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From *Atlantica and the Rustic*

The natural history of the rustic: Selections

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ANY ROUTE IS AN ARTIFICE. He hesitates and deliberates, loses the trace in his destiny. What he doesn't save, disperses, absorbed by roots like an offered sum by the god of dawn. The siege is lingering.

My Friend loves music. He dances in the larvary while the leeches burst with blood between his fingers.

Deciduous. Time shatters, like ovaries, on the cliffs.

Limp sharks fall into the trap of defeat. Lamias. A noose. He doesn't despair. The birds, he says, always nest between the lips of morning. Liquid ambers.

Graze the Cosmos, he thinks, and traces two lines of blue between radulae and mandibles. The edge by the angle is part of his faith in kaleidoscopes.

My Friend gets close to what he observes. Above, the sky is a door of lacquer and sandstone, small architecture, hollow where seagulls laugh.

Outside, the cry of barbarians is heard. They build roads by joining branches and dry matrices. Wheelbarrows of salt serve to brick up the nuptial milk of their abortions.

"If I could see their effervescence under the moss." He lies down.

My Friend presses his lips to the edge. Dreams of a garden of firethorns with monkeys crossing it in canoes.

Wolves and lizards visit its dance floor. There is a plot fenced by ringdoves and pigeons in the heat of morning. He says: life is simple enough if you hold wonder in jars. Seeds of rosemary and marjoram, cinnamon—at times—and a little bit of wormwood to taste death. Beside the torrent he registers the thirst of a scorpion. He wants to make an exhibition in vitrines. Show its skin, teeth. Pincers.

Clear is custom. To see Distance on the ear of one who bleeds. Mastery is comprehending the revenge of the rose on the eye. Luminaries.

He paints on the border of an obelisk. The shadow collects itself, absorbs itself. Nectareans. Vermillion tumors to mark death. But which flower absolves the flower of itself? Afflictions.

He chisels the fall of a trembling sun in sulfuric systoles. He changes his name.

I DECIDE TO HELP HIM.

I begin by cleaning the cleft. I wash the zygote.

Know that his pride is in silencing the lamp. A small bird fastens itself to the freshness of distance. It is oppression. Fear that was always between us.

His blood lines disturb me. I do not try.

Nevertheless, I penetrate to the interior through saliva.

I would have preferred to escort a child. His multiple qualities.

I think of white lilies at the height of lightning. My Friend has taught me.

Now I find pleasure in the drive of the defeated.

Places. Formless harmony in a remote forest.

I have learned to keep quiet, to lick the feast of an anonymous manuscript.

The point is the feeling. Rhythm is to discover earth in the desecration of its admirers. Luck relying on the measure of absurd things.

My Friend says: sea is fire, a tone that radiates our souls.

I have learned to keep quiet, and still I continue.

LIKE A VIRUS THAT KEEPS VIGIL OVER HIS FACE, like a ring of oxide in the flavor of his march, more naked, more alone than the single fragrance of his sea of infancy, from century to century passing in the incubation of liquid clays, entirely alone upon seeing a little of the tumultuous life.

Tiniest larva in terror.

Never at the edge, forever on the branch, never a bud,
not in the course of matter, not in the light of his first dusk or
of his final eye, scaled star in flight, Nibelung.

His eye, trembling in the illuminated ochre, his bell in the glass, his spark
in the air of dread.

Every minute inflicted, every minute lost. His whole being, unfamiliar,
uninhabited in the beards of defamation.

Tiniest calcareous larva, self-contradicts, declares itself steered, crazed.

More alone, very alone, entirely alone he submits to the title of a segregation,
in the successively, in the abandoned, in what sleeps and awakens, in what
demands on the verge and deposits and reclaims, the first and foremost biconvex voice,
in the vibrating iris, in the onyx of the womb, in love.

Simplifies, codifies, minimizes, listens, him, between the celestial silt, says,
he folds himself in the vaults of the branch, arborizes and extends in his writing, solar
bread, radiant bird, bird horse, oval window, digit, spark, the most minimal
waves, in what simplifies, in what codifies and listens, him,
magnanimous larva, malformed, umbilical.

More alone, very alone, entirely alone, tiniest fusiform larva, acid that
soaks, unique and coarse sap.

Never at the edge, forever on the branch, never a bud,
not in the course of matter, not in the light, yes in the sea that envelops him in branches
and with him, always to reappear.

EVERYTHING UNDER HIS ARDOR IS MERCILESS. He solidifies.
My Friend requests a bit of silence. In the unspoken, in what doesn't happen,
in the incomplete and inconclusive. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

He chooses his binnacle.
Separation is always an uncomfortable emergence.
Instant when the thread separates from the eye.
What doesn't look. What doesn't break. A brief expansion that proposes the abundance
of life. The cut.

Wherever it is. Sweetest, damaged, delirious.
Wherever it goes. Belonging.

Flaring. In the highest and clearest. Next to the magnitude of celestial bodies.
Leaving at the speed of sky, in gassing clouds, infrequently,
involuntarily, obscurely disdained in lure of dawn, dear monster
that I ignore, voice, unique, broken voice, prayer of me, mine.

FORGETFULNESS.

The link of one's own imaginary heart.
And excellence, licking the only scars beside a night fire.
And the map.

My Friend remembers the path of the beetle, the red dregs, the high arch
where his blood stutters.
He prefers not to enter the butterfly's shadow, the beating of their wings perfumes
the killer's air.
The security of annihilation is traced in the spores.

He says: an ebony table will be the place for revealing things.
The public, all of it, the sum total of my disciples.

No one to interpret their silent hands, the eye's dignity.
The table flames to the wind. Paints a copper line. Its excretions.

A rare thing to possess the minimum. At times, they cling to rocks, triumph
of scant grace beside the dust.

We men, have been straying behind. Held back, we think
that everything is human life.

If there's ever a time you doubt the dawn... Search, search for the one who dies in your memories so
that you go and witness the reservoir under your eyelids.

My Friend says that all is circumstance.

The barbarians scrub the bodies of their dead with hyssop. Clean their intestines
with loose salt in oil so they sweat fire. After, they lick them until they taper.

The sound of rain creaks through the window. A leopard embroidered in gold.

My Friend says that living
is merely a distinct gaze at the ordinary.