

Changing the universe...

By Irene Marques

Kernels of light
I imagine
When I look downside
Toward the South Pole

Menthol lipstick
With brown or dark caramel scents
I imagine the flowers that your lips grow
And that I might even feel in my solitary wanderings in the dark dusk

Kernels of light
I envisage in my long wintry nights
I, who sit alone in the North Pole
Waiting for the moon to become round and round and round again
Because when the season is ready
And the winter mature I will no longer stop in the nights of my lonely siestas

Will no longer stop there
And will run and gallop toward you
In the South Pole

Will run and steal you from all you have
Yes, because I cannot heal or wait or repent any longer
Yes, because I have been alone dancing in the stubborn whirl of the northern wind
Alone for many lives and seasons that have brought me back to the circle of this life
To the season of this stagnant sun

Yes, the commandos of colonels will no longer be sufficient
Nor the cooper shields of fierce transitional soldiers that I have been battling against all
my lives
Incarnation after reincarnation after des-incantation
Repeating the circle of blood and sore wounds that cannot be controlled

I have been there and there
I have been to your house and to mine
And to that one over the flamingo horizon and even far and beyond only to come back
here and be imprisoned in the laws of disintegration
I have been sleeping and awakening in fast cavalcades of deadly malignant horses
Who in their mistaken magnificence have cavalcaded me to the end of the near world
Only to bring me back to this precise point of commencing solitude

I have been there and there

Over to your house and to mine
Beyond the centre or the cascade of the river down the luminous channel
Tried the flying kite and the childish swing put across the two thin and scentful
eucalyptus trees by my father's incantatory garden
Or sometimes across the two large and rough oak trunks that you planted in the public
plaza in the beginning of the sparkling haze
When one molecule said 'YES' to another molecule and love was first made between two
creatures

Have been there and there
And back to here
On top of the shedding snake's skin to enter your finite world and become someone,
something, someday, somewhere

I have
I have
And now it is the time to enter no--thing
The one that might BE