

REINA MARÍA RODRÍGUEZ

**GREEN AND BLUE
OBSERVING PELICANS**

TRANSLATED BY KRISTIN DYKSTRA

GREEN AND BLUE

Classifying these greens again
(those blues and greens from Virginia)
--carousels that restart with the memory.
Another motorboat, its wake uneven.
“The ported fingers of glass hang downwards,”
toward stupidity
toward exposure.
Licentiousness of wanting to cut a boundary
(an appearance)
through which we all pass in the end:
a horizon as obedience,
not as destiny.
This false proof of dying one way or another,
without a course,
monotonously!
Giving the name of “experience”
to the desperation
whose green has been swept completely
out.

Note: The quotation embedded here is from Virginia Woolf's “Blue and Green.” The poem dialogues with Woolf's vocabulary, particularly in the closing lines.

OBSERVING PELICANS

I try to capture their dive behind the wall
when the breeze moves the sea toward the pocket
where the bay expires, gapes
and sinks.

The man with a camera loses the current,
the possibility for enjoying the momentum
of sound that wind and wave make
at the water's feet:
water broken, virtue fallen
--without virtue the fish "that dies via its mouth"
is devoured and half resuscitates –
intervals of salt water
in the mouth of the immense gannet
who like me
is facedown
on this corner
blue and alone
resisting capture.