



Poems and Prose of Francisco Ferrer Lerín

## Chance Encounters and Waking Dreams

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## TZARA

Luchar contra el anquilosamiento de las palabras  
moverlas disponiendo nuevas mallas sacudir la estructura del  
poema  
despertarlo  
se trata de agarrar un objeto ver su nombre pesarlo medirlo  
olerlo observarlo  
darle libertad para que se manifieste  
para que se realice totalmente  
cambiar la decoración la situación de los muebles del salón  
de todos los días  
la palabra corre y se adhiere  
aparece un grito una modulación un fondo de sentido  
se crea sonido de frases con los elementos volcados  
el fuego de las cosas que conocemos bajo otros aspectos  
valorar lo que tenemos  
llegar a expresar el color y la forma de las letras unidas  
cuidar y dar vida al poema exhaustivo que creamos  
madurar la idea sobre la posibilidad lingüística  
conocer el léxico tanto que huelga la estrecha gramática  
las frases nacen limpias  
criticamos los versos con los versos  
demostrar nuestro convencimiento con la anarquía en la  
elección  
cavilando nuevos programas  
saber qué se vierte sobre la hoja blanca  
aquí ahora poder columbrar nuestra diaria vida  
desconocida  
la vida ceñida que desatamos  
hasta que auténtica se refleja en lo que no se limita a un modo  
que incumbe el total de mis actos  
que a modo de canto damos lúcidos  
porque se domina el oleaje y el calado de la semántica.

## TZARA

Strive against the ankylosis of words  
move them about preparing new networks shake and jolt the structure  
of the poem  
wake it up  
it's about grabbing an object seeing its name weigh it measure it  
smell it observe it  
set it free so that it may manifest itself  
that it may totally realize itself  
change the decor the placement of furniture in the  
tired old room  
the word flows and adheres  
a scream appears a modulation a depth of meaning  
a sounding of phrases is created with poured out elements  
the fire of things we know under other aspects  
value what we have  
get to wringing out the color and form from the linked letters  
attend to and give life to the exhaustive poem we create  
let the idea concerning linguistic possibility ripen  
know the lexicon until narrow grammar is made unnecessary  
phrases are born clean  
we evaluate the verses with verse  
demonstrate our conviction with anarchy in our  
choices  
pondering new programs  
know what is spilled upon the white page  
here, be able now to begin to see our daily unknown  
life  
the tight-fitting life we loosen  
until it is authentically reflected in the unlimited in a way  
that affects the sum total of my acts  
that we lucidly deliver as a kind of song  
because the waves and the deep tides of semantics are in control.

## Los humildes

Al que bulle en desafío y los manjares esparcidos;  
al que conoce la modestia del helecho, numen contrito;  
al que avergüenza la claridad del sol y baña su rostro en la ternura de las lágrimas;  
al que recorre las provincias más antiguas saludando con los brazos, mástil altivo;  
al que recuerda y sus labios ya no son buenos;  
al que amasa el pan de los días entonando migajas terrenales;  
al que se desvía por el frío, por el viento, por las olas o por el miedo;  
al que desprecia, y los ojos sellados;  
al que está seguro de su desastre;  
al que teme las fuerzas desconocidas;  
al que abre la puerta todas las mañanas y espera encontrar un mirlo;  
al que mata y su cerbatana es recia  
al que de nombre tiene el grito de un pájaro y sus piernas aún aún caminan;  
al que es torturado por los buscadores de algo;  
al que es hurraño y los suyos comen raíces;  
al que pasea una urraca atada a un cordel encontrado;  
al que posee una casa y un cerdo y una cabra y nada veloz en la charca de su vecino;  
al que es consagrado a las labores del amor y su vientre es estéril;  
al que corretea junto al arroyo, una zarza lacerando sus rodillas;  
al que oye la voz del dueño retumbar en los acantilados;  
al que es joven y sus espaldas anchas;  
al que descubre la vida bajo una piedra plana;  
al que bebe sangre, leche, grasa, y sus padres llaman mudo;  
al que se cobija en los matorrales, los demás riendo;  
al que da nombres a los arados, hachas, esteras y amigos;  
al que siempre está solo, una encina dibujada;  
al que lleva en los bolsillos trozos de papel, piedras de río y una sabandija;  
y al que el paso del tiempo le produce tedio, una mano enguantada.

