COLD FIRE

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Translated from the Spanish
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WORLD POETRY BOOKS
It swoops
  swoops through
in a swoop uproots
  threads eyes
  sees expulsions
and flutters
  flutters
  flutters out times of trawling.

It pounds
  pounds the body into demented wings
unleashes rain
  flaming torrents
  thunder
and sunders
  sunders the soul
nothing but it
  a belly dance
  a sentient spark.
Then it returns
  returns
  departs
  twists
  snags
  thunders at the peak with savage wing
and its rage
  its violet rage
is what stirs and burdens the air
with feet of lead.

Silence.
A silence falls
and the opalines fly in vain.

Caws
a bird caws.
It screeches
it sings its howl
and covers

with a warm-blooded hand

one breast of sky
one now calm
one now firebelching
as if it were merely a salve

a hit of crack

in tales of turmoil that burn/ inflame/ incinerate
these
the dark corridors of the sidereal proverb.
Neither fresh nor original. Present.

A new instance of demented wing.

A maelstrom of fiery soul.

A mystery of crackling breath.

An *ay!*

and it is brave.
Sweet, they say, is the company
the snores
the certain precipice of sky or
open sea
the punishment of the rod or the
prize to time passing
the dance of cold fire

uuuugh!... and in something
in the littlest something
to find meaning.
Abyss
cliffs
desert sands
shelters open to the winging of the wind
of this anima

who
not achieving a name
possesses neither word nor cadence
yet
kicks up muffled madness
or
reposes in me
because
if I were ever someone
by now
I am but one of nothing
in the thick of pastures
and in thickwinds

trapped.
Now I need to talk about this listing/ rotting house/
its injured/ infirm/ wasted crumbs/ keeling till kneeling/
kissed to death by a fine/ pale/ mute finger/ red with
green passion/ there/ among cold and exposed skeletons/
away from/ without/ regress.

Memory/ memory of what was once your house/
the forsaking of your house/ the whistling that runs
through it/ that tears it apart/ breaks its panes/ sucks
its sap/ only to leave it like this/ to forsake it as man/
now weary/ from one step to another/ the matter not
other/ whatever.

Now you yield/ you depart/ you omit the mirror
that dangles from quicksilver/ the blurred image/
suspended/ and you leave behind the table/ its
oilcloth/ the plastic-hued flowers/ the toilet/ your
chair of habit/ the hides drying in the wind/ ferrets
by now a plague (how stupid/ look at the beast set
free and left there to sing/) and the usual wind/ the
never-never of a royal fairy tale/ there/ sniffing/
corroding at will/ as the ferret labors/ to balance us
out/ natural.

Yes/ you depart/ you walk/ a few meters more/ a few
meters less/ in the now already desert/ in the former
musical forest/ and you begin/ you build again/ the
same house but not/ same posts/ same planks/ same
roof.

Illusion.
But between you and me/ no future other than/ a new exodus/ neglect/ because the wind won’t stop/ won’t let you forget/ and returns/ returns with your departure/ with your no resistance/ because you only seek/ want/ wish/ wish to prosper/ prosper somehow/ no matter the sweat/ the tears/ the labor pains/ with nothing/ to give and to take/ breath/ to dance and to kill/ whistlings/ songs to life/ that one/ the one that remains/ there beyond the passing bluster/ the vast skies/ the eternal boat/ the marketplace of shipwrecks/ the bluish/ white/ gray/ dark failure/ and yes/ yes gentlemen/ also the bird/ the trill/ the shrill/ yes/ all surrounded by howls/ by a heartbreaking owl/ he/ chest piercer/ caustic/ quiets/ because to breathe is nothing/ and the windgust enshrouds/ imprisons/ silences/ silences speech/ the words in surplus/ and pares us down/ binds us/ fences us in/ for the sake of it/ for the sake of saying:

you are… darling
you are.

But who hears your show/ your hoe?

Your mother, darling/ your mother.