

One Poem

Hugo García Manríquez

Translated from Spanish by Cameron Lovejoy

PASTORAL OF THINGS

Or one
one writes in the cold

believes he moves away from the abstract, only
to enter through the backdoor

The fear of representation, going back
to representation, that is,

to animosity

•

A mobilization of arguments

A supposed return
to the void prior to the project,
da capo, for there is no inside
that remains attentive to the position of its object

Only outside of nature,
not inside it, can there be time

Fire is
the company one keeps

•

The unit retained
in some sense of duration,
reduced to a zone unknown to us

The mysterious “quality” of action

All natural phenomena including
the heavens

•

The city, the poem, and in both
the nature of human occupation

•

What awaits is love
as language awaits
the terms of its own insertion in the world

•

Upon asking
they’d say the words
grew bitter. Associated words grow
sour as well,

necessarily

Better to write the “poem” in letters
with “personal communications”

•

You hear atmospheric noises,
“man-made” noises

Should they exist, not even dust would shake
the idea of childhood

•

Alone or
in groups the mind
in a landscape

In the corner of the painting
in that right angle
the moon
closes the circle,
the moon eats all her seasons

Someone peers
into the photograph
and because of this
something dark is added

