

Yaguareté (La Plata, August 15th, 2012)



Like the yaguareté
with his fierce-toothed jaws

who looked like he could
eat my heart
or rub his fur
against my lap

An instant glimpse
of paralyzing beauty's harm

So you are to me
at the same time
a menace of slaughter
a promise
of paradise

a menace of bliss

Yaguareté blues (La Plata, 15 de Agosto, 2012)

Y me quedaba absorta
mirando al yaguareté
como los monos de Quiroga,
[los peces de Cortázar](#)

como si él pudiera
desde su gesto embalsamado de amenaza

robar mi alma

robar mi alma

como me la robabas vos a mí

desde los bosques de Sequoia
o las montañas de Alaska

desde alguna parte

I just stood still
staring at the yaguarete
like Quiroga's monkeys
or Cortazar's fish

as if he could

steal my soul

steal my soul
from his embalmed pose of threat

the way that you stole mine

from the Sequoia gardens of the West
or the mountains of Alaska

from some place



NOTE: The poem makes references to short stories by Julio Cortazar and Horacio Quiroga, where people staring at animals end up becoming the animal, somehow.

Inside the mouth of Tyranosaurus (La Plata, August 15th, 2012)



I could fit inside
the mouth
of tyranosaurus
besqueezed
in dagger-shaped teeth

like I fit
in your mouth
and was devoured

I could dive
into the past

of giant gentle monsters
that roamed Earth
before man

and go swimming
with prehistoric sharks

and see my last
marine sunset

in Pliosaurus jaws

your mouth was warm
inside as well

and look at me

these lonely shores
that are no way to live

Argentavis magnificens / *Of birds that cannot fly* (La Plata-Montevideo, August 15th-19th, 2012)

The giant beaks
and alert eyes
that once obscured
the pampa skies

Their weighty wings
they couldn't fly
but only glide
or catch the wind
between
their feathered arms

To drift around
the flatlands
dreaming of higher skies
looking for food
or love
or food of love

To have a giant beak
like him
and find no feed

a waste of beauty
a waste of the magnificens

Your giant thirst,
a waste as well
and your magnificent
desire for me
the biggest waste

in all the natural
history of the world

A waste to evolve
such perfect wings
and never take off

and never try your wings
like [Blossom](#) sings,
against the wind

A waste to breed
magnificence
for no one to rejoice
in it

endlessly gliding
birds
that flaunt
their giant beaks
against the skies

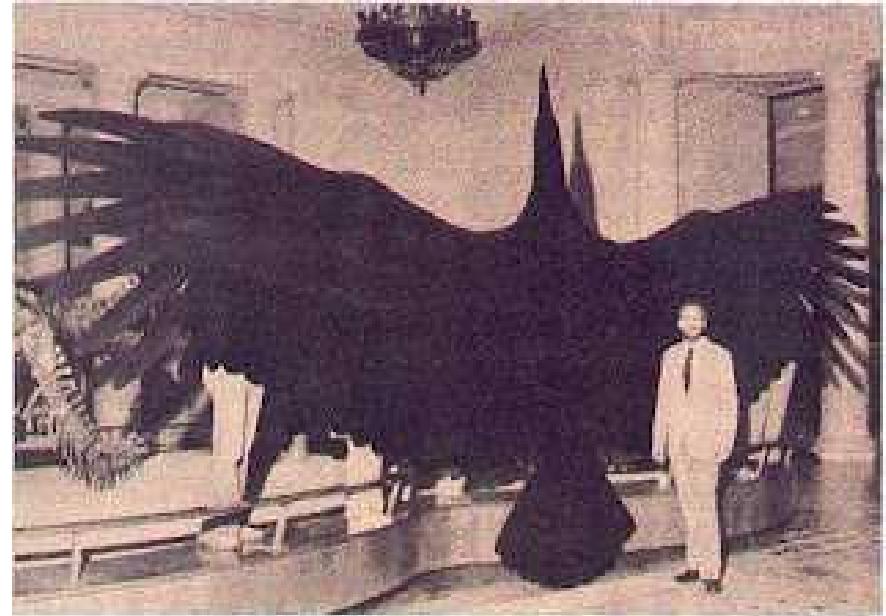
and when they find
what they were looking for
delicious prey
that perfect stream
the fountain of
eternity
of nurture and delight

they cannot fly to it
they turn away

steering their
magnificens
in another direction

they pass before
they drink from it

they go extinct
before they live



My Glyptodontian shield (La Plata, Montevideo, August 15th 19th, 2012)



