

CÉSAR MORO

“CLIPPED POEM”

“WESTPHALEN”

“ANDRÉ BRETON”

“THE LIGHT STEP OF THE NOCTURNAL DEMON”

“FLEETING STAR”

“JOURNEY TOWARD NIGHT”

“ALPHABET OF ATTITUDES”

TRANSLATED BY GUILLERMO PARRA

CLIPPED POEM

For the first time
thirteen fugitives
remember
HEROINES
tree leaves
ancient women

THE UNKNOWN AIRMEN
completely inoffensive
crackling

From 61 to 65 years old
I will not die of pneumonia

Crested tulips
some crimpers to curl
A REVOLVER
Apollo and a fig tree
a venomous flower
an olive tree

A CLOCK
a hill full of pockets
a cup
a laurel
a chord
a parrot
one on top
four slight wheels

A COW

the golden West

A leather overcoat
poplar and beech trees
a rag soaked in alcohol
a warrior without a sword
an elephant
three common dancers
a willow tree
a hand in the shade
a Bulgarian photograph
a bucket of water
a double prism of spar from Iceland
a wagon
the exact reproduction of a drawing as small as we'd like
a PROBABLE photograph
a small room
a laiza of selenium
in a basket
TWO RINGS
a cancer of the mouth
accompanied by pure and delicious victuals
a flask with flint spouts
a young lady with a revolver
dough that's too dry
semi-crystalized dry dough
dough that's too big
AND THE STARS OF OPERA UNANIMOMOUSLY
warm up
dreams

WESTPHALEN

Like a watering hole for indelible beasts
Split by the lightning overflowing the water
Reflects the migration of earth birds
In the night of the salubrious earth

A front door closed over a barren field
Refuge of clandestine love
An equality of stone that closes under
The drop of water that rises from the earth

Over hundreds of decapitated heads
A naked woman like a lamp

Makes the eyes of the dead shine
Like fish of trails of argentiferous little fibers
Gold and steel know their destiny
Of rotten earth the pullulating jungle
Accompanies him and pours over the shoulders
Of ghosts familiar arborescent mantles
Cascades of blood and myriads of noses

10 of January of 1938

ANDRE BRETON

Like a piano of a horse's tail of a wake of stars
On the lugubrious firmament
Heavy with coagulated blood
Swirling rainbow clouds phalanxes and planets and myriads of
birds
The indelible fire advances
The cypresses burn the tigers panthers and the noble animals
become incandescent

The care of dawn has been abandoned
And night looms over the devastated earth

The district of treasures keeps his name forever

Mexico, April 1938

THE LIGHT STEP OF THE NOCTURNAL DEMON

In the great contact of oblivion
Certainly dead
Trying to steal reality from you
By the deafening rumor of the real
I lift a statue of such pure mud
Of clay of my blood
Of lucid shadow of intact hunger
Of interminable panting
And you rise like an unknown star
With your hair of black sparks
With your rabid and indomitable body
With your breath of wet stone
With your crystal head
With your ears of drowsiness
With your lantern lips
With your fern tongue
With your saliva of magnetic fluency
With your rhythm nostrils
With your fire tongue feet
With your legs of thousands of petrified tears
With your eyes of a nocturnal leap
With your tiger teeth
With your veins of violin arc
With your orchestra fingers
With your nails to open the heart of the world
And predict the loss of the world
In the heart of dawn
With your warm forest armpits
Under the rain of your blood
With your elastic lips of carnivorous plant
With your shadow that intercepts the noise
Nocturnal demon

This is how you rise forever
Stomping on the world that ignores you
And loves your name without knowing it
And moans after the smell of your step
Of fire of sulfur of air of tempest
Of intangible catastrophe that diminishes each day
That portion in which are hidden nefarious designs and the suspicion
that twists the mouth of the tiger who spits in the mornings to
make the day

FLEETING STAR

Oh fate always bound
To the splashing to the usury of the wind
Nocturnal appearance of subdued glow
Winter passes the light
With free nails on a heart without armature
Sharpens its lioness claws

