

Lectura poética

Kathleen Nora March

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EDUARDO PONDAL

OS PINOS

¿Qué din os rumorosos
na costa verdecente
ao raio transparente
do prácido luar?
¿Qué din as altas copas
de escuro arume arpado
co seu ben compasado
monótono fungar?

Do teu verdor cinguido
e de benignos astros
confín dos verdes castros
e valeroso chan,
non des a esquecemento
da inxuria o rudo encono;
desperta do teu sono
fogar de Breogán.

Os bos e xenerosos
a nosa voz entenden
e con arroubo atenden
o noso ronco son,
mais sóo os ñorantes
e féridos e duros,
imbéciles e escuros
non nos entenden, non.

Os tempos son chegados
dos bardos das edades
que as vosas vaguedades
cumprido fin terán;
pois, donde quer, xigante
a nosa voz pregoa
a redenzón da boa
nazón de Breogán.

EDUARDO PONDAL

THE PINES

What do the murmuring pines say
there by the greening coast
in the transparent gleaming
of the placid moonlight?
What do the lofty crests
of dark, serrate needles say
speaking with their cadence
in monotonous whispers?

Girded by your greenery
and by your gentle stars
oh you, land of verdant hillforts
and a courageous earth
you must never forget
the hard anger of insults
awaken from your slumber
oh hearth of Breogán.

The good and the generous
they understand our words
and they listen, entranced,
to our cavernous sound.
Because only the ignorant
the cruel ones and the rude
the imbecile and the foolish
don't understand us, they don't.

The time has finally come
for the bards of all ages
for your doubt and uncertainty
will soon come to an end
because everywhere our great voice
is shouting the proclamation
of redemption for the good
nation of Breogán.

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO

A XUSTICIA POLA MAN

Aqués que tén fama d' honrados na vila
roubáronme tanta brancura qu' eu tiña;
botáronme estrume nas galas dun día,
a roupa de cote puñéronma en tiras.
Nin pedra deixaron en dond' eu vivira;
sin lar, sin abrigo, morei nas curtiñas;
ó raso cas lebres dormín nas campías;
meus fillos... ¡meus anxos!... que tant' eu quería,
¡morreron, morreron ca fame que tiñan!
Quedei deshonrada, mucháronm' a vida,
fixéronm' un leito de toxos e silvas;
i en tanto, os raposos de sangue maldita,
tranquilos nun leito de rosas dormían.

* * *

— *Salvádeme ¡ouh, xueces!, berrei...* ¡Tolería!
De min se mofaron, vendeum' a xusticia.
— *Bon Dios, axudáime*, berrei, berrei inda...
tan alto qu' estaba, bon Dios non m' oíra.
Estonces, cal loba doente ou ferida,
dun salto con rabia pillei a fouciña,
rondei paseniño... (ne' as herbas sentían)
i a lúa escondíase, i a fera dormía
cos seus compañeiros en cama mullida.

Mireinos con calma, i as mans estendidas,
dun golpe ¡dun soio! deixinos sin vida.
I ó lado, contenta, senteime das vítimas,
tranquila, esperando pola alba do día.

I estonces... estonces cumpreuse a xusticia:
eu, neles; i as leises, na man qu' os ferira.

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO

JUSTICE BY MY OWN HAND

Those who are thought to be honorable in this town
stole from me all the purity I had;
they spread manure then on my best gown,
they tore up my old clothes, threw them on the ground.
They left nary a stone standing where I called home;
with no hearth, no coat, I lived in sheds in the cold;
I slept beside the hares in fields not my own;
my children... my angels!... the ones I loved so,
They died, they died, their hunger a great hole!
I was left with no honor, my life a wilted rose,
they made me a bed of brambles and thorns;
and meanwhile those foxes with their evil blood,
slept peacefully in their beds of roses.

* * *

- Save me, oh judges, I roared... I cannot go on!
They laughed at me, by justice I'd been sold
- Dear God, help me, I roared, I roared all the more...
but he was so high up, dear God didn't know.
Then, like a she wolf who's ill or wounded,
with a leap I grabbed the scythe, fury made me bold,
I circled around slowly... (even the grass didn't know)
and the moon hid, and the beast was snoring
with his friends in a bed of comfort.

