

SERGIO HOLAS-VÉLIZ / Two Poems

folded sea

for Daniel & Jaime, zen walkers

whales migrate—mother—through your eyes
blue whales—balaenoptera musculu—&
whales like daniel & jaime & me
dreaming the forces of water into existence
their eyes old & wise do not need words to see
morphing fish forms into seascapes populations
nor they need words or libraries or archives
both whales & you swim outside language
existence flows free from borders & spoken walls

whales populate—mother—your entire eyes
blue whales—balaenoptera musculu—&
whales like daniel & jaime & me
dreaming the forces of water to existence
me observes their fluke spilling over from your pupil
me sees them in its own gaze watering out our sea
you swim—mother—the “*mar océano*” journey
both you & whales swimming outside language
between you & whales—mother—the heart oceanic forces

a part of the main

any man's death diminishes me (John Donne)

one migrates en route to the other
the spermatozoid migrates towards the ovule
the ovule changes into an individual
the individual becomes a society
humans create their own islands

& boats come from all flanks
surrounded by all kinds of illusions

"i" migrates towards the lucky country
desire drifts looking for certainties
certainty changes into uncertainties
& as "i" drifts wor(l)ds vanish &
worlds are brought forward into existence

& boats come from all flanks
surrounded by all kinds of illusions