New Poetic Languages
Teodosio García Ruiz

SELF PORTRAIT

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

NOSTALGIA FOR THE LEEWARD SIDE

(Fragments)

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 alcanes 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.

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\(^*\) *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 malarias;
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.
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

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