

You Arrive at Night with Fabulous Smoke in Your Hair

You appear
Life is certain
The smell of the rain is certain
You are born with the rain
And with the rain you knock at my door
Oh tree
The city the seas you sailed,
The night opens to your steps
The heart comes back from a distant place leans out
Touches your forehead
And sees your sparkling magic
The mountain of gold of snow
Watches you it sees the fabulous smoke in your hair
And sees the beasts of the night in your eyes
And your body made of burning embers
You water portions of the night
Blocks of night fall from your hands
And silence grows roots when you arrive
And the upheaval and the waves
And houses that sway
Fluctuating lights and a harder shadow
Your words are river traffic
No sooner do you arrive than you are gone
And you want to set my lie afloat
But you merely prepare y death
And the death of waiting
And my dying knowing that you are far away
And silences and waiting for the time
When I feel alive because you come back
And your surround me with your shadow
And you make me luminous
And you plunge me into the phosphorescent sea where your existence unfolds
Where you and my dark frightful notion of you engage in dialogue
Star cast off the apocalypse
Between the bellowing of tigers and tears
Of pleasure the eternal moaning and the eternal
Search for solace in the rarefied air
I wish to imprison you in
In order to roll down the slopes of your body
And reach your sparkling feet
Reach your feet which are twin constellations
In the terrestrial night
Which follows you chained and mute
Your blood climbs like ivy

It holds your head like a flowering dark crystal
An aquarium which contains planets trailing comets
Power that keeps the world on its feet and the oceans in steady balance
And your brain made of luminous matter
And my endless adherence and my love being born incessantly
Wrapping itself around you
Traveled by your feet
As they leave inedible traces
Where we read the history of the world
And the future of the universe
And the luminous binding of my life
To your existence

—*Translated from the Spanish by Beatriz Zeller*

(1938-1939)

The Scandalous Life of César Moro

Scatter me in the rain in the smoke of torrents that pass
Beyond the night where we meet each time they draw aside clouds
That reveal themselves to the eyes of lovers when they leave
Their sturdy castles whose towers of blood and ice
Tinge the ice and rip through leaps of belated returns

My friend the king brings me to the side of his royal real grave
Where Wagner guards the door with the faithfulness
Of a dog gnawing at the bone of glory
While intermittent divinely mournful rains
Gnaw at the hairdo the flying streetcar of relapsed homicidal
Sea horses that travel the sublime terrace of apparitions
In solemn carnivorous and bituminous forests
Where strange wanderers get drunk with their eyes wide open
Under great catapults and elephantine heads of cattle
Suspended in Babylonian Trasteverian fashion
The river that crowns your earthly apparition overflows the mother
Precipitates furiously it is a lightning bolt over the vestiges of the day
A deceitful heaping of medals harquebus sponge
A winged bull with significant happiness bites the breast the dome
Of a temple emerges from the ignominious light of day from the
middle of rotten weightless branches the forest's hecatomb

Scatter me in the flight of migrating horses
In the alluvium of ash that crowns the longevous volcano of day
In the terrifying vision that follows man as the most wonderful
of noon hours draws near

When boiling dancers are about to be decapitated
And man grows pale at the feared suspicion of the definite
apparition which carries the oracle between its teeth and reads as
follows:

"A razor over the cauldron slashes a brush with bristles of ultra sensitive dimension. As daytime draws near the bristles grow until they touch the sunset. At dusk the bristles turn into a cottage of humble and rustic appearance. over the razor flies a falcon devouring an enigma in the shape of condensed steam; sometimes it is a basket filled with the eyes of animals and love letters written in one letter. At other times, an industrious do devours a cottage lit from within. The surrounding darkness can be interpreted as a absence of thought brought about by the invisible proximity of a subterranean pond inhabited by turtles of the first magnitude."

The wind starts to blow over the royal grave
Louis II of Bavaria wakes up surrounded by the rubble of the world
And comes to visit me while dragging a dying tiger
Through the surrounding forest
The trees fly and become seeds and the forest disappears
And covers itself in creeping mist
Myriads of insects now freed deafen the air
As the two prettiest tigers in the world pass by

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