

## TWO POEMS BY JULIO TRUJILLO

### ADDICTED BLOOD

A slender thread  
of untamed blood  
bends  
away from the riverbed  
and in a slow wave, uneven,  
it spreads,  
like some stubborn grass  
escaping  
the lawn.

It serenely  
derails:  
lava peering and snuffling  
through intuitive ways.  
It desires,  
not knowing what it desires,  
everything forms a path  
for this blood,  
every rut  
unexpected.

How it surrounds and enwraps what it touches,  
this blood like a waistband,  
a ring,  
an amorous eel  
in the slow serpentine  
of its wake,  
a voracious embrace,  
a red dress  
for the thicket!

Dissolved skin towards somewhere,  
in what furnace forged your ease?  
in what singular saucepan  
you simmered?  
what spice bites you  
to make you move like this,  
like a zephyr so smooth  
and so liquid  
following  
your own dance?

What you leave behind  
is uncoiled entrails,  
a body surprised once efficient,  
now happy in its disorder,  
and breaking its rhythm  
when you go by  
in your spiral of blue foam  
against the grain,  
rising in curves  
suspended from above!

Animal blood,  
steaming snout,  
weaving slippery turtles,  
odd fish,  
dispersed reptile,  
lush ox-tongue, just listen  
to those horns!  
Ah, flock of male doves  
plunging under,  
their wings brushing by!

On high you're suspended,  
addicted blood,  
necklace of fat fruit,  
and the heart  
discloses its lettuce  
to absorb your own bath  
tumbling down,  
to soak up its sponge  
addicted to you,  
my questing blood.

THIS LEMON

I know this lemon  
encodes some answer  
in its tight oval.

Sack of glass and water,  
hieroglyphic  
mansion!

From its thousand of lips  
preparoxytones  
flow forth.

I don't understand  
its hurrying  
hooked tongue.

It observes me.  
Not easy to sustain  
such a gaze.

Irritates me,  
incites me, bites me,  
won't shut up.

This hive of lights  
knows no calm:  
whatever it knows lights it up.

What can I ask  
this cross-eyed  
wrathful pedant?

This lemon is screaming at me,  
tugs at my sideburns,  
unsheathes a sword.

Its zigzagging steel  
wounds my little fingers,  
has bitten my tongue.

What do you want, cockscomb?  
Why do you punch out  
my tranquillity?

I lean down my ear,  
my elbow,  
I listen with my fingertips.

Lemon lemon,  
turbid  
spark of air.

Lemon  
thick  
insinuation.

Concentrate.  
Spin yourself back  
into the marrow.

Oh my bitter  
indecipherable friend:  
forget me and yourself.

*Translated by John Oliver Simon*