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Nuevacataluan / Puzzled

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Raquel Canales-López

Nuevacataluan

Mi vida entre tres ciudades
Mi lengua rota
entre tres verdades
que me dejan sin verdad.

Un dictador
Un imperio
Y un macharrán
Que me hacen volverme a inventar,

At the end so much love is overwhelming
So much love makes you
Hate.

Una vida,
tres ciudades
Un Picasso
Un Whitman
Y un Morel.

Me entierro
en el lugar del no ser
Para así sin ser
Ser todo a la vez...
Y me muero
Mientras con vitalidad abro esa clau
para al fin nunca ser
Dona de casa seva.

Nuevacataluan

**The original poem is written in Spanish, English and Catalanian. The presence of three languages is related to the theme. For pragmatic reasons, this is a literal translation to English.*

My life between three cities
My tongue split in three Truths
That leaves me without truth

A dictator
An empire
And a chau' pig
That makes me,
make me,
all over again.

At the end, so much love is overwhelming
So much love makes you
Want to Hate.

One life,
Three cities
One Picasso
One Whitman
And one Morel.

I entomb myself
In the place of not being
Therefore, I can be,
-with out being-
all at a time

with vitality, I open the key,
as I expire knowing,
I will never be
Lady of her own home.