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Poemas traducidos:

Preludio, I: "Después, después el viento entre dos cimas"

Pagano, II: "Otras voces reclaman otras voces"

Pagano, III: "En las eras, ajeno"

Pagano, IV: "Derroté mis efigies"

Esfera, V: "Con su soga oportuna me ahorca"

Esfera, VI: "Olvidamos los ojos"

"Jerarquía"

"Canción de Cuna"

"Calostro"

"Genetrix"

Continuo Éxtasis, XVIII: "No el cadáver de Dios lo que medito"

Continuo Éxtasis, XIX: "Mi ciencia: ignoto heraldo que conozco"

Continuo Éxtasis, XX: "Me incitó el espejo"

Continuo Éxtasis, XXIII: "Crece el aire. Es de noche"

Continuo Éxtasis, XXIV: "Era yo Dios y caminaba sin saberlo"

Sarcasmo, XXVII: "Dios se cambia de casa"

"Oda moral"

"Gólgota"

Sadismo, XLI: "Náusea. La cicindela"

"El Sable"

"Ícaro"

"Sazón"

"Madrigal"

"Rapto"

"Eucaristía"

En las lavas sensuales, LXXIV: "Calor azul: crisoles"

En las lavas sensuales, LXXVII: "En las lavas sensuales busco siempre el regreso"

Provenientes de: David Rosenmann Taub, *Cortejo y Epinicio*

Prelude

After, after the wind between two peaks,
And the brother scorpion that rises up on its haunches,
And the red nauseas over the day.
Voracious volcano: aureola without empire.
The vulture will die: lax punishment.
After, after the hymn between two vipers.
After the night that we do not know
And extended into the never-only-one body
Hushed as the light. Then, the wind.

Pagan, II

Other voices call out to other voices.

Another river flashes in other men.

I, as far away as possible.

Against my distance the rain shower

Breaks its old wineskins.

Another poppy rocks the ashy

Vestiges of other gods.

Pagan, III

In the eras, another's
I have erased the same flavors
That I learned in the schools of sleep.
When does the night begin?

Pagan, IV

I tore down my idols:

They blinked—sieve—:

The chargers of limits

Gasped for breath—strategy—:

Walls of furor over my towers.

Sphere, V

With its opportune noose it hangs me
The untilled inclemency of poltergeists:
Dish-rag that I cling to as an emblem:
Twisted coffin, fallen angel.
A drop of water yearns for me.

It is to dance with hostile desertion:
The omen, in reverse and come true.

By the wisdom of the filching fringes,
To make the last one weak. It is to flee!
It is going to fall and my fate becomes tense,
Shortening the fever in zenith:
Needle encrusted with chalk.

Yes! Permit me to hear how it falls,
That drop of water. My God!

Sphere, VI

We forget the eyes
Inhospitable, the mouth
That laughs, being gagged;
The claws, infinite,
Which guard the cavern;
The wrinkles, the forehead,
The gesture of beaches;
The humid dusk
Which also is born below.

Before the light trembles
Within the corn-sheaves,
God matures in the dust
Of golden furrows.
A tree bows to us
Its gullible, blind branches,
And we go returning
Shadow and sleep into gloom.

Hierarchy

Tumors

—lines—

And fists.

What else?

The panoramas.

These?

Lullaby

Dinde.

With remnants of moss, my darling,
I shall envelop you. Sleep, my pretty boy.
I shall swaddle you well, my son,
With emeralds and alabaster halos.
In your hands, my greedy little love,
A thousand beautiful maggots.
Sleep, my child, decayèd boy.

(Watch out, my breath, for shortcuts.
Goodbye, my courage.)

Hush now, for I shall accompany you.
Much later with the barber of clay:
Purple boy.

Sleep forever, my little light.
Close your eyes, my little light.
Close them forever, decayèd child.

(Watch out, my breath, my little heart.

My courage . . . my courage.)

With swaddling clothes of ants, my darling

I shall cover your bum.

Sleep forever, my pretty boy.

Sleep, son.

Mind your Nana: sleep, son!

Calostrum

Coffin of cinnamon.

Genetrix

I just died; for the earth

I am a newborn.

Continual Ecstasy, XVIII

Not God's cadaver that which I meditate,
Nor His transfiguration that which I chew:
I worship, from worshipping you so much, I tremble
And win and kiss and lose.

Peevishly, splendor of wing
Complete in my blue spire, resists.
Cup, satisfying me, slips away.

Fiber of flint, it assails.

Oh bell of divine tunics:

Lymphs always divine

On the godlike crests . . .

