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Una Dama se Congela sobre Ruedas (A Lady Freezing Upon Wheels)

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Una Dama se congela sobre Ruedas

Alfonso Ferreras

Muñequita de papel
dueña de una voz
por cuyo filo se hiere
la paz de los sentidos.
Te crecieron largas, largas unas alas
Ay! pero resultaron de mariposa.
Cuando de pronto te descubriste
frente a frente
a la mugre de tu propio espejo
mientras mordías el fuego de una prueba
tan sólo por un rato frisado,
se chamuscó tu vuelo.
Y tu tenue figura
que acaso creí una vez
sin doblez alguna
se desploma con estruendo en cenizas,
por fríamente a solas desandar
sobre aquel punto en que te encontrabas
eternamente en llamas,
el resultado de un vano
instante de vida
irreversiblemente ya en un hilo
sin expresión
ya con sabor a muerte.

A Lady Freezing Upon Wheels

Little paper doll,
your voice is a voice
through which the peace
of the senses is shattered.
Long, very long winds
grew on you, O, but
they were only
butterfly wings!
Suddenly, seeing yourself
face to face with the grime
of your own reflection
on the mirror, biting
the fire of a trial rubbed on
just for a moment,
your flight was singed.
Your nimble figure, which once,
I suppose, I thought incapable
of deceit collapsed
into ashes with a crash,
alone wandering through
the place where forever
you were in flames,
the outcome of a vain
instant of life, already
irreversible turned into
a thread without expression,
on her lips already
the taste of death.

Translated by Giovanni Di Pietro