

**Poet-Tree 2015 Project:**

**The Poetry of Sports & the Sport of Poetry**

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# Poet-Tree 2015 Project:

## *The Poetry of Sports & the Sport of Poetry*



*Edited by Maria L. Figueredo*

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## Table of Contents

Introduction.....	4
Prologue by Miguel Averó.....	9
<b>Contemporary Poets / Poetas contemporáneos</b>	
Ernesto Estrella Cózar (United States/Spain) .....	14
Leonardo Lesci (Uruguay).....	15
Néstor Rodríguez (Dominican Republic).....	17
Kela Francis (Trinidad and Tobago).....	18
Evgueni Bezzubikoff (Peru).....	20
Irene Marques (Portugal/Canada).....	21
David Hernández (El Salvador).....	23
Andrea Durlacher (Uruguay).....	24
Enrique Winter (Chile).....	27
Miguel Averó (Uruguay).....	29
Santiago Pereira (Uruguay).....	34
Dan Russek (Canada).....	35
Martín Cerisola (Uruguay).....	37
Andrés Bazzano (Uruguay).....	39
Roberto Cruz Arzabal (Mexico).....	40
José Cantero Verni (Argentina).....	42
Didier Castro (Colombia) .....	44
Gustavo Gómez Rial (Uruguay).....	45
Carmen Urioste de Azcorra (United States/Spain).....	47
Hoski (Uruguay).....	49
Lasana Lukata (Brazil).....	50
Ed Woods (Canada).....	52
Paola Gómez Restrepo (Colombia/Canada).....	53
María Figueredo (Uruguay/Canada).....	54
Edgar Yáñez Zapata (Venezuela/Canada).....	55
<b>Voices of Youth / Voces de la juventud</b>	
Karolina Bednarek (Canada).....	58
Susel Muñoz (Cuba/Canada).....	59
Sebastian V.L. (Canada).....	62
Yuri Albano (Brazil/Canada) (drawing as seen in image).....	51
<b>Voices of memory / Voces de memoria</b>	
Álvaro Figueredo (Uruguay).....	64
Amalia Barla de Figueredo (Uruguay) .....	66

## INTRODUCTION

### THE POET-TREE 2015 PROJECT

The creation of the York University TORONTO 2015 Pan / Parapan Am Poet-Tree installation, an IGNITE community partner of the Games, welcomed York University members and those of the greater community, including international authors across the Americas, to send in original poems or verses of their favourite poet from one of the 41 represented countries competing in the Toronto 2015 Pan / Parapan American Games. Each sent poem or name of poet was entered to win a monthly prize (from February to August 2015). Poems could be in any of the languages spoken in the 41 countries, to feature sports and poetry in dialogue during this largest multisport international gathering in Canada to date.

The “Poet-Tree” project’s iterations of creative and photo captures of real life installations at various locations, websites, or in physical sculptural and movement formats, sought to bring together poetry and voices from across the diverse regions of the Americas in a spatial depiction of these interactions on York University’s campus. This university posits itself as a leader in sustaining and strengthening partnerships across the Americas and served the Games as host venue on its Keele Campus for the Athletics and Tennis matches of the Pan American Games (July 10-26), as well as the opening ceremonies of the Parapan Am Games (August 7-15). ([panam2015.info.yorku.ca/](http://panam2015.info.yorku.ca/)).

#### Materialization

The materials for the project’s installation of poems are almost 100% all of recycled, re-purposed materials. The installation was rendered of paper, string, light adhesives, pinecones, tree branches found in and around Ontario, leaves, discarded wrapping materials, glue, ink, spray paint, feathers, and pencil.

The shape of the installation took both the “tree” (árbol) of poets and the waves of historical movements as its terms of metaphorical referencing. In doing so the new meanings generated were expanded and became metonymical of the relations themselves: “As Deleuze and Guattari explain, a rhizome

is ‘a map and not a tracing. Make a map, not a tracing. The orchid does not reproduce the tracing of the wasp; it forms a map with the wasp, in a rhizome. What distinguishes the map from the tracing is that it is entirely oriented toward an experimentation in contact with the real.’ Maps and hypertexts both, in other words, relate directly to performance, to interaction” (Landow, *Hyperext 3.0*, 2006: 60-61). The installation wove together these perspectives in form.



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/POETREE2015  
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## Poetry & Sports

The Poet-Tree 2015 Project, related to the 2015 Pan and Parapan Am Games as an IGNITE community partner, was a timely way to engage about Pan American cultural topics that are relevant to people from diverse backgrounds as we witness current global, national and local questions that shape the world in which we live and our future. The capacity to articulate the complexities of these issues, on a case-by-case basis (such as the immigrant and visitor experience to Canada) in terms of certain cultures in relation to Canada, of the international cultural exchanges from different perspectives, and by extension to the diasporic communities), provided multiple perspectives.

Taking as a starting point the intercultural representation of poems and poet's names written by Canadian youth and poets from the 41 Pan American countries to celebrate excellence in sport and a collective spirit of the culture of each place, the Poet-Tree 2015 Project calls attention to the ways that arts, culture and identity are celebrated through the values of "joy, results, accountability, collaboration and results" as key objectives of the Toronto 2015 Games. However, it also does not shy away from the complexities of the aspects deemed relevant by various voices expressed in the poems of the project. Overall we witness links across cultures, as they were received.

Although there is no one, unitary Pan American perspective, we find entry points, ports and vantage points to view the Americas from various vistas; a point of reference is necessary, to avoid falling into facile and compromising generalizations. What is the beginning of that route? What conditions the intersections and trajectories? How does entering via different vantage points predetermine, or not, the outcome of that view? As Paul Julian Smith has written: "Productive and subjugated: such will be the role of critics who persist in reproducing the images of a dominant order. But if we refuse the reproductive role, then we must return to a body which is particular, but not individual; arbitrary, but not random; material, but not fixed. As the most uncompromising emblem of difference, the body shows us that we need not read the same" (Smith, *The Body Hispanic* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2001).

The poems in this anthology have moved from their origin toward new spaces that are now also entirely theirs collectively; they came together through a convergence of motivations flagged in Toronto, in 2015. Above all, this project was born as an experiment. The impetus was a natural impulse to collect branches on my walks, to save something from the pieces left, and subsequently became an exercise in collaboration. To find a way to expand a connection to a larger sense of self, as that posited by our possible "plural" selves, as Butler and Athanasiou offer as a way to address our social concerns (2014). If competitiveness can be a search to achieve excellence, can it also recognize common ground with others? Some of the aspects and questions explored throughout the journey that has been Poet-Tree 2015 are traced here in this anthology and ephemerally yet loyally via its online components, as well as on the Poet-Tree 2015 art installation itself located at York University in Canada until August 15, 2015. Since the inception of the Pan/Parapan Am Poet-Tree Project in February 2015, poems received totaled between 39 and

12 per month, for an overall total of approximately 125 poems—whether as original poems or images composed for the project, or pre-existing works sent in to the installation, or as the name with or without cited verses of a “favourite” poet from one of the 41 represented nations. The project lives via these poems and images, inspired in the concept of the installation at York University’s Keele campus.

## Biosymbols

Trees as symbols appear in many forms: knowledge bases, lineages, ethics, codes, linkages, tokens of merriment, ecosystem breakages, built multiplicities, sustenance and shelter, identities vis-à-vis places, *autochthonous* belonging and bridging. The imagery of the autochthonous in roots; of mobility and extension via branches—moving upwards and downwards as seed in the air—travel beyond itself while remembering its localities as these are shared and repositioned, where they fluidly bloom elsewhere, or are thwarted and dispersed. The predominance of the branches, linked and yet divergent, host the verses as in leaves and seed. From a hemispheric perspective, the tree denotes diversity and connection across multivalent north-south juxtapositions; there are ruptures with underlying foundations in contact. Some diverge, others cross spatial plates, regionalisms. These jumps, interruptions, convergences, webs and overviews flow from the labyrinths of Pan's Americanisms. If Pan is the youthful profile of its Olympian-relations<sup>1</sup>, all of the Pans move in dialogue with the natural world, its locations and embodiments are plural and, at the same time, necessarily focused in each one of us. It is as the American author Paul Auster wrote in 1947: “My skin had become a palimpsest of fleeting sensations, and each layer bore the imprint of who I was.”

In this installation we see the interplay of difference and affinity. Intuitive recognition, a call from the creative impulse, a sight line of continuities and discontinuities. By merging these in the metaphor of the tree, contrasting that of the wave, “[f]-orms are the abstract of social relationships; so, formal analysis is in its own modest way an analysis of power. [...] The tree describes the passage from unity to diversity: one tree, with many branches: from Indo-European, to dozens of languages. The wave is the opposite: it observes uniformity engulfing an initial diversity: Hollywood films conquering one market after another (or English swallowing language after language). Trees need geographical *discontinuity* (in order to branch off from each / other, languages must first be separated in space, just like animal species); waves dislike barriers, and thrive on geographical *continuity* (from the viewpoint of a wave, the ideal world is a pond. Trees and branches are what nation-states cling to; waves are what markets do. And so on. Cultural history is made of trees and waves - the wave of agricultural advance supporting the tree of Indo-European languages, which is then swept by new waves of linguistic and cultural contact...And as world culture oscillates between the two mechanisms, its products are inevitably composite ones. Compromises, as in Jameson’s law, can be imagined in this way. That’s why the law works: because it intuitively captures the intersection of the two mechanisms” (Franco Moretti, “Conjectures on World Literature (2000) and More Conjectures (2003)” in *World Literature in Theory*, Ed. David Damrosch. 2014 Wiley. 165-66). The project’s conception embraced the notion of

the multifaceted, with “*All of the Pans*” in the Americas: the shepherd, musician, companion, all in the company of landforms<sup>2</sup>. The representations encompass the singular and the plural in fraternal connection; the integrity of each view, and the tensions with each time and place; the intersection of these is evident in the poems collected here.

One of the most active poets involved in the project, Uruguayan Miguel Averó, was a case in point. Well known outside his native country in translation, he is slowly becoming more so within Uruguay due to the high calibre of his poetry and narrative work, and of his leadership on a project called “Orientación Poesía” he leads with two fellow poets, Hoski and Santiago Pereira. Averó was one of the first poets to respond to the Poet-Tree 2015 project’s invitation, and took not only to the aspect of contributing poetry—first sending an inedited poem on the topic of writing and the creative process—but later also in writing texts specifically for the project on the topic of sports. He is also a soccer player in Uruguay. In bridging sports, the act of writing, a keen awareness of his times, philosophy and ethics, and his mentorship of York University students during his participation in Poet-Tree 2015, Averó is emblematic of the best objectives envisioned by the project and by the Pan / Parapan Am Games.

### Themes: Poetry and Sports in Dialogue

This aspect was the most challenging for most poets contacted, and for students and community members who inquired about participating. Does the poem have to be about sports?—most would ask. My decision to not limit the topic of the poems rested upon several factors: first, as I had seen in the objectives of the Toronto 2015 Games, its mission was to “celebrate sports and culture” (Toronto2015.com); second, its Ignite criteria particularly specified the goal of getting communities involved in the Games, termed “the Peoples’ Games”, by encouraging each to express what they felt most relevant about their culture; third, in previous iterations of cultural festivals associated with large, international multisport events such as the Olympics, these festivities rarely held as the sole focus the theme of sports, but rather were run as parallel events, such as the Poetry Parnassus in London during the 2012 Olympic Games; the representative poems featured there did not pertain to the topic of sports at all.

Nevertheless, I did somehow intend to tie in the dialogue about the sports events more directly, given this unique opportunity. Inspirational in this regard, as a pioneer and key reference in Canada in this field, is author and university professor Priscila Uppal author of *Winter Sport: Poems* and *Summer Sport: Poems* (Mansfield Press, 2010 and 2013 respectively). Dr. Uppal was born in Ottawa, Ontario in 1974 to a Brazilian mother and a father of South Asian origin. A professor of Humanities and Co-ordinator of the Creative Writing Program at York University, she also served as poet-in-residence for *Canadian Athletes Now* during the Vancouver 2010 Winter Olympics and in 2011 became the first Rogers Cup Tennis Tournament poet-in-residence. In her poem “One Hundred and Ten Metre Hurdles” published in *Summer Sport: Poems* and cited in our special event on July 11, 2015, Uppal has written: “So much like life, the lane before you sectioned off at intervals. [...] The bruised and the battered cheer you, even as

you fall.” The progression of movement to self-awareness appears in many poems of this collection, as do connections to identification of birth place with natural symbols; self-recognition and belonging combine with a search for meaning in life’s cycles. Questions of “hyphenated” identities arise in writers who meet across the Americas. Beyond these, the poets represented responded energetically and gave their best work to the call.