I looked at them calmly, hands thrust forward
and with a single blow - just one! - their lives were my own.
And then happy, I sat down by their corpses,
calm and waiting for the day to be born.

And then... then justice was bestowed:
I, upon them; and the law, on the hand that drove it home.

MANOEL-ANTONIO

OS CÓBADOS NO BARANDAL

Atopamos esta madrugada
n-a gayola d'o Mar
unha illa perdida

Armaremos de novo a gayola
Vai a saír o Sol
improvisado e dosourentado

Xa temos tantas estrelas
e tantas luas sumisas
que non caben n-o barco nin n-a noite

Xuntaremos paxaros sin xeografía
pra xogar c'as distancias
d'as suas áas amplexadoras

E os adeuses d'as nubes
mudos e irremediabes

E armaremos unha rede de ronseles
pra recobrar as saudades
c'o seu viaxe feito
pol-os oucéanos d'o noso corazón.

¹ O mar adentro é unha illa de auga rodeada de ceo por todas partes.

MANOEL-ANTONIO

ELBOWS RESTING ON THE RAILING

Today at dawn we found
an island that had been lost!¹
in the cage of the Sea!

We will assemble the cage again
The Sun is coming out
improvised and disoriented

We have so stars now
and so many submissive moons
that don't fit in the ship nor in the night

We'll gather birds with no geography
so we can play with the span
of their embracing wings

And the farewells from the clouds
silent and irreparable

And we'll create a net of wakes
to recover the wistfulness
with the voyage they made
through the oceans of our hearts.

¹ The open sea is an island of water surrounded everywhere by sky.

MANOEL-ANTONIO

SÓS

Fomos ficando sós
o Mar o barco e mais nós.

Roubaron-nos o Sol
O paquebote esmaltado
que cosía con liñas de fume
áxiles cadros sin marco

Roubaron-nos o vento
Aquel veleiro que se evadeu
pol-a corda floxa d' o horizonte

Este océano desatracou d'as costas
e os ventos d' a Roseta

ourentaron-se ao esquenzo

As nosas soedades
veñen de lonxe
como as horas d' o reloxe

Pero tamén sabemos a maniobra
d' os navíos que fondean
a sotavento d' unha singladura

N-o cuadrante estantío d'as estrelas
ficou parada esta hora:

O cadavre d'o Mar
fixo d'o barco un cadaleito

Fume de pipa Saudade
Noite Silenzo Frío
E ficamos nós sós
Sin o Mar e sin o barco
nós.

MANOEL-ANTONIO

ALONE

We ended up alone
the Sea the ship and us

They stole our Sun
The lacquered packet-boat
that sewed unframed paintings
with lines of smoke

They stole our wind
That sailboat that disappeared
along the limp rope of the horizon

This ocean cast off from the coasts
and the winds of the compass Rose
headed toward oblivion

Our loneliness
comes from far away
like the hours of the clock

But we also know the movement
of the ships that anchor
leeward of a route

In the still quadrant of the stars
this hour stood still:

The cadaver of the Sea
turned the ship into a coffin

Smoke from a pipe Nostalgia
Night Silence Cold
And we end up all alone
Without the Sea and without the ship
just us.

LUZ POZO GARZA

HAI UNHA VOZ

Hai unha voz
no tempo de Galicia
Hai unha voz sen verbas
que todos escoitamos no silencio
Lembrando nomes pra que naza o millo
Chámase morte ou mágoa
Xuramento de anguria
Soidade
Pensamento de pedra
Chámase berro e fonte
e desarrimo
Chámase olvido
E chámase arelanza
Ou vida ou liberdade ou compañía dos nosos
Chámase soño ou morte
lar
saudade
Chámase choiva que lourea os froitos
Hai unha voz
Chámase Rosalía
Sete letras de laio
Saudade
dunha fala ferida
Esperanza dun mundo
que inda fica nun berro
de liberdade
Hai unha voz
A súa
Benzoadá

LUZ POZO GARZA

THERE IS A VOICE

There is a voice
in the time of Galicia
There's a voice without words
that we all hear in the silence
Remembering names so the corn will grow
It's called death or pain
A vow of anguish
Loneliness
Thought made of stone
It's called shout and fountain
and abandonment
It's called oblivion
And it's called desire
Or life and liberty or company of loved ones
It's called dream or death
hearth
nostalgia
It's called rain that brightens the fruit
There's a word
It's called Rosalía
Seven letters of mourning
Longing
for a wounded tongue
Hope for a world
that still cries out
for freedom
There's a word
Hers
Blessed

XOHANA TORRES

ROSALÍA

Ti es pra min a barquiña que lembra
toda presenza de madeiras náufragas
que vive, infinda, unha traxedia líquida
de peiraos sen panos e sen peixes.

