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A Mango in Main Street

A Thesis Presented

by

Julio Carlos González Martínez

to

The Graduate School

in Partial Fulfillment of the

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in

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Abstract of the Thesis

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A Mango in Main Street is a collection of poems that explores transactions between words and their topography in two languages.

Dedication Page

This thesis is dedicated to Anabel and Belkis Prieto for their boundless imagination and storytelling.

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Part I:

Full and Bye

Zero Gravity

My face glued to the tiny screen,
little by little my eyes fill with light.

At first I can't tell what it is.
By now both don't fit on the same screen.

No words to describe what you begin to see,
the image going in and out, pulsating until

body parts move, appear and disappear
smoothly, jerkily, gyrating, thrashing to a primal beat.

One from above, the other on its side.
A, stretching like an expectant odalisque.

B, showing its crown like a deep sea diver emerging
from amniotic depths with its catch, proud to show

off its skill and might, barely three inches
and already thriving, adept at life.

At the time my words escape
I just exist, I look at her, we beam, exchange a smile.

We shift again and focus on new life
cranium, vertebrae, digits, hemispheres, limbs.

All translucent, fluid, light, moving to a divergent pace.
Side by side, distant, through the porthole

looking at earth, my planet,
cozy from their sidereal sacks.

Van Gogh's Brogues

Blue smock,
red beard,
pallette, easel,
without a hat,
out-of-orbit, irate,
lapis-blue eyes.

Missing always
were his shoes.
Rustic, worn,
chestnut-colored,
long and uneven
crusty laces.

Double-soled,
counter bent,
side by side
pointing at
the cypresses
in St. Rémy.

As backdrop,
the sun on a ferocious sky.

Bermuda

A storm above the reef
black-blue, turquoise on white.

Poinciana leaves
scintillate in sync.

Steps on roofs, pinkish houses,
jagged coral.

Windows shut, the sloop secured,
spring lines tense,

circling the cleat. The shark oil
kaleidoscopic, fogged.

The Missing Link

This morning the outline
of the dried naked tree
beside the house, outside of our window,
reminded me of branching dendrites,
dancing in myelin, eager to chemically connect.

But it also reminded me
of that lavender-colored skeleton
of the fan coral in that Key West
souvenir store, hot-glue-gunned
to those bright green plastic frogs,

the same frogs who were dancing around it
and who looked like those monkeys,
the ones who did not see, or hear,
or say anything of substance. The ones who
perhaps should have been baby gorillas.

Child Development

In class today
we discussed
the autonomic system,
its functions,
the motor system,
states of consciousness,
and social interactions.

We argued about
social smiles versus
early reflexes and went over
the Moro, Babinski,
plantar, palmar, rooting,
walking, and purposeful moves.

We talked about
the robustness of cry,
the depth of sleep,
the time it takes for a neonate
to fall asleep or feed, and the availability
of alertness.

I went through a swaddling
demo, folding the blanket first,
catching the arm and folding inward,
then the other, and finally
bringing the bottom up like a mix
between a burrito and a straightjacket.

We finally got to the part
when someone in class tells me
I'm ready to be a dad.
Normally I say we will see
about that. This time
I panic quietly and just hope she is right.

Diastema

It woke him up at three
thirty eight in the morning
last Thursday night.

A gap that fought
to carve its own neural path
in his evening, in his life.

A crevice, a crack
set on the epicenter
of her smile.

Morse code

I touch her belly
wanting to feel what she feels.

I press lightly
to see if either one responds.

I know they're home.
I've seen them swimming.

I wonder at what
precise moment they will know

I am waiting for them
clueless, dreaming, delighted.

Some Party

Last weekend her beach was unrecognizable, transformed.
Not by the twilight tide or greedy winds, but by mercenaries.
A transitory band in white, tall and young, deft and ready
to delicately defile with pleasantries.

Like Trojans they crept out of white trucks,
colonizing with Lucite, erecting neon forts, planting the flag
of hospitality, then segmenting, positioning, containing
guests by latifundia.

