

REVOLUTION SQUARE

Esteban Luis Cárdenas

Poet

*At the Square
(it is not Newgate or any far away past,
where those condemned to die moan)*

*One cannot hear the bells
of the Holy Grave*

*The executioner raises the steel
and the fifth head, the seventh
— like a record of dreams-
rolls over the waxed floor
of the scaffold*

*At the Square
one can hear a chant
of caged larks
and the mortal descent of the night.*

MY WOMAN BLACKER THAN A SPELL

TO A.M.P.

*On the rocks, next to the sand
the silhouette of my woman persists
blacker than a spell*

*It persists like a flashing primacy
and it dissolves in the caress
of my fingers*

*Hallucination of the static
broken belly over the softness
of a medussa*

*Oh, my woman
blacker than a spell!*

*The sea devours her
It returns her forever
For ever to its kingdoms*

*Her body is now
the frightened luster of a conch
under the declining heat
of the islands*

Havana and 1973