

**JORGE MARTILLO**

**UNTITLED  
ARS AMATORIA III**

**TRANSLATED BY ALEXIS LEVITIN AND FERNANDO ITURBURU**

## UNTITLED

I don't think, don't exist, don't anything at all  
I drink religiously every night  
As if the blessed father were offering me the blood of Christ  
I don't consider mine a bohemian stance  
Rather an alcoholic militancy

Far from God, Marx and Lenin  
Now others are my comrades  
Neither the Bible, nor Das Kapital, nor What is to Be Done  
Are my spiritual and ideological guides

I go on without guides or brakes  
In fact the other night I went to sleep at the bottom of the bayou  
Black serpents bound me to their bed  
But I floated up and since then I feel as if I'd died  
They say no man ever steps in the same river twice

### ARS AMATORIA III

do you remember those beers in the darkness of the melba bar  
those tongues curling like serpents in the barrio *las peñas*  
clothes hanging from windows eaten away by time  
the murmur of boats crossing the river amid a green mantle of water hyacinths  
that pair of drunkards embraced and on the verge of tears  
perhaps you still can hear my words as the sun was setting like a sucked-out orange

do you remember what time the clock showed on the street of bitterness  
my libidinous index finger pointing the way through dust to lust  
the meowing of felines in heat reaching the fortified city of love  
perhaps the grotesque figure your clothes made on the floor  
my hands stroking the porcelain of your swollen breasts  
my armadillo entering the fissure of your peach  
your legs clinging to mine like kite string tangled in electric wires

do you remember my tongue on your moist fur like a pool in which one drowns