After the violence, she began to give in.
The server suggested gazpacho or lobster bisque; she ordered the consommé, chilled.
An avocado's wedge centered, half-submerged showed off its spectrum
from brown to yellow to green.

Her tongue's papillae gifted
by fresh fragaria, muskmelon,
garlic, sea salt, key lime, mint,
and on her soft, freckled nose a hint of complicity.

A Mango in Main Street

What are the odds
of finding a ripe, half-eaten mango
in the middle of Main Street

dressed in sand and dirt,
the way only a sugary,
ripe, tropical fruit can shine,

the kind that flies,
ants, and bees ferociously
compete to devour?

How did this luscious goddess
of the fruits end up half-tasted
in a gutter so far north on a warm,
late spring Monday morning?

Whose taste buds
did this marvel insult? Who was
the ungrateful soul
not satisfied by its magnificence?

Only an anhedonic fool
would take one bite and put you down
for me to witness such spectacle
and for the animal kingdom
to take pleasure in your pulp.

Jiggling Pareidolia

He points at nature naming images.
The doctor flips a card, he says headlights,
dead animals on the road,
a couple's fight, a dog's face,
a crack in the birdbath.

What happened to that self that ignites,
engaging in conversation about cuckoo clocks, baboon butts,
a preference for certain senses over others, and Belafonte's face?
What happened to his eye that jabs and composes imprints,
that bursts and battles, later settling on a tattoo?

His monogrammed pajamas don't fit anymore.
His brain-jelly myelinates into a dessert,
trite, posing behind glass downstairs,
waiting to be selected
toward the end of the cafeteria buffet.

Arrivederci

If the dog decides to jump
we may want to reconsider
our response. Up to now we freaked,
held the dog by her collar,
lifted her to the boat, dried her
with a towel, asked her if
there was something wrong with her,
held her, and put her on a leash
hoping she wouldn't do it again.

Desperate days
call for desperate measures
and if the dog jumps off the boat
to chase after ducks, swans, signets, deer,
jet skiers, or other people with or without
dogs in other boats, we will wish her
the best of luck and hope
she has a good life with a loving family
like, or better than, the one she had.

We know this is not the first time
she would be doing this,
and with the twins on their way
we can use the space
in the house and cars.

Delicate Ritual

Even, even, layered, layered, cut, cut
today unlike other days he breaks
from the buzzing clippers
to enjoy the committed sound
of the opening and closing of old scissors.

Even, even, layered, layered, cut, cut
navigating the circumference of his head,
exploring hemispheres, avoiding shoals, visiting isles,
capturing momentum in its mizzen, genoa and main,
gliding by the white caps on his temples, telltales of his age.

Even, even, layered, layered, cut, cut
at last the point of no return, he is not the same
as in the beginning of his journey. Looking at himself
in the sea-glassy mirror, he gasps and like the ancient mariner
toward the end, he is serene, he is changed.

Le Petit Julien

Obstructed is the path that tickles
the garden devotee, polyglot, and bard.
An inescapable conundrum awaits
past the arched vine-covered trellis
for a solution to restore its path.

A man advances through the weathered
brick in silence, moving through the pergola, arbor, allée.
He stumbles onto a small figure who struggles
through his verdigris patina, muscles constricted,
posture embroiled, not able to fulfill
his centuries-old, symbol-of-a-city purpose.

The man, a transplant himself
engulfed by a breeze of empathy that awoke
a muscular flood of memories, mouthed the minute
protuberance and with a definite puff,
restored the fountain-boy.

Lord of vigorous flow
who fought the Berthouts and arouses in his outfit
of oxide and moss an instinct
for simulacra that celebrates the natural.

Car Seats

Man-made half an eggshell
thermoformed in plastic, artifact,

in you and your manufacturer
we put our faith, hoping children will survive,

soft and padded, artificial
ergonomic, well attached.

If they could only see us
dancing in the back seat,

falling, bumping, bouncing
while holding from the backs

of headrests, taking naps
by the stereo speakers in the back.

