

RUEDA WAVES

ESCAPE POINT (E. Olave)

If they were gathered in the forest,
among birch and thistle

all the questions
I'd like to answer.

In the softest night,
in the thin cloak of emotions

I'm changeable flesh and blood,
an ailing roe deer

And shards of glass appear
as the day is dying

To heal, in exchange for feeling
meanwhile conceiving
among rags and salves

the shards of glass appear
in unclouded sky
in naked narrative

Pieces of glass, under a bandage
as if they were the aromatic
words of a nymph

free in the breeze of the valley.

OLD PHOTOS (I. Astiz)

Looking at old photos:
there we all are, all of us young.
Something we've already forgotten
is what we're celebrating there.

It's in Iñaki's house
Basque flags and pride banners;
adorning what we loved
with cloth. Hiding it.

Wanting to win it all
for all,
and now
here we still are
a bit lost
like everyone.

Looking at the old photos
at our happiness then,
your death still
having left no scar
there we are.

HOKUSAI'S WAVE (J. Sarrionandia)

The tide has dropped tremendously,
for Hokusai's wave is on its way.

Seaweed, boats, the whole coastline is just
waiting for Hokusai's wave.

Who doesn't know it's coming and we need to escape?
We're looking off to the side,
for ages we've lived that way, as if under the waves,
waiting for Hokusai's wave.

We don't know if it's coming from a distance or is already close,
if the water is dirty or clear,
but we're all of us getting worn down
staring off to the horizon
waiting for Hokusai's wave.

A bit of breeze, a little push from a swell,
a gull's wing touching the top
will perhaps be enough for the wave to explode.
We're anxious
waiting for Hokusai's wave.

Skiffs are going to go under, the back-harbor seawalls
and the roads home,
and the water will be running upriver. We're where?
Waiting for Hokusai's wave.

The flood will come in through our windows, boats
cast anchor up on the rooftops
and starfish be nailed into the sky. We're just
waiting for Hokusai's wave.

THE BEST WAY TO GET OLD (M. L. Esteban)

The best way to get old
is to live in the city
though the smog hides the stars.

The best way to get old
is not to want to be young.

The best way to get old
is to persist in the personal discovery.

The best way to get old
the car's final blow,
hitting the walls at home,
the dent in the surface,
the wrinkles of life
is to care for it just as it is and
make an observatory of it.

THE WINTER WORKERS (J. Goikoetxea)

It's March already.
We winter workers can hardly believe it.
We look at the palms of our hands
in the factories, in the offices, in the kitchens ...

So it's March.
We winter workers have taken off
our overalls, our glasses, our aprons ...
our helmets, our rubber boots, our skirts
and we pause
while the mimosas
turn golden.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD (R. Rueda)

Naked here in the middle of the road,
I'm barefoot on the asphalt.
I like it a lot
that sensation of feeling the earth.

The cars are going by,
they look at me from out of their rectitude,
they get all surprised
when I start to laugh and raise my thumb.

I'm hitching rides from the roadside trees,
one of those red squirrels also.
They say they'd pick me up with pleasure
if they had the room. If they did.

Big, big difference
between milk and coffee,
it could be this is why
café au lait is so delicious.

IF YOU COME SOFTLY (A. Lorde)

If you come as softly
As wind within the trees
You may hear what I hear
See what sorrow sees.

If you come as lightly
As threading dew
I will take you gladly
Nor ask more of you.

You may sit beside me
Silent as a breath
Only those who stay dead
Shall remember death.

And if you come I will be silent
Nor speak harsh words to you.
I will not ask you why, now.
Or how, or what you do.

We shall sit here, softly
Beneath two different years
And the rich earth between us
Shall drink our tears.

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THE SKY ALONE IS (I. Müller)

The sky alone is truly the same
Chilly I still count the clouds
I drop the thistles on my way back home
Laughing over an alien grave.