

## **Sonatina from the Other Side**

Pushed by the wind  
among lights and pompous flowers  
she carries a Bolivian sonatina  
under one of her ribs while the other  
absorbs cripples and avalanches

She carries the mouth of a newborn  
who scrambles to suck buildings from the sky  
she cannot hide the wrinkled parents  
tied to her thick dress which sweeps the ground

Her movements are illiterate to street names  
to streets black with the resin of succulents  
she will embroider the Constellation of Neglect  
from vegetables and her part-timers

There is no return, God, no magic rib:  
once she was an embellished peasant  
who became an astronaut when crossing the border

once she was a shepherd girl whose jumbled words  
dreamt like rags tossed into the Sea

once upon once upon once upon once

..... and a schedule

without Sun

once upon once upon once upon once

..... and an infection of

sinister

Copper-coated Roses (collections of stars, winter, and cries)

**NOW MY STEPS ARE WIDE AND BRIEF**

**[rejected questionnaire]**

what streets do not lead

to the expected address?

why is a face never

the face of something, but

something like a cubist page?

why is a proper name

incomparable to a hat?

and what if you remove your name when greeting ---when writing?

what can be inferred from this day/month/year? (don't look at the sky)

what can be inferred from not having

to dig in the silence to smell daily crimes?

what are the visions of three drunk teens

if their conversation entered the window of your home?

is it possible to live inflamed and not commit crimes?

what is culture?\* / are you living if you love a radio?

what can be inferred from the thousands of fervent women

who want to be presidents

of their own space and war? / *and what if their weapons are their lives?\**

what should people do with their ancestors and the sky?

(associate both terms in an argumentative statement)

is knowing the same as moving

“appropriately” among beings and things?

according to the passage, what

word is the most adequate to replace  
the highlighted noun in this sentence:

“as if life slowly abandoned him  
with the last breath of steam”?

why does silence always flatten

everything like the last prevailing, uncertain word?

who does silence belong to?

is it possible to live inflamed and commit silent crimes?

is it possible to live inflamed and not commit silent crimes?

is it possible to live inflamed and not honor some crimes? (...)

\* Macabea.

\* E. Hernández.

## **spreadsheet and stars**

1.

november is dancing and the heat  
dries the windows of winter mold.  
her odor shakes the wings abused  
by the cold of accumulation and certainty.  
or by that false dream of surrendering  
to the so-called honorable sales force  
perpetually offering its essential balm.  
november is singing, running, climbing  
up her chest but doesn't reveal its face.

2.

faces of anchovies, carrots, and squash  
are the characters who work each day,  
fed on the juice from lines of display windows.  
among them, a nameless quiet murmur  
crushed: and I'll be the huntress of heartbeats,  
a fly that circles over sweat like opaque stars.

3.

she had an excel spreadsheet or a fox in her head  
acting like the delicate magnolia she could never be  
she was the thin supervisor with dark curly hair

it was she who gave birth to a team and managerially  
breastfed each new breath of the project  
it was she with very efficient red silk words  
who devoured employees leaving not even the crumbs

4.

those were the days when sediment filled her throat,  
the wide urban channels, her body, with toads and spider webs,  
she pumped chart after chart, typing Ok into the boxes  
while the moon deducted breaks (tantrum of a mouth on hold)

5.

each of us drags a black soundboard  
and it is easier not to interpret those echoes  
and make tragedy when ruins are polyphonic  
a woman now emerges as a wave and inspects the merchandise  
it is miss X furious over the textiles we left her,  
we heard—we still hear: “all merchandise is exportable,  
washable, and can easily flow through territories;  
but these are mashed seagulls, they’re botched”

“all merchandise,” she says, “has a thousand flavors of skin;  
is transportable, is privilege, is seduction, is desire;”  
so we think that, instead of conjugations,  
units, questionnaires, we manufacture flying carpets

now miss X is riding a machine  
that perverts but pleases her tremendously,  
from there she waves each product like a red cape  
and with them *taunts* the competition

*from Temporarias y otros poemas* (Das Kapital/Perra Gráfica, Santiago/La Paz, 2015)