

England

"It is not on any map; true places never are."

— Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick*

When he looks at the world from a whale's mouth:
quayside buildings in perfect line, compressed boxes,
changing colours by water light, westerly wind
opening doors in the morning, tides on the rise,
bringing rubbish from ports where elephants walk,
cards exchanged with emperor's names, dressmakers,
small boats setting sail from the beach, ropes pulled
by tailors, sun on one side behind Walmer's grass,
weekend market, women shopping, dogs leading owners
on a leash. Then, a whale makes a turn, and another,
on a course to Ramsgate, sand banks, a big carousel
for legless children, birds enter without documents.
On big tables, local authorities divide bread pieces
into a thousand crumbs, looking at the invasion of France.

Towards perpendicular hour lines, nobody sleeps,
everyone dances on one leg, even girls with bronze purses,
their three legged boyfriends, little trees in pots.
In the horizon, sails have gone, emptying us,
even the sun behind the pier. A coming storm is announced
through loudspeakers, everyone knew
dressed in newspaper sheets, stuck buttoned eyes,
opened hands to wait for coins of gold, plains
arrive from the beginning of the XX-century,
bringing banners because Thursday is polling day,
to select a Primer Minister, secondary civil servants,
toads riding on grey mice. Schnitzels being served
without fried eggs, in restaurants of this nameless town.
They renamed heliotropes as hydrangeas, fritillaries as verbenas
no one imagines things change at night,
proper nouns underlined, quasi-perfect for foreigners.
From the sky an announcement: *Aún no llegó el fin del mundo*.

When the Cetacean closes its mouth, turns
the sea into a universe unknown to us, inside
all things form second hand books piling up,
objects for the kitchen: rusty tools, plants
walking without roots, odourless semi-precious flowers.
Our animal brings past memories, *bombillas*, photos
in black and white, like the day when His Majesty
introduced his family, guests arrived at barracks,
doors opened, closed, all animal genus with hats,
night dresses. These windows with transparent curtains
for people not to see. We climbed to the top of buildings,
lit all lights for a bonfire, from a parabolic antenna
sang to the aquatic world, monsters swallowing words
from the afterlife, even our day initiated by the hours,
people immobile, waiting for ships to bring containers
with rotten fruit, wardrobes to wash dirty clothes,
microbes that finally extinguished the human race.

Peregrination

*“Open the stage trapdoors so he can see in the moonlight
the fake goblets, the poison, and the skull of the theatres”.*

Federico García Lorca, Poet in New York

I crossed the bridge
but there was nothing

one cup
of cold coffee
one coin from Argentina
an eyeball on a plate
my mother singing *Me olvidé de vivir*

I turned back
to gather my things.

P.

.....His two hours.....sleeping.....
even.....
.....brown acid.....pickled.....
.....as sandy, in a tasteless fruity beach.....
.....feathery hands, fresh meat on Sundays.....
.....as told (by me)....
.....piney.....
stagnant sweat under his.....
.....opened arms.....
.....pray for him.....for his stony neck, his toes.....
.....look for a sign.....but not *this*.....
.....he'll bend.....
.....leave.....sharp, at night.....
.....A warm twirling.....a lick.....
.....behind his sponged fears.....