## The Humble Ones

To him who seethes in defiance and the scattered delicacies;  
to him who knows the modesty of the bracken fern, contrite numen;  
to him who is shamed by the clarity of the sun and bathes his face  
in the tenderness of tears;  
to him who goes about the most ancient provinces giving greetings with his arms,  
haughty flagstaff;  
to him who remembers and his lips are no longer fine and good;  
to him who kneads and rolls the daily bread intoning earthly crumbs;  
to him who turns away because of the cold, because of the wind, because of the  
waves or because of fear;  
to him who scorns, and his eyes closed tight;  
to him who is certain of his own disaster;  
to him who fears unknown forces;  
to him who opens the door every morning and expects to encounter a blackbird;  
to him who kills and his blowgun is harsh;  
to him who has for a name the call of a bird and his legs still walk;  
to him who is tortured by the seekers of something or other;  
to him who is antisocial and his loved ones eat roots;  
to him who strolls with a magpie tied to a found-by-chance string;  
to him who possesses a house and a pig and a nanny goat and swims fast  
in his neighbor's pond;  
to him who is consecrated to the labors of love and his guts are sterile;  
to him who chases about the creek, a bramble lacerating his knees;  
to him who hears the voice of the master resound in the cliffs and crags;  
to him who is young and his shoulders broad;  
to him who discovers life beneath a flat rock;  
to him who drinks blood, milk, grease, and his parents call him dumb;  
to him who takes shelter in the thickets, the others laughing;  
to him who bestows names to the plowshares, axes, floor mats and friends;  
to him who is always alone, a live oak sketched and drawn;  
to him who carries in his pockets bits and pieces of paper, river rocks and a nasty bug;  
and to him in whom the passage of time produces tedium, one gloved hand.

## Talpa

Ayer me fui de toperas, acechadas  
en estos días de otoño  
por panzudos ratoneros, pausados  
milanos rojos  
y equilibrados cernícalos.

El aire  
que es festivo  
confunde  
al espectador inexperto  
y fascina  
al rutilante marido.  
¡Qué posturas manifiestas!  
¡Qué ademanes de prestigio! ¡Qué gloria!  
nunca alcanzada! Los recios picos, las garras  
corvas, atrapan  
las cabezas puntiagudas, destripan  
al minero pintoresco  
al concienzudo gran topo, impávido  
e inocente  
en su labor  
de huroneo.

Así  
en estas mañanas  
medito acerca del lime  
ese fiel concepto lábil  
que permite el recorrido  
de la oscuridad a la luz  
de lo sabido a lo ignoto, del calor  
al hielo, la fulgurante mudanza  
hacia una muerte, llena  
de chasquidos sordos  
y recios pelos arrancados.

## Talpa

Yesterday I took to the molehills, surveilled  
in these October days  
by pot-bellied buzzards, suspended  
red kites  
and steadily poised kestrels.

The air  
which is festive  
confounds  
the inexpert onlooker  
and fascinates  
the glittering husband.  
What manifest postures!  
What gestures of prestige!  
What never  
arrived at glory! The robust, rigorous beaks, the curved  
talons, seize  
the sharp-pointed heads, gut  
the queer miner  
the painstaking great mole, undaunted  
and innocent  
in its labor  
of nosing about.

So it is  
on these mornings  
that I meditate upon the limin  
that tried and true labile concept  
that allows for the crossing  
from darkness to light  
from the known to the unknown, from heat  
to ice, the bright flashing movement  
toward a death, full  
of muffled crackings  
and coarse, thick hair yanked out

El laberinto arcaico de Epidauro  
se inspiró  
en esta red de galerías.

The archaic labyrinth of Epidauros  
was inspired by  
this network of galleries.