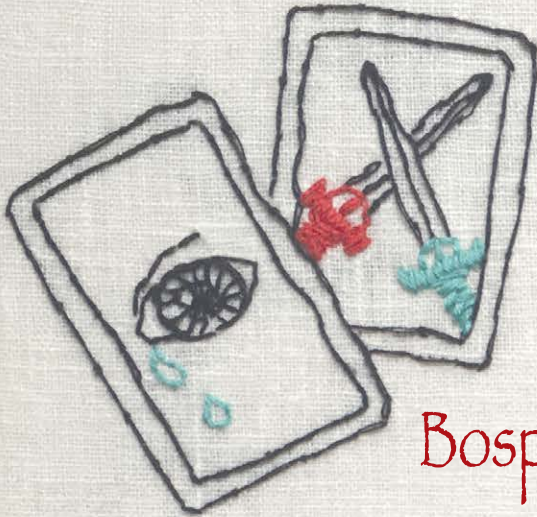


Poems
by Odette Alonso*

Illustrated by Erika Albarrán* and Cristóbal Henestrosa**

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Bosporus

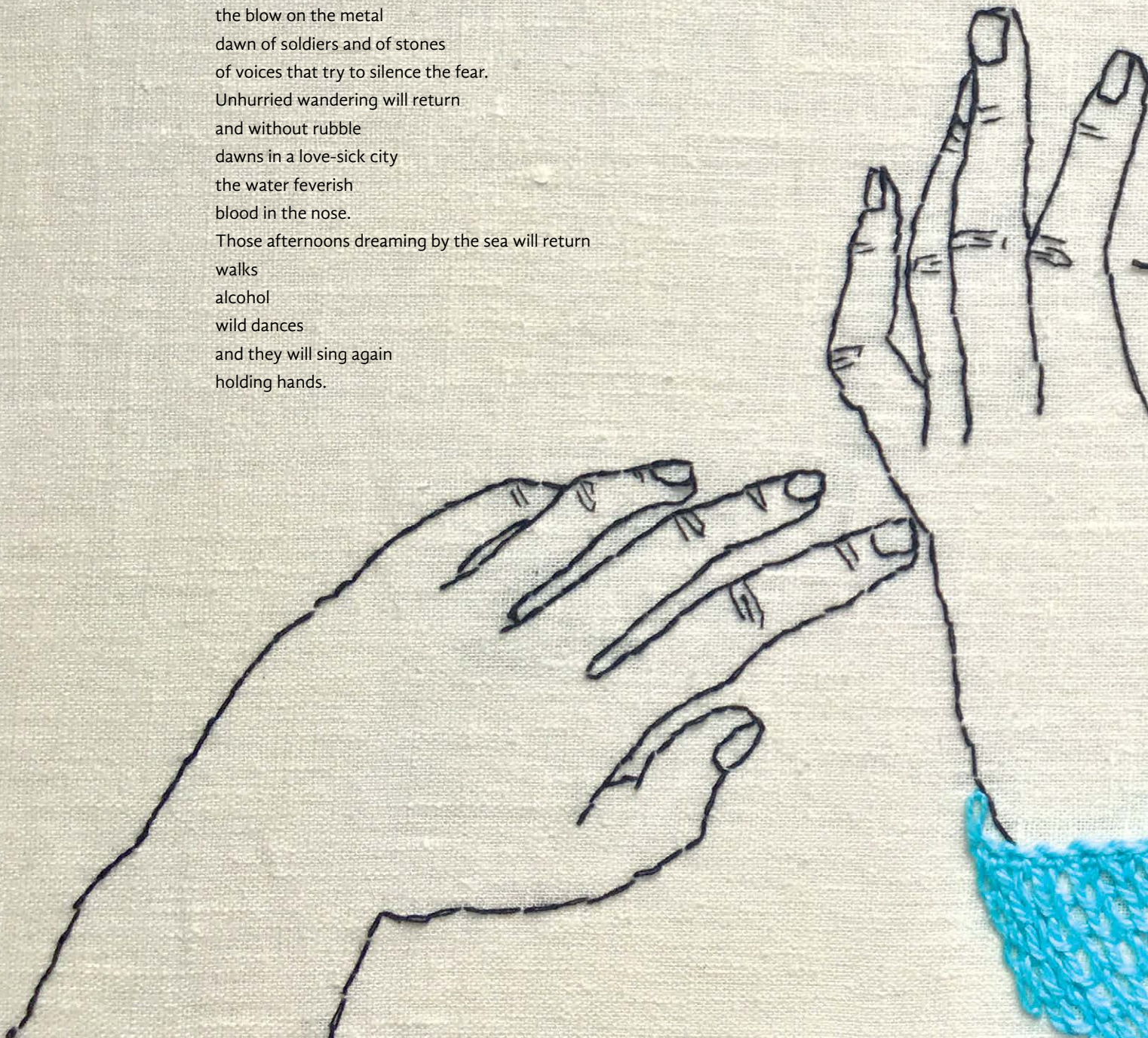
Behind the curtain of the Bosporus
an old woman sells stamps
powerless
heroes or saints
and comic books.
Drowned
sighs
hunker down
tattoos dance
on the arm that reaches out
and charges
for that liquor that dampens
a few more bills.
It's always nighttime
on the pocked walls
and on the red
graffiti lettering
on the lintel.