Sedenta coma un mar
e no teu mar, afogada.

Ti es pra min un pobo pequeniño
de vieiros sen cume, sen riadas,
mergullando no seo case morto
unha virxe canción, inimitable

Sedenta coma un mar
e no teu mar, afogada.

Ti es pra min unha callada piña
de moitas primaveras agardadas
onde xogaron anxos
onde vibraron ás sen movelas.

Sedenta coma un mar
e no teu mar, afogada.

Ti es pra min a historia da meniña
que ía soñando praias
ata que deu marea a un ben triste mañá.

Sedenta coma un mar
e no teu mar, afogada.

Ti es pra min o lombo dunha sombra
onde todo resulta preguntado
e o paso das persoas faise lene...

Sedenta coma un mar
e no teu mar, afogada.

¡Ti es pra min a terra dunha tumba, cumpridamente
limpa de pisadas!...

XOHANA TORRES

ROSALÍA

For me you're the little boat that remembers
every piece of shipwrecked wood
that lives, unending, a liquid tragedy
of piers without nets and without fish
 Thirsty as a sea
 and in your sea, drowned.

For me you're a small nation
of paths without crests, without floods,
plunging into a nearly dead breast
an innocent song, one of a kind
 Thirsty as a sea
 and in your sea, drowned.

For me you are a ripe pine cone
of many long-awaited springs
where angels once played
where wings vibrated without moving.
 Thirsty as a sea
 and in your sea, drowned.

For me you are the story of the girl
who would dream of beaches
until one very sad morning the tide came in.
 Thirsty as a sea
 and in your sea, drowned.

For me you are the back of a shadow
Where everything has questions
And people's steps are gentle...
 Thirsty as a sea
 and in your sea, drowned

For me you're the earth of a tomb, perfectly
free of footsteps!...

XOHANA TORRES

PENÉLOPE

DECLARA o oráculo:

“QUE á banda do solpor é mar de mortos,
incerta, última luz, non terás medo.
QUE ramos de loureiro erguen rapazas.
QUE cor malva se decide o acio.
QUE acades disas patrias a vindima.
QUE amaine o vento, beberás o viño.
QUE sereas sen voz a vela embaten.
QUE un sumario de xerfa polos cons.”

Así falou Penélope:

“Existe a maxia e pode ser de todos.
¿A que tanto novelo e tanta historia?

EU TAMÉN NAVEGAR.”

XOHANA TORRES

PENELOPE

The oracle declares:

Alongside the sunset, the sea of the dead,
uncertain, final light, you can't be afraid.
Girls wave laurel branches.
The grape cluster selects mauve.
You should harvest those nations.
Let the wind die down and drink the wine.
Mermaids without voices attack the sail.
There's a fringe of seafoam on the rocks."

Thus spoke Penelope:

"Magic exists and can belong to us all.
Why so many threads and so many stories?"

ME SAIL TOO.

XOSÉ LUIS MÉNDEZ FERRÍN

EN COMPOSTELA PODE UN HOME

En Compostela pode un home
escoller óboe e docísimo cor ao contrapaso,
decaer nos tremendoiros
(VIBRA, CORAZON GASTADO!)
tenra especie de prantas espirais
e añaucas ou seixo de xogar antre os dedos.

Pode pedra luída
alzarte sobre sí coma un guerreiro
é proclamado rei de oucas e carballeiras vellas.

En Compostela pode un vento duro
estremecer o corazón da Europa campesina
que todos temos dentro sen decilo.

En Compostela soan polonesas,
nacionalmente, en moitos plenilunios
cabo de transparentes ollos, mortos,
e un barroco de bronce ergue paxaros de duro marmore
e oubear oubear os couselos
nas murallas de San Martiño Pinario.

