

## **Agua**

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### **Water**

1

It's begun to snow.  
Snowflakes,  
suddenly-wounding  
water.  
They land white-hot  
upon my fears.  
They do not slide away.  
They've stuck like thorns  
of a golden crown ...  
like roots.

2

So many feet have passed  
through here  
without trampling  
joy and contemplation  
all at once:

Uphill,  
I could see the remains  
of the narcissus.  
Everything was blue from then  
until the end.  
I held onto a desire:  
not progress, nor the frozen mountaintop,  
nor the warmth of the sky.  
Just the waves  
without bondage or freedom,  
just the waves.

3

Your people of fire  
saw me return,  
their beings in constant motion,  
their message.  
Everything felt dissolved  
in a dense layer,  
that yonder sea.

I saw it start to ebb.  
I extended my arm,  
my fingers straining, longing to get wet,  
like in an ancient baptismal font ...

4 / Open sea

The sea turned me into  
a sacred mother-of-pearl,  
a vessel full of something  
that goes away  
or simply evaporates  
at its own pace.  
Aquamarine flower,  
fragrant of salt  
and moist embraces  
between one life and the other,  
without shores.

5 / Out to sea

I saw you in the distance, from afar  
but you weren't aboard the boat,  
the horizon.  
You were walking, concealing  
some destination.  
Your expression  
was unmistakable to me.  
Your saffron cloak,  
a living urn.  
I thought you were calling me.  
I ran my fingers across your skin,  
longing to store it in  
my heart's memory.  
Amidst the fog  
your eyelids trembled  
at my touch,  
as did I.

The rose of the worlds spun  
until it withered. It became light,  
without a single tear among its folds.  
In its cool center,  
your terrifying eye  
filled with an uncontainable tenderness  
for the first time  
You had just died,  
dawn,  
in the night  
of my body.