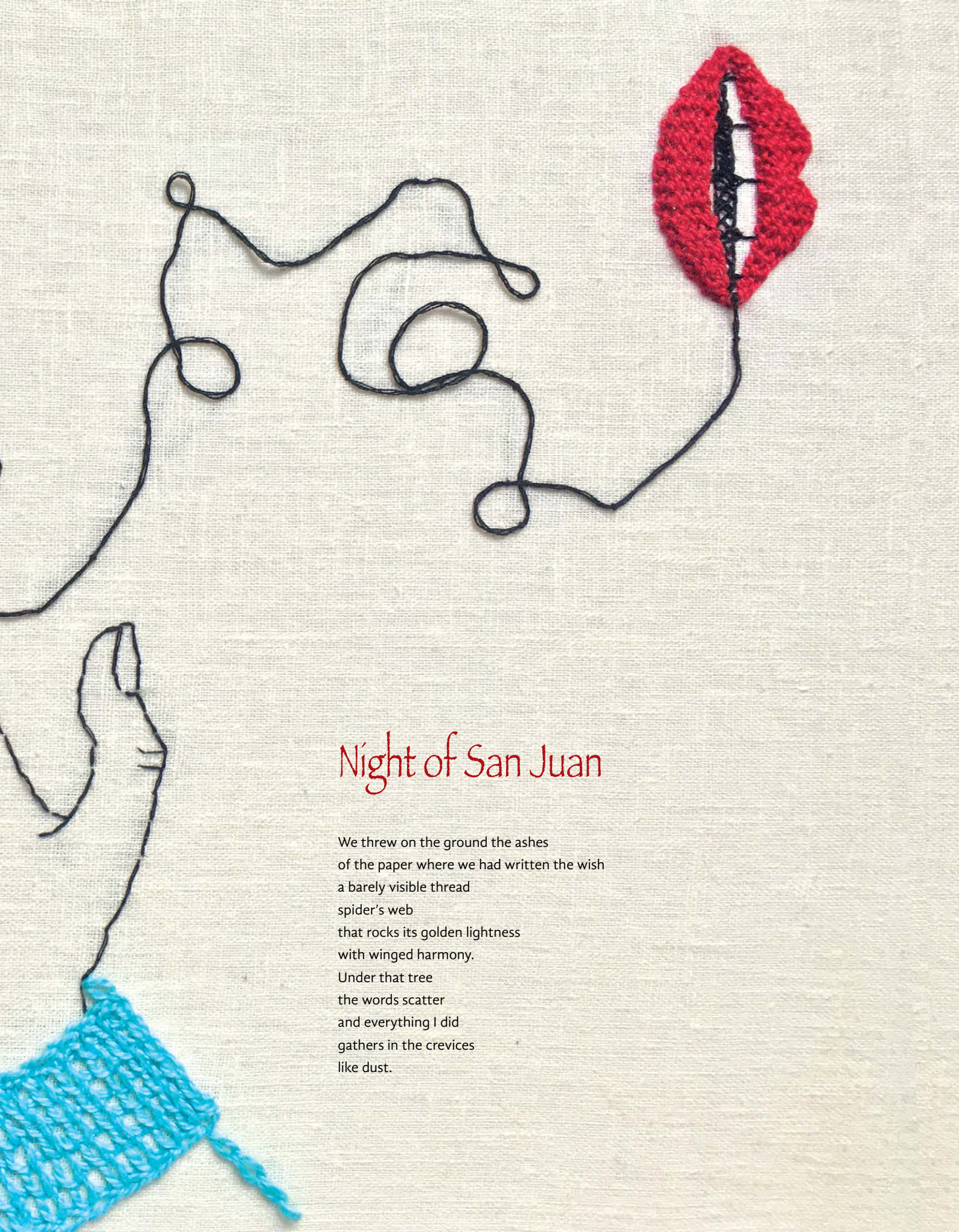


After

with Paulina

The young girls
rub their hands together
in the subway
dust
under their fingernails
passion in the kiss they don't give.
The sound of the glass shards
booms in their ears
the blow on the metal
dawn of soldiers and of stones
of voices that try to silence the fear.
Unhurried wandering will return
and without rubble
dawns in a love-sick city
the water feverish
blood in the nose.
Those afternoons dreaming by the sea will return
walks
alcohol
wild dances
and they will sing again
holding hands.





Night of San Juan

We threw on the ground the ashes
of the paper where we had written the wish
a barely visible thread
spider's web
that rocks its golden lightness
with winged harmony.
Under that tree
the words scatter
and everything I did
gathers in the crevices
like dust.