What at first was an individual impulse to collect branches on my walks, later ushered in a desire for dialogue. From singularity, we move through our body to conduct our interactions with others. How can we achieve excellence in dialogue? We say what we mean when we are in integrity, and in this way open a dialogue. The best poetry seeks to say something deeper than can be said commonly. It opens new spaces of meaning. Washington Benavides said once that poetry is desire. Cristina Peri Rossi believes poetry to be a branch of ethics. Michel de Montaigne (1533-92) wrote soon after the “American encounter,” that cooperation requires a dialogical approach. Richard Sennet writes today about how “the twentieth century perverted cooperation in the name of solidarity. The regimes which spoke in the name of unity were not only tyrannies; the very desire for solidarity invites command and manipulation from the top. [...] Today the crossed effects of desires for reassuring solidarities amid economic insecurity is to render social life brutally simple: us-against them coupled with you-are-on-your-own. But I’d insist that we dwell in the condition of ‘not yet’. Modernity’s brutal simplifiers may repress and distort our capacity to live together, but do not, cannot erase this capacity. As social animals we are capable of cooperating more deeply than the existing social order envisions” (2012, 279-80). How can we sense a dialogical point in time and space from which to appraise the Pan/Parapan American realities as they stand, from where we find ourselves?

The poets in this collection explore these questions and offer us their considerations of our contemporary “not yet.” Through metaphors of sport, through a focus on this time in Toronto, Canada, and through the sport of poetry in which we play for excellence in the meeting of mind, body and spirit, they have gathered in dialogical openness.

This is only a beginning, a collecting of initial strands. The poets in this collection responded to a call, a preliminary meeting, one in which we now must deepen with further reading. This tracing of a map for only the first rhizomes. Each an entry point to a new expansion of our selves. Reading on, we move into and far beyond this book and its sites.

*María del Luján Figueredo Fraguas  
February-August 2015,  
Toronto, Canada*



## Prólogo

Álvaro de Campos, uno de los emblemáticos heterónimos de Fernando Pessoa, escribió alguna vez que el único prefacio necesario a una obra es el cerebro del lector. También Borges -que no se cansó de prologar textos- dijo que un libro debe bastarse, y que el prólogo era “una convención editorial”.

En lo que respecta a mi experiencia como lector, debo admitir que siempre sentí provechosos los prólogos de las antologías. Prologar una antología es, en alguna medida, dar un ordenamiento, iluminar brevemente los caminos que se presentan, vislumbrar al menos el objetivo de esa selección, de ese recorte.

Si escribir es solucionar problemas, la tarea en la que me embarco -escribir este prólogo- conlleva no pocas dificultades con las que lidiar, pero también conlleva el regocijo, el placer inenarrable de enfrentarse a tantas voces distintas, una estruendosa variable de poéticas.

Es que aquí confluyen, en tres capítulos -“Poetas de las contemporaneidad”, “Las voces de la juventud”, y “Voces de memoria”- los poemas de una treintena de autores de catorce nacionalidades diferentes.

Siguiendo la premisa motivacional que titula la obra “The poetry of sports and the sport of poetry”, podemos empezar por distinguir -al menos- dos líneas bien definidas: una que tiene que ver con el ejercicio poético y otra que marcha ligada a lo poético del ejercicio, del deporte. No es mi intención ahondar en busca de marcas estéticas, ni grandes señales de ruptura; sería poco serio teniendo en cuenta que lo aquí veremos es una pequeña muestra de cada poeta, un pelo en la cabellera de su obra, por otra parte, no sería relevante para la antología en cuestión.

Hacer poesía del deporte es una tarea de enorme complejidad, son como dos polos que se repelen. Los poetas aquí antologados han demostrado una gran capacidad para superar esta cuestión; es así como Didier Castro nos habla de mirar un partido de fútbol por televisión, pero en realidad, lo que vemos, es el aplastamiento de un hombre consumido por el tedio, por la resignación sostenida del aburrimiento y la alegría superficial de un victoria que se olvidará mañana. O el subi-baja de emociones que nos presenta Cantero Verni en un partido de revanchas imposibles, que se terminan dando. Andrés Bazzano nos acerca la luna en la figura de un nadador eterno y solitario. Y Álvaro Figueredo golpea con la raqueta de tennis a varios de sus “yo”. He aquí las conexiones, el ingenio de los poetas para abordar la tarea creativa, a veces rozando la temática deportiva o utilizándola como excusa para tocar otros asuntos.

En cuanto al ejercicio poético, creo que hay una infinidad de variantes. La presencia de la naturaleza es uno de los elementos comunes del colectivo. De la armonía del texto de Martín Cerisola se desprende uno de los versos más disfrutables del conjunto: “como un amanecer en la escritura de alguien”, verso que me conduce a otro, esta vez de Leonardo Lesci, donde se expresa que “los atardeceres cuelgan en mí”. El dominicano Néstor Rodríguez continúa en esta línea: “el arce que se deshoja/ frente a mí en esta ciudad/ es el testador de mil historias”.

Por otro lado también se apela al recuerdo, a la memoria y a la pérdida. María Figueredo nos habla del pasado

como un agujero que se traga la luz “si no recuperamos algo”; Andrea Durlacher realiza una especie de anti-elogio de la experiencia dislocando magistralmente el enfoque tradicional; y el salvadoreño David Hernández resume en un verso la magnitud del exilio: “la distancia me hizo ciudadano de la nostalgia”.

El cuerpo. “Oda a la gordura”, trabaja la idea del deporte pero por oposición y con un tono paródico que lo distingue del resto de los poemas antologados. “HD” de Santiago Pereira es una maravillosa antítesis que concentra en una llamativa brevedad la exaltación de la imagen con la reflexión profunda. Irene Marques toca el tema de la identidad, de las transformaciones y las máscaras, ese fundirse y/o confundirse con el mundo.

Hay un detalle para nada menor en la obra, y tiene que ver con la incorporación de cuatro poetas jóvenes. Dos estudiantes de la Universidad de York, Canadá, Karolina Bednarek y Susel Muñoz; uno de liceo, Sebastian V.L; y otro de primaria, Yuri Albano. En sus textos la naturaleza juega un rol trascendental, también la idea de los cambios y las transformaciones que son consecuencia del pasaje del tiempo. Las emociones, lo identitario y la necesidad de acceder al conocimiento de uno mismo son otras de las vertientes trabajadas.

Como han podido apreciar en este breve e incompleto repaso, hay mucho donde detenerse, mucho por donde explorar. Esta gruesa antología que tienen ante ustedes les dará la oportunidad de remarcar lo dicho, o de refutarme. Tengo la plena convicción de que estamos ante un conjunto de textos que valen la pena. Espero que ustedes, lectores, al cerrar el libro, puedan encontrarse con eso que menciona Hoski en su poema “No basta” y que es como una especie de legado de los héroes:

“una genialidad  
una palabra justa”.

*Miguel Avero – julio de 2015*



*Image is of a painting by Victor Hugo Avero, father of the poet.*

## Prologue

Álvaro de Campos, one of the emblematic heteronyms of Fernando Pessoa, wrote once that the only preface required for literary works is the mind of the reader. Also Borges -who did not tire of writing prologues for texts- said that a book must be enough on its own, and that the prologue was “a literary convention”.

In what respects my experience as a reader, I should admit that I always felt opportunistic the prologues in anthologies. To provide a prologue for an anthology is, in some measure, giving an order, illuminating briefly the paths which present themselves, discern at least the objective of that selection, of that edit.

If writing is solving problems, the task on which I embark –to write this prologue- involves not a few difficulties with which to contend, but also entails the inexpressible delight of facing so many different voices, a thunderous variable of poetics.

It is here that they converge, in three chapters –“Contemporary Poets”, “Voices of Youth” and “Voices of Memory” – the poems of thirty-something authors from fourteen different nationalities.

Following the motivational premise that titles the work “The Poetry of Sports and the Sport of Poetry”, we can begin to distinguish -at least – two well-defined paths: one which has to do with the poetic exercise and the other which marches in stride with the poetic in the exercise of sport. It is not my intention to go deeply into a search for aesthetic impressions, nor great signs of rupture; it would be less than serious taking into account that what we shall see here is only a small sample from each poet, one strand from the full head of hair of their work; what’s more, it would not be relevant for the anthology in question.

To make poetry of sport is a task of enormous complexity, they are like two poles that repel each other. The poets here anthologized have demonstrated a great capacity to surpass this matter; that’s how Didier Castro speaks to us about watching a soccer game on television, yet in reality, what we see, is the crushing of a man consumed by tedium, by the sustained resignation of boredom and the superficial joy of a victory that he will forget tomorrow. Or the rise and fall of emotions that Cantero Verni present to us in a game of impossible rematches, that in the end occur. Andrés Bazzano brings us closer to the moon in the figure of an eternal and solitary swimmer. And Álvaro Figueredo knocks with the tennis racket in a play of his various selves. These are the connections, the ingenuity of the poet to tackle the creative task, at times nearing the sporting thematic or utilizing it as an excuse to touch upon topics.

With regard to the poetic exercise, I believe there are a vast number of versions. The presence of nature is one of the common elements in the collective. From the harmony of Martín Cerisola’s text comes one of the most enjoyable verses of the ensemble: “like day breaking in someone’s verse”, a line that leads me to another, this time by Leonardo Lesci, where it is expressed that “the dusks hang inside of me”. The Dominican Néstor Rodríguez continues along this line: “the maple that sheds its leaves / in front of me in this city/ is the testator of a thousand

(hi)stories”.

On the other hand there is an appeal to remembering, to memory and to loss. María Figueredo speaks to us of the past as a hole which swallows light “if we don’t recover something”; Andrea Durlacher achieves a type of anti-praise to experience masterfully dislocating the traditional focus; and the Salvadorean David Hernández summarizes in one verse the magnitude of exile: “distance has made me a citizen of nostalgia”.

The body. “Ode to Plumpness”, Works with the idea of sport but in opposition and with a parodic tone that distinguishes it from the rest of the anthologized poems. “HD” by Santiago Pereira is a marvelous antithesis that concentrates on the striking brevity of the exaltation of the image with profound consideration. Irene Marques touches upon the theme of identity, of transformations and masks, of that fusing and/or confusing oneself with the world.

There is a detail that is not least in the work, and it has to do with the incorporation of four young poets. Two students of York University, Canadá Karolina Bednarek y Susel Muñoz; one high school student, Sebastian V.L; and one of the elementary level, Yuri Albano. Nature plays a transcendental role in their texts, as does the idea of change and the transformations that are consequence of the passage of time. Emotions, questions of identity and the necessity of accessing knowledge about oneself are other aspects crafted.

As you have been able to appreciate in this brief and incomplete review, there is much upon which to dwell, much that can be explored. This thick anthology that you have before you will give you the opportunity to highlight what’s been said or to refute me. I have utmost certainty that we stand before a group of deserving texts I hope that you, readers, upon closing this book, can find what Hoski mentions in his poem “Not enough” and that is a kind of legacy of heroes:

“a stroke of genius  
a just word”.

*Miguel Avero – julio de 2015*

*This translation, and all others in the book, are by Maria Figueredo (Uruguay/Canada), unless otherwise noted.*



*Contemporary Poets*

*Poetas contemporáneos*

## **Ernesto Estrella Cózar (USA/Spain)**

### **Inicio de hombre**

Sólo tierra también en el origen. Extensa, detenida y dotada de cierta profundidad. En derrumbamiento continuo temeroso del perro que arriba merodea. Camina, palpa, golpea, entierra su hueso en nuestro cuerpo de barro indefinido. Abre los surcos. Inserta lo ajeno. Se aleja.

Los años turban y el hueso hibernado inquieta todo lo de su entorno y salta. La huella de un mordisco busca su amo. Inicia el camino llevándose consigo ese cuerpo hundido que ahora tiembla de raptó, de vida, de vida nuestra inclinada.

Otros años van acallando el rumor de ese barro siervo articulado. Hasta que el cansancio vence, que un día llega.

Pulido en nuestra herida despeñada, el hueso se sitúa de nuevo ante la espera.

*from Boca de Prosas, 2014.*

Only earth also at the beginning. Extensive, withheld and equipped with some depth. In continuous collapse fearful of the dog that prowls above. It walks, senses, buries its bone in our body of indefinite clay. It clears the furrows. It inserts the foreign. It moves away.

The years disturb and the hibernated bone disturbs everything of its surroundings and jumps. The trace of a bite seeks its master. It initiates its journey taking with it that sunken body trembles with rapture, with life, with our inclined life.

Other years quiet the murmur of that servile articulated clay. Until the fatigue overcomes, the day arrives.

Polished in our thrown off wound, the bone situates itself again before the wait.

*Ernesto Estrella Cózar is an educator, poet, and musician born in Granada who has lived in New York between 2000 and 2012. He completed his Ph.D. at Columbia University, and between 2007 and 2011 he was assistant professor of Contemporary Poetry at Yale University's Spanish and Portuguese department. Since the spring of 2012 he has turned to Berlin as a second base for his artistic and academic work. Ernesto has authored several books and articles on poetry theory and criticism, and his Spanish translation of Thoreau's Journals was published in 2014. As a poet, his latest book Boca de prosas (Prosemouths), appeared also in 2014, and is now being translated into English and German. As a musician, he concentrates on the voice's potential to explore the poetic process through sound. In this vein, he has created a wide array of performances that have been presented at international festivals in Argentina, Uruguay, Austria, Germany, Spain, Croatia, Russia, Finland, Latvia and the U.S. Since his arrival to Berlin, he has been teaching seminars on "Ethics, Politics, and Performativity of the Poem and the Arts" at Potsdam University. His work with poetry and sound has brought him to become a founding member of the international quartet Berlin Sound Poets Quoi Tête. Moreover, in 2014 he launched The Voice Observatory, along with sound and conceptual artists Mario Asef and Brandon LaBelle. Funded by Berlin's Senate, this laboratory of investigation offers regular seminars, workshops and performances related to the voice in its acoustic, communicative, performative, and socio-political dimensions. Most recently, his work in cultural management and civic education has led to the creation of the Nomadic School of the Senses. Co-founded with chef and anthropologist Pepe Dayaw, this artistic and academic platform is devoted to transforming culture as it is lived every day.*

**Leonardo Lesci (Uruguay)**

**(1)**

**pliegues**

Sobre el entramado mar  
el rastro busco  
de silencio  
y todo  
todo el color de la flor  
girasol de cielo  
-no alcanza-  
busco  
y  
silencio.

