

ENGLISH TITLE

Here

ORIGINAL TITLE:

Hemen

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TRANSLATOR:

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For my mother and father

*Através do teu coração passou um barco
que não pára de seguir sem ti o seu caminho.*

*Through your heart there passed a boat
that continues on its course without you.*

Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen

Passed to immortality

Passed to immortality

I have passed to immortality without dying
since the *Jet Lag* poems.
You will find me at the treasure castle, now,
wearing a gold earring,
the mark of those of us who have rounded the Horn.
Or navigating gentle currents of wind.
Lover of truth and freedom that I am,
I have reclaimed lost spaces on board.

Come, friends!
I will give you cool syllables if you're thirsty.

Poetry will save us

Metapoetry

Grass on grass, piles of grass.
Are piles of poetry then poetry on poetry?

I love U

I love U.

I love all of you.

You all love me.

I love myself.

The swell of the risk premium

The flag (the Basque flag) was the symbol of our identity.

Today, we are measured by another parameter:

the swell of the risk premium is the 13-star flag.

The poverty line, at this parallel, 1,200 (€)!

Experts in economics know nothing about this recession.

Governments steal pieces of our wages,

to reduce the deficit of the red-yellow State.

They too are under the thumb of S&Ls and banks.

Will they forgive us our debts,

as we forgive theirs?

Coherence

Coherence,

to speak a tender word.

Coherence,

if the stout word will heed meaning.

The Prisoner

Dry tears in his eyes, he goes.
The prisoner goes to the punishment room
to read love letters.

And his eyes close,
because it is late;
late,
to dream with open eyes.

(My) sorrow

It goes away noiselessly.
As if invisible, it goes away.
(My) sorrow goes away,
to lie down, to bed.

And its eyes close,
because it's time;
time to close your eyes,
and go to sleep.

Migratory birds,
in the morning, from the sky.

I'm looking for you

I'm looking for you;
our paths don't cross.

I love you,
even though I wander aimlessly.

Rest

Rest,
a time
to fill
gaps.

Time,
a rest
to fill
gaps.

Today will be tomorrow, yesterday

Today will be tomorrow, yesterday.

Yesterday, today, was tomorrow.

Poetry will save us

The economic crisis is moving fast
adding value to things.

Hypocrisy moves through prose
stealing value from humans.

Numbers commit suicide
in securities hypermarkets,
bringing crisis to human values.

Yes, hypocrisy moves through prose,
selling and selling a small dog's candies.

But hey, we're free,
free
to look beyond cash box numbers,
free
to live without chains in Freud's attic,
free
to write poems in the stock market.

Hypercrisis,
hypocrisy,
hypocrisy.

Pressure,
prose,
poetry.

You yourself

The pantheress

Brown eyes, high heels, slender soul,
the pantheress walks down the street,
lucky in business.

She doesn't know if she's been here before.

She settles in a stunning garden,
gazing at newly fertilized plants:
goldenrod, carnations (red), daisies.
She has her own smile and laughter.
She has a moleskin full of poems in her purse,
crafted in the style of Coco Chanel or Balenciaga.
Elegant.

Wet snow from top to bottom

Wet snow from top to bottom,
I dreamed in my dreams:
streets soaked with puddles.
Since I never walked before,
I walk and walk
without an umbrella,
back and forth.

I fell into a puddle,
fell down and down,
never getting anywhere.
When I woke up, I realized
it wasn't me
but a replica.

Lull

Lull,
a time
to contemplate
the everyday.

Time,
a lull
to contemplate
the everyday.

I am

Today, I am and I am not,
but here I am.

In fact,
before a bare path,
I am
beyond the skin,
attached to life,
inventing poetic operations,
and organizing my underwear drawer.

Outside, all is quiet.

Ten pounds of sun

Oh! Mrs. Giraffe, bring me,
please, ten pounds of sun from up there.
Your legs are so tall,
your neck so long, you reach the sky.
I need to turn on the lighthouse you see here,
and illuminate the labyrinths
of the recent past.
I've come to the tropics to do my chores,
to a longitude where I can look at events from a place of sweetness.
It's time to take off this mourning dress, and
transform reality from top to bottom
to my liking.
It has made me so capricious, this nature of ours.

Eye mask

Do re mi fa so la ti do

A young lady bent
over a fragment
that is not hell,
gathering red petals.

She asked the dead in the corner
if they know anything
about the low blind fog.

They put an eye mask on her,
to say that she is not
alone,
so that she will see
that they are people of good will,
so that she will stand, and gather
red petals from that fragment
that is not hell.

