

Selections from *Today/Hoy*

X

Eternity is such a violent notion / capitalist / the accumulation of future. Whirling its light in the breath of dew, consciousness is freed from itself. The blaze of pillows where time walks naked and love's order is lost. Night ripens / the body's truths become acquainted with the wooing retinue / hours that slip away.

XII

Chiaroscuro murdered the light / night drags on / dense. When I enter
the room I never enter, the accident bobs up. A law of its own creation.
Madly it laughs at the man fixated on pumping blood to his mill. The
sails are set spinning at the mere sight of a rose-bellied bunting. Fine
perception ebbs in the noxious prison of what we're not / lead-gray
leaves drop from the fiasco of their fall.

XVI

Fear normalizes danger when / the assassin scours the town street by
street / the tongue files away the rest / first woman stoned to death /
incertitude / ideas behind an unnumbered door. There are voices
known to none / a sickle razed them all. Countries where we were
born and where we were not gather us together with what they always
were / cruelty dangling from dread.

XXXIV

In the diagrams of cruelty there's a dog digging for its pardon.
Mountainous shams of goodness lie in capitalism's molars / biting /
chewing / grinding / ingesting the day that was worth a hundred.
Where now is the thief that stole his own self to be granted space for a
bogus life? Thoughts in want of human radiance dance to the fugue of
flight / deaf / blind / not wanting the sightless to find their eyes. The
struggle has been sent to the corner. Roving swallows lay eggs amid
the bodies of the drought. Lonely births prevail, set in motion by a man
who is songless on nights that seem to fly right by.

For Alberto Szpunberg

LXIX

Oblivion founders in the swells of desire / the dawn that trembled during a firefight / the crescent moon cut away from a night re-lived in its protraction. What fills the indictments of horror? Beasts that offer up their vigor roam fields long-gone and another tatter can be heard falling from the world. The debt of what we never were will never be repaid, it dawdles about with its mirroring fears signed and sealed. The space is filled with the disobedience of a sparrow.

LXXIX

The fruit of the jungle, of the Pampas, of the seas spiraling down into inglorious hungers. Eternity's accusations wager their wrinkles, a lawless weariness remains. How is a man to be conjoined with the one they have made of him? He sees his ambiguities / they leave his eyes half shut. Loss broils organs in broad daylight, in the broad mouth of personations. Old love is fulfilled in the termination that recreates it.

LXXXV

Thinking gives shape to a flower that amuses death. Hand in hand they sit at the foot of the harshest of autumn trees and nowhere else can this volume of valor be found. Upon the linen tablecloth a bowl of soup falls mute and no one opens the open door. Outside dogs bark beyond their dog and decisive discourse comes to an end. The moon travels on waters that move from the heart to midnights of the winched, immobile in another winding down.

LXXXVI

The self shores up its others with groaning rebar. The turtledove's penultimate center detaches itself from the turtledove, countries of the end where structures tumble down / outlandish nights worm their way in / whims of the landscape. The foot falls awakening the witness's obsessions / an eccentric spirit hunts itself down to discover who it is.

XCVIII

The future died young in the blood's adventures. It possessed fresh pages with neither protection nor peace. In the imitations of its loss, love is a lost dog. The old clock is sad and dead leaves begin to fall. Behind its ticking there are trees that have never slept / that understood the night / the error's hatchet strokes. The marrow of the fallen feeds the rumors of a rose.

CXIII

The animal presses on / no sound of sadness / nailed to its pain /
never reined to gentle bits. It grieves at the sight of a death where
longing remains moist, the antithesis of an order that fills blank pages,
unpaid debts. Is this how, when exiled from things, bodies press on?
The heart combines disaster and marvel, traversing the batons'
shooting stars / horror inspects the oven that will preserve it.

CLIX

The poem passes from the real to experience / to imagination / to a word far from its cradle / bereft of the fires of the mother's plumpness. What country is it bound for on crutches? Leaving rich and poor in moldy leaves / trembling in unison / moments that found no river / fervor with no filiation / the I dry and wry / silences of its calcination, one hard chunk among the ashes / night that begins to buck.

For Geneviève Fabry

CXCI

Stone for a bed, the pillage of dreams slumbers, bit by bit the tongue jumps from memory to the price of a flower by ploughing it under. You can smell what occurred with each rising sun, from here departing, remaining here. The executed display their holes gorged with patience, moving in bottles still crossing seas. Glimmers of the zero offer up what they do not know in those failed elucidations. New ignominy is born, which night conceals with obligations. Stars on high.

For Marco Antonio Campos

CCLXXI

Within the womb of the line, a woman is lost in dreams, crossing saturations of listening / accidents by proxy / the warmth of the bed. Where do her parts roam before dawn? What does it matter that she hate the day's betrayals / rotting rancor / *the foul carcass* sung by Baudelaire. Oh, father of afterward / homeland gone / heart wanting no succor. He amassed words so they might relate the labor pains of death.