

Three Poems

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Translated from Spanish by Cindy Rinne

Forest

Words hide themselves in the reverberation of the forest.
The sun slides through my skin. Like a rebellious goddess,
she arouses me from an invisible drowsiness.
The mystery advances with delirium, amidst the plurality
of voices. A secret lodges itself in the ellipsis.

The dream eclipses my body into yours.

The suns multiply themselves in thousands of eyelids.
Green disguises us as fluid dreams.
We suspend from the lung of the wind.
The burnt stone, our witness, blesses the sacredness
of our name. The seed of touch blindly brings us close
to the foliage of a tree which secretes the scent of time.

We Lie

The earthenware vessel preserves eternity.
We lie in the presence of its smooth walls.
We discover the faces, the names
of nomadic bodies before noon.
We are nomads roaming the cities, erased
in petrified places.
We are the name beyond clay.
We are the gesture beyond silence.
We are the bridge between truth
and the path. We are the awakened dream
of clay. We wander in the movement
of the circle to return as clay
in the earthenware vessel of air and of livable root.

The Woman of Many Names

The woman of many names had no last name.
She held many names from her night wanderings.
One day, she sought the vortex in Sedona.
There she met the Celtic priestess.
The priestess handed her iridescent mud
and the walls of illusion fell apart.
Her palm held the crucifix of destiny.
The woman of many names imagined
the world with a different first name.

The body, which had many barriers,
started to fall apart. And the clarity
of the mirage turned into desert sand.
She floated in that body until she could touch
the uncontainable waves of the sea.

Finally, the woman of many names
started to discover herself, because she did not want to live
without knowing herself; nor die without knowing the sea.

