

Poems

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INSTRUCTIONS FOR AN ASSAULT

Tear the skin off the horizon.

Don't use knives
 or recently sharpened verbs of steel

Do it at sunset
 when the sun sets off on its path
 towards other world avenues.

Sharpen your strategy.
 Summarize the different kinds so you can avoid
 failure's rocky road.

Don't envelope yourself in the comfortable
 sheets
 of time and
 start arming yourself like a
 brave and cautious soldier.

Upon sinking your nails
 into that hard and distant skin
 your fingers will hurt
 a river of sweat will flow down your back
 and a hoarse voice may even
 jump the gun and proclaim your defeat.

But don't be afraid
 Repeat the attack
 even if doubts come to encamp
 with their tribes
 in your memory.

Convince yourself that hope
 is not fragment of fable
 or a shadow gone missing
 in the jaws of the wind

Hope
 lives
 frolics
 and sings
 under the horizon's skin.

SURVIVING A SHIPWRECK

Love cannot be an endangered animal
 A deflated ball
 A tree cut down by a lightning strike
 Or a sigh the breeze takes away with it.

I'm going to imagine those are hasty perceptions
 that distort their meanings
 or dark glasses that rob the springs
 of their kindnesses and
 of those dawns whose aroma is that of bee honey.

I don't want to accept that
 love already has an epitaph
 that slumbers on its back
 pale and in a grey suit
 on a bed missing pillows
 and a mattress.

That is the rumor
 that pushes me along the railing of this
 wave-battered vessel

I cannot accept
the fact that I have become an orphan
in the midst of these swells
and when a couple a sharks approach.

Someone had told me that love was eternal
that it was an antidote to shipwrecks
and yet now they say
there are too many foremen and workers
to bury it in the confines of oblivion.

Fortunately
Between the waves and thunder claps
I have found a space in which to calculate
the product of the realities.
Born of circumstances.

Thanks to the last bolt's flash
I know that love has not died.

I'm alive to tell of it.

ETERNAL LOVE

I can kiss my mother
upon awakening
before lunch
after dinner
and while I build my dream
under the moon's glow

I am fortunate to be able to rely on her
[total availability
and surrender to her cheeks
her head invaded by grey hairs
and her forehead's beautiful wrinkles
so my kisses can retain their warmth
and freshness

She is now sitting in a comfortable easy chair
smiling and in a housedress

Nightfall has not come yet
and I plan to surprise her
with a new and tender gesture

I can kiss my mother
at any time
and any place

All I have to do is decide
to take the clearest photograph out of the
album.



SUMMARY JUDGMENT

The accusers are convinced
that they stole a night

Which is why they are guilty or accomplices
according to the penal code
that someone wrote with Chinese ink

They live at the mercy of a siege
and of the crudest sentences

On those shores defense tactics
speak and live crowded together

They are there in the dock of the accused
In the sight of any madman
who judges and denigrates
They say they took the night.

It is a long-reaching affirmation
And the index finger pointing at the heart
From its den
Has been exuding a strong smell of gunpowder

The trace is on the skin
The stigma
The mark that kindles the flames of rejection

Black are all the guilty.
Dark and dense the soul of hunters and
[prosecutors
who increase their joys
in the heat of perversities.

NOT BLACK OR WHITE

White is the sheet of paper on which I write a
[love poem

White is the cloud that givea you the gift of a
dream

White is the fan that helps me face
the muscles of a summer
wanting to imitate Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Black is the color of the Dell computer
that allows me to sneakily escape
[underdevelopment

Black is the ballpoint with which I take notes
for the next informative note

Black the shoes I wear on the afternoons
of some jovial and tranquil Sunday.

I say and repeat that this man is not white
and that the other is not black.

It is time to write the truth in gigantic letters
on a canvass
and take it all around the universe

Why get hung up on so mediocre a dichotomy,
when no one is white or black?

If its colors we are talking about
somehow we are all light brown.