

Two Poems by Narlan Matos

Contributed by Narlan Matos

The Prophecy

O nameless flowers under the bright sky
O roman columns standing against my madness
O flies of the world unite at my table!
O nests of black wasps of the eve
Light a candle, a red candle for the morning sun
Let the winds twist your arms and your hair will stand up

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O silent blue lizards lying in the valleys of eternity
O islands of the Northern Pacific I see your white wall
O swamps of myths and fables and tales I ignore you
Sing a lullaby for the fruits in the jar on the table
Open your eyes and then be blinded by the light

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O you who have returned from the dead
Tell me what you have seen
Tell me what you have been

Is there any truth we need desperately to drink?

Days

I just want these days
To get their teeth out of my flesh
They don't exist but I feel their arid skin over mine
It's arid and they set my skin on fire
Light consumes my flesh slowly

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They bring their nothing and invent me
These days brought me to the world one day
When I slept too much and then it was too late

Watch out for these days!

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Where is the blue bird in the red tree?

These days fight against me like a soldier in the front

These days have created the Himalaya like a child

Drawing on the plain paper with crayon

Â They have sunk the Andes with white snow

And then I can't see it anymore

But they peel my skin until I find them again

And then I dig up the Andes again

And I find BelmopÃ¡n and its ruins

And then I sculpt the sand of these days with my words

Translated by Narlan Matos and Kristina Anderon Teixeira

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