

KAREN OCAÑA / Of the real we know only what happens to our body¹

Fullness of love and unreality
Among the cougar and the partridge
What has become of us in the present
As the present takes hold of our waking and our daring
In full-blown narrative ecstasy
Caresses and navel of the world confused
With the roots in us of reading and exuberance

Today many *of those babies* are born
Below the waist with a finished body
Of a girl or of a boy, forcing tradition forward
Emotion and solitude at various junctures call for
Words of vertigo names of beasts
Energy of the dream that eludes genre

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Yesterday: shrimp in coconut milk, oysters very salty still
With lots *of those summers* sought-after through our feelings
And the horizon

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There was no counting on democracy
Yesterday, I and others on Facebook in photos, watch:
A vulture waits for the body of a child to fall
In a state of many deaths.

¹ Translation of Brossard, p. 108.