

1. NOCHE

La noche con la misma cualidad de fieltro
el aire en suspenso y medieval
con orillas afiladas

Las estrellas igual de monstruosas
y comprensivas
que en el campo donde yo crecí.

Sentó el referente mi padre
cuando manejo su vocho sin faros
porque la luna estaba plena.
Azotaba ella y el silencio entre los árboles
y el perfume metálico y dulce
inundaba el aire
como un oboe.

The night with the same quality of felt
the air medieval and in suspense
with sharp edges

The stars just as monstrous
and comprehensive
as in the field where I grew up.

My father set the reference
when he drove his bug without headlights
because the moon was full.
Her and the silence flogged amongst the trees
and the sweet metallic perfume
flooded the air
like an oboe.

2. PERSPECTIVA

No era libre en su cabeza,
traía infectada la falta de perspectiva,
y como para sentir que esto sí lo decidía
clavó su tacón en una sien ajena.

Cómo no va a importar el arte
si viste a una misma cosa con mil caras,
predicando que se puede escoger
la forma en que existimos en el mundo.

“Mi vida no fue lo que hice,
fue como lo sentí.
Mi vida no fue lo que tuve.”

Y entre tantas perspectivas
la persona se hizo libre,
aprendió a ensamblar la propia,
fue en sí misma empoderada.

Al paso de las circunstancias
vivió como decidió,
usando los ojos artistas.

No era libre en su cabeza,
traía infectada la falta de perspectiva,
y como para sentir que esto sí lo decidía
clavó su tacón en una sien ajena.

Comenzó cuando había hambre
y el sabor de una injusticia.
Siempre el mismo zumbido herido
de pobreza e impotencia.
O creció
entre charlas grises del dinero y su fuerza,
la vida fue una sola línea:
adelante y en reversa.
Y vendió, torturó y mató gente
hasta que se le murió lo humano.
Y el zumbido seguía creciendo,
la pobreza se hacía dinero,
el poder vino de otro aplastado
y en su única perspectiva
no quedó nada sagrado.

Artistas a trabajar,
la gente se está muriendo.

He was not free in his head,
his lack of perspective was infected,
and to feel that he decided this one thing
he sank his heel into another's temple.

How could art not be important
when it clothes the same thing with a thousand faces,
preaching that it is possible to choose
the way we exist in the world.

“My life was not what I did,
it was the way I felt it.
My life was not what I had.”

And amongst all these perspectives
a person became free,
learned to assemble their own
and was within themselves empowered.

Through the pace of circumstances
they lived as they decided to,
using the artist eyes.

He was not free in his head,
his lack of perspective was infected,
and to feel that he decided this one thing
he sank his heel into another's temple.

It began when there was hunger
and the flavor of injustice.
Always the same wounded buzz
of poverty and powerlessness.
Or it grew
amongst grey talks of money and its strength,
life was single-lined:
forward and in reverse.
And he sold, tortured, and killed people
until what was his human died.
And the buzzing kept growing,
poverty became money,
power came from a smashed other,
and in his only perspective
nothing sacred was left.

Artists, get to work.
People are dying.

3. TÃO NA MINHA CARA

Por que é
que eu teria de passar
por isso de ouvir você dizer
“paixão”
como parte de uma conversa qualquer
e tão na minha cara?

Qué ganas de
qué ganas de romper
las pieles de
las pieles de las ciruelas entre los dientes.

Que você não seja quadrado
e que o mundo não julgue,
que você não tenha medo
e que a vida nos una.

Que eu não tenha que despedir-me
tão civilizadamente
quando você diz boa noite
e vai pra casa.

Já não quero mais ter que ouvir
seu “adeus, boa noite” (tão civilizadamente)
não assim,
quando é que vai ver
que eu sou a sua casa?

Why
should I go through this
hearing you say
“passion”
as part of a conversation like any other
and so much in my face?

How I want to
how I want to break
the skins of
the skins of plums between my teeth.

