

MANDORLA

NUEVA ESCRITURA DE LAS AMÉRICAS • NEW WRITING FROM THE AMERICAS

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SEVERO SARDUY

RECKONING

I'm no longer the same as yesterday: time passes
My poems have become transparent
In the late afternoon I often feel
a sudden desire to return home.

Burning passion, passion that turns one inward
Has gone away. Now it's the mind, indifferent,
nocturnal, that savors the bodies
The day rejects.

I don't miss love. It was always alien to me,
But rather desire, redeeming, inverting,
Modifying everything it touches.

Writings, passions and poison
All missing from my life and death
Also hands stroking me gently, and a mouth.

Translated by Suzanne Jill Levine