Smelling and licking the hot,
shiny vinyl interiors of a recent past.

Detour

Once I opened the sealed,
clear glass jar holding jumbled preserves,

I saw colors reminding
me of vivid tangerine and yellow petals

firing up an afternoon like evening
fireworks in a Saint John the Baptist's feast in Bilbao

and a fragrant morning, pregnant with the
aroma of brown-black coffee collected in the hills

of a faraway paradise where leaves are thick,
green, large, like in the beginning of creation when

dinosaurs drank water from muddy ponds
and took bites out of gargantuan sprouts

like natural jungle skyscrapers that push,
tall white asparagus seeking light,

fighting to crown their heads
outside their man-made mounds—

memories, from a past, from others,
like the primordial broth, early paintings inside my cave.

Psychophysical

Today her eyes had a tinge of purple,
the kind of purple found only in the ripest of wild berries,

the kind of purple in torn light
that lives in between magenta and violet,

the spark behind the corpuscular theory of light,
the kind of purple that fills his eyes to the brim.

East Ends

The panoramic water views abound
on Parsonage Lane, beautifully set,
a lonely Viking range unused, still sound.

A shingled, traditional home downtown,
the property includes a minaret,
the panoramic water views abound.

The spacious junior suite will sure astound,
a second floor with expansive views, you bet,
a lonely Viking range unused, still sound.

From the third floor's terrace you'll see the sound,
the inground pool will get you wet,
the panoramic water views abound.

Mature fig trees and landscaping surround
a new clay tennis court and brand new net,
a lonely Viking range unused, still sound.

This rare and special property is crowned
with special landing rights, so bring your jet.
The panoramic water views abound;
a lonely Viking range unused, still sound.

The Encounter

Turn around,
enjoy this fine afternoon,
admire the Snarumselva

like those lovers
in the distance
holding hands,
stealing kisses, adoring
the splendor they see.

At last I have you
where I want you,
with this hallucinatory orange sky
as a backdrop, still somehow
reflecting on your bemused face.

Out of the two,
I have always been
the emotional one.

Terrarium

This teratogenous contract
has provisions for breathing
tainted air that precise
contraptions expel through pipes and ducts.

Our patented system has taken lifetimes
to develop. Therefore, we should
be grateful for the millions who gave up
their lives to engineer these marvels, these feats.

In our infinite intelligence
we have devised a leak-less, time-tested,
robotic process that like a riptide sucks
you out, twirls you with fury, and spits you back in.

Esoterica

Geometry personified,
elegance made flesh.

Dancing in The Majestic,
excess through the ages.

Musculature stretched,
true paradigm, potency, strength,

over and over
falling in love with her colossal manner.

Hood ornament pointing
the direction to the gods.

Immortality in red, golden, white,
headdress facing to a past frames her.

Mother Amazon,
nursing the timeless spirit of the 1920s,

don't take us by the hand.
A clue will suffice to your mystery, your transcendence.

Spanish Moss

I have known him
for twenty seven days,
his ears plump,
filled with sunlight.

Translucent digits catch
my beard
that reaches to him
like Spanish moss.

Food Chain

Observe, reflect, awaken your instincts.

Sharpened all senses.

*The essential comes out
to play. Perhaps for one last time.*

Adorned for the hunt with fin raised
and changeable colors flashing
a sailfish in the gulf circles a ball of sardines
preparing to strike.

*“How do you feel fish?” he asked aloud. “I feel good and my left hand is better
and I have food for a night and a day. Pull the boat, fish.”*

The big fish which can stretch eight feet
tip to tip drive their prey from
deeper water for easier feeding
near the sunlit surface.

*“Then he was sorry for the great fish that had nothing to eat and his
determination to kill him never relaxed in his sorrow for him. How many people
will he feed, he thought. But are they worthy to eat him? No, of course not.
There is no one worthy of eating him from the manner of his behavior and great
dignity.”*

Wielding its bony bill the predator slices through
a sardine school to isolate a smaller cluster,
more controllable as the prey zigzag to elude capture.