**fold**

Over the interwoven sea  
I seek the trail  
of silence  
and all  
all the colour of the flower  
sunflower of the sky  
-unreaching-  
I seek  
and  
silence.

**(2)**

Sobre el apagado sol  
los rayos busco  
de noche  
de barro  
carnal todo el calor de  
la flor  
semilla de cielo  
-me alcanza-  
la flor  
y  
muero.

Under the languid sun  
the rays I seek  
of night  
of mud  
that's carnal all the heat of  
flowers  
seed of the sky  
-it reaches me-  
the flower  
and  
I die.

(3)

Sobre mí  
sobre todo aquello  
sobre el agua y la flor  
de fuego fiel  
-felices  
los de pétalos de sol  
los del agua verde  
los del silencio-  
pero  
sobre todo aquello...  
sobre la piel de la tarde  
los atardeceres cuelgan en mi  
Y  
sobre el papel  
apenada la piel, los trazos del  
silencio.

Over me  
over all of that  
over the water and the flower  
of faithful fire  
-fortunate-  
those of sun petals  
those of verdant water  
those of silence-  
yet  
above all of that...  
over the skin of the afternoon  
the sunsets hang in me  
and  
on the paper  
saddened skin, the sketches of  
silence.

*Leonardo Lesci (1981), from Colonia, Uruguay, is a full-time professor of Literature in Secondary School Education (CES). In the Consejo de Formación en Educación (CFE) he teaches courses in literary theory and Uruguayan literature. Recently, while on a research leave during a sabbatical year, he dedicated himself to the study of the autobiographical genre in the writing of Mario Levrero. The result of such work is a literary essay, unedited, which has received a special mention in the annual awards of the MEC titled "El papel más paciente que los hombres" [The Paper More Patient than Men]. Poetry and texts in prose appear in different electronic publications such as anthologies of young writers. His first book edited by civilesiletrados is called Genealogía del ocio (2010) [Genealogy of Leisure]. River Plate (2012), and is his second book edited by La mental.*



## **Néstor Rodríguez (Dominican Republic)**

### **Higüeral**

La vieja tienda sigue en pie  
ante el polvo de la plaza.  
Máquinas y gente han consagrado  
ese espacio con la gravedad  
de un íntimo ritual  
que a falta de otro molde  
llamaré la vida.

No entendíamos la lengua  
en que el viejo Guelo  
discutía con el cliente.  
Desde nuestra pequeña humanidad  
el abuelo era un dios justiciero  
al que todos amaban y temían.  
Junto a él, sujetando nuestras manos  
sin decir palabra, estaba la abuela.  
Bastaba una mirada,  
un simple gesto en su rostro,  
para volver las aguas  
a su curso apacible.

Los abuelos se han ido  
y el sitio de su descanso  
ha de estar descuidado.  
El arce que se deshoja  
frente a mí en esta ciudad  
es el testador de mil historias,  
pero no me conoce.  
Yo sigo siendo el niño  
que sujeta la mano de la abuela  
y mira el polvo de la plaza.

### **Higüeral**

The old store still stands  
before the dust of the plaza.  
Machines and people have consecrated  
this space with the seriousness  
of an intimate ritual  
one which lacking another model  
I shall call life.

We did not understand the language  
in which old man Guelo  
argued with the client.  
From our small humanity  
Our grandfather was a righteous god  
that everyone loved and feared.  
Beside him, holding on to our hands  
without speaking a word, was our grandmother.  
One look was enough,  
A simple gesture on his face,  
to return the waters  
to their peaceful course.

Our grandparents have gone  
and the place of their rest  
is likely neglected.  
The maple that sheds its leaves  
in front of me in this city  
is the testator of a thousand stories,  
but it doesn't know me.  
I am still the boy  
who holds his mother's hand  
and looks at the dust of the plaza

*Néstor E. Rodríguez was born in La Romana, Dominican Republic, and grew up in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He studied Comparative Literature at the Universidad de Puerto Rico and received a PhD from Emory University in Latin American Literature. Prof. Rodríguez is the author of Escrituras de desencuentro en la República Dominicana (México: Siglo XXI, 2005) and Crítica para tiempos de poco fervor (Santo Domingo: Banco Central de la República Dominicana, 2009). His essays and articles have appeared in academic journals such as Bulletin of Hispanic Studies, Revista Hispánica Moderna, Revista Canadiense de Estudios Hispánicos and Revista Iberoamericana, as well as in the literary supplements of La Jornada (México), El Nuevo Día (Puerto Rico) and Hoy (Dominican Republic).*

***Kela Francis (Trinidad and Tobago)***

**At the One on One with LKJ**

To the woman in the front row holding her tears in cupped hands

Perhaps  
the problem is  
Mammon usurps green for green  
So

stalwarts become  
turncoats  
to eat-a-food business  
men  
because they had  
Jaldu in the aloo?

So

Survival of the fittest  
Richest  
Global corps heart beat  
of local governments  
Not just us  
The US have  
kotched-up congress?

To the Woman in the Back Raising Spectres of Liberal Whiteness

That aging thread grows thin  
under the heels of policies  
meant to keep  
black backs bent  
in the service  
of fading  
Empire

## ***Kela Francis***

### **Like my favourite tree**

You find your patch of earth  
Dig into it  
From root to tip  
Draw from it  
Draw from sun,  
Draw from rain  
Until  
Stretching out  
You burst like  
Midday sun or sunset blush  
For all the world  
to marvel at

And even  
as you begin to fade  
Each burst  
dropping  
one by one  
to your feet  
If you bend  
your head  
You would see  
How beautiful  
the world is  
because of you

*Kela Nnarka Francis is a native of Trinidad and Tobago. Born in 1979, she has always been fascinated by Caribbean folklore and folk life, and is currently compiling short stories loosely based on her and her mother's childhood. Her short story "Bam Bai Ah Go See Am" was short listed for the John La Rose Memorial Short Story prize in 2008. Kela has always been interested in storytelling and the fluidity of language. In addition to her creative projects, she has also published articles in various academic journals.*

## ***Evgueni Bezzubikoff (Perú)***

### **GACELA DORADA DEL SOL**

Unos ojos y en esos ojos  
el azul de los océanos.

Mi patria tiene edificios  
pálidos como mi mano.

Pero yo encuentro en ti  
los colores del trópico  
bajo el sol descansando.

Unos ojos y en esos ojos  
el azul de los océanos.

¿Tu tañir cruzará el frío  
para besar mi mano?

Antes de amargar el suelo  
los caminos de Laponia  
ríos quietos, pinos blancos.

Unos ojos y en esos ojos  
los océanos.

from his book *LAPONIA* (2015)

### **SUN KISSED GHAZAL**

Such eyes and in those eyes  
the blue of the ocean.

My nation has edifices  
pale as my hand.

Yet I find in you  
the colours of the tropics  
beneath the resting sun.

Such eyes and in those eyes  
the blue of the ocean.

Will your strum cross the cold  
to kiss my hand?

Before ruining the soil  
the routes of Laponia  
quiet rivers, white pines.

Such eyes and in those eyes  
the ocean.

*Evgueni Bezzubikoff Díaz* (Huancayo, Perú, 1978) studied at the *Colegio Salesiano* and graduated from the *Instituto Pedagógico Nacional Monterrico (IPNM)* in Education. Winner of the *Primer Premio de Poesía Libertad Bajo Palabra*, 2000, Lima, Perú, he has written books of poetry titled *Cartas de Nueva York* (2007) [Letter from New York] and *Crónica del Adiós* (2010) [Chronicle of Goodbye] both published by *Hipocampo Editores* (Lima, Perú). Some of his texts have been translated into English and are published in the *Brooklyn Rail*.

***Irene Marques (Portugal/Canada)***

**Seeing the sea**

I am a child of the sea. I don't know how it started but this world of waves, fish and transparency has always been in me. Part of me. I am a Princess of the port where all ends and all begins. Sometimes I wake up and I am not sure if the sea is in me or if I am the sea. I am vast, grand, infinite—like I am all there is, here and beyond. When I tell this dream, this way of being, this world, to people they say I am not seeing well. But I say, "I am seeing well—better than I have ever have. My body all eyes, my eyes all being."

*Irene Marques is a bilingual writer writing in English and Portuguese and an academic with a PhD in Comparative Literature. She currently teaches in the African Studies Program at the University of Toronto and the Department of Languages, Literatures and Linguistics at York University and occasionally also at Ryerson University in the Department of English. She is the author of three poetry collections in English—Wearing Glasses of Water, The Perfect Unravelling of the Spirit and The Circular Incantation: An Exercise in Loss and Findings—as well as the Portuguese language short story collection Habitando na Metáfora do Tempo: Crónicas Desejadas. Her most recent works include the novels My House is a Mansion and Uma Casa no Mundo and the collection of short stories titled Procurando Maravilhas. The latter two are due for release later this year or early next year. Her academic publications include the manuscripts Transnational Discourses on Class, Gender and Cultural Identity and Critical Approaches: The Works of Chin Ce, Volume 1 (Editor) and numerous articles in international scholarly journals. Irene Marques*

### **Cave serena**

No fundo de mim existe uma cave serena.  
Cheia de volumosos rastos de gente que conheci ou de quem ouvi falar.

Em dias de distração ponho-me em directo diálogo com essas muitas pessoas, e depois de prolongada conversa, fico com vasta consciência.

Não sei se sou uma única pessoa, arrastada pela alma de muitas, ou se muitas almas dançando numa só nau—uma coisa que quase quer naufragar mas não o faz pois que sabe a cauta importância que têm as ténues vidas que aí bailam, enamoradas pela dança da onda marina que procura algo onde possa assentar.

Assentar e sonhar ao mesmo tempo—as duas coisas que todo o ser humano ambiciona atingir. Apesar das máscaras com que se esconde.

### **Serene cave**

There exists at the bottom of myself a serene cave  
Full of voluminous footsteps of people I have met or heard about

On days of distraction I engage in direct dialogue with those many people, and after prolonged conversation I am left with large consciousness.

I am not sure if I am a single person, dragged by the soul of many, or if many souls dancing in a single ship—a thing that almost wants to sink but does not because it knows the solemn importance of the tenuous lives that there waltz, in love with the sea wave dance that searches for something where to find base.

Find base and dream at the same time—the two things all humans aim to attain.  
Despite the masks under which they hide.

*Translation by the author, Irene Marques.*

**David Hernández (El Salvador)**

**EXILIO**

Caen las hojas muertas de otro otoño  
y en casa florecen los limoneros:  
siglos ha que no percibo los vientos de octubre  
y las lluvias de mayo de mi tierra de lagos  
volcanes y ciudades como flores de izote  
a la vera de la mar del sur.  
Todo es un recuerdo nublado por la nieve,  
la primavera,  
el sol débil del extranjero.  
La distancia me hizo ciudadano de la nostalgia  
viajero de la aldea global,  
nómada intercontinental,  
cada meta es un jubiloso inicio.  
Aunque  
la soledad de las hojas muertas del otoño extranjero  
traen de golpe el recuerdo de la casa ancestral:  
¿En el viejo huerto de mamá  
estará de nuevo el limonero retoñando?

**EXILE**

The dead leaves of another autumn fall  
and at home the lemon trees bloom  
it's been centuries since I've not sensed the winds of October  
and the rains of May of my land of lakes  
volcanoes and cities like Yucca flowers  
alongside the southern sea.  
Everything is a memory clouded by the snow,  
the Spring,  
the weak foreign sun.  
The distance that made me a citizen of nostalgia  
traveler of the global village,  
intercontinental nomad,  
each goal is a jubilant beginning.  
Although  
the solitude of the dead leaves of the foreign autumn  
bring suddenly the memory of my ancestral home:  
In my mother's old orchard  
I wonder if the lemontree sprouts anew?

*David Hernández is a poet, novelist and journalist.*

## **Andrea Durlacher (Uruguay)**

### **Yo me totalizo**

De lo que se diga de la experiencia,  
yo siempre objetaré algo.  
Entreguen la experiencia a una manada de animales congelados.  
Y si se inspiran con la experiencia de sus antepasados templados,  
yo también.

Tengo miedo de que la experiencia me brote, de que se me note.  
Tengo miedo de envejecer  
y que no llegue.  
Tengo miedo de envejecer  
y que se vuelva inútil.  
Tengo miedo de no envejecer,  
y que no importe.

Si me muero de algo grave  
será Dios que me estará hablando  
y encontraré paz en sus orejas libres.  
Y pensaré que si la muerte es este momento que lo sea] (¿y tomaré experiencias?).

Si me muero de algo que no es grave  
a quién le diré que mi vida tuvo un sentido.  
Iré al congelador a terminar con todos los pollos congelados del mundo.

