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## Dawn of Tomorrow

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James Irby

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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

Even Death is nowhere if it is  
not everywhere  
After strident moments of deafness  
This murmur of stars will come again  
You will be another and what does it matter  
You will learn to live sundered by a stroke  
Of invincible ignorance  
You never looked for art  
You were looking for love.

*translated by James Irby*

#### INTERLUDIO IDILICO: CODA

Keep quiet undress close your eyes  
give yourself back to silent skin and its broiling  
night  
flesh is an atmosphere of night  
speech too went back into shadows  
the inner lining of flesh is another space  
we are together on this side of eyelids  
now there is neither body nor language  
skin is the dark shore of our names  
speech returns to the matrix  
night begins to talk  
in your carnal idiom of sighs  
the whole of you is your skin  
your whole skin is nothing if not your signal  
it is nothing but you invaded by shadows  
in this obscurity you are I enter blind  
I lose myself in your flesh as I would in a dream  
I bite your name my body splits open your soul  
we answer each other wordlessly in the unnameable  
the shadows are dazzling  
wild words mangle the tongue only a little piece of  
language survives  
your cries give my name over to paroxysm  
open your eyes it is I