

El pasado convertido en fiera

By Jonathan Greenhouse

Se sentó en la esquina & climbed up the walls,
imitating some small animal I'd read about,

una víbora, un lagarto,
but the striped markings told me it was my soul, an instinct with no covering,
all teeth & claws & the remnant of scales,
el pasado convertido en fiera,

& as I watched it I felt myself growing smaller,
my skin no longer keeping in the substance of my thoughts.

My blood pumped but lost its sense of direction.
La tierra me quiso tragar. Tembló para tumbarme.

& I tumbled into cracks split between rocks & soil.

I'd become a creature defined by my convenience,
by the dictates of a repetitive clock.

I no longer required thought, each hour meticulously planned out for me.

Cada hora una obra de teatro sin movimiento.
Cada día una pérdida cobrada.

& I watched my soul as it scaled the walls,
as it spread wings & threatened to fall, to plummet as if destined
to shatter & devolve.

But it soared above, sinking its claws into the clouds.

Voló con las águilas y se mojó en una tormenta de gotas pequeñas.

It left me behind, *en las hendiduras de la tierra,*
in the barren land I'd staked out with its clear lines of demarcation.

I wanted a home to stick my head inside. I wanted a place to call my own.