Salones vacíos.  
Correos sin respuesta.  
Deseos de amor con otros nombres:

la experiencia no sirve para nada más que para mal alertar el camino.  
O es que yo no estoy en el tiempo,  
en el tiempo, que prueba como nadie que las cosas cambian.

Pero un optimismo (el único dispuesto a saciar la sed de importancia)  
dice que no, que el tiempo no cambia nada,  
que siempre estará la misma carencia que se llena a sí misma,  
que se lame a sí misma.



Y yo cómo no saco nada en limpio.  
En la hostilidad de mis brazos vacíos o exigentes.  
No es que no sepa qué hacer.  
No hay lo que hacer.  
Es tarde para reiniciar un partido de cualquier cosa lenta  
que parezca cerebral pero no sea.

Y pumba.  
Otra vez yo misma debajo de mis pies,  
debajo de mis uñas,  
siento que una rata camina por el techo.  
Pero miro el techo y no es una rata.

*Andrea Durlacher was born in Montevideo, Uruguay in 1984. Her books include the poetry collection Ni un segundo para arrepentirme. Her work has appeared in translation in Palabras Errantes and four of her poems appear in América invertida: A Bilingual Anthology of Uruguayan Poets. She recently published her first novel, Esto es una pipa [This is a Pipe](Random House, 2015).*

### **I totalize myself**

Whatever is said about experience,  
I will always object to something.  
Submit experience to a herd of frozen animals.  
And if they are inspired by experience of their temperate forefathers,  
I am also.

I fear that experience will spring from me, will be noticed.  
I fear growing old  
and not arriving.  
I fear growing old  
and it becoming useless.  
I fear not growing old,  
and it not mattering.

If I die from something serious  
it will be God speaking to me

and I'll find peace in his free ears.  
And I will think that if its' death at that moment let it be so (and will I take on experiences?).

If I die from something which is not serious  
whom will I tell that my life had meaning.  
I'll go to the freezer when finishing with all  
the frozen chickens in the world.

Empty salons.  
Mail without replies.  
Desires of love with other names:  
experience serves nothing more than as a bad warning on the path.  
Or is it that I am not in time,  
in the times, that prove like no one that thinks change.

Yet an optimism (the only one capable of quenching the thirst of importance)  
says no, that time changes nothing,  
that there will always be the same lack which fills itself,  
which licks itself.

And how I do not take anything clear away.  
In the hostility of my empty or exigent arms.  
It's not that I do not know what to do.  
There is nothing to do.  
It's late to try to restart a game of anything slow  
that seems cerebral but isn't.

And boom.  
Once again I myself beneath my feet,  
beneath my nails,  
I feel like a rat walking on the ceiling.  
But I look at the ceiling and it's not a rat.

## **Enrique Winter (Chile)**

### ARQUITECTURA

Esto

la caja de zapatos donde vivo  
la caja de zapatos donde vive mi padre.  
Dos zapatos izquierdos.

—Cuando chica quería ser artista, veterinaria o astronauta.  
—Yo arquitecto (me mira y no me cree).  
Mi papá me llevó a la construcción algunos sábados. A mí me encantaba. Una vez le pregunté en qué consistía su trabajo. Me dijo que el arquitecto (primera vez que oía esa palabra y me sonó importante de inmediato, como archiduque) imaginaba el edificio y que la pega de él consistía en que simplemente no se cayera. Un trabajo que sólo imaginaba lugares me pareció extraordinario. No así la opaca labor del padre. Los lugares imaginados se le comunicaban con dibujos. Y a eso dediqué mi infancia, a dibujarle rascacielos y chozas.

La pega de mi papá consiste en que no se caigan.

## **Enrique Winter**

### ARCHITECTURE

This

the shoebox where I live  
the shoebox where my father lives.  
Two left shoes.

‘When I was a little girl I wanted to be an artist, a vet or an astronaut.’  
‘I wanted to be an architect’ (she looks at me disbelieving).  
My dad sometimes took me to the construction site on Saturdays. I loved it. One day I asked him what his job was. He told me that an architect (the first time I’d heard this word - it immediately sounded important, like ‘archduke’) imagined a building and his job was to make sure it didn’t fall down. To earn a living imagining places seemed to me extraordinary. Not like my father’s dull job. The imaginary places took shape through drawings. And that is what I dedicated my childhood to, to drawing him skyscrapers and huts.

My father’s job is to make sure they don’t fall down.

*Translation by the author, Enrique Winter.*

*Enrique Winter’s books of poetry include Atar las naves (Temple 2003; Manual 2009), Rascacielos (Ripio 2006; Literal 2008; Funesiana 2011, as Skyscrapers, Nueva York 2013), Guía de despacho (Cuarto Propio 2010; Gigante 2014; Atarraya 2015 and Pez Espiral 2015), Primer movimiento (Sudaquia 2013), Código civil (Ruido Blanco 2014), Sign Tongue (Goodmorning Menagerie 2015), Oben das Meer unten der Himmel (Luxbooks 2015). His first novel appeared this year: Bolsas de basura (Alquimia 2015). In 2012 he released a record titled Agua en polvo. He has translated the poetry of Charles Bernstein [Blanco inmóvil (Fondo de Animal 2013 and Kriller71 2014), Abuso de sustancias (Alquimia 2014), Grandes éxitos (Mantis 2014)] and of Philip Larkin [Decepciones (UV 2013)].*

## **Miguel Avero (Uruguay)**

### **Mis mañas**

La libreta sigue durmiendo al costado de la cama,  
he tomado nota de los flashes oníricos que,  
por cierto,  
se han multiplicado desde tu partida.

No permitas que el sueño regrese al sueño  
me dije una mañana orillando  
en laguna alguna.

Si el sueño regresa nada habremos aprendido.  
Es de madrugada y sus pasos me despiertan;  
fue como recibir en mis manos una espada.

En mí amanece el qué hacer con ella  
como un confuso  
malabarismo entre la niebla.

### **My ruses**

The notebook still sleeps beside the bed,  
I've taken note of the oneiric flashes that,  
surely,  
have multiplied since your departure.

Don't let the dream return to the dream  
I told myself one morning shoring up  
along some lagoon.

If the dream returns nothing will we have learned.  
It's the dead of night and its steps wake me;  
it was like receiving a sword in my hands.

In me dawns the task with her  
like confused  
juggling in the fog.

*Miguel Avero is the author of a poetry collection Arca de aserrín (Ediciones en Blanco, 2011) and of the novella Micaela Moon (Travessia, 2014). Five of his poems are included in América invertida: an anthology of younger Uruguayan poets which is forthcoming from the University of New Mexico Press (2016), edited by University of Wisconsin professor Jesse Lee Kercheva. He is among the young generation of poets to have a growing audience outside of his country of birth, especially in online and new anthologies in translation in North America and Europe. His forthcoming books of poetry include La pieza [The Room] and the Que nadie pregunte por ti [May No One Ask about You]. He is one of three directors of the collaborative educational project "Orientación poesía" [Orientation Poetry] which he leads in high schools throughout Uruguay with Santiago Pereira and Hoski (Martín Uruguay Martínez).*

## **Miguel Avero**

### **El gol a Bartimeo**

Hacíamos dibujos con el balón, sólo Dios podía vernos desde su platea celeste.  
Habíamos rezado con nuestras túnicas, habíamos izado la bandera, cantado el himno; el escenario de fondo eran dos arcos oxidados.

*Del polvo venimos -dije a mi madre con las rodillas bien mugrientas- hice flor de gol, ganamos!*

En ese corner cometí mis primeros pecados: el prójimo indefenso con guantes de golero, el esférico surcando el cielo, la tierra escondida en mi mano, (*Al polvo vamos*) ojos llorosos de Bartimeo, manos sobre el rostro y el cuero viboreando.

Nadie se acordó del gol; el padre me esperaba en el confesionario, todos los santos enojados.

Cuando entré en la Capilla, un Jesús de cara triste me miraba, me acosaba.  
Hice flor de gol pero me echaron. Desde aquel partido han pasado más de veinte años.

Veinte temporadas. Cuatro quinquenios. Tanta tierra en ojos de Bartimeos.

Y yo sigo esperando una remontada.

### The goal on Bartholomew

We drew circles with the ball, only God could see us from his celestial stage.

We had prayed in our school uniforms, had hoisted the flag, singing the anthem, the background scenario two rusty arches.

*All came from the dust—I told my mother with my knees so filthy—I scored an amazing goal, we won!*

In that corner I committed by first sins: the other defenseless in his goalkeepers' gloves, the sphere plowing through the sky, the dirt hidden in my hand, (*All return to the dust*) Bartholomew's watery eyes, hands over face and the ball snaking along.

No one remembered the goal; the priest awaited me in the confessional, all the saints angry.

When I entered the Chapel, a sad-faced Jesus watched me, relentlessly pursued me.

I scored an amazing goal but they kicked me out. Since that game more than twenty years must have passed.

Twenty seasons. Five quinquennia. So much dirt in the eyes of Bartholomews.

And I continue to await recovery.

## **Miguel Avero**

### **Asistencia**

Se juega con la mente.

El balón duerme debajo de los tapones,  
el mundo se detiene,  
un tero suspende su sombra  
sobre la medialuna,  
dos estáticos zagueros,  
una diagonal en proceso,  
un puntero en diagonal,  
un nueve,  
un nueve esperando como poste  
para pivotear  
ese balón que no se mueve.

El ojo del plateista no se mueve  
el ojo de las graderías  
el ojo cuerval.

Se juega con la mente:  
el silencio de la expectación  
posado sobre el estadio  
la abierta boca del relator  
quietud  
y  
paz

### **Assist**

It's played with the mind.

The ball sleeps under the cleats,  
the world stops,  
a Southern lapwing suspends its shadow  
over the half moon,  
two still defenders,  
a diagonal in process,  
a leading team in diagonal,  
a forward,  
a forward waiting like a post  
to pivot  
that ball that doesn't move.

The eye of the player doesn't move  
eye on the stands  
eye of a crow.

It's played with the mind:  
the silence of expectation  
poised over the stadium  
the gaping mouth of the reporter  
stillness  
and  
peace



Se juega con la mente;  
sobreviene  
una conexión neuronal.  
Un pase correcto es una idea  
Un pase correcto largo, único, genialidad.  
Instante, decisión, tejidos, conexiones:  
play que pone en marcha el mundo,  
play que nadie presiona ni percibe.

Balón que pasa de una pierna a otra,  
golpe seco,  
unísono despertar:

el tero corre su sombra,  
zagueros de ceguera,  
nueve engañador  
50 mil ojos tras una diagonal

cuerpo que recibe la pelota,  
cuerpo símbolo de elasticidad

guantes de gato desesperado,  
gateo,  
(se juega con la mente)  
animal vencido,

estampidas,  
griteríos,  
terremotos:

gol aterrizando sobre la ciudad.

It's played in the mind;  
unexpectedly  
a neural connection.  
A completed pass is an idea  
A completed pass, long, unique, strokes of genius.  
Instant, decision, net, connections:  
play that puts a world in motion.  
play that no one pressures or perceives.

Ball that passes from one leg to another,  
dull blow,  
awakening in unison:

the Southern lapwing chases its shadow,  
defenders in pursuit,  
deceptive forward  
50 thousand eyes follow a diagonal

body that receives the ball,  
body symbol of elasticity

cat gloves that desperately  
lunge,  
(it's played with the mind)  
defeated animal,

stampedes,  
shouts,  
earthquakes:

goal landing over the city.

## **Santiago Pereira (Uruguay)**

**HD**

*Me descifro entre escaparates  
proyecto el dharma insoslayable  
de una imagen codiciada de mí mismo*

*creo un yo ideal  
o un yo inalcanzable  
una subjetiva disyunción  
o un espejismo en el desierto de lo real*

*Soy LA IMAGEN  
dicto resolución con cada escaparate  
soy una escala evolutiva del hombre  
o una sucesión de celdas más estrechas*

*y al final de la cuadro  
tan solo seré la tensión entre el enigma que fui  
y la posibilidad de pensar dicho enigma*

**HD**

*I decipher myself among display windows  
I project the unavoidable dharma  
of a coveted image of myself*

*I create an ideal self  
an unattainable self  
a subjective disjunction  
or a mirage in the desert of the real*

*I am THE IMAGE  
I decree resolution with each showcase  
I am an evolutive stopover of man  
or a succession of cells ever more narrow*

*and at the end of the block  
I'll merely be the tension between the enigma I was  
and the possibility of thinking that enigma*

*Santiago Pereira* was born in 1983 in Montevideo/Uruguay, city in which he currently resides. He has a degree in Communications from FIC (Facultad de Información y Comunicación). He writes mainly in the lyrical genre in which he has received important awards. 2009- Mention in the "Pablo Neruda" poetry context organized by the Municipal government of San José (Uruguay) and the Pablo Neruda Foundation (Chile). 2010- 1st prize of the "Pablo Neruda" poetry contest. He participated in the workshops of the foundation and in the "V Encuentro de poesía Latinoamericana" in the Colchagua Valley (Chile). 2011- 1st prize of the "Casa de los Escritores" poetry contest. He independently published his first book of poetry titled *Ciclotimia chill-out*. 2012- An edition of award recipient texts (the poetry collection *Training Secular*) in the "Casa de los Escritores" poetry contest. Since that year until now, together with José Luis Gadea (Hoski) and Miguel Avero: he co-founded and been active participant of the project *Orientación Poesía*: cycle of readings of young poets in high schools across Uruguay. 2014- Honourable Mention in the Annual Prizes in Literatura of the MEC in the category of "Poesía Inédita" with the work *Adiós a los árboles de Coal Creek*. He participated in the VIII Congreso de la Asociación de Profesores de Literatura del Uruguay (APLU), and offered a performance with audiovisual materials in the Auditorium Vaz Ferreira. 2015- He published *Transgénico* with Yaugurú Press: this discographic material with live recordings of poems set to music constitutes an art collage. The work includes readings of poems in urban settings, downloaded sounds, fragments of dialogues and soundtracks of television series, video games and movies, and even music composed by Uruguayan artists who collaborate with his works.