Sardines seek safety in numbers, moving as one.

I do not understand these things, he thought.

Correction, they thought, but both felt the same. Not a choice or capricious urge, but an
ancient primal need.

Your Rhythm

The rhythm of your beauty
fluidly glides through the corners
of the light and the dark.

Your yielding friction presses atoms
together and apart, revealing
a contagious and interior splendor.

From the inanimate I must
leave and connect to that
which radiates from your drive.

It is an essential vitality
channeled from above,
below, and from all sides.

In contradiction to the doldrums
dreaded by ancient Azorean salts,
a roaring seascape of mostly white.

Leave with abandon the harbor I must,
to experience past the familiar
and to find myself reassured in your planet.

Contrabass Queen

With a bow
or pizzicato
she bends
particles at will.

Stethoscopic
acoustician,
she is a vessel,
she is a nymph.

Pirouetting
on the fingerboard
she coaxes
Earth's beats.

Slapping,
plucking
at the belly,
always nailing the right pitch.

Involuntarily

She gags,

the smell of garlic,
the size of pills,
the celebratory cigar,
the 2 ounces of cognac,
the chicken cacciatore,
the Alfredo sauce,
certain topics,
pork chops.

These days I cook outside
still, she gags.

Never trust the Invertebrate

She was lovely,
cencibel-colored,
eight-legged, striking to the eye.

A remarkable boy
crossed his arms,
played hard to get.

His carnivorous acquaintance
in a moment of ire
feeling helpless, rejected.

Her parrot-like beak
closing in
passionately, unhinged.

Blame the Homunculus

Peeking out of his ear canal
the little naked man
winked and blew her a kiss.

Not just any kind of kiss,
but the kind that made her think
this could be something.

Incongruent with the words
coming out of his mouth,
the minute man looked serious.

His brow furrowed, his eyes deep,
his posture was telling her
everything was pointing in the right direction.

Shifting her attention to him,
she felt the magic flee.
Not much up there, she thought.

But the homunculus caught her eye,
and giving her the kindest look,
made her see this was the man for her.

Ocean Park

The windows, quickly, close them tight, the rain
is married to a burly wind that fires
a shower of bullets coming with a vengeance
to get you and your children wherever you are.

A vision, operettas, clay and tiles
they cover sections straight, some skewed, in line.
A tropic paradise is juxtaposed,
essential odds sing unequal truths.

You dream, you question all and feel a breeze.
A wet, familiar light seeps in, dense
in luscious colors, a multitude of greens,
exotic feelings traveling the moist.

Paella

I scrub the mussels and clams,
dice the shark, clean the squid.

Elegant manifestations of local bays
dichroic, grainy, umami at its best.

I wonder if the size
of the grain of rice will make a difference,

or if the wine's acidity
will convince the glowing saffron to come out to play.

I open the pot and see the inimitable collage,
transfiguration at last, from disparate pieces into one.

Ethereal oils travel by steam,
penetrate my senses, my anticipation turns into bliss.

Knee High

She organizes her words like she organizes her socks,
some are paired by color, others by length, by texture,
some by wear, others by how loved they are, by function,
and still others by how many holes they have.

Like with her words, she remembers the stories her socks tell.
She remembers where she picked them up, who gave them to her,
who lent them to her, who and where she took them from,
where they have accompanied her, the cold nights, and the hot days.

Also, the ones the dog stole, the ones with her at funerals,
birthdays, empty days, full days, and above all,
the ones she loved and then broke her heart. Her words filled her need
for closeness, a closeness to herself.

Phalangeal Advantage

One toe is all you need
to play footsie under a table.

Technically you only need a foot
for footsie, toes are optional.

Perhaps the other digits
prefer pad thai over crepes.

Maybe they are lost at sea, or erased
by a curb in an island's winding coral road.

Something is being crafted
when a toe meets others under a table,

an equitable encounter
unless fate deducts a few pygmies.