That you won't be square
and that the world won't judge,
that you won't be afraid
and that life unites us.

That I don't have to farewell you
so civilly
when you say “good night”
and go home.

I don't want to hear anymore
your, “bye, goodnight” (so civilly)
not like that,
when are you going to see
that I am your home?

4. CALLA

Calla, calla, calla.
Cállate ya.

Yo hubiera hablado mucho menos
al saber que volverías mis ideas
una cosa tan pequeña.

(Calla)

Yo hubiera dicho mucho menos
al saber que encontrarías
una forma de minimizar la majestuosidad
de lo que yo viví.

Tu monosilábica expresión de cuatro letras
puso a mi piel contra una malla cuadriculada
puso a mi piel contra una malla cuadriculada

Yo hubiera ahondado mucho menos
viendo que reaccionarías
con tantísima incomodidad a la fragilidad
que por tu expresa voluntad
me pareció tan pertinente compartir.

Tu monosilábica expresión de cuatro letras
puso a mi piel contra una malla cuadriculada
puso a mi piel contra una malla cuadriculada

(Calla)

Tu monosilábica expresión de cuatro letras
puso al mar en una bolsa resellable
y al desierto en un papel de celofán,
quiso sangre desde un vaso desechable
y tormentas con correa y con bozal,
hizo humo un juramento inquebrantable,
agotó la fuente de la ingenuidad,
se adornó con un evento vulnerable,
separó a la gente en santo y criminal,
dijo tibia la belleza insuperable,
anuló posturas en la ambigüedad.

Shut up, shut up, shut up.
Shut up now.

I would have talked much less
if I had known you'd turn my ideas
into something so small.

(Shut up)

I would have said much less
if I had known you'd find
a way to minimize the majesty
of what I lived.

Your monosyllabic four-lettered expression
pressed my skin against a checkered mesh
pressed my skin against a checkered mesh.

I would have delved much less
seeing how you would react
with so much discomfort to the fragility
that, thanks to your express will,
I thought was so pertinent to share.

Your monosyllabic four-lettered expression
pressed my skin against a checkered mesh
pressed my skin against a checkered mesh.

(Shut up)

Your monosyllabic four-lettered expression
placed the sea in a resealable bag
and the dessert in a cellophane paper,
wanted blood from a disposable cup
and storms with leash and muzzle,
made into smoke an unbreakable vow,
exhausted the fountain of ingenuity,
adorned itself with a vulnerable event,
divided people into saints and criminals,
pronounced tepid the unsurpassable beauty,
annihilated postures in the ambiguity.

5. CUÁNDO TE VOY A DECIR

Ya volvió el solsticio de verano,
desperté otra vez con la fiebre de tu nombre,
me miré en el espejo con tus ojos,
preparé el café
como un día me dijiste que te gusta.

¿Cuándo te voy a decir?

Ya volvió el solsticio de verano,
desperté otra vez con la fiebre de tu nombre
¿Cuándo te voy a decir?

Te recuerdo tu promesa:
que un día yo habría de verte gritando
descontroladamente.

Ya volvió el solsticio de verano
yo soñé con tu cara tan linda y tan triste.

Ya pasó un equinoccio y un verano,
soñé tu cara triste y tan linda
que se alejaba de mí
como una isla
como una piedra arrastrándose lento
a lo largo de mi piel,
como un arco sobre cuerda de violín.

The summer solstice has returned
I woke up again with the fever of your name,
looked into the mirror with your eyes,
prepared coffee
as you once said you like it.

When will I tell you?

The summer solstice has returned
I woke up again with the fever of your name
When will I tell you?

Let me remind you of your promise:
that one day I'd watch you screaming
uncontrollably.

The summer solstice has returned
I dreamt of your face, so sad and pretty.

One summer and one equinox have passed,
I dreamt of your sad and pretty face,
it drifted away from me
like an island
like a pebble dragged slowly
along my skin,
like the bow over a violin string.