EMMA ARI BELTRÁN

Poems to read in the rain

To my mother

Ι

I hear the world falling collapsing into my hands

the wind lashes again door by door and the somber city carries lead and grief like rivers

How much will it still grow this watered night?

only a verse saves me from falling

Π

Nostalgia will come any of these evenings and we will close the door slowly to cry in the dark

nostalgia will come one of these days (breaking down the walls of this story) an evening of mist and wind

III

I am going to stay here unshakeable under this faithful sky that bursts

nothing comes with the dawn not even your laughter

I am going to stay here unshakeable until birds bloom from my breast

iv

Under slow and persistent rain I am rambling on the edges of my own abyss autumn is here and there is no sea that stops it

October is falling drop by drop water water water that grows like solitude flooding the Earth

V

Protect me from this sun it blinds me

give me your darkness your distant light take me to the sea to the sea to the sea

let its song flood me let all its water pour over me

VI

If I never go back who is going to live my life who is going to dream distances and play with the wind who is going to write poems who will put the house to sleep and provide drinking fountains for summer

VII

Tell the wind not to take you not to leave me alone not to force me to remove from the loose flooring the sharpened knife and stab myself tell the wind that I do not want to wander like a river and in the end lose myself in salt water

VIII

What am I going to say to the summer?

It will play with my hair it will grow in the fig trees it will be wind wind heavy rain without pause

What am I going to say to the summer?

It will ask for you

IX

I am becoming sadder every day the weight of the dead and the absence is heavier I sink into quietude

Why do I not have the soul of a bird?

I will come back another day sun particle sand more miserable perhaps but not sad

more devoted to you

I will come back I know even if you are no longer here even if I get lost

Emma Ari Beltrán is a Mexican poet. Exiled in Canada since May 2002, Beltrán is a member of PEN Canada's Writers in Exile Network. Her poetry has been published in various literary journals and anthologies and she has participated in various artist residency programs such as Artscape's Gibraltar Point and the Wired Writing Studio at The Banff Centre for the Arts



Brazil, 2009. Photo: Xochitl Rubio