

# **POETRY**

**Rafael Gallardo**

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# I DIASPORA

What did we do when we were others,  
in other life?  
Perhaps we killed Christ,  
or did we cry for Him?  
Who among those soldiers  
won the tunic of Christ?  
Did he become a saint, humane or worse?  
How many temple dealers  
crucified Christ?  
How many times has He been crucified?  
The cry is a gift  
when it comes from God.

I will finish this painting today!

(Or tomorrow)

She is a nude woman asking me for more and more  
brush strokes

(Valencia is not in the world

It is a dream city that nobody knows)

- Do you know what the light is?

- White in the darkness

and a Cathedral,

of clay.

One finds  
invisible colors in the sleeve  
a planet equal to zero  
a wrong corner,  
the least important,  
the Sun, that goes back looking at everything  
one asks about the death  
Who shall love my drunken breath,  
who?

Pretty woman's eyes

(No pretty woman sees through another woman's eyes)

- Our gravitation will save the world, don't forget it

- Also the illusion climbs a tree, whispering:

"There are good persons in the world.

Beautiful women are praying,

dancing

and making love."

In your eyes  
Only tiredness  
and closed doors  
The rain flows from our hearts  
hopeless  
This noiseless bit of ground never ends

Where shall the gods go if they die?  
The planets germinate  
your menstrual annoyance  
Let yourself be mine  
I am a nobleman  
with red blood:  
Let's go tonight to cat around!



I will never play again that horse  
(of chess)  
nor shall I see that smoke,  
what a pain!

Each species cries its dead  
the leaf the fish the water  
intimate voice  
some winter day  
(certain degree of imperfection is perfect)  
Through the calm I understand this green, to see you,  
ejaculate in you the vertigo the sea the bed  
But I am alone below the moon  
A drink.  
To come back is to go again away,  
who knows?

In the window  
fit  
the sun,  
a half of the world,  
the wind,  
traveling from so far.  
However,  
I can just face the abyss of my shadow

rain  
thirsty  
of tracks  
In the night  
the trees rise  
though the water reflex  
beyond all measurable things

Some good luck  
and below your branches  
I shall bet the time  
The lilies are born again  
still not said  
they grow inside  
confused  
close edge  
either in my hand or dispersed

Between your bones and mine  
never  
and ever  
wound at the time o'clock,  
burning  
I am hungry for your lust  
breasts  
thighs of female dragon  
or kneel down poetess

This hand is chained to you,  
to your latest "u"  
I breathe your body  
Purr hot!  
Then you will go away  
The doors sound alike everywhere,  
even an abstract farewell  
than impressionist:  
Enough Vivaldi!  
Quaver demisemiquaver minim  
ti re do  
in fugue

I could  
build a river  
define its course  
seed it with fish  
I could submerge myself  
hidden  
dissolved in the water  
and later,  
the Friday of my life,  
a fish that doesn't even know how to swim  
confounds me



With ashes of God  
the day  
comes back home  
for dinner  
as usual  
carrying his chest full of masks  
pleasure (pain)  
He says the world is a lemon  
and squeezes it

It is a good age  
to seed the heart,  
returning from so much grief  
The peace is to touch you  
while I see the size of the world  
Why to say it?

I should have told her  
"Stay with me,  
I am about to understand the world,"  
cut clouds  
at price of sure and unsure, and true and untrue things  
Nobody has a self operating manual,  
nevertheless we walk around, breathing life  
I really need a piano not to play it.

Leave me the scar  
of your spilt cats  
at noon,  
the fate for each one,  
almost perfect drop in the wind  
shaking the tree,  
beautifully down,  
as a human being,  
or tree being,  
drop to be

The sky kindles candelabra  
I don't awake anymore in her palm lines  
I will paint with her tears  
I will clean my brushes with rain water  
I will say I was bad by plucking leaves from her garden ferns  
I will punish myself with thorns :  
I AM FREE!  
(Once again she left me)

II  
JUNIPER STREET

## TIME

What is preferable, being not born or to have to die?

The time is a lie we name life

while we pry in our entrails

the last and first wish

to not get bored

everyday

we die

bit

by

bit

we die

everyday

to not get bored

the last and first wish

while we pry in our entrails

The time is a lie we name life

What is preferable, being not born or to have to die?

-How do you pronounce "margaritas?"

-As if I were drunk

in a very fragile tunnel of love,

or in a different planet,

without belongings,

waiting to find Heaven behind the door

-How would I pronounce "margaritas" if I were not drunk?



How far  
is to be far away  
from the corners where I used to dream!  
One has dreams  
that become habits  
But when one is finally alone,  
one learns the insipid flavor of dreaming  
without that unique, true love.

