

Martín Fierro Sees the Jerusalem

Oft in the stille nacht it *was* there,
In some carbuncles. You have seen a desert
There some way. The large cold,
The larger cold immolated for me,
Immolated the darker boredom.
There are disappointed flowers there
Hanging there, violets in violets, there.

A dirty ground, and the pallor of it,
The sinews invisible, with the flash of metal.
Such an exaggerated town, exaggeration
That I may go and garnish the Virginity.

With the trees delicate in September.

Amarillito

...siendo tan buen observador de las leyes, tan buen católico y tan acérrimo protector de la religión...

- I. The roses were no longer new
With the February late summer,
And the dusty field was no longer exciting.
My MO is to imitate
The insufferable Caligula of the Plate
And to be alive.
The clock in the English tower stopped,
Stopped with the ice war and the interstellar hounds.
Wholly it's 666th St.

- II. I did not buy those earrings in Luján:
At night they look like Byron.
I am a fool, too, unbearably
Ugly: As astonishing
As a diamond. Is this
The way that Byron looked at himself?
The walking flag has died.
I shall be content without the sea.

- III. As thou hast promised, draw us close to thee.
Other people have beautiful lives, too.
Stone water and swallows, swallows
Have no stake in singing. Even
The unquenchable fire,
The glory of her virginity.
If this is the false excitement,
Leave one's shoes by the door,
And be separate from the false excitement.
The humid land and the snow empty plain.

L'action française

The immeasurable water. I have
Not rebelled me, I have not turned my back
In the commerce of the unimportant
Moon. He was a thorn in the flesh, he was
An angel of Satan. The enormous
Plants care so. There was silence in heaven
And the quiet light by the quiet sea.

I feel family with the octopus
For I, I must use my arms for music
And for nothing else. The innocent sleep.
What does one do when one's father is not
In hell? (A profusion of bright colors.)
Which for him is the leaven of the world.
An old plaything in the bilious hands.

Music like water. So he returned to
The Church of his fathers, the literal
Beatitude. Whose body was not, there,
One's uncontentive temple. Wooden
Maurras, the Hero and messianic:
None is, but the woman's foot on some dance.
His father the lecher and his mother

The harlot. Under the epiphanies
Of one day coming to face the moon
To all those who with head heart and hand toiled,
Really excellent poetry. The world's public
Famousest cheesecake of New York
Service monument to, this is inscribed.
A clothed Greek dancer is the sweat of here.

The slight delay before the next moment.
The castrated voices moving through me
Like wine through water, through and through and through.
So much energies, gathered in the bright
Lady next to a delicate seaside
Of nothing quite so geometrically

Inclined as the breadth of the wider world.

Eating which is not thought. How dare you be
Alive. My filial piety knows
No bounds, no bounds. I hope you die soon. I'll
Be waiting for you to die. The streets are
Geometric, in which can be no dust.
Paul lifted up his holy hands, because
He had been told to do so: that is thought.

Tota pulchra es

In a schoolroom, with schoolchildren
I am not detained. Neither am I delayed by brilliance;
 No redder algae detaining the desert or child quiet
In towers. This is an atmosphere in which one can be a
Philosopher:

Look,
The meat and dirtied breast of the Temple
Sparrows.
It is not night yet, nor is the sea marked by
Honey. Be calm, and calmer.
Like eggs uneaten.

See,
They are born and live;
See,
They are born and live, but not
Coterminous. Because there is no end
To the philosophers.

This is not a colloquy; but look,
The night, the white emptiness.
Like the elephants of rich color and imaginary geography
Of God;
Which is like the Mother of God.

Mistake

The clock in the English tower stopped:
Trapped belowfloors
The panthers and he gorging on the corn in a blue shade:
Our own nerves cannot bear it.
It's like confused persons dancing.

If these countries were members, forgive the green shade:
The fantastic borders are incorporation.
There is no wood wide enough to exclude the oranges' kittens.
If I look, there is burnt water, that is all.
I touch the arms of Old Octopus.
Gold is sharp in my hands,
And the dust land extends to ice regions.

Her feet walk across the sky and leave the country alone.

Glamis

Fugit fornicationem. Omne peccatum, quodcumque fecerit homo, extra corpus est: qui autem fornicatur, in corpus suum peccat.

So there I was,
In the Palacio
On a tour,
On the holiest patriotic day,
In May, in the autumnlike
Uruguayan season.
And I knew nothing
Of womankind,
But I was singing loudly.
(I knelt, and she in sodden white.)
Like a dove let out of a tomb.

A place entirely too pretty.
It was undoubtedly
A great day for the nation.
With the sights and smells
Of the turba undisturbed.
The smell of estiércol.

Then I was in a colonial church,
Buildings where certain people died.
This is no colder county:
I have no personal life, and only
A sodden libido, wilted flower.
It was a great day for Hungary.

So that is what I thought
On Riverside Drive.
But back to the other hemisphere.
It occurred to me that sometimes
Water burns, that the body
Under water burns,

That the subway is incensed.
(If I equated and equate
Macbeth and Juan Manuel,
I am not the first.)
The ridiculous bell:
Well, I haven't gotten either, what with the iron
Undergarment and the ever-green smell.

Occidental,
The drunken rose.
(I always resented you,
And wanted you dead.
Someday you will be dead,
And I will be happy.)
You have no idea
What you're talking about.
Be quiet.

He was late for rehearsal:
He never forgave him:

My cow, that I raised
From a calf.
Speaking of Juan Manuel,
Blest is the man
That trusteth in him.

You see,
Nothing is preferable
To sleep.
He is
The Son of man
With nowhere to lay his head,
The protecting mantle of supper,
And I the gorila.

(Your verbal dexterity is astonishing.
No, your verbal dexterity is astonishing.
Aw, shucks.)

At this age, no one
Has died for me.

The drab public spaces
Standing at the top
Of Trinidad,
I saw the devil-moon,
I saw Her face.
(They called me gorila:
It's a true accusation.)

And I forgot the lavender
Smell of my body.
My body I made her heart's bait
(The empress of hell)
Quia amore langueo.

It was not a cold country,
And there I went,
Walking slowly,
To offer a poor sacrifice.
The blessed people
On the street.
(Never concerned
With Iconoclasm
And not emperors,
Eternal and unconcerned
With fumbling poetry
And forgotten sensation.)
Were the remnant enamored
Of the rustic life.
It was a cold, dark night.

And I will bless
The fertility of the earth.