

TWO POEMS BY LUIGI AMARA

LACKING WINTER

Not one shape more for the multiplicity of things.
Not one pearl of dust for this empty room.

The scene must be prepared once again.

Mow the field

where the sleeping senses graze.

Perfect the art of subtraction,

remove the wrappings in silence,

this patina of habit

which has grown upon the forms,

the dust suggesting a false thickness.

Put the fingernails to work.

File down

and polish until that shine repeats

the subtle truth of its existence:

until the radiant hues

find true expression.

The monster must be reinvented in each particle,
in the crumb of daily bread,
in the whirlwind which opens
between one idea and another.

Purify the limits of attention
until the radio of vision
overflows its banks,
until all that's heard is the gong:
the gong of the singular,
of beauty
which cannot resist the etcetera.

THE SOUND OF THE PENCIL

Almost like the pleasure of finding a finger
that was lost for a long time

somewhere between the thumb and index,

I listen to the graphite's song,

that strange melody

ignored while thinking.

Not the sudden
instantaneous fire
of a match-head:
a glowing whisper
slowly rising
out of the paper.

Calmly as the gesture

of scratching with the pencil,

a fruit grows in the afternoon.

Translated by John Oliver Simon

Luigi Amara was born in Mexico City in 1971. His two books of poems are *Said and Stained* (Mexico City: UAM-X, 1994) and *The Hunter of Crevices* (Mexico City: National Council for Culture and the Arts/ Fondo Editorial Tierra Adentro, 1998), 66 pp.