
I feel the great poem
writing
and my unuseful hands cry
It's easy to say it
I can't find a better medicine
Besides
nothing is better for crying
than a lot of tears

When I am with I
or with me it doesn't matter
we know the language is incomplete
Well
I try to find a gun
to kill a person that's inside me
but it's not me is not I
it's something that shows its face for a while

When I am with me I
I am not with no one
I wish I were Rimbaud
or anyone of those damn poets
who said it all and nothing they said
I me am we you are me I
I think I forgot to say
the day was gray and that language
is a failure

-- Gabriel Jiménez Emán
Mérida, Estado Mérida, Venezuela