**Dan Russek (Canada)**

**Oda a la Gordura**

Parodia del planeta,  
Falstaff de fantasía,  
pronunciado profeta:  
tuyo es el reino  
de la cena lezamiana.

Más allá de la sobremesa,  
avanzas en el extremo de la cámara lenta  
mientras retiembla en sus centros la tierra  
con tus pisadas de paquidermo  
(no elefante marino  
sino el mar mismo en su marea).

Atlas alegre,  
no cargues el peso de la pesadumbre.  
No envidies al vegetariano  
Ni te nuble la visión  
de las púberes canéforas,  
modosas modelando en calzoncillos  
sus cuerpecitos de mariposa:  
que tu paso seguro sea de gigante,  
y tu orgullo, metafísico.

Mira, en tu marcha, el espejo:  
eres el vivo retrato  
de Buda, de Botero y de Freud (el nieto):  
tan elocuente es tu bulto  
que rubicundo cruzas como un Rubens  
el Rubicón del lienzo

**Ode to Plumpness**

Parody of the planet,  
fancy Falstaff,  
pronounced prophet:  
yours is the kingdom  
of the Lezamian feast.

Beyond the dinner talk,  
you advance in the extremity of the slow motion  
while the earth shakes at its center  
with your pachyderm footsteps  
(not elephant seal  
but the sea itself in its tide).

Lively Atlas,  
carry not the burden of sorrow.  
Envy not the vegetarian  
Nor let it cloud your vision  
the pubescent canephorae,  
modestly modeling in underpants  
their small butterfly-like bodies:  
may your step be as sure as a giant's,  
and your pride, metaphysical.

See, in your walk, the mirror:  
you are the spitting image  
of Buddha, of Botero and of Freud (the grandson):  
so eloquent is your volume  
that ruddily you cross like a Rubens  
the Rubicon of the canvas

y te ciernes como un águila augusta  
sobre el Mercado del Arte  
y su bóveda bancaria,  
mirífica de cúmulos marmóreos  
como una burbuja inflacionaria.

(Palabras, palabras).

Mayúscula, mayestática,  
la escena al fin deriva  
en mero sentimentalismo  
cuando por ti  
el Cosmos  
casi llora al ver  
cuánto peso puede soportar un tobillo.  
Tú te bamboleas entero  
Y dejas salir un suspiro  
donde todo el anhelo de la Humanidad  
se anuda en la vista  
del postre postrero.

and you hover like an august eagle  
over the Art Market  
and its banking vault,  
marvelous in marmoreal accumulation  
like an inflationary bubble.

(Words, words).

Tremendous, majestic,  
the scene finally drifts  
into mere sentimentalism  
when for you  
the Cosmos  
almost cries on seeing  
how much weight your ankle can withstand.  
You sway in full  
And you let out a sigh  
where all the longing of Humanity  
is tied up in the sight  
of the last dessert.

*Dan Russek is Associate Professor in the Department of Hispanic and Italian Studies at the University of Victoria, Canada. A native of Mexico, he earned a PhD in Comparative Literature from the University of Chicago. His research fields include XXth C. Latin American literature and its interactions with the visual arts and media. His book Textual Exposures: Photography in Twentieth Century Spanish American Narrative Fiction was published by the University of Calgary Press in 2015. He has also written literary essays and poetry in Spanish. His book of poetry Tornasol was published in Mexico in 1993.*

## ***Martín Cerisola (Uruguay)***

Llega sin marco posible. Su energía excesiva desarma cualquier configuración. No hay cómo apaciguar su venir, su desborde, su tormenta de llegar.

Como si todo acabara en esa caída desmesurada de música en el mundo.

Como un amanecer en la escritura de alguien.

La vida está despierta.

La vida se abre.

Cada vez.

Invita.

Pero sólo unos pocos responden.

Y en silencio, sin que nadie lo advierta, el amor sucede.

Se cumple.

No hay nada más vivo que la vida secreta.

-

Es allí, desde el fuego.

Desde la incandescente herida de la luz donde arden los nacientes, y lo puro es mezcla, y las llamas son nunca las mismas, y son el viento en ellas y son también lo que devoran, lo que reducen a ceniza.

Como lo rojo del alba, el fuego consume los huesos de lo que va a nacer de otra manera.

*Martín Cerisola* was born in Porto Alegre/ Brazil in 1979. He lived in Uruguay, Chile, Argentina, Spain, Italy and Albania. In 2001 he settled in Uruguay. He has a degree in Literature, and works as a poet, educator, essayist and performer. He has published two books: *Perseguir [To Follow]* (Editorial Estuario, Montevideo, 2012) and *Orfismo y errancia. La escritura y los elementos en la poesía de Hugo Mujica [Orphism and Errancy: The Writing and Elements in the Poetry of Hugo Mujica]* (Editorial Académica Española, Madrid, 2012).

It arrives without a possible frame. Its excessive energy disarms any configuration. There is no way to assuage its coming, its overflow, its storm of arrival.

As if all would end in that excessive cascade of music in the world.

Like day breaking in someone's writing.

Life is awake.

Life opens.

Each time.

It invites.

But only a few respond.

And the silence, without anyone warning, love occurs.

Is fulfilled.

There is nothing more alive than a secret life.

-

It's there, from the fire.

From the incandescent wound of the light where the nascent burn, and the pure is a mixture, and the flames are never the same, and they are the wind in them and also what they devour, what they reduce to ash.

Like the red of dawn, fire consumes the bones of what will be born another way.

**Andrés Bazzano (Uruguay)**

**La eterna trayectoria del nadador solitario**

Nadar,  
nadar,  
como si hubiese  
adelante y atrás.  
Nadar,  
nadar,  
como si hubiese  
mar.

Nadar,  
nadar,  
esta es la eterna  
trayectoria  
del nadador satelital  
solitario.

-suelta el oxígeno y deja a la gravedad  
caer, sobre sí, todo el tiempo-

Nadar,  
nadar,  
como si hubiese  
donde llegar,  
Nadar,  
tejiendo mares.

-Suelta el oxígeno y deja a la gravedad  
volver a unir el universo-.

**The eternal trajectory of the solitary swimmer**

To swim,  
to swim,  
as if there were  
a front and behind.  
To swim,  
to swim,  
as if there were  
oceans.

To swim,  
to swim,  
this is the eternal  
trajectory  
of the swimmer satellite-like  
solitary.

-releasing oxygen and leaving gravity  
falling, over self, all the time-

To swim,  
to swim,  
as if there were  
somewhere to go,  
To swim,  
knitting oceans.

-Releasing oxygen and leaving gravity  
returning as one to the universe-.

*Andrés Bazzano (Montevideo, 1986) studies Literature at the Instituto de Profesores Artigas (IPA). In 2008 he released his first play Me Extraña Araña [It's Strange Spider] and since 2012 he creates comedic monologues under the names Chanchos Tienen Patas Cortas. He is administrator of the blog, Latortugabocaarriba.blogspot.com and is preparing his first poetry book Todas las cosas que me dijo dios por walkie talkie (2015).*

**Roberto Cruz Arzabal (Mexico)**

FUTBOLÍSTICA

*el piso de cemento gris rata  
se antojaba tan cálido y suave*  
José Luis Rivas

porque fuimos un brochazo de sudor en el paisaje de la tarde  
porque salimos a ser campeones de los márgenes: pedazos del dios televisivo  
porque el balón fue el altar de los inoperantes, de los gesticuladores, de la plaga  
porque la salvación era correr tras el balón, atajar el aire, era el caucho, los guantes con saliva  
porque fuimos el algoritmo, el juego, el campeonato  
porque fuimos una mancha que corría entre las líneas del recreo  
porque fuimos clientes  
porque nunca hubo venganza  
porque éramos un hacha en la sombra de la abulia  
porque fuimos la revolución inconclusa de las ganas: la perseverancia protectora: calor y sudor en las axilas  
porque nuestra era la solidaridad de los inútiles  
porque el hambre no llegaba sino compartida y envuelta en servilletas  
porque fuimos la audacia y la insolencia  
porque la pantalla era el refugio de los parias  
porque fuimos el llanto en los penales, la boca seca, la sangre en la saliva  
porque todo lo podíamos: excepto defender la portería  
porque el amor era también una extensión de las visiones: televisión de paga y mario bros  
porque 90 minutos nunca fueron suficientes  
porque el día pasó como un tiro en la cornisa  
porque las manos del portero no alcanzaron a detener sino el tiempo entre los  
comerciales

*Roberto Cruz Arzabal* is a doctoral student in Literature at the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México. His research work, "Poéticas de la materialidad: atlas de estrategias materiales en la escritura reciente en México," studies the material turn in recent Mexican poetics from three perspectives: work on literary materiality on three levels: the work as a device of subjectivation, the interface poem-book as an aesthetic element and the text-image as a significant aesthetic surface. He is currently a professor at Colegio de Letras Hispánicas, FFyL-UNAM.



## **Roberto Cruz Arzabal**

FUTBOLÍSTICA

*The rat-gray coloured cement floor  
so craved in its warmth and smoothness*  
José Luis Rivas

because we were a brushstroke of sweat in the landscape of the afternoon  
because we went out to be champions of the margins: pieces of a television god  
because the ball was the altar of the ineffective, of the gesticulators, of the plague  
because salvation was to run after the ball, to stop the air, it was the rubber, the gloves with saliva  
because were the algorithm, the game, the championship  
because we were a stain that ran between the lines of recess  
because we were clients  
because there never was revenge  
because we were an axe in the shadow of apathy  
because we were the incomplete revolution of our wishes, protective perseverance: heat and sweat in armpits  
because ours was the solidarity of the useless  
because hunger did not arrive unless it was shared and wrapped up in napkins  
because we were audacity and insolence  
because the screen was the refuge of the outcasts  
because were the crying of the penalties, our mouth dry, blood on our saliva  
because we could do everything: except defend the goal  
because love was also an extension of our visions: paid television and mario bros  
because 90 minutes were never enough  
because the day passed like a shot in the sky  
because the hands of the goalkeeper were not enough to stop the time between the  
    commercials

## ***José Cantero Verni (Argentina)***

### ***“Dos penales”***

Yo te vi llorar casi en silencio  
en aquella final de los recuerdos,  
no es muy fácil errarse dos penales  
con la gente gritando tu degüello.

Justo vos Arsenio que tenías,  
creo que un guante en ese pie derecho  
que no habías mostrado hasta ese día  
una falla en todos tus aciertos.

Vos hermano que estabas diplomado  
que en eso del penal eras maestro,  
los viniste a tirar a la tribuna  
que reloca pedía por tu entierro.

Vos Arsenio quedaste casi helado  
los reproches golpeaban en tu pecho,  
deambulabas perdido por la cancha  
pensando que aquello no era cierto.

Parecías un pequeño barrilete  
sacudido por la fuerza de los vientos,  
la pelota te pasaba y vos hermano  
no podías pararla por los nervios.

La hinchada que otrora te aclamara  
te lanzaba relámpagos y truenos,  
el pobre alambrado sujetaba  
a esas fieras pidiendo por tu cuello  
en las aulas.

El estadio hervía en una caldera  
aquella final era un infierno,  
dos penales habían encendido  
maldiciones saliendo del aliento.

### ***“Two Penalties”***

I saw you cry almost silently  
in that final game of memory,  
it's not easy to miss two penalty kicks  
with people shouting for your head.

You, Arsenio, who used to have,  
I think, a glove on that right foot  
which you didn't show till that day  
a failure in all your kicks.

You, brother, who were trained  
in the art of penalty, a master,  
you came to throw to the gallery  
which, crazed, was asking for your burial.

You, Arsenio, remained almost frozen  
the reproaches hitting your chest  
you wandered lost over the field  
thinking that it couldn't be true.

You looked like a small keg  
shaken by the force of winds,  
the ball passed by you and you, brother,  
couldn't stop it because of nerves.

The fans that once acclaimed you  
now unleashed thunder and lightning,  
the poor wire fence subjected  
to these beasts calling for your throat  
in the stands.

The stadium boiled in a cauldron  
that end a living hell,  
two penalties had ignited  
curses coming out of breath.

La hora se acercaba lentamente  
casi cinco le quedaban al encuentro,  
le alcanzaba el empate a la visita  
para hacerse de aquel título los dueños.

Y nosotros que habíamos tenido  
por dos veces la suerte al lado nuestro,  
se había ido volando en dos penales  
que colgamos allá en el firmamento.