En Compostela, en fin,
compañías de mortos compañeiros
comen caldo insumiso na lembranza ilustrada
(VOTO POR VÓS: ROSALIA, PONDAL, FARALDO)
das cabezas alzadas.

En Compostela está o que perdemos
e vai nacendo noutros e isto é o grande milagre
(UNHA LAPA LENE, UNHA CANDELEXA!)
da conciencia desta patria
conservada en pequenos corazóns
ardentes con fogo doce que non morre.

En Compostela soterraron a semente
chamada Xohan Xesus Gonzalez. porta
dun futuro suntuoso e proletario
que avanza cara a nós con alboroto
e vénme o arreguizo somentes de pensalo e de amalo.

En Compostela estamos
moitos xa para sempre derrotados.

XOSÉ LUIS MÉNDEZ FERRÍN

IN COMPOSTELA A MAN CAN

In Compostela a man can
choose an oboe and the softest color for poetic justice,
sink into the patches of quicksand
(BEAT, BATTERED HEART!)
tender species of curving plants
and the back of the neck or a game piece between his fingers.

Liquid stone can
lift you above it like a warrior
is proclaimed king of seaweed and old oak groves.

In Compostela a harsh wind can
make peasant Europe's heart shudder
the one inside us all, but we say nothing.

In Compostela, polonaises play,
in this nation, under many full moons
beside dead, watery eyes,
and a baroque bronze erects birds from hard marble
and the pennyworts howl and howl
from the walls of San Martiño Pinario.

In Compostela, just saying,
groups of dead comrades
eat disobedient broth of learned memory
(I VOTE FOR YOU: ROSALÍA, PONDAL, FARALDO)
of heads held high.

In Compostela this 9th we're losing
and is born in others and this is the great miracle
(A BRIEF FLAME, A CANDLE!)
of this nation's consciousness
preserved in small hearts
burning with gentle, undying fire.

In Compostela they buried the seed
called Xohan Xesús González, door
to a sumptuous proletariat future
moving toward us, shouting
and I shiver just thinking about it and loving.

In Compostela there are many
of us, now defeated forever.

MARICA CAMPO

COMBATE

Canta a fragilidade deste fio!
Suavidade de seda polos dedos,
pericia prega á man que cega tece
como se fose ferro a facer reixa
para cerrar a cova de onde o lobo
teima saír, abrindo fero a boca.

Hai en algures sempre aberta boca
de cairos aguzados para o fio
quebrar. Desproporción de forza o lobo,
fronte á inútil porfía dos meus dedos.
O poema, esta forma, a súa reixa,
outra man invisíbel que aquí tece.

A que coñece o mar con algas tece
sutís panos de verdes, tapa a boca
destoutra, prisioneira tras a reixa,
a converter o cuspe en longo fio.
Así como arañeiras entre os dedos
para facer que sexa humano o lobo.

Oulea louco, oulea o home, o lobo,
escuro no infinito noite tece,
esváranlle as estrelas entre os dedos
e non lle cabe a luz en toda a boca,
escoa polo ceo longo fio
de claridade alta, malia a reixa.

Porque sempre perdura forte a reixa
malia que molle o día a pel do lobo
e deconstrúa o medo fio a fio.
Tal como unha Penélope que tece,
a desfacer por un extremo, a boca,
e a refacer, polo outro extremo, os dedos.

Virá fatal como un tremor de dedos,
tal unha saltasebes pola reixa,
un berro inaugural a encher a boca,
corazón a medrar, peito de lobo,
cal pano das galaxias que alguén tece,
intanxíbel a man que move o fio.

Daquela o fio, luz que toca os dedos,
palabras tece, salta audaz a reixa,
xa non hai lobo: sac o mar da boca.

MARICA CAMPO

COMBAT

This thread is so fragile!
Silky softness on my fingers,
skill begs the hand that blindly weaves,
as if it were iron to make a grating
to shut off the cave where the wolf
struggles to escape, baring its mouth of steel.

There's always an open mouth somewhere
sharp fangs that work to snip
the thread. Too strong that wolf,
my fingers work to no avail.
The poem, this structure, its grating,
another, less visible, hand that weaves here.