We ignore the fate,  
but we know  
how to clean our hands,  
how we kiss,  
how we are kissed,  
the cheap price of our drinks,  
while the next page writes  
"All is past,  
this city,  
the other one,  
the tenderness, the jealousy,  
to pay the rent, to fight, to laugh,  
all is past."

I am feeling very old, tired, wrinkled.  
I would like to change something,  
my clothes, my memory  
(I don't like to remember,)  
the life, the death,  
the forbidden loves  
always hiding in my canvases,  
to say how important you are for me  
I call  
and I ask,  
how to be happy?  
Nobody is enlightened,  
why?  
This violent calm seems a stack of stone clocks  
I have to walk through

I must give up  
to know too much  
about the tiny importance of big things,  
running behind an almost exhausted life  
as a dead leaf sound  
or the steps a far train forgets at full speed

The friends are leaving,  
dying.  
Also the family  
and the loved women  
Only remains the lover  
Hence, when the query answers,  
it is the time to say the only truth:  
Ten and twenty five minutes.

III  
POEM

breeze  
does not tire of scratching  
its skin among the cactus  
The smoke remains nailed to the houses  
Our prayer is canticle  
where we shall go after raining

The dream  
I am going thru  
looks at itself in all  
Each step  
has colors  
as a cloud of dust  
dispersed by the wind  
Each one  
is one's own measure and reward  
This moment is ours just to dream



To be time  
and say  
"come back"  
and to come back  
from the first world's breath  
in this little stone you are looking at

Ziggurats  
&  
war  
awake  
In Iraq.  
Your hands,  
wet grass,  
surround the air  
as fireless thoughts,  
with colors and restless flowers

heaven  
ocean  
labyrinth of mirrors  
moon  
celestial torch  
air stone  
at the shore my ship hopes  
woman's colors in the creation,  
other face of the things  
damned to pain and love  
(nobody mistakes one's breath  
None keeps it)

seeds of rain  
slip among your fingers  
The man I inhabit  
throws pebbles to the night,  
his share of universe and sad water,  
as a former day,  
a thirsty day

The river  
is drowning  
into bits of sun  
murmuring eternal rapture  
these desires to live  
hurt  
as clumps of mud  
marine shells  
sun that went away by mistake

It lacks just one lament to the sunrise,  
the latest,  
endless.

If I could count one star,  
broken mirror,  
I would see the morning,  
illuminating my soul's flesh  
My heart sinks in pain  
almost ever  
or almost never,  
delirious with presages,  
eyes,  
memory.

## FULL MOON

This day named today  
happens  
as a falling down leaf  
An instant rains in peace  
I fly to you, Loneliness,  
to live the full moon with some hope  
Serene, serene wind word  
The death babbles its lie among the drops  
Each beginning repeats  
true and not true  
and echoes of birds  
looking the creation in your eyes  
and the aquatic night is prodigal in reflections  
Without space  
this day, breaking,  
runs away

Waves  
throw scraps  
stamp their hands on the air

The worry about the night make us understand  
not the pain,  
but a tree breaking the space

Roots and flowers feet  
Its nudity excites the breeze,  
amazes stars  
and marine beings  
used to any tree, but not this one



With inexpressible rhythm  
this tree builds shades,  
musical forms with the urban scent,  
less cruel this week than the next one  
From its divided navel  
leaks the latest terrestrial viscus:  
Magog, Tubal, Mesec,  
their nets full of poisonous beings  
for the Sidon's daughter who appears and disappears  
while dancing among the Babel's bewitched people

I felt the tree iridescent wings rising up  
With the sole feather of its eye  
it tore the air, leaving behind  
the roofs  
and the noisy weapons,

but it got entangled  
by the silence  
that everybody  
pronounced.

## LABYRINTH

The labyrinth is now in the twisted images curve, below the door where one could have, stay or not, but never remain in oneself, gardener of the desert in the mouth of contaminated and uncontaminated beings, half and half, always uncomfortable, as a paradoxical fate in the spirit of the person animal, or animal person, whatever you prefer, if the noisy cars play motor V8 music while one goes, whistling, very quietly, to harvest vegetables just in the freeway divider (God is so good), and then one will dilapidate the salary in beer (It is so delicious), because one knows the winner number is so close, its horse foot; as a docile goat, the miller moves the grindstone symbolizing a new "ever" against a former "ever", things of life that happen expected or unexpectedly, even if one takes a drink, and other, and other, until forgetting the bill, and then one goes out, converted into firewood, at four a.m., to drive a car which one has never gotten, but one is a poet, and around the corner the next bar says "salud!" I love you so much, Heaven...