Continual Ecstasy, XIX

Vocation.

My science: unknown herald that I know.

You populate me, necessity!

You choose me cowardly.

You adorn my disdain with the trousseau

—stair-step—of the diligent

Clay. I germinate.

I undress you, Cibeles.

Continual Ecstasy, XX

The mirror incited me:

“What a hard morsel for my images

That blind lake.” Expressionless,

I incited him: “I see myself.”

Continual Ecstasy, XXIII

The air grows. It is night
Upon the face of God. Upon my dawn,
Audacious, the skies,
Transitory towropes,
They sing. My lighthouse, serene,
Smooth the Fabled Hand,
Engendering the dew.
Across the hermit-like, sybilline meadow
The starry pasture.
Canal, my forge
Is contented: it caresses
The light: it will crown.
I cradle myself. Inflamed
In the mouth of God the stars delight.

Continual Ecstasy, XXIV

I was God and I walked without knowing it.
You were (oh!) you, my orchard, God and I loved you.

What of ringing the bells madly, calling your name;
Without a guide, so many territories,
Digging you up; imploring you, glacial
Sun of rancor toward your thunderstorms:

Do you hide yourself? Or do I hide me,
Watching your sandals,
In long funerals?

With sobs of my vast immensity

What of ringing the bells madly, calling your name.

I was God and I walked without knowing it.
You were (oh!) you, my orchard, God and I loved you.

Sarcasm, XXVII

God changes houses. In a luxury car
Very solicitously the southern stars watch.
He throws the main angel into a bag:
Fine china makes the party.
How overworked He is: from convincing a witch
In a residential neighborhood, that the bookcase
Of the Last Judgment breastfed the coat-hanger of the world
—the books of spells open the absolute word—,
He doesn't notice the light from the moving van,
With primogeniture. (On the earth, irate,
A tailor complains.) Perplexed, the Balance
Herds the flocks and the beloved goat
Grazes upon nothing. Requiring her space,
The *vilhorra*, in retaliation, stomps on the cheek
Of this distracted God who, once upon a time, made us.
The lazy seraphim trip on a curl
Of Lucifer's. The choirs languish with the dishes.
And thus between thunderclap and throne the palace is dismantled.
God packs the Edens in so many clay pots,
And to the fire of hell is applied naphthalene.
The neutral imams are placed in a trunk

Next to the soul's senility and God's eyeglasses.

The stormy brig makes its way

Through waves of hodgepodge toward the new house.

Before abandoning the decayed realm,

Managing to rise up without waking the dust,

God rises to the roof to see if, by accident,

Something has been left for Him: and although He watches and crisscrosses

The empty hallways, and His eyes wash out

The roofs and the attics, He forgets Death

And Life, who tussle in an empty corner.

And God leaves without seeing them, but He feels a shiver.

Moral Ode

God, always congested, does He have a temperature?

Cosmic teardrop:

You cough me up and spit me out,

Concubinage of rooms,

Without upending your alleluia.

God, always cruel, does he get tired on the road?

Cosmic teardrop:

How you sting the wounds

And the scabs.

Golgotha

1

It was I! It was I! The cape and the gall know it,
The cane and the vinegar. It was I! It was I! They know it too—
Your hands and your feet.

Yes, Messiah, now, I brooded, crucifying You,
I love my nightmare. The sea is not forgiven:
Do not try to pardon me.

My veins, of poison, latches of orphanage,
Because they disappear and, being crucified,
They will crucify You.

2

So much swamp of hatred is too much:
Enter, Christ, into my soul.
So much red vinegar is excessive:
Tear it to pieces.

Enter like a man,
Reaping my yolks: with a pitchfork
Make my heart a volcano,
Make me a coward, not courageous.

Cut up and cut up more
The opulences of chains:
More defiant and more perpetual
My grave never collects night.

So that you will break it, I give you anger;
So that you will speak, I give you voice;
Cut it up and cut it up more,
Take scissors to my heart.

Let your light shine, o blind man, increase, increase:
Flash, pupils of Jacob;
So that you will break it, I give you anger;
So that you will speak, I give you voice.

So that you will live, I give you blood;
Blood I give you, so you will die:
Cut up the vault and the torrent,

Cut it up and cut it up more.

Buried, do not rise:

I shall spring from the hundred sides.

Die blue, for I die blue;

Come down from the sand-bank, for I descend.

Christ, if you deny that which I deny,

Let your wounds guard the wounded one.

From your side shall I flow!:

Live, dying, in my cloaks.