One who knows the sea spins with algae
subtle green cloth, silencing the speech of
another, imprisoned behind the iron,
forging a long thread from saliva.
A thread like webs between the fingers
that make the wolf into a person.

Howling madly, a man or wolf howls,
dark in infinity weaves evening,
stars slip through its fingers
and light doesn't fit in its mouth,
a long thread glowing brightly across the
sky, despite the grating.

Because the iron is everlasting
Even though the wolf's fur dampens the day
and undoes fear thread by thread.
Like a Penelope weaving,
unraveling mouth on one end,
remaking fingers on the other.

It will be as fatal as shivering fingers,
like a rising vine on the iron grate,
an opening yowl swelling in the mouth,
growing heart, wolf's breast,
a galactic fabric that someone is weaving,
threads moving in the intangible hand.

Then the thread, a glow of fingertips,
weaves words; the grating rises up boldly,
there is no more wolf: the sea spills from the mouth.

ALBERTO AVEDAÑO

O QUE FAS ÁS CEGAS (ANACO)

O que fas ás cegas

abre o tempo en dúas metades,
premes nelas e reconcíliaste
coas dúas caras invisibles
ás que un día odiaches
e non quixeches ver máis.

Nunca máis diante
e choraches ás cegas
lágrimas mudas
saloucos brandos
impos figureiros
lacerándote por dentro: que xa non queres ver máis nunca máis diante aquilo que odiaches.

O que fas ás cegas

permíteche revivir a túa infancia sen riscos,
morto en vida,
como en telenovela,
como en xantar familiar con bicos de pastelería
e medo.

O que fas ás cegas

provoca que a verdade te observe desde a cova,
entre sombras, auscultando o silencio:
un suspiro delata
unha palabra suicida
un verso cala.

(Levantas da cadeira, abandoas o escritorio e tomas notas polo aire escribíndolle a Chantal e debuxando a Freixanes. Os cadrís ceden e o sofá recóllete.)

ALBERTO AVEDAÑO

WHAT YOU DO BLINDLY

What you do blindly

splits time in two,
you press on both halves and come to terms
with the two invisible faces
you once had hated
and never wanted to see again.

Never facing them again
and you cried blindly
silent tears
soft sobbing
twisted hiccups
tearing you to pieces inside: you never want to face what you hated again.

What you do blindly

lets you relive your unscarred childhood,
dead yet still alive,
like in a soap opera,
like at a family meal with cupcake kisses
and fear

What you do blindly

makes truth watch you from the cave,
among the shadows, studying the silence:
a sigh reveals
a word committing suicide
a line falls silent.

(You get up from the chair, walk away from the desk and take notes in the air writing to Chantal and sketching Freixanes, your back falters and the couch catches you.)

O que fas ás cegas

obrígate a soñar esperto,

soñar por exemplo: unha man suxéitase antes de que o garfo se incruste na túa carne e apretas nela sen gratitude e sen medo, con tensión dialéctica e pretendida ausencia (tamén chamado absentismo moral ou amorali-
dade presencial). No convocas frases conativas, agardas con paciencia indolora, inodora e insípida a dilixencia
do abysmo de Pessoa.

O que fas ás cegas

subsiste no fondo de toda expresión con vocación de eternidade, “como un pó indisolúvel no fondo do copo
de onde se bebeu só auga.” (Pessoa)

O que fas ás cegas

satisface deberes, non temas.

E se te xurde un compromiso ineludible, algo imperativo
que debes facer porque é cuestión “de vida ou morte”,
o meu consello é que escollas a vida
e non vaías.

Que te xulguen en ausencia.

Non vaías.

Quédate ás cegas coa túa paisaxe,
coa túa intuición, con todo o que é teu.

O que fas ás cegas

perténcete. Todo o que non debes é teu,
o que tes e non ves é teu.

O que fas ás cegas

perténcete como unha paisaxe que os teus ollos non abarcan

O que fas ás cegas

é surrealista por definición.

Vas o supermercado e regresas envurullado en plástico
e bicas ás escondidas, ou así parece,
e entrégaste, como amante profiláctico,
que aloumiña a froita sen encanto.

