

New Poetic Languages

Teodosio García Ruiz

SELF PORTRAIT¹

And I, priest of the oldest vintages,
harvester of women already born,
close to mountain ranges
where the dense smoke of mercy dissipates
as the days go by,
I look for the image and semblance of this body
diluting in the fury of paranoid infants obsessed
with the steps of the vanquished,
to change the direction of love: its warm incidence over the debris.

¹ Taken from Teodosio García Ruiz's book *Furias nuevas* (Mexico City: Fondo Editorial Tierra Adentro, 1993), p.11.



NOSTALGIA FOR THE LEEWARD SIDE (Fragments)²

I hate my parents
their useless advice to take care of the world
to not digress when the phenomenon occurs
when the rain is no longer rain
my fallen arms
will rise with fury to grasp the world
I hate their clumsy caresses like those of a pitiful bitch
their whining advice and the fear of the gods
the education they avoided and now promote
their fetid food of faith encrusted in the salt-marshes
and in the coconut palms with their yellow and sickly fronds
keeping with tradition, I hate my parents
because they deny what they want to be and because of their
old and perverted cookie-cutter morals

Because of their damned jaws like those of hungry rams
because of their rituals of untempered lust during a full moon
because of their drooling and the simple pleasure of hating without meaning to
because of the age in which one writes the bluish parricides
because of the myopia of their species mistaken within destiny
because I chose the road they didn't see
and now I regret not being like them.

* * *

We left behind the dust and sounds in the dog days
of the destroyed distance.

We are technicians of petrochemical doubts, harmonious chains
of alkanes and aldehydes: bonds to double knot the skirmishes
of the tropics: that lively calm of moderate rain showers skilled
in the cleansing of arrhythmias and hypochondrias off the skin
of natives.

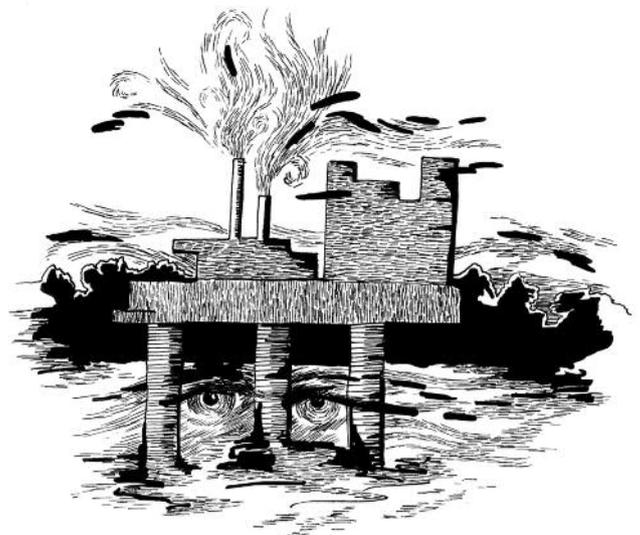
We are the front line, deep in the jungle, of a civilization under construction
with logs, *cochinita pibil**, barbecue from Orizaba, Jaliscan *pozole***
regional imprints of an identity scalded in finger foods and pregnant
beers in each encampment of exploration.

We left behind the dust and our music, over there where cars and
nightclubs dilute in the smoke of week-end hangovers.

We only left infancy there, because in these places life begins and
creates us anew.

* *Cochinita pibil* – a typical pork dish from Yucatán, cooked and served in a red
sauce made of *achiote* (a paste of annatto seeds), garlic and tangy oranges.

** Jaliscan *pozole* – a stew made with pork and hominy with lime juice.



* * *

A spider is the iron oil rig that suctions the
supreme lineage of the ancient medusas from the earth.

A spider, the bittersweet taste of the earth's brains, opened
and hardened by the hands of the one who drills for food
in these quiet and lonely densities of death and life, and the
indecisive harvest in the hands of industries; because not only
cheeses and suckling pigs and canned mangoes circulate
around the jaws of technicians and the hordes of laborers
darkened among the rains and suns and dog-day malaras;
no, that's not all we are in the jungle; we are also the permanent
fear of the gods' rage.

And what fear; because the laborers and the fields have died of anxiety;
the stagnant water from the future.

* * *

The drop is glow
impure dawn
blasphemy of the dew that feeds on infamies
herbs only behind the gums
haggard hollows of cattle
piled up impure on the rocks.
The drop is an instrument cast onto the microscope
face of shadowed dead lands
cadavers of earth that begin another cycle
validity of death in the spark
that does not ignite
the drop is only
a drop that dawns.

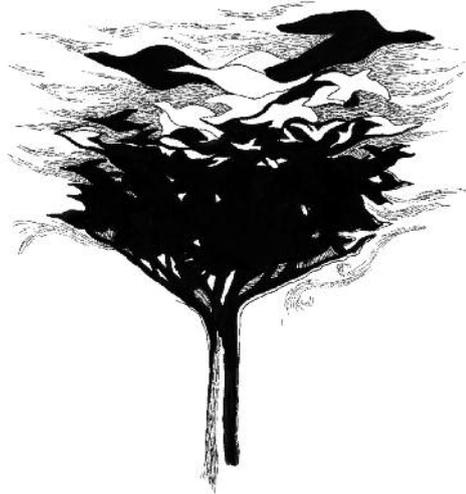


Before the glow a tree
mature streets
the rowdiness of birds
scorched afternoons
tender walks
young ladies
food
thick celeries
ladies smelling of soaps and jerkins

Later sad bleak plateaus
abandoned city from
the blue hydrocarbon subjected to liquid fantasies

Today you are guilty of nothing
again sad liquid of the tedium
of a beer that recalls the glow.

The city is a new Christmas tree*
 that floods the streets
 tree of life in black boats
 absurd shrieks of faceless characters
 just as always the city is slow
 vertiginous because of its inescapable arrises
 it hides its walls it elevates its turrets
 it keeps its blackbirds and cormorants as guardians
 the city is this
 a hidden Christmas tree
 reality behind the fog
 streets and more streets
 pipes
 ducts
 platinized machines
 combustibles
 the city is this
 hope hidden from men
 the ghosts asleep with slow eyes of a latent color
 the city is this Christmas tree
 the village** never more.



*Oil workers in Tabasco call the oil rigs "Christmas trees."
 **Unfortunately, by translating "villa" into village, one loses
 the simultaneous reference to the city of Villahermosa,
 Tabasco.

Translated by Margarita Vargas
 Drawings by Héctor Ponce de León

² All the following poems taken from *Nostalgia de Sotavento*
 (Mexico City: Universidad Juárez Autónoma de Tabasco, 2003).

