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## La Vida de Blanca / A Life of White

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## La Vida de Blanca

el blanco de mis ojos en frente de mis ojos  
colchonetas polvorientas  
debajo de mi nariz  
nuevas paredes se recién pintadas  
luz de la luna  
refleja de la nieve  
me quitan las memorias  
un mundo, puro, frío, y desolado  
pisadas marcan la costra capa de la nieve  
con dolor levantando mis botas  
el cuero mata  
la nieve grita

el blanco de mis ojos enfrente de mis ojos  
techo yeso y abollado  
or guiñan sombras grises  
a mis parpados cerrados  
piel pálido, pelo sin color  
afuera solo es de luz brillante  
refleja de la escarchado  
el orbe, una torte  
probando de los continentes  
tranando los oceanos grandes  
olas rompiente blancas

acompañando por jabon blanco  
podemos ser jamás  
bastante para atrapar los cristales en la aire  
lenguas calientes, manos con mitones  
frío, blanca, torta de cumpleaños  
existe una senda a la alma  
sin trampas y mentiras  
ojos que estan sonriendo  
ojos que estan llorando  
el blanco de mis ojos en frente de mis ojos  
la verdad cristalina se estrella  
yo lamo la escarchado sobre la luna

## A Life of White

the white of my eyes in front of my eyes  
dusty mats under my nose  
freshly painted walls glisten  
light from the moon  
reflection of snow  
carries away my memories  
a world, pure, cold, and stark  
footsteps rupture the snow crust  
painfully lifting my boots  
their leather slaughters  
the snow screams

white of my eyes in front of my eyes  
bumpy stucco ceiling  
grayish shadows wink  
at my closed eyelids  
pale skin, colorless hair  
outside is only blinding light  
reflected off resilient icing  
the earth, a birthday cake  
daintily sampling countries  
gulping down thundering oceans  
waves with white breakers

accompanied by white soap  
can we ever be pure  
enough to catch crystals in mid air  
warm red tongues, mittened hands  
cold, white, birthday cake  
do clear pathways to the soul exist  
without tricks or lies  
smiling eyes, crying eyes  
white of my eyes in front of my eyes  
crystalline truth shatters in silence  
I lick the icing off the moon