E a lúa alucina filmada por un dron que te ameaza en picado,
que te aterra.

What you do blindly

forces you to daydream,
to dream, for example: of a hand holding you before the hook pierces your skin and you grab for it ungratefully and unafraid, with dialectic tension and intended absence (also called moral absenteeism or present amorality). You don't use connotative phrases, you wait with unpainful, unscented and insipid reason for Pessoa's diligência do abysmo.

What you do blindly

is there at the base of all the expressions that try to be eternal, "como um pó indissolúvel, no fundo do copo de onde se bebeu só água." (Pessoa)

What you do blindly

is good for chores, not concepts.
And if you have an unavoidable commitment, something you must do
that you have to do because it's a matter "of life or death,"
my advice to you: choose life
and don't leave.
They can judge you in absentia.
Don't go.
Stay (here) blindly, with your landscape
with your intuition, with all that is yours.

What you do blindly

belongs to you. Everything you don't owe is yours.
what you have and don't see is yours.

What you do blindly

belongs to you like a landscape your eyes cannot contain

What you do blindly

is pure surrealism.
You go to the supermarket and return wrapped in plastic
and you kiss secretly, or so it seems,
and you offer yourself, like a prophylactic lover,
caressing the fruit that has no charm.

And the moon hallucinates, filmed by a drone that threatens to dive bomb you,
terrifies you.

O que fas ás cegas

disminúe o tempo.

O que fas ás cegas

é o que perdura.

A vida é un verso que acaba antes de empezarse, un delirio lírico como moito.

Nunca unha novela. Toda narración é ilusoria. As personaxes sombras. As peripecias distraccións. Nada esencial pasa ou nada pasa que sexa esencia. Ti es máis. Es nada. Non unha historia. Un verso e o seu precipicio. Iso é a vida. Ti es esa caída e o seu garfo. O demais é arrogancia. Que pretendes coas túas historias?

Ver?

Só

O que fas ás cegas

ilumina.

What you do blindly

diminishes time.

What you do blindly

is what lasts forever.

Life is a verse that ends before it begins, at best a lyrical delirium. Never a novel. All narrations are deceptive. Characters are shadows. Adventures distractions. Nothing really important happens or nothing happens that is real. You are more. You are nothing. Not a story. A verse and its precipice. That's life. You're that fall and its hook. Everything else is arrogance. What are you trying to do with the stories you tell?

See?

Only

What you do blindly

can illuminate.

EMMA PEDREIRA

A CIDADE SEN PEL

I

Decidimos que sería aquí - e así- o noso ritual
por ese valor tan indestrutible que teñen a sombra e as pedras
e porque aquí non somos nada para ninguén; os únicos
son os nomes tallados a cicel por quen xa non existe.
Aquí sería todo algo sacrificial, os nosos corpos fríos
unha alta copa de peles construída baixo a prata da lúa,
dúas bocas novas feitas alberca na que desabar o escuro torrente da cidade.
Arremetidas badaladas, quero que me marques con trece
e ampliarlle as gadoupas á noite
pero antes
terás que cazarme.

II

De Belvís a San Pedro ripando as lousas meto poemas táctiles de carriza
arrempujando cos dedos entre as fendas de cada grau da pedra.
Igual o meu dedo entre o teu peito e o sobrazo procura acenderche a luz,
esa que non brilla pero queima,
como o roce áspero e rápido da fuxida contra o xisto prende un lume pequeno.
Vén buscarme.

III

Ás toas, na Algalia catas ese perfume de séculos.
Mesturouse cos restos e a pesar de non facer relevo pegada aos muros
poderías saberme, como o aroma impregnado no vello.
Ás cegas, se revisas coas mans o cromado das contornas da Santa Salomé
poderás diferenciar o ardido do que queima
e prender un facho co que se desatou do meu vestido en arrebol.
Xa non estou aí, sábelo polo frío e un casto silencio no que che estrondan os poros
e eu piso unha a unha as tampas brancas das mortañas almas de Bonaval.
Vanse trenqueando os pasos cada tres lousas por darche un trazado
por se non sabes que das doce portas da cidade antiga
só pola miña non darás saído
se entras.

