

Simon Anton Diego Baena

VALLE DE LOS CAIDOS

The ancient city is tightening
its noose, recreating Calvary
around the gargantuan cross

Even if it pours
the arteries are already turning
black
in the light

An orphan hears the sigh
of a falling leaf, feels
the shard of the deep winter
in her bones

Every breath is corroded
here: a rust fulfilling its own end
no matter the magnitude of novenas
no matter the abundance of the cathedrals

Impenetrable windows echo
in the hide of skyscrapers
and in the skull of a distant sierra

The day still remains within the cold

An old veteran slips into the shadows
under the bridge
fondling his coins
preparing for his final hibernation

SEPHARAD

The weeping is the cure
when the holes are still not filled with blood.

For this earth
is the beak of a crow

and the edict of expulsion
is the journey
where the flock is more secure
in his absence.

Stare at the aqueducts. Know
the difference between
the water and the tar
within the architecture.

The nails have always been at home
in the palms, the spear
in the chest, and the flesh
in the soil.

Let us pray:
the sky is the path
in the eyes of a wolf

The harvest comes only from the wheat—

Rebecca understands that
the photograph
is the memory
she has been longing to heal.

Before midnight,
she finds an empty cup.

The wine has seeped into the cold.