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## Rastros de polonio / Polomiun Traces

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Darío S.G.

## RASTROS DE POLONIO

A A. Litvinenko

Según llego al aeropuerto, todo son apocalipsis.  
Las milicias yihadistas han volado el puente aéreo  
entonando el ¡Ay, Carmela! de las huelgas de mi infancia,  
todo porque frene el viento que a Guantánamo les lleva.  
Contubernio del neumático candente en los hangares...  
Digo adiós a Punta Cana. Siempre quedará París,  
que es amor de bajo coste. Si rompe a arder el avión,  
mis cenizas, no tocarlas: alimentaré, ubicuo,  
jaramago, artos y tojos, vuelto en polvo, en sombra, en nada:  
destruido masivamente, pero al fin globalizado,  
sueño pernoctar en Tokio; presto saldré a comprar almas  
de los suicidas del metro para mis reencarnaciones.  
Venme a buscar —ya te llamo— cuando vuelva. Sé elegante:  
tráeme la camisa roja. Rosas negras, once o trece.  
Armas blancas, por si acaso. Paparazzi, dos docenas.  
No te besaré en los labios, traigo rastros de polonio  
de un espía por quien fui globalmente calentado.  
Radiaré a los cuatro vientos este efecto invernadero.  
Mala leche mal parida de las vacas flacas, lóbregas,  
del mundo...

# POLONIUM TRACES

To A. Litvinenko

As I get to the airport, all goes apocalypse.  
Jihad's militias have blown up the air shuttle  
singing the “¡Ay, Carmela!” from my childhood strikes,  
all to stop the wind that takes them to Guantánamo.  
Burning tires' coterie in the hangars...  
Good-bye, Punta Cana. We will always have Paris,  
low-cost love. Shall the plane burst in flames,  
my ashes, you better not touch them; ubiquitous, I will feed  
tumbleweeds, bushes, gorses, I turned to dust, to shadow, to nothing;  
massively destructed, but finally globalized,  
I dream of wandering Tokyo at night; soon I will be buying  
subway kamikaze's souls for my reincarnations.  
Come to pick me up (I'll give you a call) when I'm back. Be elegant:  
wear the red shirt. Black roses, eleven or thirteen.  
Bring some blades, just in case. Paparazzi, two dozens.  
I won't kiss you on the lips, I have polonium traces  
from a spy by whom I was globally heated.  
I will broadcast to the four winds this greenhouse effect.  
Cursed, spoiled milk from the lean, languid cows  
of the world...