ANDEAN IDOL

I had come there to see what his

Collection

Of Idols

Was like .

Corridors and walls

Were filled with

Bright red creatures ,

Masks with white and ash - coloured stripes .

Beneath the Andean mud -

Mask

I struggled to survive .

Auracanian - Andean face

Encompassing

Water

Sand

Paint

Compacted into a

Scowling rigid image .

This mask is me ,

I raise my hands

And

Grab

The edges to remove it forcibly

From my existence ,

But it

Fights me to retain the rigidly

Defined - mud - eyes

Glinting

My olive green

As if reflecting back at me

From an inverted mirror

Says : ‘’ why

Do you do this ?

I am you

You are me ,

Together we flourish

Mud - masked

Hard

Tyrannous

Fleshed , soft , compassionate .

Together we exist as one.

Leaving the mask in place

But pleased

To wear it

So close

To my skin…of my skin … in my skin ,

I leave myself and join the dance .

Leaving the corridor , i notice

That the masks

Share the wall with

Curved blades .

These menacing knives make the wall

Shudder - gleaming

Through

The shadows

At

me.

CHE IN BUENOS AIRES

Nuevo da Julia

Has the name of some old whore

But for us was plain

Julia.

Nuevo da julia at two in the afternoon

Calls back

My journey

To the infants school

And then to the

Grammar school

Neuvo da julia , witness of my

Deaf tantrums ,

Observer of my strides

Growing longer ,

The burning passions

Of my adolescence

And the anguish

Of my too hasty

Tears !

Nuevo da julia at half past six

As the train whistle

Shakes the fences -

An ancient street with

Rough stone

That cut into

My kiddie’s feet

And then the

Asphalt

To recall

The whoosh

Of motor cars

And the grief that came into my

Childhood days !

They carried Nene to hospital

And with

My own

Eyes

I saw Nene dead -

My playmate who had looked with such bright eyes -

Dead

A corpse

On a

Cold stone

Slab !

Nuevo da julia at any hour of the day

The same faces along the fences -

The faces

Of my childhood

With it’s

Unbreached

Defences !

The girls at the windows

Pretending

To sew

And the fat old women

Chatty and slow

And the small coin

Clutched

In the

Hand of a child

As the guava scent

Beckons

From pots

At

Street doors !

I think i see

Myself

In that

Child !

Neuvo da julia at any hour

With its

Smooth asphalt

And tall houses

The perennial girls at the doors

Nuevo da julia recalls to me

My fruitlessly beautiful past

Fruitlessly filled with regret !

CHE

At his death in the biting snow - freeze

Of the Bolivian mountains ,

It was discovered

That the guerrilla chief had

Carried a book of poetry next to his

Ammunition in his khaki duffle bag.

Inscribed

In the poetic work

Were the words

‘’ we are always against war ,

But once we have fought in a war ,

We cannot live without it .

We want to go back to it

All the time . ‘’

To me poetry - is like war ,

It is based on the same principle

Of conflict.

War engenders

Conflict externally between physical beings ,

While poetry engenders

Conflict internally between facets of the

Soul ,

Between yearning for the nostalgic past we have

Lived and suffered ,

And the fantastic future which we have to strive obsessively

To obtain for our own fulfillment .

Between poetry and war the division is marginal

Once we have placed our spirits in jeopardy -

As we place our bodies -

On asking the earth’s forces

To experiment with us ,

Revolve through us ,

And to subject us to a

Process of purification.

CHILEAN - VIBRATION

FOR VICTOR JARA

Your hands vibrated

Your hearts tremors

Through guitar string

Uniting together within

Your music

Your love

Your desire

Your commitment

For

The land of

Auracania ,

You also danced the

Cueca , your feet moving

In time to the cymbals

Pulsating you towards

State - induced infinity .

Your music , your dance , your life

Creates a symbol

For freedom

For your land ,

For the missing

And for the dead .

MACUMBA - RIO

1977. Brazil

Lit candles floating in water

While drums beat in time

To the spreading blood

Stain within the darkened waters .

I move slowly within the

Worshippers as if surrounded by

A misted vapor of my own creation.

Able to see and hear

But to experience this

Strange

Other

Life energy.

Under the tiled roof of the

Poolside temple ,

A low black building

Eaten away by tropical rain

Situated in a thick wilderness

Of huge

Plantain leaves .

A dank smell .

The scent of frangipani .

When I first enter the temple ,

I see nothing in the darkness ,

And it’s cool

Surrounds

Isolates

And relieves me from the

Rhythm of the drums .

A strong odor of incense…

Something moves

Threateningly

There

In the blackness .

It's a snake stretching out lazily on a

Stone altar…

The lord

Of the jungle underworld ,

It’s eyes mesmerizing my soul ,

Piercing the misted vapor of my rationality

And twisting me into

The same barbaric surge

That my ancestors must have felt

Eons ago in another hemisphere.

NUNCA MAS ( NEVER AGAIN )

BUENOS AIRES

There are on the earth,

Argentinian earth,

50 000 dead

Whom no one mourned,

On the earth,

Unburied

Whom no one mourned.

A thousand Guernicas and the message in the

Brushes of

Orozco and of Siqueiros

As broad as the sea

This silence

Spreads across the land

As if the rains had rained blood

As if the rough hair were pampas grass

As if the mouths condemned

At

The

Very instant of

Their deaths

All the living of the earth

There are on the earth 50,000 dead

Whom no one mourned

No one …

The mothers of Buenos Aires

Have fallen with their sons.

UNTOUCHABLE PAGAN

( Rio de Janeiro, January 1977 )

Mário de Andrade tumulted by São Paulo

* Comoção de minha vida …

Plinio Salgado cannibalized by Salvador Bahia

* Grande boca de mil dentes …

While I experience retinal - monotony

Upon the visions of my souled eyesight.

Serpentines of quivering Brazilian beings

Unrolling all the futures of my vision.

Rio de Janeiro ! untouchable pagan in my soul …

Marbled white crucifixion

Without pigeon shit.

Golden white sand

Mixed with sea - dipped brown.

Gold and Azure

Palmed exotica with

Subtle refinement

Oven and warm jungled winter.

Almond eyes encapsulated behind

Parisian pill box hat net,

While french stocking reveals

Ravishment.

Male struggle surges and is denied.

And I turn and walk on.

And go on feeling the city

Secretly captured in my heart space

While the summer heat agitates

Something like the taste of

Tears

In my mouth.