And if you think a furtive play of feet
in a French café on a sunny afternoon is hard to top,

add two voyeurs, eyeballing, unaware of one another,
warm bread, raw-cream butter, mimosas, crème caramel.

Set everything at eye level,
subtract the piggy that went to the market,

the one that stayed home, the one that ate roast beef,
the piggy that had none.

Keep the one that bellowed home, and set
a fleshy "un je ne sais quoi" above the sesamoid bone.

And the Spirit of the Company Lives

Today at work they made her swallow a pint of goo. Her secretary pulled her nose back while the Xerox guy squeezed her mouth until her lips twisted and cracked open.

Then her boss syphoned the viscous petroleum-like fluid into her crooked mouth. Like a goose to foie gras she felt her esophagus tighten.

It is better if you comply. There is no point in fighting. It is for your own good.

After struggling for seven minutes and thirty nine seconds, she swallowed.

Why did you have to say "for my own good" instead of "for the good of the company" in the first place?

Supreme Court Justice, Confirmed

Her heart engorged
while cradling a rare
and precious pride.

A pride that can only be felt
when a window opens
for the first time.

A first that dodged,
ducked, rammed, hid and made it
to the other side, intact.

This morning's breath is fresh and full of light.
She knows most things will stay the same,
while deep inside, transfixed, she stands.

Reduction

The rhythm of your beauty is nectar.
It's fluid gliding down my throat like nectar.

Your yielding friction presses atoms close
together and apart within nectar.

And from the inanimate you leave to join
that which radiates from her drive of nectar.

An essential and vital energy from above,
a shower rich with life's full nectar

in contradiction to the doldrums past,
so feared by salts in search of nectar.

So leave with abandon the harbor you must
to experience in the unfamiliar nectar.

Inside this space you are assured and lost,
July then burns and boils, you're left with nectar.

Valcour Island

Today he stood like Benedict Arnold
facing the coniferous island. Not unlike Arnold,
who in bloody combat witnessed
his soldier's carnage, he battles with thoughts.

Butcherous battles on a different realm.
Blood-bathed he stands landlocked
in the same North Country lake that bought time
for his allies to regroup, return, and counter.

Old Shoes

While getting dressed
in front of the full length mirror,
I looked down and saw
through my father's and grandfather's eyes
the pointed shoes,
tanned, perforated, with the patina
that only old storytellers
have earned after long journeys.

For the first time I stood
on the other side,
listening to the click and clack
of soles and heels
on a cold and smooth
terrazzo floor getting closer
to what my little ones were thinking.

Now I was also wearing their big shoes,
way too big for me to fill.
It was a way of getting close to them,
without being close to them.
It was a way of getting to know
them from the bottom up.

They are now gone,
but this morning they were in my
polished shoes, my hands,
my arms and very soon
they will lift my children high
above their shiny, patient foreheads
for the very first time.

Later in the ground, the little ones
will crawl into my dark closet
by the full length mirror,

wear my wingtips, then my cap toes,
and click and clack around the wooden floors
of life asking themselves
why their feet
are so small and when they will fill these shoes.

Progeny

And I
heard
him say:

“And I will fly to the sky. And I will glow”.

And as I
heard this,
I glowed.

Part II:

Con un Ojo en Barlovento

Realeza mágica

A mí que me carguen
en bandeja anaranjada
con patas de oro.
Con mis medias largas, fucsia,
y ligas negras solamente.
Como capullo púrpura,
respingada, apuntando hacia el sol.

Bajo un palmar
psicodélico con césped corto,
un cielo azul añil,
con un bravío mar.
A lo lejos una arena muy fina
color hueso, y que el sol
se filtre por las pencas intermitentemente.

Que me cargue un buzo con careta
y esnórquel, un acróbata de circo,
un nadador de fondo,
un indio taíno, una rubia artificial,
y un surfeador. Y que todos se maravillen
por mi pose, mirada,
enigma, y esplendor.

Bodegón

Maja la pulpa
hasta que la pepa
se separe.

