

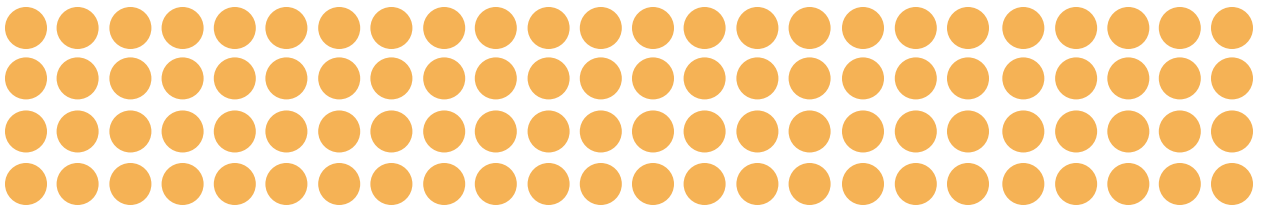


Carmen Berenguer, poems

Translations, Mariela Griffor

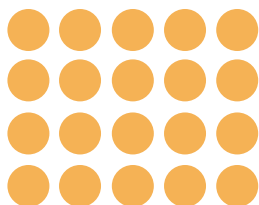
Unknown

A man I didn't know
appear in all the country's newspapers
He is lying on the streets
His body is perforated:
Now we all know him.



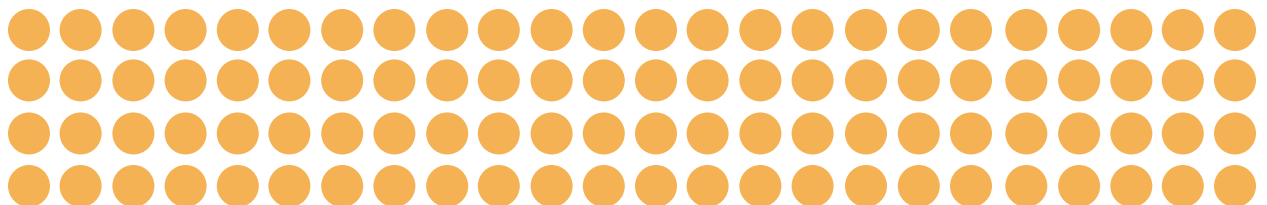
Santiago Tango

Lack of decency, marginal, preposterous.
Shoeless, armed city.
This one is dying on us
With a stub on the left side
of its veiled face.
poor dam, fur-coated whore
Transpiring pollen
The squalid night double you
Where the pimp sleeps.



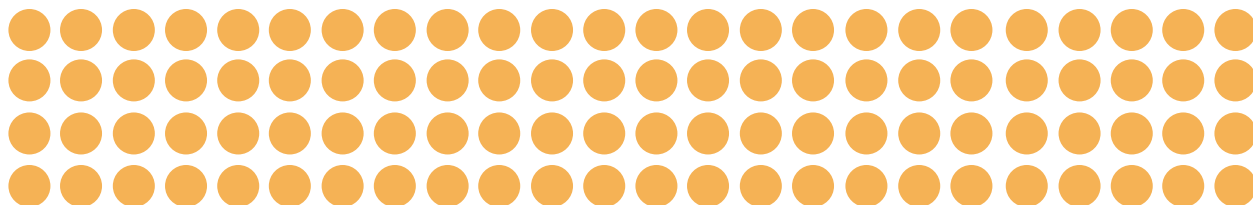
The Cave

One believes oneself to be the choreography
in the tightrope of life
or the pendulum without toying
but you continue to be the old leak
of a nauseating bedroom
or the fire drills in one night.
We travel in between the legs of a city
You believe to be the rough track
and lose an eye in the wire fence
and why to be believe to be the best
if they trade your vitality in the desert.



Relegation

Yet the words soon will become themselves
José Coronel Urtecho
The thirst was yours
Passing the desert under the skirts
Atacama Ata-cama Ataca -ama des-sierto
Cierto-ama-Ataca-ama amor
Drink the dunes and the sky
disrope yourself of words.



Premonition

The crows are coming
black wings
under full sail
from sail to sail
flying ships
deadly polen in the claws scratching:
The sky with black chalk.