La ilusión sangraba por la herida  
se extinguía al compás del minuterero,  
era igual el empate a la derrota  
que de luto vestía tantos sueños.

La pelota cayó en el mediocampo  
y quedó boyando a medio metro,  
de tu alma Arsenio que parada  
buscaba una respuesta sin remedio.

Y con bronca, con furia desatada,  
le pegaste a esa pelota con un fierro,  
que cruzó todo el campo y fue a clavarse  
en el ángulo arriba del arquero.

Fue alegría, fue rabia y fue emoción,  
un golazo a todo ese desprecio,  
una mezcla de sueño y de revancha  
que tenías hermano allá en el pecho.

Ese gol, fue el gol del campeonato,  
y fue tuyo Arsenio el sentimiento,  
aún habiendo errado dos penales  
nos llenaste la tarde de festejos.

The hour was slowly drawing near  
almost five were left till the encounter,  
the impending tie close at hand  
to become the champions of that win.

And we who had possessed  
twice such luck at our side,  
had seen it gone flying in two penalty kicks  
that we hung there in the firmament.

The illusion bled from the wound  
it extinguished at the pace of the timer,  
since to tie would be as if defeated  
this draped with grief so many dreams.

Then the ball fell in midfield  
and was left floating half a metre,  
from your soul, Arsenio, which stood still,  
it sought an answer without a solution.

And with anger, with unleashed fury,  
you hit that ball with what seemed an iron bar,  
so that it crossed the entire field and nailed  
into the angle over the goalie.

It was joy, anger and excitement,  
a goal for all that disappointment,  
a mix of dream and of revenge  
that you, brother, had in your chest.

That goal, was the goal of the championship,  
and the feeling, Arsenio, was yours,  
although you missed the two penalties  
you filled our afternoon with celebration.

*José Cantero Verni is an Argentinian writer from Salto who has published thirteen titles of stories about soccer in narrative poetry as part of a reading project for development in classrooms.*

## **Didier Castro (Colombia)**

### **Sentado frente a la tv**

Nunca fui bueno para los deportes  
Jugaba fútbol en la playstation  
Y esto era lo que hacía  
Todo el día sentado jugando  
Me reunía con mis compañeros de colegio  
A beber y maldecir a los jugadores  
Mientras veíamos la liga europea  
Y tampoco sé mucho sobre fútbol  
Me quedo escuchando y riendo y bebiendo  
En silencio mientras otras personas  
Con la misma edad que tengo levantan copas  
Y firman contratos por miles de dólares

Y así lo es todo  
Si hay algo en lo que debería recibir una medalla  
O un disparo  
Es en perder el tiempo  
En diluirme en fracciones de tiempo  
En las que no hago nada  
Igual que Hamlet  
Lamentándome de todo  
Aunque olvido estas cosas  
Cuando hay algo que celebrar  
Entonces no se siente tan mal perder un poco  
De tiempo en ello  
De hecho  
A nadie le importa perderlo

### **Sitting in front of the TV**

I was never good at sports  
I used to play soccer on my PlayStation  
And this is what I did  
All day as I sat and played  
I would get together with my school pals  
To drink and curse the players  
While we watched European leagues  
And neither do I know much about soccer  
I'd sit there listening and laughing and drinking  
In silence while other people  
Of the same age as mine raise glasses  
And sign contracts for thousands of dollars

And it's like that with everything  
If there is anything for which I should receive a medal  
Or be shot  
It's for wasting time  
In diluting myself in fractions of time  
In which I do nothing  
The same as Hamlet  
Lamenting everything  
Though I forget these things  
When there's something to celebrate  
Then it doesn't feel so bad to lose a little  
Time on that  
In fact  
No one cares about losing it

*Didier Andrés Castro* was born on November 7, 1986 in Bogota, Colombia. He has lived in the city of Cali for approximately 15 years. He writes in the blogs *La Polifonía de la Nada* [*The Polyphony of Nothing*] and in *ddr-andres.blogspot.com*. His work can also be found in *Efecto 2000*.

## ***Gustavo Gómez Rial (Uruguay)***

### **MOVIMIENTO PERPETUO**

Repetición: ¿rémora para la creación? Puerto: llega saciedad. Pan de tonto, preocúpate: ¡pasaban hambre! He allí; donde lava nuestra ropa: sitio. Mientras, observamos (desnudos) –ciclo bien corto– cómo centrifuga deseo. Seque propósito. Aquí es hilo de tiempo; que mides como ayer. Este mismo anhelo, ¿impregna vestimenta todavía?

*Repeat, please!* Muy amontonada (huesos; piel inclusive) dentro del «fulón», entre miedo y esperanza (estampas: aquella colección que no debíamos mojar), casi junto al Monet (una mujer hermosa –sin saber de arte– juntara guerra de Medio Oriente con agónica victoria de seleccionado uruguayo) juntaría liposucción (juntase media hora contigo: ¡tres años!); junto a la viejita que supo alternar en algún cabaret frente a tanta combinación ingeniosa de piezas o figurantes se nos ocurra (juntó saciedad), luego que mano gris los tendiere al sol, después del diluvio universal, ya Historia, ¡vuelve a repetirse!

*Gustavo Gómez Rial is a lawyer who graduated from the Facultad de Derecho y Ciencias Sociales in Montevideo, Uruguay. He lived for several years in Spain and upon his return became a member of a literary workshop run by Silvia Lago and Jorge Arbeleche. He has participated in diverse literary readings in Montevideo.*

## PERPETUAL MOTION

Repetition: remora, hindrance to creation? Port: filth arrives. Bread of fools; worry yourself: they went hungry! I find there, where they clean our clothes. Meanwhile, we observe (bare) –short cycle–how desire does spin. Dry out purpose. Here is a strand of time, you measure like yesterday. This same tenacity, soaks vestments still?

Please, repeat!<sup>1</sup> Very piled up (bones, skin even) inside the “fulón”, between fear and hope (vignettes: that collection we should not moisten), almost next to a Monet (a beautiful woman –without knowing of art– would merge war in the Middle East with agonizing victory of the Uruguayan team) would merge liposuction (to join half an hour with you: three years!); next to the old lady who knew to be a hostess on a cabaret facing as much an ingenious combination of pieces or figures as we could imagine (she merged satiety), then what gray hand would stretch them out in the sun, after the universal flood, now History, it repeats again! \*

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<sup>1</sup> *\*In English in the original. Note: “The use of ‘Please, repeat’ in a conversation in Spanish is almost a colloquial crutch,” according to Gustavo Gómez, “a form of abbreviating “por favor, repítamelo”. An English speaker would surely not resort to such a usage in the case of speaking Spanish, in the same way that one would use certain expressions or single words in Spanish or in French.”*

## ***Carmen Urioste (Spain/United States)***

### **Mundo mineral, vegetal y animal**

Vi una diapositiva con el árbol de la Pampa  
con una vacada a su sombra.  
Deseaba tiernamente ser aquel árbol,  
bajo mis ramas unos amigos, acaso, una familia,  
¡qué sabía yo entonces!

Fui creciendo,  
y la vida me trajo aquí.  
Aquí es un desierto. Mundo mineral donde crece el saguaro.

Él ha nacido un La Pampa:  
mi diapositiva fue su original.

Algunas veces le hablo del árbol que crece en la Pampa,  
el de la diapositiva, el que yo deseaba ser,  
el que podía tener a su amparo una familia, digo, una manada.  
Pero creo que él no conoce mi árbol  
de la Pampa.

Y es que los originales no producen sueños.

**Carmen de Urioste** is Professor of Spanish Literature at Arizona State University. She is the author of *Novela y sociedad en la España contemporánea (1994-2009)* (2009), *Narrativa andaluza (1900-1936): Erotismo, feminismo y regionalismo* (1997), co-author of *The Writer's Reference Guide to Spanish* (1999) and co-editor of two anthologies, *Literatura española: una antología* (1995) and *Spanish Literature* (2000). She also authored critical editions of *Cuentos judíos contemporáneos* (2010) by Rafael Cansinos Assens and *La casa de enfrente* (2014) by Ernestina de Champourcin. Dr. Urioste was the editor of *Letras Femeninas* (2005-2014) and she is assistant editor of *Ámbitos Feministas*.

### Mineral, vegetable and animal world

I saw a photographic slide of a tree in the Pampas  
with a herd of cows in its shade.

I tenderly wished to be that tree,  
beneath my branches some friends, perhaps, a family,  
what did I know then!

I grew up over time,  
and life brought me here.  
Here is a desert. A mineral world where the saguaro grows.

He was born in the Pampas:  
my photographic slide was his original.

At times I talk to him about the tree that grows in the Pampas,  
the one from the slide, the one I wanted to be,  
the one who could shelter a family, that is, a herd.  
Yet I believe that he doesn't know my tree  
from the de Pampas.

And it's that the originals don't produce dreams.



## **Hoski (Uruguay)**

### **No basta**

no basta con tener antenas  
y sintonizar la noche en medio de un cigarrillo  
con entrever la verdad del cosmos  
en la pared del techo  
o en el tintinear de una estrella incierta  
no basta no alcanza  
ser un personaje de Dostoievski  
y beberse al mundo con la rabia de Charles Bukowski  
puede que la nada te parta la cara  
y es cierto que no todos los ojos soportan  
su brillo purísimo de mármol virgen  
sin embargo no es suficiente;  
los verdaderos héroes se erigen ante el polvo  
y a pesar de ser imbéciles y sucios  
como todos los demás  
a pesar de saberse acosados mareados  
llenos de asco como me puedo sentir yo  
o vos en medio de cualquier bar o esquina  
a pesar de todo ríen  
y ofrendan su cuerpo  
y dan su ser pulposo  
y dejan sonando al menos  
                  una genialidad  
                  una palabra justa  
con gesto desentendido  
con la mueca del que niega  
el equívoco final del verbo

### **It's not enough**

it's not enough to have antennas  
and tune into the night in mid cigarette  
to glimpse the truth of the cosmos  
on the wall of the roof  
or in the jingle of an uncertain star  
it's not enough it doesn't suffice  
to be a character by Dostoyevsky  
and drink up the world with the rage of Charles Bukowski  
it may be that the nothingness splits your face  
and it's certain that not all eyes bear  
your purest brilliance of virgin marble  
nevertheless it's not sufficient;  
true heroes stand up before the dust  
and despite being imbeciles and unclean  
like all the rest  
despite knowing themselves harassed and dizzy  
full of disgust just as I can feel  
or you can in the midst of any bar or corner  
despite it all they laugh  
and offer their body  
and give their fleshy self  
and leave ringing  
                  one master stroke  
                  one fair word  
with a dismissing gesture  
with the grimace of one who denies  
the misunderstanding at the end of the verb

*Hoski is the pseudonym of José Luis Gadea (Montevideo, 1988). He is an educator of Literature, student of Philosophy, musician, writer and performer. He has won prizes in Literature nationally and internationally, and has participated in various anthologies. He has published Poemas de Amor (poems, 2010), Hacia Itaca (novel, 2011). He is responsible for the project for adolescents Orientación Poesía and together with Francisco Hertten investigates the works of the poet Martín Uruguay Martínez. He is responsible for the reedition of the first book by this author: Poemas de la Pija (2015).*

***Lasana Lukata (Brazil)***

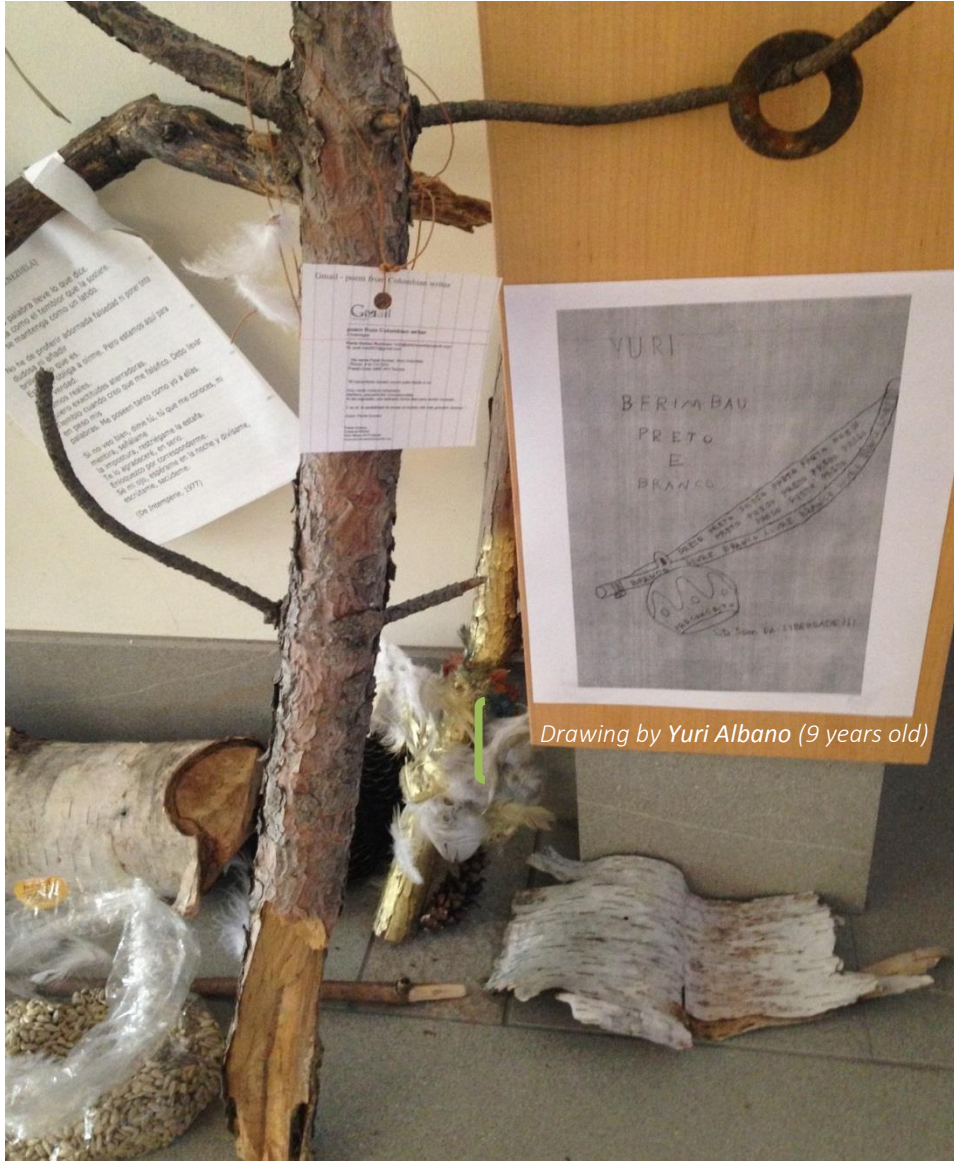
**pista estreita**

branca, branca, branca,  
a mulher,  
leve como uma garça,  
esgrime contra a neve.  
entanto pistas estreitas,  
corredores de antigos castelos,  
ainda lhe aparam as asas...  
até o sangue.

