

LUPE GÓMEZ

FROM THE WILD SPRINGS OF PARADISE

TRANSLATED BY ERÍN MOURE

52

You made cheeses on the hearth
and I lay in the sentimental lap of my father,
facing you, on the hearth bench. You looked at me without stopping.
You were happy reinventing yourself in me.

—The eyes of cows brim with foundlings.—

53

You tended your cheeses with so much
love! You formed prodigious architectures,
like a woman who disguises herself in a flourish of camouflaged
hair, while the world vanishes in the throes of war.

I was a peach, a girl of democracy, quiet, good.

54

In the afternoon I did my homework,
and you fed me warm fresh cheese.
Maps of an totally new geography.
A poem of love that no editor
would wish to publish.

—My brothers took the bus to Betanzos, to the Professional Training School. They walked on appalling muddy roads when it was still night and the frost barked underfoot. An aching dog. I liked to go to school. I felt myself leave darkness behind and knock mightily on the radiance of clouds.—

55

I too learned to make cheeses
and saw myself tall as the Tower / of Hercules / .
Going out with the cheese basket to the fairgrounds / in disguise / .
Playing the violin.
Starring in films in the Rosalía de Castro Theatre.
Camouflaging myself in a foreign country.
Slaking the immense thirst of automobiles that need
cheap and urgent oxygen.
Crossing myself. Confessing sins to the priest I did not commit.

56

We all went to bed
and you stayed up in the political silence of the hearth.
Sometimes you dozed off with a cheese in your hands.

The village glowed, like a guerrilla girl
in the Viet Cong.

57

Death is a political project.