

ENGLISH TITLE

Biennale

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ORIGINAL TITLE:

Biennale

AUTHOR:

Beatriz Chivite

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TRANSLATOR:

Leire Erviti

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## SPRING HAIKU

Between the sculptures  
red flowers  
blossom.

## MAGRITTE

To darken and once again to lighten  
afternoon and dawn.

To be born and once again to die  
the egg above their heads though.

Under the blue and white  
porcelain sky.

**KATMANDU-LONDON DREAM I**

As if you had  
distant snow-capped mountains at hand.  
At dawn women in red  
comb their shiny black hair  
by the window  
hair that was cleaned  
in ice-cold water by the fountain.  
Through a despicable road  
in a small van full of people  
you reach a sanctuary  
thin young nuns  
offer you tea and capses  
A bit later though  
you find  
*breakfast tea, muffins*  
the everyday fog and the boring drizzle  
when you close your eyes.

## ERNST

You lay by him side  
His burgundy feathers caress your breasts.

A sharp sword  
in a costume embellished with ice and glass  
crosses the pleasure you cover.

The stink of the rotten fish  
mixes with the smell of the burnt forest.

Trying to escape you start running  
a ray leaves the exit  
enlightened.

**CALDER**

From the branch adorned with green leaves  
five cherries hang  
two of them pink, three magenta.

A blackbird appears suddenly  
perches there and  
the roundest one falls to the ground,  
smashes and colors the grass.

The branch moves  
and leaves start dancing.

## SUMMER HAIKU

Summer already  
grasshopper plague  
on the slabs.

## PICASSO

He played with binoculars by the sea  
picture, moment and scream turned into puzzle.  
Then he put all the pieces in a new way  
and shout turned into laughter.  
Some pieces got lost in the sand  
and then wave grab child's foot.

## MEMENTO MORI

Humidity  
damages white paint  
and it falls to the black ground.

Little by little  
the wall  
disappears.



## INSIDE THE OCEAN

It's filled with water.  
Drop by drop my body  
liquidises.

I feel the waves in my fingertips  
and the warm humidity in my breasts  
leaking bubblingly.

Its tide sweeps me  
and I get lost in the ocean  
in its vastness.

In an instant  
you and I levitate  
like water vapour.

## JEAN ARP

He arched his back  
cuffed his neck

like an apricot ripe  
under the sun

he turned into syrup  
melted in my hands

I found pleasure in simple images  
of his chest and belly

he carried it inside  
wanting to swallow life.

**POLEN**

Dancing through the branches,  
fall,  
and then fly

play in your fingers  
rest in your curls

covered the shelter  
with a soft white skin

get trapped  
in the fine spiderweb  
and as it fell  
it suddenly disappeared.

**YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO LOVE**

Melancholy  
was nothing but a ghost  
—you told me that—  
*Inmoderata cogitatio.*

When the ghost is hungry  
it appears  
right in front of your door.  
It brings  
long talks  
songs from the past  
and two glasses of wine.

You will find it far  
from the places  
you suspect.

In a plane to Peru  
in the shop next to a lonely road,  
for example.

In the special scented candle  
in the taste of rice  
at some bar in Beijing.

In some other man's  
way of walking  
in some other woman's  
dark eyes.

## SOMEWHERE

The smell of jasmine and lotion  
pigeons and cages

the invisible  
and pictures

we are so transparent  
when we are reflected in the water  
we are so different.

**CHILLIDA**

When water came  
it isolated the cold of the stone  
with a caress.

Through the wrinkles of the marble  
hugged by branches, he slept  
they slowly absorbed him.

Light warmed  
and slowly evaporated.

**BEIJING DREAM IV**

In the corners, broken bicycles  
and cafés for expats.

Already five in the morning  
I walk alone  
on top of the iced lake.

There is nobody  
I am not afraid.

I say good morning  
to the park keeper  
he is listening to a sad radio program.

He stares at me  
wipes his tears away.

I wake up  
forgot his face.

As he has forgotten mine.

## I LOOK FOR YOU

You bring your finger closer to the camera  
wanting to touch me  
then I do not see you.

The screen gets dark  
as if I closed my eyes  
when you hugged me.



## SIMULATION

You aim,  
shoot  
and I disappear.

That one you see at the other side  
it is already not me.

## MONDRIAN

You looked through the window

snow-capped plain

slim naked trees

the blue cloth hanging in the garden  
was there.

In the evening you lay in the armchair  
and became horizon.

## NEW SPRING

After staring  
at the floor for three weeks  
you raised your eyes.

And you noticed  
the almond tree had blossomed.