

Valeria List\*  
Illustrated by Santiago Moyao\*\*

# POEMS<sup>1</sup>

I. **W**e take changes but they come suddenly  
a moving car that runs over us out of the blue

it lays our organs bare  
like inept witnesses  
with no choice but reassembly.

II. **T**he one frank variation in the forest is mist and this white falls but once a day  
not wishing to annihilate a single print  
instead it blots out everything at once

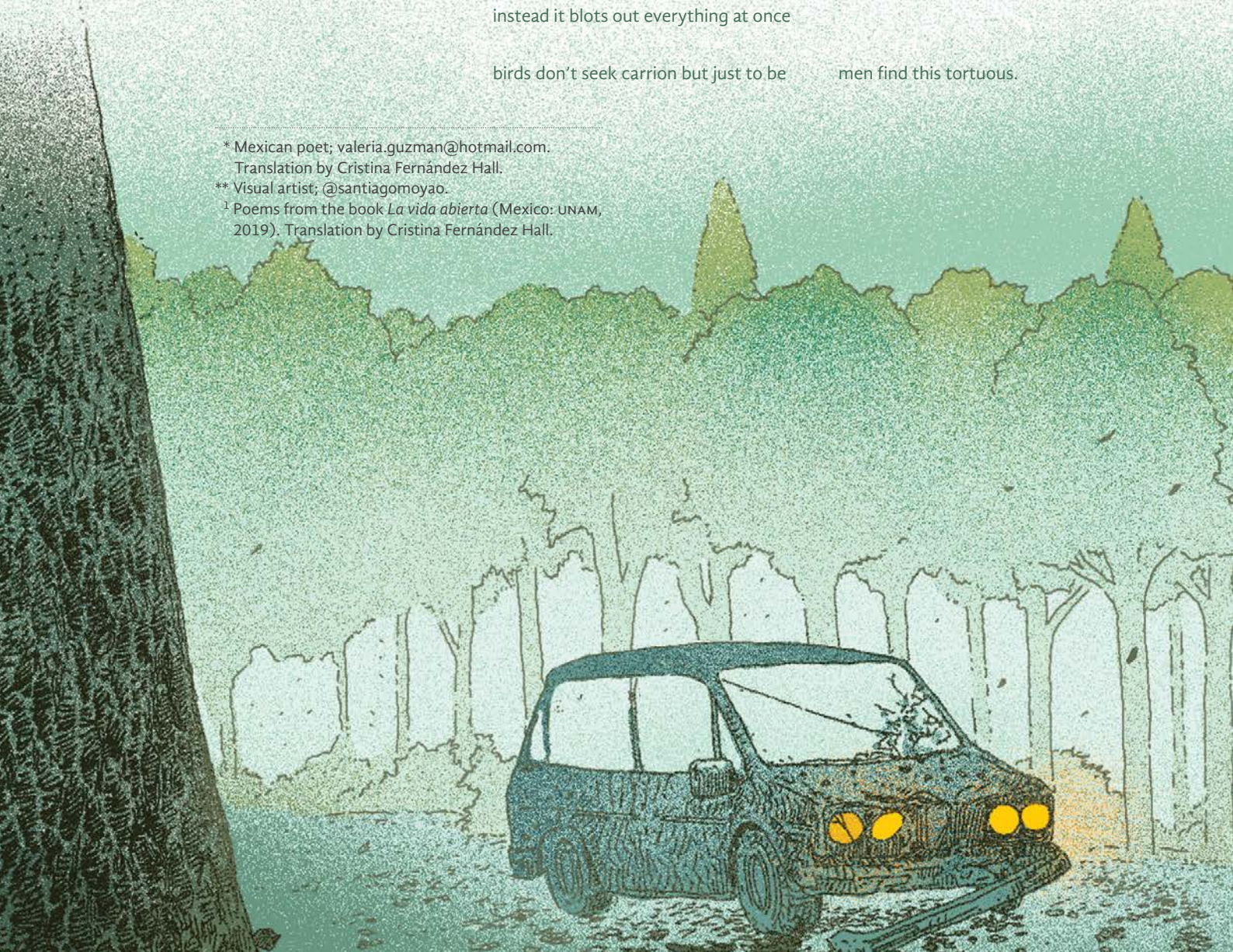
birds don't seek carrion but just to be      men find this tortuous.

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Translation by Cristina Fernández Hall.

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<sup>1</sup> Poems from the book *La vida abierta* (Mexico: UNAM, 2019). Translation by Cristina Fernández Hall.



III. **T**rees never sit down  
once in a while they'll lean on the next.

Trees weep once a year  
and write their wills on fallen leaves.

They lack refrains  
as long-lived witnesses to human culture.

One day the Buddha was illuminated beneath one  
another day a man ran over the last priest standing in Ténére.

All the trees' arms help prop up the sky that sometimes falls.

They're a lesson in life and death, but above all in the ephemeral.

Trees birth so far away from themselves.

