

EMILIO ADOLFO WESTPHALEN

“I HAVE FOLLOWED YOU...”

“TRACKER OF THE CLOUDS...”

“THROUGH THE MINUTE PRAIRIE...”

“TOWROPE OF THE CLOUDS...”

“CÉSAR MORO”

“MAGIC WORLD”

“THE DREAM”

TRANSLATED BY GUILLERMO PARRA

I HAVE FOLLOWED YOU LIKE THE DAYS PURSUE US

With the certainty of leaving them behind along the way
Of one day distributing their branches
On a sunny morning of open pores
Swinging from body to body
I have followed you like we sometimes lose our feet
So that a new dawn might light up our lips
And then nothing can be denied
And then everything can be a small world rolling down stairs
And then everything can be a flower bending into itself over blood
And the oars sinking further into the auras
To stop the day and not let it pass
I have followed you like the years are forgotten
When the shore changes its appearance with every gust of wind
And the sea rises higher than the horizon
So as to not let me pass
I have followed you by hiding behind forests and cities
Wearing the secret heart and the sure talisman
Marching over each night with reborn branches
Offering myself to every gust like the flower lays out on the wave
Or the hairs that soften their tides
Losing my eyelashes in the stealth of dawns
When the winds rise and the trees and towers bend
Falling from murmur to murmur
Like the day sustains our steps
To then get up with the shepherd's staff
And follow the floods that always separate
The vine that's about to fall on our shoulders
And they carry it like a reed dragged by the current
I have followed you through a succession of sunsets
Placed on the display counters of stores
I have followed you softening myself with death
So that you wouldn't hear my steps
I have followed you erasing my own glance

And silencing myself like the river when it approaches the embrace
Or the moon placing its feet where there's no answer
And I have kept quiet as if words couldn't fill my life
And I will have nothing else to offer you
I have kept quiet because silence puts the lips closer
Because only silence knows how to detain death at the threshold
Because only silence knows how to give itself to death without reservation
And I follow you like that because I know just beyond you won't pass
And in the rarefied sphere the bodies fall just the same
Because in me you'll find the same faith
That makes the night tirelessly follow the day
Since eventually it will grab it and won't release it from its teeth
Since eventually it will stretch it out
Like death stretches out life
I follow you like ghosts stop being such
With the relief of seeing you tower of sand
Sensible to the slightest breath or oscillation of the planets
But always on foot and never further
Than on the other side of the hand

TRACKER OF THE CLOUDS DRAGGED ALONG BY YOUR HAIR

In the lifted silence of two parallel seas
And each limbo forged with your new glances
And each hope free to stir
Marshes and brambles to find the pearls
Covered by seven admirable palms by lozenges
Something else to not call you risky among the fates
The fears gathered the hopes born
The smiles deployed the tassels unwrapped
The teeth flowered the tears tinkling
Amid a crackling of fire against music by a girl against dream
The squealing happiness of seeing you girl and girl
Crashing soft little plates like hands
Trumpets of listen to me because I don't respond
Under the shadow of birds and golden skies
And tears grown from carrying in their globe
The amorous accords of inaudible joys
According to a growing rumor of waves of rags
Amid large petals more than human stature
And bees sipping from our lips
Like this so as to not understand a curtain between each kiss
The marbles for the doves of grace exhausted
A few cypresses somewhat destined for the other sky
Going around without exhaustion without dropping the glass
A spout fanned by brilliants
Some spinning tops scratched revealing the tides of their hearts
A silk threaded from the honey of your lips
A few birds losing themselves in your hair
Support for the cold your forehead complete crystal
And a cloud stretched out beside trembling silence
Cadence after cadence of eyelids closed after eyelids
In the balanced barques some solitary hands
The auras dispersed with breath from the rivers
And other liquid hands to find ourselves blindly

And something like heads rolling down stairs
And something like fruit rising from circle to circle
To the pleasures the rainbows the breezes trespassing our foreheads
Carefully giving up words and lifting rivers
There were so many nests of sweetness and silence between our mouths
Between our hands such toil to settle in one
The world looked better in your eyes
Bigger and heavier with lilies
Stretched out like a dream or a cloud
The oysters cling to the walls of your dream
The pearls falling from your hands like words
This is how I always see you abandoned on a laughing shore
Amid scarps bathed in our hesitant coins
More fragile girl more fragile than your portrait in the water
Or than you yourself soaring to the clouds
Or than you yourself stretched out in my eyes
The pearls of love counted by your hands were growing like words
O flowers of your laughing tree
O silence of your hands charged with a heavy world of lilies