EMMA PEDREIRA

THE CITY WITHOUT SKIN

I

We decided our ritual would take place here - and like this -
drawn by the indestructible nature of shadow and stones
and because here we mean nothing to anyone; the only thing
the names chiseled by one no longer here.
Everything here would be an act of sacrifice, our cold bodies
a tall glass of skin created beneath a silvered moon,
two young mouths turned into a pool to quiet the city's dark torrent.
Thrusting toll of bell, strike thirteen for me
and open your talons to the evening
but first
you must catch me.

II

From Belvís to San Pedro skipping over stones I set out soft, mossy poems
pushing my fingers between the cracks of every step of stone.
Like my finger between your chest and armpit tries to turn on your light,
the one that doesn't shine yet burns,
like the quick, rough brush of flint over schist lights a tiny flame.
Come find me.

III

Drifting along Agalia Street you sense the perfume of centuries.
It mingled with the remains and despite not stopping beside the walls
you could taste me, like the scent that impregnates old things.
If you run your hands blindly over the painted surface of Saint Salomé
you can distinguish what has burned from what is burning
and light a torch with what flew from my skirt as I whirled.
I am no longer there, you can tell by the cold and the chaste silence where your pores thunder
and one by one I walk over the white slabs of the dead souls of Bonaval.
Feet hopping on every three slabs to forge a path
in case you don't know that of the twelve gates to the old city
you'll never leave by mine
if you enter.

IV

En Mazarelos axeonllo a beber do lique áspero como se fose unha vaca negra.
Coa grupa baixa as santas compañías aproveitan para deixarme na caluga o sinal da cruz.
Pecadora. Bruxa. Non te arrepiñes?
No alto do meu cu brilla toda unha lúa chea e fago a figa e un redondel coa lingua
e pasan os espíritos cara a capela das Ánimas. Ningunha arde como eu ardo.
Ningunha deixa tras de si este rastro
de pedra en po
para que me recompoñas.

V

Tránsito dos gramáticos. O que me abroia na lingua é un zunido de balea,
non palabras que chamen por ti. Nesa ruela que non ten nome gárdanse pasos
ou latexa algo de látigo e besta que restala. Algo que vai vindo. Tremen as pozas.
Mesmo a que me desauga no de dentro.

VI

Se asomas o rosto á Fonte de Cervantes podes verlle
os pés e tamén a curvatura exacta na que lavo os brazos e o peito
e vanme aparecendo as escamas de mica por fóra da boca, o frío
e o teu perfil vibrátil na superficie da auga.
No pequeno recanto de Sampaio, ese que fai torcedura triangular e escura,
a túa man no meu cóbado.
Na sétima escaleira da Quintana a zurda no meu van.
En Platerías a auga fixo percorridos insólitos cos catro cabalos, o teu
e o meu colo, o sorriso de Daniel ficou outro.
Pola Porta do Paraíso
percutimos nove ondas para entrar.

VII

Agora levas nos dedos o po dos canteiros,
ese mesmo sangue de quen abriu de primeiras a pedra.
E eu, cruzada polo sinal das miñas dobradas,
na boca, toda a túa cidade sen pel.

IV

In Mazarelos I kneel to drink from the rough lichens as if I were a black cow.
Haunches lowered, the santas compañías decide to make the sign of the cross on my neck.
Sinner. Witch. Won't you repent?
At the top of my back end a true full moon glows and I make a figa and a circle with my tongue
and the souls head toward the Capela das Ánimas. None burns like I burn.
None has this trail of powdery stone
trailing behind
so you can put me together again.

V

Tránsito dos gramáticos. The song of a whale shivers on my tongue,
it's not words calling to you. That alley without a name holds steps
or the crack of a whip and creaking beast. Something is coming. Puddles tremble.
Even the one draining from inside me.

VI

If you face the Fonte de Cervantes you can see his
feet and the exact curve where I wash my arms and breast
and scales of mica start to appear around my mouth, the cold
and your silhouette shimmering on the water's surface.
In the intimate angle by Sampaio, the one that twists in a dark triangle,
your hand on my elbow.
On the seventh step of the Quintana your left hand on my waist.
In Platerías water ran strangely over the four horses, your lap
and mine, Daniel's smile changed.
At the Porta do Paraíso,
we pass through nine waves and enter.

