

Brief Anthology of San Luis Potosí Poets¹

On Her Day

Today my being, which sighs far away from your love,
finds inspiration in this limpid aurora
and I send you, my love, in sweet calm,
all the vibrations of my poem
all the thoughts of my soul.
Manuel José Othón (1858-1906)

Columbus Discovered a Great World

Columbus discovered a great world
and was later very poor;
Cervantes died shrieking
and indigent was Cortés.
I, not half these men,
am as hungry as all three.
Manuel José Othón (1858-1906)

The Rose

I was queen of all the queens that have been
and I am queen of the ladies now,
and in my breasts I have felt tremble
the blood that implores loves.
Luis Castro y López (1892-1960)

Naïveté

One day I kissed you. The moon was resting on your mouth.
And so as not to offend you with my kisses,
I only tried to kiss that quiet and smooth moon on your lips.
Thus I only kissed your moon!
Homero Acosta (1901-1992)

Twelve Poems

6
Death, give me more life
for even thus you grow,
for the longer I live your life
for by living your life
the more death you grant me.
Francisco de la Maza (1913-1972)

9
Every one has his own destiny
but it is not right to live
zigzagging on the ground.
Juana Meléndez de Espinosa (1914-)

¹ Selection of poems from Norberto de la Torre, comp., *Muestra de la poesía breve de San Luis Potosí* (San Luis Potosí: Gobierno del Estado/Editorial Ponciano Arriaga, 2006).

Moments and Ashes

Time becomes an iceberg
and nakedness and cold
are at the end of the road.
We possess only the moments,
the rest belongs to the ashes.
Félix Dauajare (1920-)

Summary

Before the last minute
poisons us
like a gray serpent,
it is absolutely useless
to make any summary.
Félix Dauajare (1920-)

Picture of a Psychiatrist

He was happy when a patient
entered his office
and he could reveal his complex to him
thus the patients discovered
that their psychiatrist
had a psychiatrist complex.
Joaquín Antonio Peñalosa (1922-1999)

Tanka

10
In the gorges
the Zapatista
keeps his aged voice.
Also his old gods
and the tracks of the tiger.
Norberto de la Torre (1947-)

We Had Very Little Left

We had very little left of the afternoon
when I discovered
the erotic possibilities of your feet.
Armando Adame (1948-)

P.S.

I write to you from prison
yesterday they surprised me urinating
on the monument of great men.
Ignacio Betancurt (1948-)

At the Literary Workshop

I was criticizing poems
Farmers and students arrived
asking for help
(they needed to stay on lands
the government wanted to take from them)
The poem fell out of my hands
red with shame.
Ignacio Betancurt (1948-)

Martyr

Pepe!
This man is real!
Drive in the nails well
in order to condemn him
a few seconds
to eternity.
Alfredo Contreras (1950-)





Shower of Second Parts in A Minor

I do not know what times to come these are
that the desire to die
brings me with varying luck
on the bound wind
every time I hear her bleed
Alberto Enríquez (1950-)

The Secrets of a Witness

The invisible ones say
there's a key for each door
But at birth and in death
all we possess are a few guides and certainties
all obtained thanks to the persistent effort of doubt

I have nothing to give
but a secret I ignore
David Ojeda (1950-)

The Circle

I will vomit a thousand times
my congealed dreams
And thus again in the morning
I will be able to return with firm step
with my washed face

and my uniform of a conformist teacher
to continue the class
Carmen Quiroga (1951-)

To Think the Sea (tracks)

37
Your feet
remain
the tracks
go with the wave
Arturo Medellín Anaya (1951-)

The Gaze

that, along the way, the adventurers
rest on any dawn of words is
a rock of the imagination
adrift
Laura Elena González (1954-)

Lottery

The roses keep the secret
that in exchange for a few coins
passes from hand to hand.
Tomás Calvillo (1954-)

Plea

lady of the night I offer you
 the cricket of my green voice
 losing itself in the wind

roll the augury of the drums, love,
 to begin the celebration
Margarito Cuéllar (1956-)

Dark Thread

In us
 at every step
 less mystery
 less providence
Héctor Esquer (1958-)