Prueba el granito dulce
dentro de la baba
blanca y translúcida.

Transpórtate a la sombra
del árbol que la arroja
sin distinguir un blanco.

Que la verde cascara
te confunda y el contraste te acuerde
de lo que es familiar pero fantástico.

En el cuadro una dita, jarro de agua,
cuchillo con cabo de marfil, mesón,
frutos maduros, y una pared monótona que sirve de marco.

De aquí nace lo criollo,
de lo nativo
y lo extraño.

Lempika

Sostenía su pungente cigarrito
entre el dedo índice
y el dedo del corazón.
Con un aire de nostalgia
suspendido en reflexión.

El ala de su sombrero de paja
ondulaba alrededor, enmarcando
como aureola un callado resplandor.
Por sus ojos cansados se asomaba
un retrato de corpulenta vocación.

Su diseño ejemplifica
un enlace, lo prohibido, un manifiesto de gran vigor.
Proyectando mundos musculosos,
que reflejan a flor de piel, un intenso espacio interior.
Una mujer laboriosa, dramática, de una indómita visión.

Sacramental

El padre con su monóculo, el hijo observa,
la madre arrodillada, y el cura sumerge al niño.

Otro cura con una concha lo riega
mientras el monaguillo los ilumina con la vela.

Mientras tanto, el pequeño demonio verde de ala corta,
con la mano abierta y húmeda, boquiabierto sirve de testigo.

El mundo observa mientras del costillar del hijo
emana sangre y bilis que como alambique, destila sobre el niño.

Y para su asombro, pasa una paloma que los cubre
con una luz dorada que despide por su pico.

A lo alto, una esfera, un triángulo, y una silla
con un cojín de color carmín, y aterciopelado.

Orgánicos

Orificios supersónicos
por donde fluye la vida.

Textura porosa, ósea,
como el mármol crudo.

Huecos amplios, otros finos.
Unos apuntando hacia cuerpos celestes.

Otros señalando hacia el costado
como compuertas a otros mundos.

Ductos por donde nos paseamos,
flotamos, ejercemos y eventualmente cesamos.

Latente

Es tu axila mi favorita
de todos tus recovecos corporales.

La que me ata
he interrumpe mi apresurado paso.

La que inesperadamente me atrapa
y como bivalvo me traga y hace suyo.

Que como la Tillandsia de Hart Crane
me hechiza, mientras armoniza con los vientos.

Sudorífica y etérea hipnotiza,
tortura y tienta, a mi inocente, a mi morbo.

Materia gris

Mi isla es carretera larga,
brea, bitumúl, llantas de auto.
Hematomas discontinuos
enmarcados en un llanto.

Mi isla son dos caritas,
una estrella y un garabato.
Torbellinos oceánicos que
se doblegan frente al campo.

Mi isla es un sendero de arcoíris
con trencitas por doquier. Donde
se siembra, se nace, se regresa,
se ama, se sueña, y se espera el amanecer.

Mi isla es una sonrisa que no se apaga,
y que por dientes tiene números romanos
que llegan al infinito. Rodeada de un mar
mágico, traicionero y bello que la protege del enemigo.

Fauna marina

Mi isla es un
rectángulo suspendido
en un lienzo dorado
rodeado de natura
en forma de lengüitas.

Coloridas lengüitas humanas,
de aves y peces, algunas torcidas
como rabitos de hipocampos.

Lengüitas apuntando en diferentes direcciones
como rosas de los mares,
que al margen sirven como punto de referencia
en el centro de lo absurdo.

Del mar salen
pequeños mogotes multicolores
que enseñan sus cabezas como les parece.
Un corazón al sureste late eternamente,
vivificando un panorama delicado e incoherente, imposible de imitar.

Fábula criolla

La luz ilumina a media calabaza
que enmudecida observa a Julia
desnudar los plátanos con cuidado.

El sartén colgado del clavo
en la columna admira
a la paciencia de mujer zanjada,
vestida en un traje de diseño simple, ajado.

