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From "Three Names for a Place"

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from *Three Names for a Place*

*  
your shadow turns on your tracks
  what to say

*  
to a death with no placenta

to the final note of suicides

*  
what thanks

*  
what farewell to your mother

*  
girls and the forgotten

*  
sitting on the banks of suicide

*  
embroider everlastings and gladioli

*  
measuring with their hands

*  
the wreath of their sighs

*  

*  
the unwoven earth of women

crosses the air with vertical axes

*  
the water with horizontal ones

*  
you go into your body as into letters

*  
you open dead eyes

*  
to learn you don’t dream

*  
and one by one they drop

*  
handfuls of dust

*  
that your dearly beloveds fling over you

*  

*  
blows

*  
like your name

*  
fallen from above for your distance

*  
a south marks your north

*  
your last pilgrimage

*  
blows

*  
like his absence

*  
crossing your womb of voids
going through your arms
without cardinal points
the cross is finished—friend,
to rest your childhood so old

*

you cleaned your room like your eyes
fear with no memory
shows you the next step:
your body-tomb

*

sitting on the ground
a lonely woman
opens a furrow
measuring her height with the dust
she fastens the four candles that they left her

*

a rumor
stripped of horrors and forgiveness
moves underground
everything is ordered according to logics
that only children and dogs divine

*

there
in the deep air of emptiness
your body at the bottom of the earth
that vertigo is an ancient rite
jumps the step toward you
as in your tomb

*

a rib
finds its mate under the ruins
above the indescribable smell
body fluids
meet, recognize each other
begin to touch . . .

* 
with the slowness of someone familiar with encounters
and their fugacities
the bones move toward the hips
paying attention to the punctual
complementarity

* 
I buried myself
in my body-tomb
without crying and full-length
with my own hands

* 
the new blood
of indistinct color
groping and half-awake
began its journey

* 
that dusk
from different points of the city
crystal spheres and postcards
and a gap in different hands
were announcing the sound of dust
burying a woman

* 
inside your tomb
without air
with your whole life sleeping above you
among the bones
you recognize yourself
you will rise up and sing to the world
your own version of your story

* 

in memory of the patrol
a name crossed out a thousand times
will be set on fire for ever
in the public plaza and with no rituals
to teach them a lesson, they say
(which one forgets and which one names)

* 

you grew and you leave me
leaning on your tomb
after a thousand moons
you understand
the pyramid from the earth
you understand
heart, world, you
are three names for a place

* 

everyone inside themselves
by twos, with their candles
in white, with their hair loose
they received a little of their death
they wrote on their foreheads
the ash and the beginning

* 

bidding you white farewells
I stay underground with the others
we see you being baptized
letter, word, poem
you will take the first step
backward
* 
from the common graves  
the disappeared, the rubbed out  
the lovers of hate  
those you buried inside yours  
those from your own cemetery  
begin a song  
perhaps an arm reaching her hand  
might recognize it as hers  
perhaps they are inventing a language  
perhaps they tidy up her body, her soul  
perhaps  
they say . . . 

Translated by Carolyn Brown