**narrow path**

white, white, white,  
the woman,  
light as a heron,  
tilts against the snow.  
despite narrow paths,  
corridors of ancient castles,  
they still clip her wings...  
to the point of shedding blood.

*Lasana Lukata*, born on March 14, 1964, is from a family of masons, was a sailor for a masonry contractor who could no longer go against anything; that ship sank in the waters of Durban on route to India, while being hauled for dismantling. Coincidentally, Lukata's life also sank, from federal servant to state; today he is a public servant of São João do Meriti City Hall as a bracer, though the ship and the man of war sank, the poet emerged, participating in the Literary Office administered by the poet Ferreira Gullar in 2001, at UERJ, resulting in the Poetry Anthology "Próximas Palavras" [Next Words]; he also took courses in Portuguese and African Literature of Portuguese Language, UFRJ.



Drawing by Yuri Albano (9 years old)

## ***Ed Woods (Canada)***

### **Freedom**

It's time to bring in the harvest  
waves of corn stalks sway  
in a breeze of living freedom

I hold corn in my hands, my corn  
grow on fertile land, my land  
a glorious cash crop, my cash

two years have passed  
from the sounds and control  
of rattling chains  
cadence drumming  
and vicious scaring whips  
reminders never to heal

tension filled moonlighting in swamps  
to plan our escape from the South  
afraid the boss-man will kill everyone  
if snakes and alligators miss their chance

images of a boxcar on steel rails  
turned into travel in deep thicket trails  
never the same route twice  
to avoid risk of a worn pathway

1000 miles of jittery footsteps

breathing misty night air  
every heartbeat pounded into my ears  
salty irritation tearing my eyes  
sometimes crying for relief from blur  
sometimes crying for relief from slavery  
flitted hiding at the least sound out of place  
a twig breaking caused instant panic  
a meow became a lion's roar

entrusted existence to strangers  
of a different colour  
celebrating rights of freedom  
to the last whistle stop  
Upper Canada

a place where I can own land  
and forever not be owned  
physical property to farm  
for my benefit  
cash in my hands  
for my keepsake  
earned and banked  
for myself

to help fund the next safe haven  
along the underground railroad

*Ed Woods was born in Toronto and now lives in Dundas, Ontario and while on surgical recovery from his tanker truck collision discovered a poetry workshop and was encouraged by participants to expand upon employment and observations of life. Life as a pilot, pipeline construction, electronics, transportation, casino work, and sciences is often referred to as Industrial Poetry. Ed has self-published chapbooks and creative writing in many anthologies and is a member of Tower Poetry Society, The Ontario Poetry Society, World Poetry Group, and Hamilton Artists and Writers.*

***Paola Gómez Restrepo (Colombia)***

El maravilloso cambio ocurre justo frente a mí:

Hoy, verde maleza indeseada

Mañana, pequeña flor incomprendida.

Al día siguiente, una delicada forma lista para recibir mi soplo...

Y en él, la posibilidad de lanzar al mundo mis más grandes deseos.

The marvelous change occurs right in front of me:

Today, verdant, undesired underbrush

Tomorrow, small misunderstood flower.

The following day, a delicate form ready to receive my breath...

And in it, the possibility of launching into the world my greatest wishes.

*Paola Gomez is a trained Human Rights lawyer, Community Organizer, Public Speaker, an Artist Facilitator, a writer and a dreamer; member of PEN Canada's Writers in Exile, Paola is involved in causes such as Ending Violence against Women and Forced Migration as well as Community engagement. She was awarded with the 2008 Toronto Community Foundation VITAL PEOPLE for her contribution to the better of our City through her community initiatives. Canadian Centre of Victims of Torture CCVT awarded Paola with the Amina Malko Award for her work in supporting Refugee Women in Canada. Paola writes poetry, essays and short stories. As a researcher and emerging curator Paola has contributed in many aspects to the access and visibility of other Latin American artists into the Toronto's artistic scene; she has co-curated the Art of Non-Violence Collective Art Exhibit, For Love to Frida and other women and "Mientras Las Hojas Caen" among others.*

## **María Figueredo (Uruguay/Canada)**

### **Luces, ayer**

Los verdes mezclándose, sus ayer

ahora los veo pintándose las paredes, y el jarrón  
con rosas de seda en mi escritorio, los invisibles  
que se dibujan aquí,  
que caen  
como una hoja verde de mi abuelo, ayer, y mi abuela, ay-ay, suspiros  
como leche, como miel.  
noche nuestra, solo nuestra.

luz verde, redonda luz  
enciende círculos  
concéntricos  
y otros que escribí cuando nacías.

Ayer, nada, opaco agujero en la tierra  
que se traga luz si no recuperamos algo.

### **Lumières, au temps jadis**

Les nuances de vert de jadis, maintenant je les vois en  
peignant mes murs, et le vase avec des roses de soie posé sur  
mon bureau, les invisibles que l'on dessine ici, qui tombent  
comme la feuille verte de mon grand-père, c'était hier, et ma  
grand-mère, oh-oh, ses soupirs comme du lait, comme du  
miel.

nuit, la nôtre, seulement la nôtre

lumière verte, ronde lumière  
allume des cercles concentriques  
et d'autres que j'écrivis à ta naissance.

Temps reculés, rien, trou opaque dans la terre qui apporte de  
la lumière si nous ne récupérons rien

*Translation into French by Catherine Marinoni.*

*María L. Figueredo is Associate Professor with the Department of Languages, Literatures and Linguistics at York University, Canada. She teaches courses in Spanish and Latin American literature, and is a Fellow at Massey College, University of Toronto. She has published in the area of literature and music, literary theory, and Latin American culture in specialized publications. Her first book, Poesía y canto popular: Su convergencia en el siglo XX. Uruguay, 1960-1985 (Linardi y Riso, 2005), studies the socio-cultural process of poetry that is set to music. She has also studied music as a subtext in women's prose, and music in the 20<sup>th</sup> century Latin American novel. Her poem "February" was published in Jones Av. V/2 and her poetry appeared in a compact disc compilation, The Sound of Poetry (2005). Three of her poems were included in the first trilingual anthology of Hispano-Canadians writers and artists, ANTARES 2009: Anthology of Hispanic-Canadian Literary and Artistic Creativity (2009).*

## AUTO-RETRATOS 450

Art Installation by **EDGAR YANEZ ZAPATA**  
Mérida, Venezuela 2010



More information at: <http://www.edgaryanezapata.com/instalaciones.html>

<http://edgaryanez.blogspot.com/2011/03/05/obra-auto-retratos-450/>

*Edgar Yanez Zapata is an architect, artist and graphic designer. His artistic and academic interests are focused on the relationship between human interaction and the urban landscape, as a way of understanding, creating meaning, art and communication. Semiotic and phenomenological approaches are common in both his visual and academic research. His specialization is in percussion and music of Brazil (Portuguese is his second language).*

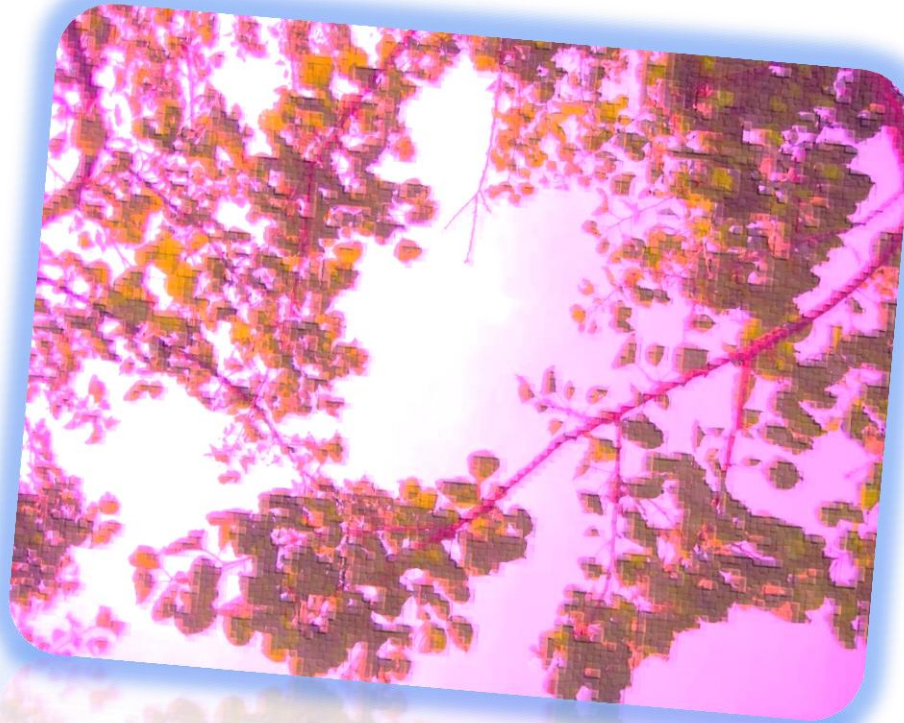
**Edgar Yáñez Zapata:** *Artist's Statement about "Auto-Retratos 450"*



Considero a las ciudades como laboratorios donde la memoria colectiva y ciertos eventos especiales crean oportunidades para la interacción humana. Es en este escenario donde el arte florece a través de experiencias múltiples. La mayoría de mis pinturas están hechas en base a muchas capas que velan y revelan partes de la historia de un lugar específico, como fragmentos de la memoria. Las instalaciones urbanas también son un componente importante de mi trabajo. La interacción con la gente en la ciudad a través del arte es vital para mi trabajo. Estas han sido muchas veces las primeras experiencias con el dibujo, la pintura, la fotografía o la poesía para algunos de aquellos que han participado en algunas de mis acciones urbanas. La ciudad se reconstruye así de múltiples fragmentos de memorias individuales y colectivas.

I consider cities like laboratories where collective memory and certain special events create opportunities for human interaction. It is in this scenario where art flourishes through multiple experiences. The majority of my paintings are made on the basis of many layers that mask and reveal parts of the history of a specific place, with fragments of memory. The urban installations are also an important component of my work. The interaction with people in the city through art is vital for my work. These have often been the first experiences with drawing, painting, photography or poetry for some of those who have participated in my urban actions. The city is reconstructed in this way from multiple fragments of individual and collective memories.





*Voices of Youth*

*Voces de la juventud*

**Karolina Bednarek (Canada)**

**El sauce llorón no llora**

¿Cómo desatar el cabello ondulante?  
Rebelde, inmanejable, flotante  
Iluminante, ya no es flamante  
Las ramas son libres, indestructible

Es una encarnación del sensible  
No tiene tiempo para el ignorante  
que no aprecia su belleza gigante  
Las ramas son firmes, indestructible

Así pues el sauce llorón no llora  
Baila, con viento despreocupado  
Se sonríe con cada aurora

Momento efímero clarificado  
Ve arrebos de esta manera  
El anochecer le tiene sin cuidado

**The Weeping Willow Weeps Not**

How to untie your undulating hair?  
Rebellious, unmanageable, fluctuating  
Illuminated, no longer inflamed  
Your branches are free, indestructible

It's an incarnation of the sensitive  
It has no time for the ignorant  
who appreciates not its giant beauty  
Its branches are firm, indestructible

Therefore the willow weeps not  
It dances, with unpreoccupied wind  
It smiles with each new day

Ephemeral moment clarified  
It sees red glows this way  
Nightfall worries it not

*Karolina Bednarek submitted this poem to the project while she was a second-year student in the course AP/SP 2200 6.0 Introduction to Spanish Literature in the Spanish Program of the Department of Languages, Literatures and Linguistics at York University.*

**Susel Muñoz (Cuba/Canada)**

**Espejismo**

(Se arrodilla frente al río)

Hay veces que siento que no soy yo, sino tú.  
Mi mirada se funde en tus ondas como caramelo en fuego.  
Los árboles se convierten en mis enemigos,  
de pronto siento que mi mundo se cierra.  
¡Mis oídos se comprimen de tanta presión, como si fueran a explotar!