Beautiful night of ancient wounds
Rough wind tender darkness
Keep the moveable castle

May a star fall
Over the nacre blood
Over the alabaster breast
Over the lungs of snow
Under the feet of nocturnal fire

Oh free Night to you
Forever Oh word

JOURNEY TOWARD NIGHT

*It is my ultimate residence, from whence nothing returns
Krishna, in the Bhagavad Gita*

Like a mother sustained by fluvial branches
Of fear and inceptive light
Like a skeletal horse
Radiating dusk beams
Behind the dense branching of trees and trees of anguish
The sun-filled path of ocean stars
The gleaming stock
Of data lost in the worthy night of the past
Like an eternal panting if you emerge into the night
As the wind settles wild boars go by
Hyenas sick of pillage
Split lengthwise, the spectacle displays
Bloody visages of lunar eclipse
The body in flames oscillates
Through time
Without changeable space
So the eternal is the unmovable
And all the rocks thrown
To the gales, to the four cardinal points
Return as solitary birds
Devouring lakes of ruined years
Unfathomable spider webs of collapsed and flammable time
Rusty cavities
In the pyramidal silence
Pale blinking splendor
To let me know I still live
Responding through each pore of my body
To the power of your name oh poetry

Lima, the Horrible, 24 of July or August of 1949

ALPHABET OF ATTITUDES

Is absence not, for whoever loves, the most efficacious, the most indestructible, the most faithful of presences?

MARCEL PROUST

(Les plaisirs et les jours)

DECEMBER, 1935:

A gypsy girl comes out of an old house, on Avenue Grau, through the open wicket in the big door, closed. The girl, barefoot, heads toward a straw hat, for a man, knocked over a few steps away, the top inverted, in front of the big door. The girl introduces her left foot in the hat. At that moment another girl comes along the street. The gypsy girl stretches her arms out to her and leans her left arm with familiarity on the girl's shoulder. They remain like that, without speaking a word, for a moment. Then the girl who has arrived leaves smiling at the gypsy girl.

11th OF JANUARY OF 1936

When I proceed to open the door of the place called "Museum" there is a man dressed in a blue work blazer in the clock tower of the hospital † † †. He stands out distinctly over the sphere, his arms in a cross, fixing the clock's dials. Seconds later, when I open the door, he quickly turns his head: several crows fly in the field of the sphere.

214 ideographic signs
or 2419 or more
any story's din
climbs the tree from the other side climbs
arrives from the far edge
cleaning the clock's hours
the little instantaneous man.

JANUARY, 1953:

It's unexplainable that man tries to fill his solitude with noise: radio, television, modern architecture are abject, abominable. Journalism was already enough as an efficient mechanism of cretinization.

While eternity is constituted by minimal vegetative variations and imperceptible atmospheric alterations shining under a forest of orange trees or cypresses.

The first unbearable revelation of eternal life shone in a leg.

I can speak about eternity better than the Pope.

Every life reaches a crossroads in which torment reigns like a monstrous pullulation: pharisaism, philistinism, the mistaken intended similar opinions, the most nefarious assent that frank opposition, hatred against myth, the abandonment of all ideals drown, mark, crush and debase.

That alternating of obsessive negative thinking with the obsessive pleasant memory is the torment of irrevocable lucidity.

Guilt has no exit, relief, stillness, save in the momentous loss of lucidity.

Man is alone with the sea amidst mankind.

Impotence of desire. While man does not realize his desire the world disappears as reality to transform itself in a nightmare from the cradle to the sepulcher.

Is there no rhythm that is not our own? Suddenly my veins branch out, grow and I live the world's pulsing.

I dreamed a car was taking me toward eternity. I was able to wake up and I didn't want to know the hour.

Scorpions guard the horrible subsoil of eternity.

I wake up in the middle of the night and wait for the discrete call. But it's the wind and nothing else.