The Blackbird

The blackbird sings,
 you should not listen to it:
 night is falling.
Eudoro Fonseca Yerena (1956-)

The Wait

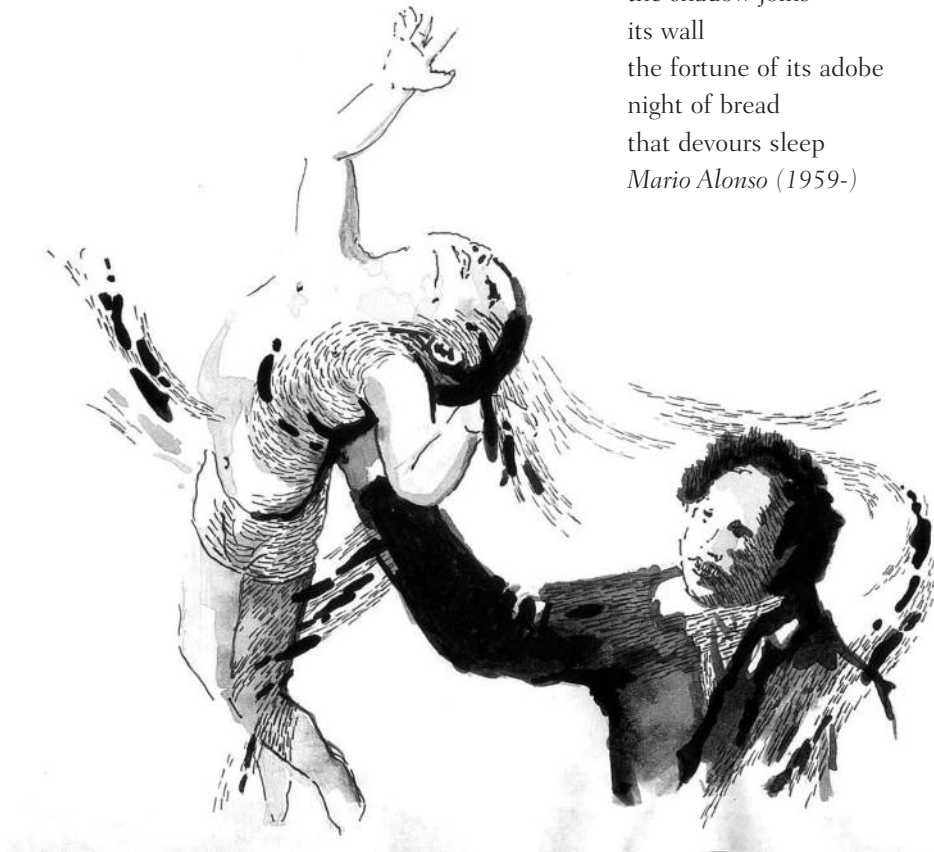
I light a match and a bit of
 hell
 begins its third blaze.
Héctor Esquer (1958-)

Holy Souls

Between the stroke of a shadow
 and another one of darkness
 sparks of illumination leap
Fernando Sifuentes (1957-)

Poem

There are no longer witnesses
 nor memorable deeds
 the shadow joins
 its wall
 the fortune of its adobe
 night of bread
 that devours sleep
Mario Alonso (1959-)





1982

And to think
that just
1981 years ago
evil was made up
only of caresses
César Porras (1959-)

Visions

In the penumbra
the hip pronounces
its lunar edge
Julio Rangel (1964-)

Condolences

A single corpse evokes the vision
of all our dead

Thus arises an interminable procession
of landslides on our body
Octavio César (1974-)

The Dead Speak

The dead speak in front of a book,
secretly they make faces where time
is suspended
while the night cracks.
Jaime Loredó (1974-)

The Dawn Cuts

the grass
I have not found
a better gardener
for the fields of my heart.

* * *

What I can say at this hour
when the sun is more beautiful
that any of my verses.
Jeanne Karen (1975-)

Poet

I follow your steps
toward paradise
now tell me
how to open
these dense
wings.
Jeanne Karen (1975-)

