Josely Vianna Baptista; Regina Alfarano


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Josely Vianna Baptista

UNTITLED

(with South Coast Brazilian landscape and metal scene in an expanded field)

Destitute of sky and land, adrift in darkness and winds, destitute of nearly everything, J’ai heurté, savez-vous, d’incroyables Florides, absences are anchors rust erodes, false are the distances the wind signals, and the trees it whips.

The sun tropic, on those skycless clouds, unveils the one-sense body on its reverse, the enmeshing of fish in the silence of nets, in the skins that darkens the inside of reflexes (burning look, organza, in the fever of an embrace), sweat in bronze threads from men under the sun:

glossy exuding in a world beyond the world.

The soft raw linen declushing us, gaze: so many sunny days over our nude bodies. Your face in a submersed, jade lagoon, in clear glass or tiles of tides—under the southern wind—, your face submersed.
I dive deep and into isolated seas
I clench to the body as to language
the body brings up to the surface.

Distant glare: the color of the buoys
among porpoises.

On the loosened leaves of metamorphoses
(if poets’ predictions are to be trusted)
I drop my anchor,
beyond the sea, beyond myself,
beyond the love one will go on loving.

* Time suspended by rosin
   bird lime, mushrooms
   intermingling with whelks:
      florid furor
      (chiaroscuro) hats
 amid the buzzing of mollusk
   legends.
Virgin pages kisses
unveil, the moving of bows, the falling
of garments, island of stars
amid foam: red galaxy
the sea inscribes in rouge
baroque over the beach.

Over the beach rare little animals
revolve in the shallow waters and among your fingers,
calcareous rays briefly touching
another skin, another estuary,
virgin, fossil, temporal pages.

On the swaying, gongoric-golden sea,
the imaginary embrace of a distant love,
on my damp eyes your hair,
the humid entangling of face curls,
the lips (breathing the sea through
folds, like a fish) half-open—oyster,
the water stirring its persienne-gills,
and the gaffs of a shredded scallop in the sun
on the dissected wings of a sea
elytron—disaster of forms,
promises of folds—corals
bleeding in pale crepon.

Fugacious cartography of pilgrim images,
opaque calligraphy on the ethereal opaline of the sands.

(Translated from Portuguese by Regina Alfarano)