Respirando (Breathing)

Tanya J. Chor

University of Massachusetts Amherst

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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
Respírandome

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;
hoele 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