What kind of monstrous
threat-ridden world
begot the evolution
of her shield

a stone-hard hiding place
for all our weakness
our feeble hearts
our fragile beauty

that any wind
could shake and ground

My monsters
may be
invisible
unlike her time
of giants with sharp teeth
and glacier floods,
yaguaretas that bit
into her skull

and yet
I fear them more
my weakness is
a constant swell
of loss of love
of mutual dreams
in unison
(from different continents)
my dream of you
insatisfaction shared
your dream of me
my sadness,

your hands,
your impotence

I'll hide beneath
my Glyptodontian shield
and never come out

You'll never
grow your wings

the stumps will smash
against your shield inside

but if you lay
your weakness bare
for all to see
if your wings
rise and spread

I will come out
I will come out

my nest will fall

I'll be a shieldless
glyptodon

I shall be free

*and when our flesh
is gone
our shields
will shelter others*

Θεά-πεταλούδα / Goddess butterfly (Montevideo, August 22nd, 2012)

Papilionoidea, nymphalidae
delicate wings
of white
Nymph of the trees
Daughter of Time
Hestia, the goddess of the hearth

homemaker
sacrificer of her lust
to a higher meaning

Your fragile wings
have stopped
the spots
of dark
are fixed
upon the Universe

never to change their place

Your freedom once
that was the sky
now, behind glass

A trap
of unreachable beauty

Hestia
snubbed goddess of
the fireside

A fire like yours
contained between four walls

a fire
under control

I want it not

Freedom is fire
and I
wish to be free

even if it means
my days will end
behind the glass

for I can be fragile
like she
but I shall burn
until the last of me

Beautiful tree nymph
made of light

you couldn't spread
your wings like that
when you're alive

beauty of death
is all you leave behind



A Museum of You (Montevideo, August 19th, 2012)



I want to build
a museum
of your beauty

I want them
to remember what I saw
your inner light
your music's bliss
inside the violence of you
your inner fight
and your capacity
for peace

your godliness
your Ulysses
the fake landscapes
you painted for content
over the gray
of everyday

and all the things
you could dream of

and I was one of them

The way your heart
entered my heart
like St. Clare's cross
there is no shield
for that

No Glyptodonian artillage
could have saved us

Your wings
magnificens
were too heavy to fly

My nectar dried
waiting for you

Prehistoric sharks
devoured my heart

My butterfly
reverted back
became a scar

I want to build
a Museum
of your beauty

I want to build
a Museum
of our love

of our defeat
and your perfection

your loss
and my creation
of you

you're my brainchild
I made you up

ever since
I was a child

I have the words
to prove it
ink on a page
from far in past

ink on a page
that's all
we ever were

I want to make
a Museum
of our Word

and all the
Dreams Magnificens
we dreamt together



A posthumous
celebration
of our
Oniro Magnificens

our Nectar without shield
Nektar choris Aspida

I'll build
a pyramid
of you

and I will sing your Song
of me
till the world's end

though I would rather
be alive with you

I'd rather build
a Museum
for the living

I'd rather sin
than bark about the sin

Treasures like these
are kept
in crystal boxes

I'd rather live with you
outside the glass

Museum of me (Montevideo, August 19th, 2012)

And if I were
by fate or chance
to be put in a museum

a fossile found
somewhere
to represent
my species

what would they show
what would they find

my short-flight wings
my short-sight eyes
my lengthy spleen
my massive scar
of you
of you
my giant scar
that will survive
no doubt
this global warmth
the oracle'd debacle
the final bang
of stars

what would they show
of me
in a museum

my daggered shield
my masticated crust
my liquid pain
my fossilized regret
for all we missed

when land was land
and nectar-water flowed
around these parts
and you could drink it
but stayed away
and stayed away
and shunned me like
the plague

as I do shun
the loss you give
the pain instilled
deep to my bones

that will one day
be displayed
in a Museum

and folks will come
from every corner of the world
to see my flightless
Magnificens
to see my pain
of you

to see my pain

