

Spring 2003

The Exiles of dos exflios

Paula Gandara

University of Massachusetts Amherst

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Gandara, Paula (2003) "The Exiles of dos exflios," *mOthertongue*: Vol. 9 , Article 17.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot/vol9/iss1/17>

This Multilingual Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. It has been accepted for inclusion in mOthertongue by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. For more information, please contact scholarworks@library.umass.edu.

The Exiles of dos exílios

exile... banishment... not to Siberia, but to the Morrow.

Goodbye is always the closing of the window

the pulling down the nightie,

the tightening of the legs,

the drying up of the body.

Goodbye, especially now

when I could spend 20 hours pouring my soul onto

you,

is exile. But, the Atlantic is a river...

e eu sou piranha.

Amanhã, aqui me terás,

para te dizer adeus sem te exilar.

Desta ou doutra maneira...

estar com ela até poder,

até voltar a Canaã,

o nosso hotel...

cheirando a mofo,

como sempre cheiram os hotéis portugues,

roupa gelada

(até mesmo em Agosto, como sempre nos hotéis

portugas)

... mas aquecidas pelas gloriosas coxas do meu amor...

tão próximas da Terra da Promissão

... onde, feliz, (re)pousarei como se chegara a Sião.

Se existe o exílio? Às vezes, sim.

Mas se não existisse(s), a

que regressaria?

Exile is nothing but desire.

Does it follow that all desire is exile

and all exile is desire?

I have suffered! Look at me! I have survived....

Bullshit!

To be an emigrant is glorious!

It is the human condition: out of the
womb, exile; out of Africa, exile.

Out of bed, exile. Out of the privy,
exile. All is exile. Nothing is exile.

If we had not exiled ourselves,
we would still be in the caves.

But if we did not invent a via crucis,
what would we tell others?

Being exiled is the equivalent of having a huge
headache

(fake headache)

to tell our spouses so they feel a little sorry,
so they turn their backs and we don't have to suffer,
for the thousandth time,
the predictable feeling of their bodies!

Exile is a deliberately
missed fuck!

You too are an exile.

Ours, bambucha, is the real exile!

We are the real exiles –
from the country of each other.

I miss, I crave, I scream... for your
thighs, your buttocks...

I am an exile from heaven.

The true exile.

I need to sing about it. I need to tell
about it. I am no poet. No fiction writer.

I pour my exile out into you.
She reads it. Smiles. Believes. Or pretends to believe.
And wonders: why did I choose exile?

One day, if you should leave
your smelly and not always clean Ulisseia...
you will know what exile feels like...
and will know that,
above,
I am both telling the truth... and lying.