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## At the Sources

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Tomás Segovia · *Mexico*

AT THE SOURCES

Whoever unweaves love  
Is the one who unweaves me  
But it's no one  
Love undoes itself  
Like the braid of a river  
Unbraided in the sea  
I am not woven of love  
I am woven of weaving it  
Of taking from my lonely looms  
This tyrannical task  
Eternally abandoning  
the receding fringe  
To dissipation and its stupid yawn  
And I only escape from its horror  
By gathering all of myself unwarily  
In the place where the weave is born.

DAWN OF TOMORROW

Dweller, are you listening  
This murmur of stars has never ceased  
Within you great shadows are listening to it  
There are two unequal silences  
The night of your hearing  
Is violent and closed and starless  
In the muteness listens  
Breathless agony listens  
But you have not died if everything does not die  
Love destroys and restores you