

In a Corner of your Country/ Dreaming in Exile

In a Corner of your Country

In a corner of your country
a shadow has stopped,
or perhaps it is a soul.

Sunday is ringing church bells absent of echo.
Empty streets...where are the people?
This church does not offer me shelter
when the world is upside down.

I am caged in a corner of faded yellow,
red,
orange,
colors of the Californian grapefruit sun.
I am dreaming of a world,
my world,
a world without a pillow,
a world embroiled and scowling
in sour lemon, roiling inside my veins.

A baggy eye world,
Hypochondriac.
It drifts like a leaf that I wanted to catch
from the river when I was seven years old.
Oh, distant world!
The tree at my house yields yellow flowers,
like tropical summer jewels.

It is not my fault you do not want to enter my world.
How stupid to think that my universe is important.

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It is assumed from before my departure,
that it was me who had to mend your world onto my skin.

You know.

I detest Sundays.

How wretched you are,
who still believe in that day.

You argue that something must have happened
to me on a Sunday,
that there is no reason why
I should hate it.

Sundays have always seemed to me an idle luxury for fools.

Many die of thirst, from wars,
as the world opens its secret sorrows on blind walls.

On Sundays I am consecrated to curse
The dictators of my adolescence.

On Sundays sometimes I have company.

A voice restless and heartbroken accompanies me on Sundays.

She who, like me, has the same fate relegated.

She fills herself with song,

"Thanks to Life" "Gracias a la vida"

Violeta Parra.

On Sundays in exile,

I meet her in a dark house,

a confused hour of late afternoon,

a cloudy Sunday - tousled,

a house inhabited by women of different territorial directions,

wanting to change the world.

Their girls play and sing in an English,

“Row, row your boat ...”

They fight in an English,

“I hate you”

Mothers do not understand

that the world is already wounded,

You did not do it.

She (The banished) like me carries a memory,

and memories in a plastic jar,

or as a fabric of woven arpilleras,

Violeta Parra style,

like a dream, these plastic jars

where women of our territories used to store water

that is collected from the river a little foamy from washing,

and they drink it together with their children.

She sings a song of Silvio Rodriguez

And you like to hear the song.

It is as close to your experience

as the year of the red moon Revolution.

Then she goes ... There are echoes in our memories.

I write words with wings that do not take off.

And like this we spend the unsavory Sundays in exile.”

In my world there is a lot of water.

The water has an owner.

Water is cared for similarly

to my care for memory

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in this corner without umbilical cord.

Children killed; rivers poisoned
by great masters of the universe,
despots of the world.

Them I curse double on Sundays
and every day of the week.
They owe me; they owe us much.
There is no echo in this town.
There is not echo in this town....
Its freeways majestic,
rulers of the city,
gods of Los Angeles' destiny
and I am on one of them.

I think:

Women rooted in the graves of their sons and daughters,
Cicadas recite the seasons.
And so mine...yours... years pass in this corner of whose country?

The magpies embittered
soak the winter season.
The mountain sings.

Last night I dreamed of a black girl in my arms.
Last night was Sunday.
What an arrogant night it was.
Night put a black girl in my arms,
while stairs to my nest were overthrown.

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So many haltering steps in my soul.
And the girl shattered into the marble,
gilded lamps tied in the mountains,
no one cried for her. Another one.
Is there no echo in the corner of your country?

She was born in a country that still paints her history
with children, women and men coming out of landfills,
a country filled with clowns.
Children and men hang around
like statues with drawings on their bodies.
Their memories are a language encrypted.

People avoid them. After a revolution!
The lords of the universe conquer one more time,
while women and girls are raped.

Here in a corner of this country
I invent rosaries filled with curses
against invading boldly and loudly,
now one million dead,
more than one hundred thousand in my country.
And still they laugh in the face of the world.
Mine...yours...
Mine, yours.
Is there no echo in this town?

They have you believe in freedom.
You buy a television.
Memory has a bad smell.

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The tomb comes to you.

They owe me; they owe us so much, I say...

Sunday, I am metamorphosis in this corner of this country.

How much can I endure...in exile?

The moon reminds me of that dog's howl,

and fear invades me

while night covers me.

Night comes like a bullet of silence.

The memory of soldiers,

their rifles tips nip into a corner of my body,

there remains anchored inside me...

how do I – how do you cleanse them?

Sundays-I will curse them:

The devastators of peace!

Why does no one stay angry?

They...you watch the screen.

I hear an echo. Bla bla bla...CNN

Teeth chatter over Hollywood moonlight.

In a corner of your country.

Dreaming in Exile

I wake up still sipping a dream,
swallowing it
like when the sea sucks in
the wreckage of a ship.

I wish to return to the old dream.

I look up into a huge sky
long white gray hair falls
over trees of bald branches.

I arrive at a harbor
to say farewell.

The mouth of heaven spits out
metallic sounds

I don't understand,
my ears
want to run away.

I walk an alley barefoot.
Icy sharp ground brings pain
opens a raw wound
rises and punches my stomach.
I wail,
continue aimlessly.

I reach an intersection
stop to breathe.
I yearn for the birdsongs from home,
They sing,

In a Corner of your Country/ Dreaming in Exile

fly every afternoon toward
our indigo haired volcano.

The wakeful eyes of the new sky
blink
as if wanting to know my thoughts.
spits out a freezing haze
covering my memories.

The eyes punish me,
Slow-motion freeze into
a statue without songs.
A procession of migrant eyes
cries for me.

My secret for thawing
is in my umbilical cord,
The eyes of that gray sky
will never reach it.

Mamá, how are all of you?
The war is a fist of bullets,
torture,
hunger,
massacres,
They took your cousins away.
Do not cry.

I wake up a second time,
walk a wide boulevard.
Lights and cars move

In a Corner of your Country/ Dreaming in Exile

traffic against me.

Grey sky blurs the horizon,

Long shadows cross

along the length

of my path.

Their lips tremble

steam breathes out.

I make chants like a cicada,

brush up against a shadow.

It feels cold.

Eclipses my warmth.

Its silence fills me with dread.

But I will hold on

to the fires in my indigo volcano.