

A WALK THROUGH YOUR BODY

Heroes Avenue: a walk through your body. Dermisensuality, high heel follicle, vacancy add, a taxi, a man, a mobile phone. A monument to needles, sharpen of the memories. Down there my shoe twinkles without my foot; flutter of my foot without its shoe, its weight over my knee. My voice under I don't know what. My eyes all over you, a white limousine, your arm, pink flowers aside. This is a walk through one city unknown: the Us. The trees are shadows of refuge; the Us extends its hand and touches the sunset in a corner. Under your skin traffic canals of blood, of animal roads. Under your hair a skull of a bitten corn cob, a whiteness of wrinkled paper, the sweat of spring, a full glass with ice. Under the memories, bossa nova; over the fear, a smile. Us beats very well, Us beats romantic as a police siren, beats like a horn, beats like a bus. It outlines zodiacs and despair. But Us is less afraid than I. Us walks more assertive than your legs, than the whore of black pants and red hair that kisses a man with a mobile phone and pink flowers on the sidewalk. It might be that Us does know until where, until when. To wait for a collective cab, never to go on board, in this city we carry inside, in this city that Us holds, that has been born like a sudden village in the midst of the mountains; a silent village your body, a fresh hamlet your respiration. Us, the lights of the cars, handy phones that blow out, the not knowing where. To go. Until this city ends, or finally starts.

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