

## MADRE (MOTHER)

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Me golpea esta despedida.  
La nube en los ojos  
contenida de puro orgullo.  
La sombrilla cubriendo sus hombros  
pero no el temblor de las piernas  
que se alejan en perspectiva.  
Yo anclada en este lado del frío.  
De pronto la lluvia.

Todo parece reducirse a la física  
a la inmediata lejanía.  
Sin embargo  
su silueta se ha implantado  
en el iris de este mar que viene de todos lados.

He podido fingir el rumor de río  
con un aclarar de garganta  
pero el fuego es extremo en el pecho  
y todos mis miembros acuden a cubrirlo.  
No me doy cuenta  
que ahora ardo en una constante llama.

Hay un grito imposible.  
Se expande lo que está destinado a ser breve.  
Los cuerpos se resisten  
y los brazos no obedecen.


La voz acuchillada en la garganta  
está resuelta  
a no pronunciar  
esa frase  
que nunca he querido  
que siempre he repugnado a propósito.

Madre  
Me golpea esta forma de no estar  
de no abrazar lo que me pertenece.  
Ahora todo parece irse desvaneciendo . . .

-Su silueta ya ha doblado la esquina.  
La nube en los ojos . . .

*A poem from Espejos de arena / Mirrors of Sand (2013)*

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This farewell hits me.  
A cloud in my eyes  
kept back in pride.  
The umbrella covering your shoulders  
but not the trembling of the legs  
that walk away along the road.  
Since then, I am anchored here in this side of the cold.  
Suddenly, the rain.

Everything seems to be narrowed down to physics  
to the immediate distance.  
However  
her silhouette has been grafted  
in the iris of this sea that surges from everywhere.

I was able to pretend the rumor of a river  
with just clearing up my throat  
but the fire is extreme in my chest  
even if all my body comes to the rescue.  
I do not realize  
that now I blaze in a constant flame.

There is an impossible scream.  
What is meant to be brief is now expanded.  
Bodies resist  
and arms do not obey.

The voice stabbed in the throat  
is resolved  
not to pronounce  
that utterance  
that phrase I never wanted  
and I have always hated it on purpose.

Mother  
This way of not being with you hits me  
this way of not hugging what belongs to me hits me.  
Now everything seems to vanish . . .

-Her silhouette just turned the corner.  
A cloud in my eyes. . .