

ANTONIO GAMONEDA

LOSSES BURN

TRANSLATED BY DONALD WELLMAN

IN attics inhabited by pigeons whose wings
tremble between darkness and glass

I see the purity of faces that form in the rain
and

tears on yellow ulcers.

In the attics of childhood, I

traverse forgetfulness.

IN churches and clinics

I saw columns of light and fingernails of
steel

and I fought, clutched by my mother's
hands.

Now

I push aside black gauze and hypodermic
cannulas:

I look for my mother's hands in wardrobes
full of shadow.

I SAW my face in the depths of copper
burnished with vinegar and cold.

It was a childhood in front of blood-soaked
holes,

childhood burnt in its blossoming, lost

in the black sweetness of distant songs

I HEAR the rain of another time, it soaks
immobilized linens.

Far from my thought, widespread
in the past, torment
still grows.

So

I go mad with truth.

I SAW TREES clamoring, wounded animals
and quaking of silica.

I saw the maternal vagina that weeps and
grief in a gilded basin

and the suicides in the globe of light.

Now I see only

terrifying perspectives.

MEMORY is mortal. Some afternoons, Billy
Holiday places her sick rose in my ears.

Some afternoons I am surprised

far away from myself, crying.

A COLD passion hardens my tears.

The stones press my eyes: someone

destroys me or loves me.

OVER my flesh, bruised with love, passes
the same tongue that whistles in my old age
and I awaken

wrapped in clumps of shadow

and a black flower moist with weeping

is detached from the night.