

TWO POEMS BY JULIO TRUJILLO

ADDICTED BLOOD

A slender thread
of untamed blood
bends
away from the riverbed
and in a slow wave, uneven,
it spreads,
like some stubborn grass
escaping
the lawn.

It serenely
derails:
lava peering and snuffling
through intuitive ways.
It desires,
not knowing what it desires,
everything forms a path
for this blood,
every rut
unexpected.

How it surrounds and enwraps what it touches,
this blood like a waistband,
a ring,
an amorous eel
in the slow serpentine
of its wake,
a voracious embrace,
a red dress
for the thicket!

Dissolved skin towards somewhere,
in what furnace forged your ease?
in what singular saucepan
you simmered?
what spice bites you
to make you move like this,
like a zephyr so smooth
and so liquid
following
your own dance?

What you leave behind
is uncoiled entrails,
a body surprised once efficient,
now happy in its disorder,
and breaking its rhythm
when you go by
in your spiral of blue foam
against the grain,
rising in curves
suspended from above!

Animal blood,
steaming snout,
weaving slippery turtles,
odd fish,
dispersed reptile,
lush ox-tongue, just listen
to those horns!
Ah, flock of male doves
plunging under,
their wings brushing by!

On high you're suspended,
addicted blood,
necklace of fat fruit,
and the heart
discloses its lettuce
to absorb your own bath
tumbling down,
to soak up its sponge
addicted to you,
my questing blood.

THIS LEMON

I know this lemon
encodes some answer
in its tight oval.

Sack of glass and water,
hieroglyphic
mansion!

From its thousand of lips
preparoxytones
flow forth.

I don't understand
its hurrying
hooked tongue.

It observes me.
Not easy to sustain
such a gaze.

Irritates me,
incites me, bites me,
won't shut up.

This hive of lights
knows no calm:
whatever it knows lights it up.

What can I ask
this cross-eyed
wrathful pedant?

This lemon is screaming at me,
tugs at my sideburns,
unsheathes a sword.

Its zigzagging steel
wounds my little fingers,
has bitten my tongue.

What do you want, cockscomb?
Why do you punch out
my tranquillity?

I lean down my ear,
my elbow,
I listen with my fingertips.

Lemon lemon,
turbid
spark of air.

Lemon
thick
insinuation.

Concentrate.
Spin yourself back
into the marrow.

Oh my bitter
indecipherable friend:
forget me and yourself.

Translated by John Oliver Simon

Julio Trujillo was born in Mexico City in 1969. He is the author of a book of poems, *One Blood* (Mexico City: Trilce Editions, 1998), 61 pp.