

# MANDORLA

NUEVA ESCRITURA DE LAS AMÉRICAS • NEW WRITING FROM THE AMERICAS

Excerpt from / Fragmento de *Mandorla*, Issue 14

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IDEA VILARIÑO

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DAMNED BE THE DAY

*Maudite soit la nuit*  
*Ch. B.*

Crushed the hours the undertow  
of the day overhead in stains  
lingering on in the air  
of the stars out this way  
dangling  
and you and I and you stepping  
on what is the day's  
in other words forgetting the memory  
in other words you and I and you  
we ourselves  
for once

finally  
after everything  
after all that left in the air  
wholly disembogued like stones  
in the water  
in the intact scope of a night  
that couldn't reach anyone  
like stones  
dragged knocking about in a bed  
mossy and well excavated by the centuries.

## LETTER I

As I go about the house  
saying dear  
with fervent voice  
desperate  
that poor word  
it would be unable to caress you  
to sacrifice something  
to give its life for you  
dear  
to convoke you  
to do something for this  
for this invalid love.  
And that's all  
dear and I see  
your eyes still fixed on mine  
as if made fast by love  
looking at each other  
as we loved each other  
looking at me your eyes  
your whole face  
you  
and it was life or death  
to be like this  
to look at each other.  
And I close the windows saying  
dear  
dear and I don't care  
that you're doing something else  
and that you don't remember anymore.  
And I'm caught up  
in your looking at that  
in that look of yours  
in our love looking at each other

and indignant I go about the house  
turning off the lights  
putting clothes away  
thinking of you  
looking at you  
without letting you fall  
wanting you  
loving you  
saying dear.

*Translated by Anna Deeny*