Re do ti la so fa mi re do
Do mi so mi do

A man on the beach

On the beach,
a man,
counting sand, grain by grain.

On the beach,
a man,
diligent,
counting sand, grain by grain.

On the beach,
a diligent man,
counting sand, grain by grain.

And watching him, a kingfisher.

The sound of leaves

Crunch!

The sound of leaves.

Crunch!

A murmur.

Crunch!

Innocence

playing hide and seek

in the woods.

The other me

I spoke with another me the other day.
The conversation was short, however.
It was behind the canvas of the hot sun,
in the shade of a parasol, drinking lemonade.
A fairly normal life at zero,
sometimes happy and the next time not so much.

Flight of the fragile girl

With both boys' eyes I caught sight
of the flight of the fragile girl.
With a kite hunt
her voice, her strength and laughter.

Mother

Mother,
I am your little one,
big now.

Mother,
you are my northern star,
my guardian angel.

Mother,
a rebel,
I am almost you.

Never forget me, mother,
(even) if I am your mother.

You yourself

I care less and less
what they might think of me,
the gaze of those who have never lost anything.

I care more and more
about doing what the heart says,
about setting free what I really am.

In fact, I want everything,
or a little more.
If possible.

Navigation

Pause

Pause,
a time
to reimagine
kisses.

Time,
a pause
to reimagine
kisses.

Island of secrets

In the middle of summer, you will catch sight of the island of secrets,
on the other side of your sunglasses,
when a mountain gorge is reflected in you.

I become nothing but fear

I become nothing but fear at the door to those who wail,
unable to overcome the violent waves,
when I am afraid of capsizing in marine sinkholes.

One hundred and fifty yards away

One hundred and fifty yards away,
some explorers
are camping,
repairing storm damage;
noisy walruses,
seals
and petrels.
Otherwise, no sign of anyone else.

Let's twist again

Hey, girl!

When things are slow

put on a skirt,

go outside,

look up:

who is flying?

a bird?

a plane?

a twister?

Heeeey,

do you remember?

Dancing the twist

over and over

in the flowing water,

never bored.

Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaah,

when things are slow,

to not run aground

on quiet moods,

put on a skirt,

go outside,

like before,

to dance the twist.

Come

I want to filter the boundaries of meaning,
abandon myself on you,
make me delirious at the stroke of your fingertips,
rub my clitoris with your penis,
proclaim that I love you.

Come,
it doesn't matter if (the children) hear us.

On this edge of madness

On this edge of madness
the ocean is clear.

Oh, Neptune! Embrace me.

In the cradle of my cloudless sky

My wings are tattooed with stars.
Andromeda, Draco, Cassiopeia,
the altar of my fertility.
With my breasts I give you white light.
I am who I am
because you are.
Because I am, you are
in the cradle of my cloudless sky.

On icebergs

On icebergs,
a group of people
mocking inertia.

On their backs,
the future is jumbled.

A barefoot warrior

A barefoot warrior,
on icy plains,
seeking new latitudes.

A sigh,
for the last conflict.

A barefoot warrior,
from Hailuoto to Houli
seeking areas of water.

The Baltic icebreaker
is clearing the passage.

A barefoot warrior,
stripped of armor, seeking shade.
The abundant blackberry has birthed

harmonious battlefields.

He has soaked resounding victory in champagne.

The speed of time

10:15 (AM) Retrospective in the wake of the holidays

10:20 (AM) Ship at a speed of 26.5 knots

10:25 (AM) Same speed, distance divided by time

10:30 (AM) Destination at approximately 100 leagues

10:35 (AM) Same distance, speed times time

11:35 (AM) I haven't been myself for the last hour

11:40 (AM) Same time, speed divided by distance

11:50 (AM) I've finally come to my senses

12:05 (PM) No dry land in sight, yet.

My belly is anchored in the land of Ethiopia

My belly is anchored in the land of Ethiopia.
This country has taken me in the palms of its hands.

Here, the clouds do not give birth to rain.
Here, the heat does not escape through the cracks.
Nor does death.
Here, the sun always rises.
Nevertheless, they welcomed us happily here.

Avroplane! say Abdurahim and Karim.
They would swallow the evening with both huge eyes
for it to be time to go.

Time moves slowly here, dammit.
Thank goodness happiness quickens our blood.

I was up until the wee hours last night,
weaving new stories.
The mission of this plane
I christened *The Hornet*
is to bring heavy rains.
Crocodile dung for fuel,
an idea as fruitful as it is ecological.

A wound was made between my breasts as I flew,
a door for love.

On the line between the blues

The world ends at the skyline of the sea,
at the same horizon where life begins,
on the line between the blues.