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Secretos Sin Sal / Secrets and No Salt

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SECRETOS SIN SAL

Epi Arias

I.

Queremos secretos:

rosas, relámpagos,
promesas, inquietudes,
todo lo cierto y nocturno,
todo lo funesto y monótono.

Queremos secretos.

Rara es la hora en que

tú me toques el codo

y me digas:

Entiéndeme, amigo, comprende

el aliento que se estaciona en mi nariz.

Y luego y salto

y grito

y bailo

con tu noche,

pero no logra eso

contestar tu pregunta

sin inflexión.

No es que somos extraños,

ni que mi lengua sea dedo intruso

en tu instrumento,

sino que fuimos un 'somos.'

hemos dejado se ser.

Y tu, enfadado con lo críptico

de mi certeza, recoges tus telescopios

y te hechas a volar.

II.

Existen colores que aun no hemos visto,

unas sin arañar,

ojos sin reflejo,

pelos sin hebra,

piernas, brazos,

e infinitudes de pechos

sin monedas para soñar.

Tú y yo, trágicamente unidos

en un caparazón de abecedario.

Somos los que fuimos

y los que aun han de ser,

y eso es todo.

Vuela tu verdad entre las bocas

de mis palabras, hocicos en el aire,

la trayectoria de dos ilusiones

terminando en el beso de la atención.

Yo soy tú 'es' y sigues siéndome.

Mi palabra gotea tu vista.

III.

Queremos secretos,

pero de esos misteriosos,

de esos que aúllan cuando inunda, la noche,

Tu barrio con el canto de alguna bestia sin nombre

(y tu, ahí, comiéndote los dedos),

de esos que solo conocen la matemática,

rectángulos sin sentido,

bailes sin ritmo en la amígdala,

mapas de un algún robot

inmensamente idiota.

IV.

Los secretos obvios no los queremos,
los que hablan de las palmas hacia arriba,
de la luna y su terrible temperamento,
de los zapatos,
que con grave melancolía,
cuelgan de los semáforos,
de la libertad casi sobrenatural
de haber olvidado la fecha,
el día de la semana,
el mes,
el año...

Los secretos con olor a agua no los queremos,
los secretos que hablan
de un mudo extravío hacia la botella,
no los queremos.

Los secretos que se tratan
de una puerta,
una flor,
una concha,
una taza de café
con su pelo blanco de humo
bailando como fuego con tu aliento...
no los queremos.

V.

Lo único que separa la risa del llanto
es un impulso maniático:
la ley del idiota, valiente
la aflicción del estúpido,
lo vulnerable del serio
que aun no se da cuenta
de la tierra entre la piedra y el río.
Queremos hambre, queremos paz,
queremos pena y un 'tal vez.'

Si somos ley en vez de gente
al compás palidecimos.

(La vida es contexto,
una mueca es la muerte.)

Queremos sal, queremos sol,
queremos canto si dormimos.

Queremos canto si dormimos.

SECRETS AND NO SALT

Epi Arias

I.

We want secrets:

roses, thunder,

promises, restlessness,

all that is certain and nocturnal,

all the grim and mundane.

We want secrets.

Rare is the hour in which

you tap me on the elbow and say:

Understand me, friend,

know the very breadth that nests in my nose.

And then I jump

and shout

and dance with your night.

But it does not succeed in answering your

question, your inflectionless question.

It's not that we are strangers,

nor that my tongue be an intrusive finger

upon your instrument,

but that we were a "we are,"

we have simply ceased to be.

And you, annoyed by the obscurity

of my certainty,

withdraw your telescopes

and fly away.

II.

There exist colors that we have yet
to see,

nails that haven't been scratched,

eyes that cast no reflection,

heads of hair without strands,

arms, legs,

and an infinity of chests

without shillings for the dream.

You and I, tragically united in a shell of
alphabets,

we are who we were

and who have yet to be,

and that is all.

Your truth soars

through the mouths of my words,

damp snouts in the air,

the trajectory of two illusions

ending in the kiss of attention.

I am your 'is' and you keep being me;

my word drips your sight.

III.

We want secrets,

but those mysterious ones;

those that howl

when the night floods your neighborhood

with the song of some nameless beast

(and there you are, biting your fingers off);

those that know nothing but mathematics,

senseless rectangles,

dances with no rhythm upon the amigdala,

and the symmetrical schematics

of some immensely idiotic robot.

IV.

The obvious secrets, we don't want;
the ones that speak...
of palms facing upwards,
of the moon and her terrible mood swings,
of the shoes that hang
with the gravest melancholy
from traffic lights,
of that almost supernatural freedom felt
when forgetting the date,
the day of the week,
the month,
the year.

Secrets that smell like water, we don't want;
secrets that speak of mute detours towards the bottle,
we don't want;
secrets about
a door,
a flower,
a seashell,
a cup of coffee
with its white hair of steam
dancing like fire with your breath,
we don't want.

V.

The only thing that separates tears from laughter
is a maniacal impulse to tempt a spasm:
the law of the daring,
the affliction of the imbecile,
the vulnerability of the stoic
that has not yet realized that there exists sand
between rocks and rivers.

We want hunger,
We want peace,
We want sorrows and maybes.

If we are law instead of wit
we pale in the metronome.

(Life is context,
and death, but a grimace.)

We want salt,
We want sunshine,
We want a song if we're asleep.

We want a song if we're asleep.