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Respirando (Breathing)

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Breathing

I feel the air from his lips;
    the rhythm of his lungs.
It touches me like the breath of
    the night;
    the nights I know well.
The darkness envelopes me and his sweet
    breath is the cord that
    keeps me in this place.
He turns and I do the same;
    we are back to back:
    like brother and sister.
Our feet touch and the night is solitary.
I only hear the air from my mouth;
    it smells like cigarettes:
    it is not sweet, but bitter.
There was a time when to sleep was
    welcome.
And then, in the fires of passion, when it was
    unnecessary.
Later, sleep becomes the shared space of
    loneliness...

Tanya J. Chor
Respirando

Siento aire de los labios;  
   el ritmo de los pulmones.  
Me toca como el aliento de  
   la noche;  
   las noches las conozco bien. 
La oscuridad me envuelve y su aliento  
   dulce es la cuerda que  
   me mantiene en este sitio.  
El se vuelve y yo hago lo mismo;  
   estamos espalda a espalda:  
   como hermano y hermana.  
Nuestros pies se tocan y la noche es solitaria.  
Solamente oigo el aire de la boca;  
   huele a cigarillos:  
   no es dulce, es amargo.  
Era un tiempo cuando el dormirse  
   era acogido.  
Y entonces, en los fuegos de pasión, cuando  
   no era necesario.  
Luego, el dormir convendrá un espacio compartido de  
   soledad...  

Tanya J. Chor