(Conversa con el río)

¡Y tú estás aquí, y no me dices nada!  
¿No sé si me conoces?  
¿O juegas a no hacerlo?  
¿Tú me conoces? ¿O ya no?  
¿Soy yo? ¿O es mi espejismo el que me delata?

(Se levanta y mirando al río, ríe)

Tus ondas me están ahogando solo de verlas;  
dime, dime, río maldito, ¿estoy loca?  
¿Qué quieres de mí?  
Te diré que estoy aprendiendo a conocerme,  
que no le temo a nada .  
¡Estoy viva con ganas de luchar!

(Rompe en rabia)

Hoy no es tu día de suerte, maldito,  
hoy soy la mujer, no el espejismo, al que confundiste con tu neblina.

(A la muerte)

¡Y a ti, parca! Lárgate de mis pensamientos,  
mi reflejo es mío , no del viento.  
Mi vida es mía, no del tiempo.  
El río rompe, suena y truena,  
pero mi vida avanza , lucha y espera.

(Reflexión)

No se puede vencer aquella guerra que nunca se ha luchado,  
no se puede detener el tiempo perdido,

no se puede parar la furia del mar,  
ni cambiar el curso de un río.

(Se cuestiona)

¿A veces no sé lo que siento? A veces siento que no.  
¡Y eso no me gusta!

‘La vida es como el manantial de un arroyo, al cual debemos cuidar para que no se nos agote.’

*Susel Muñoz was born in Cuba, and currently lives in Canada with her husband and two children. As a student in the Spanish Program at York University, Susel has also demonstrated her passion for literature and women’s voices in the arts. She has recited her poetry at several literary events in Toronto, Canada. In 2013 she organized a poetry event at the Casa Maíz Cultural Centre in North York as a co-curricular activity for the course AP/SP 4880 Nos/otras: Contemporary Writing by Latin American Women. A mother of two children, she is also active in the Latin American community in Toronto and in creating greater awareness about raising children with autism.*

### Mirage

(She kneels before the river)

Sometimes I feel that I am not me, but you.  
My gaze melts in your waves like a candy in fire.  
The tres become my enemies,  
suddenly I feel that my world closes up.  
My ears compress from so much pressure, as if they would explode!

(She converses with the river)

And you sit there, and you say nothing to me!  
Don’t you know me?  
Or do you pretend that you don’t?  
Do you know me? Or not anymore?  
Am I me? Or is it my mirage that gives me away?

(She rises and looking at the river, laughs)

Your waves are drowning me only by seeing them;  
tell me, tell me, cursed river, am I crazy?  
What do you want from me?  
I will tell you that I am learning to know myself,  
that I fear nothing.  
I am alive with the willingness to fight!

(Breaking out in rage)

Today is not your lucky day, cursed one,

today I am the woman, not the mirage, the one you confused with your fog.

(To death)

And to you, frugal one! Leave my thoughts,  
my reflection is mine, not the wind's.  
My life is mine, not of time.  
The river breaks, resounds and thunders,  
yet my life advances, struggles and waits.

(Reflection)

You cannot win that war that you have never fought,  
you cannot pause lost time,  
you cannot detain the fury of the sea,  
nor change the course of a river.

(She asks herself)

At times I don't know what I feel? At times I do.  
And I don't like that!

'Life is the natural spring of a stream, which we must look after so that it does not dry up.'

## ***Susel Muñoz***

**Banderas ¡Ondean! ¡Ondean!, miles, cientos de ellas, Todos juntos aquí estamos, Latinoamérica presente. Somos todos un pueblo unido, una bandera, un presente. No somos colonia pero sí autenticidad. No somos materia, pero sí acción. Representamos a cientos de pueblos, con millones de historias. Salud, deporte; libertad es la materia Ganar es vital pero lo importante es participar, ¡Mira qué colores de aquellas que ondean! Cientos, miles de ellas, ¡Latinoamérica presente, presente en cada una de ellas!**

Flags Wave! They wave!, thousands, hundreds of them, Together here we are, Latin America present. We are all of one united people, one flag, one present. We are not colony but yes authenticity. We are not material, yet we are action. We represent hundreds of identities, with millions of histories. Health, sport; freedom is the material Winning is vital but what's important is to participate, See the colours of those that flutter! Hundreds, thousands of them, Latin America is present, present in each of them!

## **Sebastian V.L. (Canada)**

### **Ending**

So, look around. What do you see?  
Don't you think our world  
can be a better place to be?

### **Time**

Do you remember the time  
when you didn't need a dime for a rhyme?  
When equality was right  
and it was always in sight?

I guess not because it's here now,  
but if you look around, the pain is more than a howl.  
Abuse, inequality, corruption, consumption:  
these are all things that happen with our function.

But what happened to the heroes?  
Bolivar, Gandhi, everybody's the hero;  
but we choose to forget their reality,  
where our ignorance has become our insanity.

We choose to overlook men working with low pay,  
men fighting to keep our land where we stay  
while we keep our eyes to the media.  
But no look ever on what's the facts.

### **El final**

Y ahora, mira alrededor. ¿Qué ves?  
¿No piensas que el mundo  
podría ser un lugar mejor?

### **Tiempos**

¿Recuerdas los tiempos  
cuando no necesitabas ni una lira por tu rima?  
Cuando la igualdad era correcta  
y siempre estaba a la vista?

Supongo que no porque están aquí ahora,  
pero si te fijas, el dolor es más que un aúllo.  
Abuso, desigualdad, consumo, corrupción:  
son las cosas que ocurren con nuestra función.

Pero ¿qué ha pasado con los héroes?  
Bolívar, Gandhi, todo el mundo es un héroe;  
sin embargo preferimos olvidar sus realidades,  
y la ignorancia se ha vuelto nuestra locura.

Solemos pasar por alto los que tienen bajo sueldo,  
los que luchan para mantener la tierra donde nos  
[quedamos  
mientras mantenemos la mirada en los medios.  
Pero nunca se mira lo que son los hechos.

*Sebastian V.L. is a high school student in Toronto who sent in these poems for the Poet-Tree 2015 project during a workshop given by Maria Figueredo on the Poetry of Sports & the Sport of Poetry held in July 2015. Sebastian was participating as one of 30 selected students in the "Young Amatas of the Americas," a Youth Summer Program (for students 14-18 years of age who are guided through an interdisciplinary educational process) offered by the Centre for Research on Latin America and the Caribbean at York University.*



*Voices of memory*

*Voces de memoria*

## **Álvaro Figueredo (Uruguay, 1907-1966)**

### **CANTO A IBEROAMÉRICA**

**Latina estirpe**\*<sup>2</sup> (1946 (premiado en los Juegos Florales de México))

Sí, pero no... yo dudo y creo, al mismo tiempo  
me disputan la lengua la rosa y la diatriba.  
A veces me conduce una paloma al grito  
Y un lirio agujerea a veces mi guitarra.  
[...]  
Oh Madre, dadme el cóndor que vuela más arriba  
y el cielo, el cielo, el cielo , el cielo, el cielo americano.”

### **SONG TO IBERO-AMERICA**

**Latin Lineage"**

Yes, but no. I doubt and I believe, at the same time.  
The tongue the rose the diatribe debate me.  
Sometimes a dove leads me to a shout  
and a lily makes a hole in my guitar.  
[...]  
Oh Mother! Give me the condor that flies even higher  
and the sky, the sky, the sky, the sky, the [Pan-] American sky.

---

<sup>2</sup> <http://etimologías.dechile.net/?estirpe>: Del latín, *stirps*, *stirpis*: tronco de un árbol, o raíz, o ramas, tallos que se han separado y que producen nuevas plantas. [From Latin, *stirps*, *stirpis*: trunk of a tree or root, or branches, stalks which have separated and which produce new plants.]



## Álvaro Figueredo

### Tennis

Lanzo un Álvaro al cielo y lo abandono  
–pompa del ser –al giro más liviano,  
mas otra vez al turno de mi mano  
vuelve, volante azul que no perdono.

Álvaro en dos, llorando lo destrono  
de mí y lo boto al cielo meridiano  
pero otra vez–alumno de verano–  
torna a caer, al cuenco de mi encono.

Malabristas de Álváros, afino  
el aire azul con mi suspiro bueno  
si con mi mal suspiro lo importuno,

y al aire infiel del alto desatino  
me doy (Leonor, al tennis!) tan sereno  
que miento al cielo un Álvaro ninguno.

### Tennis

I throw an Alvaro towards the sky and I abandon it  
pomp of the self – to the lightest spin,  
more again to the turn of my hand  
return, flying blue that I do not forgive.

Alvaro in two, crying I dethrone it  
from me and throw it to the midday sky  
but again–summer student–  
it turns to fall in the hollow of my rancor.

Juggler of Alvaros, refining  
the blue air with my good sigh  
if my bad sigh pesters it,

and to the non-believing sky of high folly  
I give myself (Leonor– tennis!) so serene  
that I lie to the sky a nobody named Alvaro.

*\*Translation by Bruce Bartra, York University/Spanish Program  
student, Winter AP/SP 3210 Aspects of Spanish American Literature*

*Álvaro Figueredo (1907-1966) was born in Pan de Azúcar and is considered by some critics as the most important poet from Uruguay in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. A priori, this assertion seems exaggerated, mostly because his work is generally not well-known or amply studied. In part this is due to the poet's own preference for dedicating himself to writing rather than to promoting his work. His poetry mastered such classical forms as the sonnet and the romance, as well as experimentally more challenging forms of the vanguard period. In 1946 he recited "Oda a la Paz después de la Victoria" in Colonia. He collaborated for many years in the educational journal "El Grillo", edited by the Departamento de Publicaciones del Consejo de Enseñanza Primaria y Normal; his works were included in the volume "Estampas de nuestra tierra", under the title "Diario de Goyito". The same year he was awarded first prize in the "Concurso anual entre maestros y profesores normalistas." His poem "Exaltación de Bartolomé Hidalgo" obtained in 1952 first prize in the Literario del Ministerio de Instrucción Pública del Uruguay contest. He published two books of poetry during his lifetime of which Mundo a la vez [World at Once] is the best known (1956). In 1964 he was designated a member of the Academy of Letters in Uruguay. His house is currently a museum where artefacts of his life, photographs and exhibitions of items collected by Pan de Azúcar's citizens, such as stones and indigenous arrows, are available for viewing.*

**Amalia Barla de Figueredo (Uruguay)**

**PORQUE LE DUELE EL TIEMPO**

*Ah, volver al tiempo del origen  
no adueñada de nada  
despojada.  
Tan poco los nombres  
grave el silencio  
pero lo bastante para  
nominar un reino.  
Volver al tiempo "sagrado y fuerte"  
donde el umbral y el dintel  
conjuraban la puerta la ventana  
y el portal  
desasiados  
arrodillándose persignándose.  
Volver sin historia  
al aire primero  
mirar sin recelo  
la piel y su sombra.  
Volver al tiempo aquel  
"sagrado y fuerte"  
espacio colmado  
sin abalorios  
sin coqueteos de palabras vanas  
sin artificio  
como el canto del pájaro  
en la amanecida,  
arremansada  
como el agua del río en calma  
que deja ver sus guijas.  
Con el ser transparente  
como el de esos pálidos monjes*

**BECAUSE TIME IS PAINFUL TO HER**

*Oh, to return to original time  
not possessing anything  
divested.  
Such a small thing the names  
grave the silence  
but enough to  
name a kingdom.  
To return to a time "sacred and strong"  
where the beginning and the final threshold  
cast out the door the window  
and the entrance  
in their untidiness  
kneeling down making the sign of the cross.  
To return without history  
to the first breeze  
to look without suspicion  
on skin and its shadow.  
To return to that time  
"sacred and strong"  
abundant space  
without trinkets  
without flirtations of vain words  
without artifice  
like the bird's song  
at daybreak,  
quieting itself  
like the river's calm water  
which lets us see its pebbles.  
With transparent being  
like that of those pale monks*

*mendicantes,  
celebrar  
sacralizar todas las áreas  
sin miedo sin el riesgo sin el mal  
como el primer  
como el primer arcángel.*

*who beg,  
celebrating  
consecrating all areas  
without fear without risk without evil  
like the first  
like the first archangel.*

**Amalia Barla de Figueredo** was born in the City of San Fernando of Maldonado, Uruguay, in February 1912. She taught primary school in Pan de Azúcar for 25 years, and was married to Alvaro Figueredo for 39 years until his death in 1966. In 1957 she published a book of poetry titled *Te apagarás como las lámparas [Yo Will Go Out Like the Lamps]* (Montevideo: Estuario). Her second book of poetry, titled *Poesía: Cruce de Escrituras*, in which this poem first appeared, was published in 1986 by the Comisión de Cultura de Pan de Azúcar, Maldonado.



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