VII

Now your fingers are covered with stonemasons' dust,
that same blood of the one who first split the stone open.
And I, marked by the sign of my crevices,
on my mouth, your whole city without skin.

LUISA VILLALTA

Non abonda a palabra recitada
para fechar o libro da memoria,
no fondo sempre hai algo que se ignora
como lido só na páxina selada.

A palabra non é escrita, é soñada
entre o soño do sonido, incolora
entre as cores do sentido, acesoría
como a ausencia imprescindíbel e a nada.

Procurando ese rostro que se corta
no vacío producido entre os versos,
ascendín pola escada até unha porta

dunha estancia onde resoan, imensos,
os ecos da palabra, que está morta,
na orfa luz en que van boiar dispersos.

Ser só ser, ser corpo
unidade simple e infinita
que limita a densidade do vacío.

Sentir só a vida
que fusiona o silencio co silencio
dando así o seu pulso al infinito.

LUISA VILLALTA

The spoken word isn't enough
to close the book of memory,
in the end something always goes unnoticed
as if read on a page that is sealed.

A word isn't a written thing, it's dreamed
inside the dream of sound, colorless
among the colors of meaning, an accessory
like indispensable absence and nothingness.

Looking for that face that is cut out
of the space created between verse and verse
I ascended the stairs to a door

to a room where immense echoes of the word,
which is dead, are vibrating,
in the orphan light where they will float and flutter.

Be only being, be body
simple and infinite unit
that outlines the density of emptiness.

Feel only the life
that fuses silence with silence
offering its heartbeat to infinity.

E o meio do camiño será un verso
como todos os camiños que comezan
e proseguen. Porque un verso
non é mais que o que se quebra
e continua,
que se escapa
e fica e segue
e articula o ritmo escuro do sentido
e anda só, e pára, e anoitece
despeñando-se na luz para a seguinte
páxina e infinitas a seguir, río en herdanza,
libro a libro, como un século a outro século.

A páxina que nunca será escrita
está ante min, detrás e se dilata
como a aurora ilimitada da lembranza:
no oco da palabra un eco aniña.

Pensar é escuro
como un muro de sombra imerecida:
do outro lado o sol, sempre ao outro lado,
lonxe, infinitamente lonxe
desta xanela á que rebota estremecida
a confusión que por min padece o ar,
e as auséncias que proxecto como sombras
dalgun min que eu non decido.

Pensar, pensar como en lexión
de criaturas espantosas que arrebatan
as explicacións mais simples da loucura.
E é así, porque a razón é trágica,
como trágico é calquer fin último,
calquer destino ao que se aboca a vida.

And the path to travel will be a verse
like all the paths that begin
and keep going. Because a verse
is nothing more than what breaks
and continues on
that runs and hides
and is there and continues
and articulates the dark rhythm of meaning
and moves about alone, and stops, and ends the day
falling headlong into the light for the next
page and endless ones that follow, an inherited river,
book by book, like century after century.

The page that will never be written
is before me, behind me, spreading out
like the endless dawn of memory:
in the empty word an echo is tucked in.

Thinking is a dark thing
like a wall with shade it doesn't deserve:
on the other side the sun, always on the other side,
distant, infinitely distant
from this window where shivering uncertainty
of the air that I've caused is beating,
and the absences I project like shadows
of some self I haven't identified.

Thinking, thinking like a legion
of frightful creatures that wrench
the simplest explanations from madness.
And it's like that because reason is tragic,
like every final ending is tragic,
no matter which direction life takes.

E ficaremos sós
mar e silencio.

Cando a noite me veña desvendar
con amor prometido e demorado
estes ollos que ollaron tanto nada,
as follas que caíron ao meu pé
serán pisadas.

E a ausencia cumprirá o seu oráculo
cando a noite sexa o fondo,
cando o mesmo mar a noite,
e o silencio
diga a última palabra.

And we will be alone
sea and silence.

When night comes to remove my blindfold
with a promised and slow-moving love,
from these eyes that saw so much nothing,
the leaves that fell at my feet
will be crushed.

And absence will complete its oracle
when night is background,
when the sea itself is night,
and silence
pronounces the final word.



REAL ACADEMIA GALEGA



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