El cuchillo boto mira por el oxidado filo
la cáscara despegarse y prefiere sentir
la mano tibia de Julia que aprieta su cabo
y pela hacia afuera.

Su moño deponente, testigo de un dolor pasado
primero se fija en la pared tablada
hasta que encuentra la ventana medio abierta
por la que vuela hacia el caleidoscópico palmar.

Periplaneta fuliginosa

La cucaracha,
horizontal,
con sus patas séxtuples
que apuntan
en diferentes direcciones
antenea,
como dándole instrucciones
a un sietecuatsiete
que se aproxima.

Cucullo de ala gorda,
langostín terráqueo
en miniatura.

Te admiro
cuando te acercas,
te tiendes,
registras
y te espantas.

Platanera

Segmentado el tallo
de los plátanos se interpone
entre el lente, la modelo,
y su criollo “grand plié”.

Puño sobre puño,
agarra el tallo gordo,
verdusco y lechoso, a la altura
de unos senos maduros.

Sus pies le sirven de pedestal
materno, vigoroso, e inconcluso.
Extiende su cuello y boquiabierto,
le saca la lengua a la vida.

Ángeles del campo

Musculoso como adulto
el jibarito raspa el güiro,
poco a poco encuentra el son.

Mira hacia arriba, pecho expuesto,
busca el origen de un ritmo antiguo
que valida su condición.

Tenor de manos grandes,
brazos fuertes, pero tierno el corazón.
Sus largas pestañas y ricitos enmarcan la ocasión.

Toco, toco, —toco, toco,
que hacia el cielo,
a ese niño, amparo yo.

El ingenio

El sabino apoya
su barbilla en la palanca.

Ajusta la válvula
con su llave de perro.

Mientras que la bestia
sigue su engranado curso.

Presurizado e inconsciente,
el aparato declama su vapor.

En otros tiempos
este hombre fue protagonista.

Su caballo negro galopando,
cruzando mil desiertos.

Asando el cabro en la hoguera
bajo un satélite creciente.

En un desierto libre
y lejano donde le rezo a otro dios.

Y nunca pudo imaginar
a donde el destino lo pudo transportar.

Bambú

Espárrago segmentado de gran escala,
vertical maravilla que me detiene.

Trepas por el espacio en desafío
a una fuerza de gravedad que nos mantiene.

Tuerces tu tronco de vez en cuando,
entrelazándote entre tus parientes.

Tu intenso verde y empolvado tallo,
coquetea con Noto, Bóreas, Euro, y Céfito.

No te satisface donde te plantan e indomable,
buscas echar raíces por otros lares.

Árbol de goma

Majestuosa planta elástica
que con tus lianas mágicas
te anclas a la tierra.

Firme en tu terreno
pueblas con tus hojas
el sendero y la arboleda.

Sirves de sostén
a enredaderas amigas,
Madreselva simbiótica, jungla tranquila.

Cuelgan tus ramas como trenzas
selváticas. Mientras tu poderoso tronco lacera
la tierra, embistiendo como toro vegetal.

Originalmente

Escribí para que
no se me secase
la tinta los cartuchos.

Ahora, escribo para ti.

No me acuerdo en
el momento en que
se transfiguró mi empeño.

Pero si de cuando
el capricho se
tornó en medio.

Escena de navidad

Cuando llegaste a casa
yo estaba en la cocina
buscando un sacacorchos
para abrir la botella
que nos regaló Cristina.

Me detuve para saludarte,
darte un beso y preguntarte
que como te fue
el día en la oficina.

Me saliste muy mal
y en eso me acordé
de que en realidad
lo que quería decirte
era que tenía deseos
de matar un cerdo,
desangrarlo, limpiarlo,
afeitarlo, marinarlo,
y asarlo a un fuego muy lento,
hasta que la carne
se le separara de los huesos.

Dorotea L.

Tras el ocular
colocó su ojo,
divisó su blanco,
respiró profundo,
apretó el gatillo,
y la evasiva imagen
se dejó atrapar.