THROUGH THE MINUTE PRAIRIE OF A VOICE FLOATING IN THE AIRS

With the easy weight of the planets worn by the flowers
Amid the ensigns of the days uprooted and wandering
On a succession of seas marvelously cultivated
With the song of the birds as bed and trench of the barques
And the tail of the peacock as nimbus of the smallest things
The transparent shells the porcelain seaweed
The lopped off fingers of children and the born thimbles
Under the crust of mushrooms in the mud flats
In the tangled hair of a girl in the milky way
In the heart itself of music stepping
With the sun against our chests deepening
Letting blood run like a good river
Because the one I receive and the one you carry are the same
And the same thickets resound in our screams
And the same doves rest on our eyes
And the same flutes traverse us to establish our domain
Turning the moons over villages
And the serpents over forests
Bringing the sky over our venture
Its foam splashing our beaches
The feverish trees continuing their life in our veins
The poplar groves leaning to the compass of our hearts
You as the lagoon and me as the eye
That one and the other interpenetrate each other
So the tree and the breeze so the dream and the world
Taking depth from the night and from the day extension
To what caves fleeing against so much splendor
Day that never moves sky that walks for us
Rivers that don't know how to wound and barques that crowd
our chests
The mouths float like zodiac signs
The arms cross like flowers on water
The foreheads follow the currents and the eyes separate

nothing

It is the flaming glory that rests in our bodies
Lifting over the atrocious battle of darkness and light
The ensign of the holy company and the still glances
It is glory fallen at our feet
It is triumph wounded like a subterranean twilight
Changing seasons in the core of the quicksilver
Like a rose drowned amid our arms
Or like the sea being born from your lips

TOWROPE OF THE CLOUDS DRAGGED FROM YOUR HAIR

In the lifted silence of two parallel seas
And each limbo forged with your new glances
And each hope free to stir
Marshes and brambles to find the pearls
Covered by seven admirable palms by lozenges
Something else to not call you risky among the fates
The fears gathered the hopes born
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CÉSAR MORO

Through a field of breadcrumbs the little hand of a clock extends itself
disproportionally

A pair of crab or serpent eyes alternately light up or turn off on it
Against the light emerges a smoke cloud of embroidered eyelashes
And disposed like a tower that simulates a woman who undresses
Other more familiar animals like the hippopotamus or the elephant
Find their path amid bone and meat

A web of medusa eyes impedes transit

Through the sand that extends like an abandoned hand

At each step an ivory ball says whether the air is green or black

If the eyes weigh the same on a scale crossed by hairs

And locked in an aquarium installed in the heights of a mountain

Sometimes stopping and sometimes tossing like a catapult

Pink or black or green cadavers of children at the eight extremes

Cadavers painted according to zebras or leopards

And that open up so beautifully like a box of trash when they fall

Spread out in the middle of a patio of pink marble

Attracts the scorpions and serpents of air

That buzz like a mill dedicated to love

On the sidelines a man of metal cries facing a wall

Only visible when each tear explodes

MAGIC WORLD

I must give you black and definitive news
All of you are dying
Corpses death with white eyes girls with red eyes
Girls growing younger mothers all my little loves
I was writing
I said little loves
I say I was writing a letter
A letter a dreadful letter
Another one will be written tomorrow
Tomorrow you will all be dead
The untouched letter the dreadful letter is also dead
I always write and I won't forget your red eyes
Your immobile eyes your red eyes
This is all I can promise
When I went to see you I had a pencil and I wrote on your
door
This is the house of the dying women
Women with immobile eyes girls with red eyes
My pencil was a midget and it wrote whatever I wanted
My midget pencil my dear pencil with white eyes
But once I called it the worst pencil I never had
It didn't hear what I said it didn't find out
It merely had white eyes
Then I kissed its white eyes and he became a she
And I married her because of her white eyes and we had
many children
My children or her children
Each one has a newspaper to read
The newspapers of death that are dead
Except they don't know how to read

They don't have eyes neither red nor immobile nor white
I'm always writing and I say all of you are dying
But she is uneasiness and doesn't have red eyes
Red eyes immobile eyes
Bah I don't love her

THE DREAM

The poetic seeds of the dream turned out to be, unlike the poor professors, the miserable realist critics tried to make us believe, a new unattainable paradise, a mirage, but instead noxious and active seeds, useful reagents to corrode despicable reality. The dream is not a refuge, it's a weapon.

Liberty's bad instincts dance their diabolical rounds. No more conformity, resignation, mediocrity! May the scoundrels, the exploiters, those who take advantage of others' misery, and the cursed clergy, and the abominable religious spirit, and the Christian ghosts, and the myths of capital, and the bourgeois family, and the degrading homeland all drown in their black spittle.

Mankind's liberty, in other words, the dream minted in reality, poetry speaking through everyone's mouth and fulfilling itself, concrete and palpable, in the acts of everyone.