The craggy slope looms large:

The soles of my feet struggle with the nails;

Christ, Your light, without light, becomes shipwrecked;

Christ, the two of us go dreaming each other.

Hear me, Christ: I am Your ear.

Look at the cross: I am the crucified.

I am Your tongue—a mute one who speaks—,

I am your tongue and I am speaking to You.

Look at me, Christ, how much I bleed;

Look at me: heaven is almost human;
Glorious fruit of the shadow, look at me
Eyelid to eyelid.

You carry me within your eyes,
Mirror of proud oppression:
Looking at you, I transfigure myself,
Looking at me, you see you!

Miserable rocks cover us
Simulators of protection:
Annihilated, they plan for us
To gather up the tatters of their flags.

Your Mother crawls up on her knees
The dune you have already descended;
My mother—secession—like your Mother:
We are both children of sorrow.

I cry: Your tears awaken
Upon my cheeks thorn and nail.
Christ, if you deny what I deny,
Deny me lover, deny me brother.

Your reign, hardly the scar
Of a shortened lip.
You cry: my tears take root
Coagulating on your cheeks.

Do not delay: let us advance
At the same swollen pace:
There is only one road on the earth
And that road is waiting for us.

Christ, embrace me, swimming-pool of sewage:
Here, openly, I embrace you:
We have to go thus until the end,
Even if finding it means not finding it.

Here, without arms, without cover,
Here we advance, embracing.
Do you bleed? I likewise
Go bleeding out earnestly.

Both of us never saw the sod,
Both of us never tamped down
Terrors of Bethlehem's bulls

Which the hyssops wasted.

We shall begin to graze

With our jaws for ploughs:

Our first plowing of propitious abstinence

Of lethargy.

Let us continue on, for now,

Always naked, but in mourning:

For this they lie in wait, thorns of ignominy

With pretended *jrein* in slanted sieves.

Increase, blind one, enlighten, enlighten,

Word of pearl, eyelid to eyelid:

Softly flaking, your gloom my own

Will consecrate us with abandonment.

This is why the wind imprisons scabs,

Separating us, bleeding us out.

It cuts us up and cuts us up more:

We are, both of us, cut into shreds.

Let us go forward into the future

—black sands, black mountain peak—,
Erupting ourselves, not making trouble,
Peripetia while being sated.

Do not delay: let us advance
Toward the delta of miracles:
There is only one road on the earth
And that road is waiting for us!

There it is raised, hungry, the cross,
There they are going to crucify us:
Fodder: backtracking of atrocious softnesses
Over the darkened firmaments.

Sadism, XLI

Nausea. The firefly

—basalt, perfection—

With its flaming wing-span laughs:

Made of steel. (The broom

Corrupts me.) I kneel. Apathy

That does not beg useless senses, nor departs.

The Sabre

Door-jam: bubbles

Of shame:

Lynxes

That tread softly

Upon jasmines:

Bashfulness: Purgatory:

Mausoleum

Over the dukedom of my velvet.

Icarus

Shoulders, besiege me!

Opportunity

Medlar-tree. Who?!

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Intruders.

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We stay up all night.

Madrigal

I said to you: “Balm of the universe.”

I said to you: “Go to the woods and satiate your gleanings.”

I said to you: “Bramble patch and shore and cithern.”

With my silence I shall tell you: “Let us roll.”

Rapture

The Milky Way!

Eucharist

Decapitating spells,
I oppose myself, pregnant danger,
And I possess you. Will you weep
Watery soup and ridicule
For incision of self-existence?

No! May the lullaby murder you.
Let us be spikenards for Him.
Flow Him to me by the delights:
Let Him console and afflict us
With the mollusk of His vertices.

Liberate Him for me through alms:
Relish His audacity:
Vain forceps which we forge
In the wood beam, boiling over,
Livid with our love.

When, hiding Himself, He saves us,
Darkness will level the net.

But if He, gallantly, takes pity,
He will dabble in our salt waters,
Giving us life in this death.

In the Sensual Lavas, LXXIV

Blue heat: crucibles.

Where is my strength?

Only frictions.

Blue snow, on my fingers

You stir up the hyacinths

Of your contingent fecundity.

Self-absorbed, I reverberate. Scepter.

Whip of diamonds

With which to avenge my youth.

Frame for such sweet panthers.

My privileges: amphors of flesh.

Psalms: my fingers: vines upon the blue.

In the Sensual Lavas, LXXVII

In the sensual lavas I seek always the return

To the deep skies of the maternal river.

Promontory of ravens, loyal gladiator,

I long to return to the womb through an oasis of bone.