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## Subterranean Flight

I'm the object I am  
and at times I'm another and am far  
sitting in water and sand  
in an echo of burning tongues  
And dream, yes, I dream  
the colossal adventure of the human word  
stabbed and drunk  
bleeding in memory of the dead  
who seem to come from within  
who sob when they see me write their names  
And now, when it comes out of my mouth  
that tune of rain and wet sun  
I lean all over and breathe scars  
gather the breadcrumbs left by my soul  
and I'm cold  
and I wake between roses  
not knowing who lives or loves still  
This is why my navel has no age  
and yet I wait for the day of lost kisses  
even when my dreams are anonymous  
and my bones no longer find  
the murmurs of centuries  
and again I divine ashes  
and again I follow my shadow  
and this tree that dies between my fingers  
I'll bury it with me  
and we'll fly in a spiral  
like the teeth of some spring  
and we'll die together, without coffins

like a forgotten guitar's strings  
and we'll die forever and that'll be our reward  
for our feet and our marrow  
for our anthology of glass  
and we'll weep worms and cry rats  
and we'll weep timeless ants and cats in mourning  
and we'll weep smiles in the eyes of others  
and black forests where a flower pulls out its hair  
because this sky still doesn't know me  
still doesn't hear the chord I carry in my mind  
doesn't know me  
and I'm the object I am  
and at times I'm another and am far  
and I extend myself through walls  
and streets and village stars  
and leave the moon on the table  
unannounced  
and get drunk to nobody's health  
I wake between crosses  
to a vigil of spiders  
with a kiss from the grave  
and a hug and a heartbeat  
dedicated to every corpse  
and to every corpse a sigh  
one piece of my ancient heart  
that pours out like a river of groans