

**Untitled**



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**Josely Vianna Baptista**

**UNTITLED**

(with South Coast Brazilian landscape  
and metal scene in an expanded field)

Destitute of sky and land, adrift in darkness  
and winds, destitute of nearly everything,  
*J'ai heurté, savez-vous, d'incroyables Florides,*  
absences are anchors rust  
erodes, false are the distances  
the wind signals, and the trees it whips.

The sun tropic, on those skyless clouds,  
unveils the one-sense body on its reverse,  
the enmeshing of fish in the silence of nets,  
in the skins that darkens the inside of reflexes  
(burning look, organza, in the fever of an embrace),  
sweat in bronze threads from men under the sun:

glossy exuding  
in a world beyond the world.

The soft raw linen declodging us,  
gaze: so many sunny days  
over our nude bodies. Your face  
in a submersed, jade lagoon,  
in clear glass  
or tiles of tides—under the southern  
wind—, your face submersed.

\*

I dive deep and into isolated seas  
I clench to the body as to language  
the body brings up to the surface.

Distant glare: the color of the buoys  
among porpoises.

On the loosened leaves of metamorphoses  
(if poets' predictions are to be trusted)  
I drop my anchor,  
beyond the sea, beyond myself,  
beyond the love one will go on loving.

\*

*Time suspended by rosin  
bird lime, mushrooms  
intermingling with whelks:  
florid furor  
(chiaroscuro) hats  
amid the buzzing of mollusk  
legends.*

Virgin pages kisses  
unveil, the moving of bows, the falling  
of garments, island of stars  
amid foam: red galaxy  
the sea inscribes in *rouge*  
*baroque* over the beach.

Over the beach rare little animals  
revolve in the shallow waters and among your fingers,  
calcareous rays briefly touching  
another skin, another estuary,

virgin, fossil, temporal pages.

On the swaying, gongoric-golden sea,  
the imaginary embrace of a distant love,  
on my damp eyes your hair,  
the humid entangling of face curls,  
the lips (breathing the sea through  
folds, like a fish) half-open—oyster,  
the water stirring its persienne-gills,  
and the gaffs of a shredded scallop in the sun  
on the dissected wings of a sea  
elytron—disaster of forms,  
promises of folds—corals  
bleeding in pale crepon.

*Fugacious cartography of pilgrim images,  
opaque calligraphy on the ethereal opaline of the sands.*

(Translated from Portuguese by Regina Alfarano)