



Have You Ever Seen A Pine Sway Like This?

ALEJANDRA URRESTI

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Design: Serif;
Translation: Laura Wittner

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I can't talk
more
about you
anymore

It exploded scattering
a big silence

Life that I don't like
to live you
moon that's not enough
two that are too many

A bed sheet around the neck
secret treasure
I hate you

I want to be a girl
which is not broken

I gave myself flowers
they were green
they were lilac
they were five
five flowers

There's music playing and I'm
almost dancing
sitting at the window
a family celebration
the children the parents
two grandmothers watch
the sky
as it catches fire

My house a dot
the dome to one side
five windows cast
slow
awkward
my hollow shadow

Frequent dream
something secret appears in my house
a new floor a room an attic
hundreds of tables
white sheets of paper in stacks
one is blue
it says water

May it fall down
my house may it break
the roof break me
the chest
may it open
inside I don't move
I don't move
I'm not moving

WINTER WAS MADE FOR RESISTING

Winter
the great snow of '84
something is going to change
We stop.

A curved road
of snow and mud
white and brown

I don't feel the cold

White snow
white smoke
I'm not cold at all
not white at all

The mud is a pillow

Dry sounds
I kill you easily
dry bear meat
with my teeth
don't you tear off my skin
leave me
I love you

A dog runs

I kick the stone that pushes the branch
chains cranes trailers
shovels straps strength

Men

I say goodbye to the lake
cold water
there is water up to there
there and there
and at the end
there is the town
that's where the lake ends

Last night I counted
how many stars are in the sky

Absolute calm

Stubborn wind
Are you listening?
Are you listening?

Wishes stay at the coast
the farthest place I have at hand

Have you ever seen a pine sway like this?

May there be no rejection
May there be no rejection
May there be no rejection

Jumping rope is not
listening to the whistle of the cord
Jumping rope is not
learning to count up to one hundred
Jumping to soothe, jump!
dad's shouts to mom

Jumping rope is not
detaching one's feet from the floor

Green
incredible you
you were two

Always two

I look on and hope
that nobody bothers you
that you rip your clothes off
that you fall in love

...that you look at me
...that you look at me

BREAKFAST

A girl gets down from bed
puts on her wool slippers
begins to follow the noise

She gets out to the street and back to her bed
her feet wet
with wool

A boy sneezes
his cat looks at him
he looks at his cat
today's a holiday

At half past the hour
right at half past the hour
every even day

A mom
who strokes the cat
and locks him up in the laundry room
so that she's able
to better vacuum

A dad
who reads the paper
while eating breakfast

A dad
who takes her daughter's shoes
off wet woollen feet

I am speaking about a girl who hears a noise,
wakes up, puts her shoes on, gets out to the street
in search of that noise, steps on a puddle, gets her
feet wet and goes to bed with wet wool slippers.

I am speaking about the sneeze of a boy,
about his cat who looks at him, about him look-
ing at his cat on a holiday.

I am speaking about the mom who picks up
the cat to lock him up in the laundry room to be
able to better vacuum.

I am speaking about a girl's dad, who takes
her shoes off and reads the paper while eating
breakfast.

I think I am a man
who looks others in the eye
and tells everything

Nothing nothing
is more violent than love

A fall down the stairs
beautiful death
let me listen of myself
another thing

What would be the truth?

Inner mortification
Penance
Outer mortification
Penance

One two three
four five six
seven eight nine ten
and eleven

Minutes standing

Voices outside wind outside
every possibility

Not inside

You dug deep
burnt your back
didn't find anything

Only sand in a hole of sand

But you went on

You and the spade
the sun on your back

My house falls down
it's falling me
we don't fall
I fall
he says

His mouth in the air
close to the neck
inhaled
as if smoking
asthmatic in his baths
got something out of me
I am not
alone
anymore

He got out of the car
came up to me
knife in hand
mirror without use
to save me
to be god
king

You turned your neck
faced away from
me
I wish for the water
to go through the ceiling

for you to drown

She gets exhausted drowns
still alone mute she cries

That I leave, you will say

I will have to
ask you
to shut up

You look at a line
I look the hole
Hate me maybe
I can't go

Like ants you count
your steps not to
get lost

You go down the stairs
one and two
and three and up in
the air your brains

What's broken is useless

Do break

It can't be
difficult to get
down from bed can't
perhaps can't tomorrow
either

Arrows fly
I get into the basement
arrows fly
next to them bullets

It smells of gunpowder

Better
to look forward

There is pain but
I can't
turn it into hate

The house is nice
from the window the shed
as big as it is green

We have time
there's a plan
an invisible thread
tied to a stone

That's how you left

I take you to the driest
desert in the world
full of stars full of stars
eyeless night neck elbows
shitty night infinite cold
gotten into trouble

I love you up to the sky

There's a hammer on the box
under the Atacama sun
the carob tree is crying
under the Atacama sun
I can't resist the altitude
of the shadow at your feet

At the window the birds
of your pillow get away
the moon turned its back on me
on the plain, patience's hand
was pushed by the wind
that soothes hell

I don't speak
and
carefully
at speed
they're words they're words
I don't know how to answer
there's no oh!

I forgot you

May the things occupy
less space
May the wind go through
my head
May I never want
anything so much

www.alejandraaresti.com.ar