Around the House. Maya Cú



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Introducción...

I dreamed of a house

White surrounded by flowers and tall trees

I only asked for a deserved roof and floor

I never had it

Yesterday
a provider
of certainty appeared
He daily
builds
next to me
this new house

in mutual discovery we are laying the foundations

we make the walls

we share the dream to put our pieces together to build a new house where we will live

Today I undressed

I posed for the camera

the room strewn with clothes throughout

my footprints scattered

when I stopped I realized that all the mirrors disappeared

I found my body dancing smiling friendly and passionate

and it was enough for me

She

knows that upon her return
she will open the door
and feel joy to meet you
for coffee
for dipping bread
in coffee
to the listen to the radio
and dance to the beat of your song

Не

knows that upon his return he will remove the wire from the gate cross the patio to reach your side

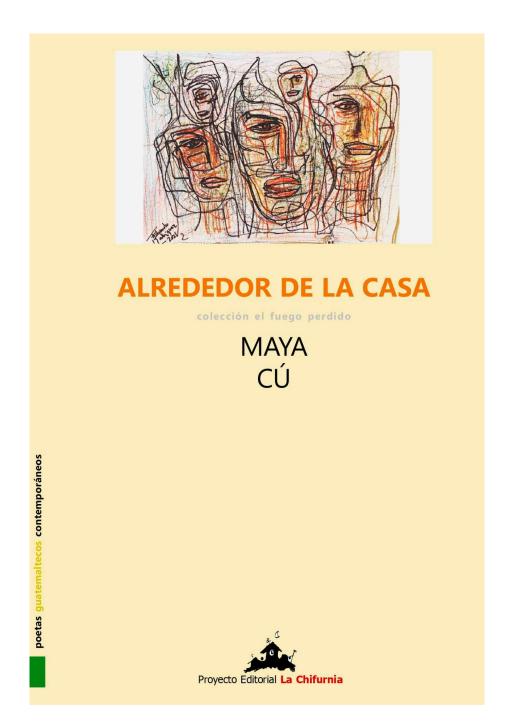
he will greet you happily because he managed to finish a day's work because the earth responds to his care

the sun was benevolent and did not burn his skin the rain is generous and will fall later

he will show you the best seeds that he found for the next sowing

they will eat next to the stone-bench beans and hot coffee corn tortillas from their harvest and cheese

melted like them



Elena visits the house

I

Strange communion with Elena

Did you hear my name?

You looked for it and you preferred it, because you know that here, behind this nomenclature, my soul is waiting for a reunion celebration.

But, the only celebration we put up today is one of tears.

Time and time again, the weeping, why unites our hearts like this? Is our sorrow for these beloved cities so great that it is capable of uniting our distant melancholies?

II

girls reunion

Painting that afternoon would be fun if Elena was calm enough to pose.

But Elena is a restless girl who bites her nails and spits the waste on the chair. She wets her feet in the firm sand of a sea that cannot be crossed. A sea that erased the way back to the city of our daydream, our dream, our ephemeral root, our space of communion. I, the little sister, watch her carefully, while I wait for time to stop on this piece of beach, asking Yemayá to take care of us, to be our mother, our goddess, our friend, our compass, to return to that city.

III

The one I'm not

Diva elegance in the word voice and erudition corporeal strength unattainable height charismatic presence

a story that I would like as my own feet dancing on the urban cobbled street sand full of your feet water full of your fear lips reciting verses next to Reynaldo

eyes alive of revolution

flashing fingers

mestizo song eternal song cheerful song song with tone song with you your song my song

Song not yet written half song song without score broken song shared song song in two rhythms

distant song oppressive uncertain

sad song without reason sad permanent weep

never ending pain intimate pain pain countering parallel pain

the one you are not the one we are

IV

Epilogue

If I ever belonged to someone it's to you

because you chose me or because my shadowy female ancestor chose you

Image

Grandma whisks cocoa gathers the fire secures the ocote-sticks

the girl braids garlic draws a circle, and skeletons rise dancing at its center

inviting to swing a song of few notes

I dance the mist fills with colors I rise

the image is immortalized behind the door