

ODE TO DERRIDA

Marcos McPeck Villatoro

You've got these poet's
skulls all worked up.
You've done a lobotomy
on their heart.
Forgive me, I know
that such a surgery doesn't exist,
although the words
mean the same
and don't mean shit.

But, the heart!
Where do you hang it?
With what surgical tools
you mangle it?
Please, don't come near me
or I will go celebrate
outside, where the piñata flies
and the grandmother gossips
and the tortillas pop on the frying pan.
Deconstruct that, pendejo.

The gringos would love you
if their souls weren't sliced open
by the theory scalpels
that you handed out.
We would invite you
if you would be so kind to leave
the university machetes
checked at the door. And you,

like a good Frenchman, could teach us
to raise our glass
(without questioning if it is a cup or a rose or a rose or nothing)

You have blood, Sir –
you simply forgot.

– *Translated from the Spanish by Carmen Giménez Roselló*