

AURORA GUERRA



THE IMPATIENT MUSIC

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The impatient music

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THE IMPATIENT MUSIC

*Upon me, exactly my size
creating new worlds of enchantment
from the pleasure of your lips and my kiss,
without thoughts about time, evanescent.
Avid, voracious, intransigent skin,
addicted and excessively secular:
No road exists toward the old and
decadent past.
Melody for two, this concert,
the harmony of impatient music,
light's stave on open sky.
The encounter of obliging flesh
is an eternally true mystery
that whether speaking or in silence
never tells lies.*

I FOLLOW YOU

*I follow you
like wind follows wind,
like shadow follows body,
like night follows day.
I am tenacious debris,
unending maraud,
trembling passion
without any sense.
I carry on my back
the indecipherable tale
of a special kind of destroyed love.
I strive within my sadness
without violence or anger
to persist,
grazing you,
smelling you,*

*licking your steps,
breathing your air
stepping on your footprints,
kissing the faces you kiss
as if your aroma still were
in their wrinkles.
Untie me from you.*

YOU

You

who by my light dawn every day.

The light of sphinx's eyes

reborn

in a unique crucible.

Your voice takes me to vertigo

like a toboggan,

and to blindness

like a hidden well

in a grotto in the sea.

You have the stature of the wind

in which I move.

My solstice and my equinox

rest on your breast.

You are the magnet that captures my life

impassive,

like the cold pearl

that is hanging from your neck.

MY LOVE HURTS ME

*My love hurts me,
here, right inside,
I crave against the altar of carried-away passion
born in me by the evoking touch of your presence.
I fight and can not
stand against this love that imprisons me
with its jaws around my neck.
The desert of my bed makes you alive again and again
and this memory
imprisons me like snake's mortal embrace.
I love,
furiously I love
to possess your smell
and to breathe it in deeply,
to imprison the kiss of your warm lips,
such orphans without me,
unbeknownst to you
and move in the overflowing ecstasy*

of their corners.

*I love surrendering
to the game of repeating your name,
without crying for this furtive love,
a mirage without light
that hurts so.*

*I love living infected by your poison
reciting this litany
on the highs and lows of the breeze
that is rocking us.*

*But give me at least
the loser's sad rest.*

*Pin me with sweet needles
in the case of your collection,
defeat all my fortresses.*

*Accept my submission,
my surrender,
my pleading and my abandon.*

*Make me die triumphantly
awarded by the glory
of your epidemic.*

IT RAINS ON FALLEN FLOWERS

It rains on fallen flowers.

Water that floods and embraces

with a fertile embrace

mortal of the lovers.

Water like a supplier of kisses,

flood and dam,

break for walking,

wild, tame,

lessening, overflowing.

It rains.

In the wind's labyrinths

multiple voices are slipping

like a choir

of fiery and misty shadows.

The earth's perfumed soils

pierce humid and ardent in the sky

like flames.

The evening arrives anointed of mystery.

*The unmistakable aroma I recognize
journeys on your skin
and attracts me,
by repealing an alarm.
Kisses,
consumed slowly,
you bring them on your waist.
A broken moment disappears.
No windows let escape this wonder.
It rains
and I drown
immersed in your gaze.*

AFAR

Afar

*I guess your unique poise, your exclusive gesture,
the familiar rhythm of steps.*

From near already

the horizon of the sea in your eyes,

*and your teeth's foreshortening complex sweet mark of smiling moments,
suggesting me your name.*

*But only while I'm pressed against your lips in the heat and texture of
your unique mouth*

I know it's you.

And I rest.

IF TIME

*If time had eyes
it would look at my lusting you
and smile mockingly
if it had a mouth.
It would surround my shoulders and breast
making me eternal
when I dream of you,
if it had arms.
But when you are on my side
it escapes from between my fingers and my lips
and - as if it had legs -
runs fast. Damn it.*

*If time
had a body,
while it rocks us,
deceitful,
I would kill it.*

O, YOUR DELICATE ARMS

*O, your delicate arms,
the slow pressing,
the trembling and retreating,
the soft impatience,
the distance to your lips
must shorten!*

*O your obstinate arms
destroying me
while disappearing in you
and finally finished
my flesh's millenarian journey,
a candle's wick burned out,
without return!*

*Give me the gift of your mouth's corner.
I would sleep in its tightness
for centuries.*

I CAN'T TOUCH YOU WITHOUT POETRY

I can't touch you without poetry.

*I touch you and a corpulent verse is born
that vanishes in my mouth, violent,
reciting gropingly your harmony.*

*The metaphor flows in the lordly tune
of my tongue's movement,
your honey spots are the firmament
and echo of your feet is the melody.*

*Your innocent neck is the landing
for inventing again the story.*

Your skin is the summer's smile

That changes eternity for a moment.

I am a sinner grasped by your hand.

Perhaps I should apologize. I don't feel it anymore.

YOUR MOIST AND CLEAR VOICE

*I am falling in love with your moist and clear voice,
Transparent and audacious, serene and sweet,
without bars or fear or servitude
your voice flows like water.*

*Vibrating in my waist and on my face
like water it pervades me and covers me.
Like water by waves it seduces me,
Like water, your voice, in my throat.*

*I don't find the light of your gaze,
or notice your warmth or your perfume.
Only your voice of love making ringlets
and tangling me without end, until nothing.*

I HAVE LOST MYSELF

*I have lost myself
on my way towards you.*

Not me in you.

Not me as you.

Not me with you.

The agape of our reciprocity has been unique.

*Love was in the place and in the time of love
uselessly*

sewing the threads of broken hope.

On my way towards you

I am lost in an empty desert.

Not even the landscape holds my bitterness.

I have disappeared

in the Eros of denial and nothingness.

I CAN WALK BAREFOOTED

*I can walk barefooted
on endless roads of sharpened knives,
and me pain only you.*

*I can become blind
By looking fixedly at midday sun
and me pain only you.*

*I can rip off my heart
and feed it to the hungry
and me pain only you.*

*You must know it
and cry for me
to pain me more profoundly
and thus,*

at least

I would feel alive.

I HAVE CROSSED OUT YOUR NAME

I have crossed out your name

Because I love no more to kiss your eyes,

not to touch your lips,

not to draw stars on your breast,

not to pretend sleeping in your arms,

not to give you golden grapes,

not to breathe your breath,

not to undress you slowly,

not to tell you stories,

not to plait your hair with my fingers.

(But the line I have drawn over your name

is thin

so that I can read it,

still.)

IT IS TIME FOR SMILE TO TREMBLE

It is time for smile to tremble.

It is time of the secret misery.

*It is time of this dolor, the blossom of steppe,
the son of to me strange dark seed.*

*It is time of this wall without bars,
more a tomb than the cell of a poet.*

*It is time to cry, dry tear,
gruel blood of this, my wounded time.*

Only one warm syllable is missing.

The life intruding and the pain.

My life of this inconsistent time.

Life without God's afterword.

Time is this sobbing hour.

Only a dream of escaping within me.

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Professor of Dermatology at the Complutense University and Chief of Section of Dermatology, University Hospital 12 de Octubre in Madrid, has received numerous awards in the field of medicine in which participates actively publishing books, research articles, teaching conferences and conducting a magazine.

His great passion is storytelling and poetry, for which he has won several awards among which are the Accésit Poetry Award 2011 of Antonio Machado Spanish Railway Foundation. He has also published two books of poetry-Child Look what I have, look what I'm doing, which have been translated into English.

The impatient music is an allegory of love intrigue limitless insatiable and compelling. Anyone who loves or has loved you, you will find in its pages an accurate reflection of their emotions.