De esta manera,
delicadamente
también fue capturando
su inmortalidad.

Autocaricia

Despertó tarde
y alocada. Se bajó de la cama
de pilares, alta, deshecha, y sudada.

En el espejo oxidado
se detuvo y contempló
su figura pulcra pero demacrada.

Levantó el ceño, se tocó la cara,
e intuyó una distante calidez extraviada
que por tanto tiempo añoraba.

Comprometido

Me senté frente
al precipicio. Mis nalgas
en un frío mármol nublado.
Consideraré mi situación
y contemple una profundidad inmediata.

Separé mis rodillas
y apoyé mis manos
en mis pantorrillas.
Observé la ciudad y sus
pequeños habitantes.

Acepté la primitiva invitación.
Flexioné mi espalda,
armonicé mis sentidos,
y ejecuté mi salto a ciegas,
para nutrirme.

Nuni

Figúrate chica,
que se cayó
por las escaleras
y nadie se dio
cuenta.

Se reventó
tres costillas,
la muñeca,
la cabeza,
y la cadera.

Y ahora pretende
que lo cuide,
que lo mime,
que lo quiera.

Después que me
rompió el balaustre
este quiere que lo atienda,
mas no puedo reusarme
por más que así me parezca.

Fidelidad

Me fui al mar
para acostarme con ellas.

Una boca abajo
y la otra boca arriba.

Una como el oro
y la otra como arcilla.

Una sin nada puesto
y la otra bien vestida.

Una se cubre el rostro
y la otra lo exhibía.

De pronto,
una me apunta.

Con su escopeta
de doble cañón.

Que sostiene firme
bajo su brazo derecho.

Clamando
que no me aman.

Y yo les respondo
que no las quiero.

Luna llena

Dale un hueso a ese perro
para que por fin se calle.

Pues si no se calla es posible
que el vecino me lo mate.

Que me lo mate como el perro
a veces me asesina a las musas.

Las musas que se avecinan y me
sorprenden con sus susurros y aullidos.

Las perras musas que solo se
aparecen cuando quieren algo,

o que visitan cuando tienen deseos
de jugar y de rascarle la barriga al perro.

Necesidades básicas

Norton le dijo a la chinchilla
que no se preocupara.
Que su collar de macarrones
era tan maravilloso como cualquiera
de perlas o diamantes.

Que a diferencia de las perlas
y los diamantes, sus macarrones
habían sido teñidos con tintes
naturales provenientes de los lugares
más remotos del mundo.

Que sus macarrones reflejaban
el verde-azul más intenso del mar
Mediterráneo, el rojo de los rubíes más
raros de las minas de la India, y el ámbar
más intenso, antiguo, y preciado de Oceanía.

Pero que lo más importante
era, que a diferencia de las perlas
y los diamantes, que si los ingeriera
podría morir, sus coloridos macarrones
podrían nutrirla y sustentarla por largo tiempo.

Freudiana

Su colección de poemas le acordó
a un cenicero de pedestal
con base negra, pesada,
de acero martillado, en forma de dragón.

El rabo formando la base,
el torso y las garras sosteniendo un platillo de cristal
ornato con tres canales para sostener cigarros.
En el centro, espacio para depositar cenizas.

Su composición poética eran reliquias grisáceas,
blancuzcas, con algunas todavía encendidas.
De ellas emanaba un olor a tabaco viejo y nicotina.
Todo carbonizado.

En el cenicero como en su trabajo, había colocado
disparatadamente colillas artificiales que componían
los ciclos de su vida. Colillas que descartó, dobló
y apretó. Colillas apagadas, extintas.

Mi jaula

Se me escapa de la mente
como se escapó la ardilla
de la pequeña jaula despintada.

La vieja jaula de alambre de pollo,
con sus múltiples capas de pintura,
blancuzca, rojiza, y verdeacqua.

La jaula con la puertita descuadrada,
las grapitas laterales sueltas, dobladas,
con la base mohosa, un poco sucia y desnivelada.