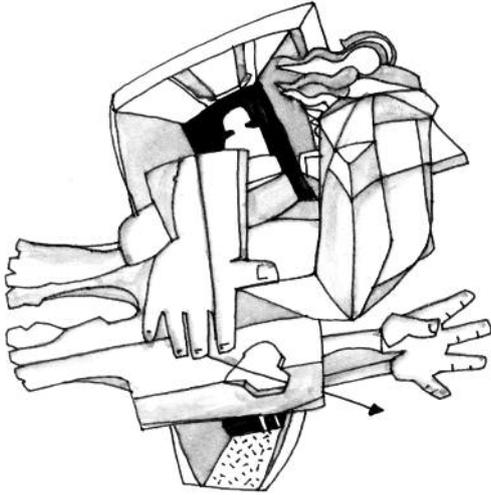


Under My Breath



You are life itself, I tell myself without uttering a word, caressing you with my gaze as you stand in front of me. Silent, like a glowing ember. Profound like forgetfulness. Impenetrable. You are life itself, I tell myself under my breath, before you get to me, and I know that my voice is secret, that it doesn't reach you, that it doesn't even move my lips, busy saying other things that I don't want to hear. I raise my hands as if to touch you, but I know that you're out of reach. That only my gaze, only my desire reach their yearned-for shore. Absent like a rose, you look at the equivocal gesture and pretend not to understand it. Alien like the night, like happiness. "You are life itself," I say and watch you leave.

Felipe Garrido

"En voz baja," *La musa y el garabato*
(Mexico City: Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1992), 200 pp.

Rainy Season

The rain also wets our feelings. They are the land of our spirit, where plants of sadness, joy, nostalgia and memories shoot up. And the rainy afternoons come to mind, when we got wet playing soccer or when the sky turned grey and even the prettiest things got damp. That's why this afternoon at my window, even though the water falls far from me, I feel I'm getting wet.

Guillermo Samperio
"Tiempo de aguas" (1986)
La cochinilla y otras ficciones breves
(Mexico City: UNAM, 1999), 174 pp.

