

from **Lumbre de ciervos** [DeerLight]

Emma Villazón (trans. Erin Moure)

Wavering Before the Water

Got to let the hands grow bigger
abandon the self in blind repose
to germinate the voice that cracks open crustaceans
the gnarls after thrashings first house
Got to wait for a certain look of leaf
of Vid drinking tough night dropping needles

Now got to nab the voice incendiary
now got to nail what the flower sends very
know how to voice back if the forest hails

Your a & your e

When one noise or thinking is born
the other, the older, does not fade away;
they grapple together in greasy gymnastics,
hold steady and waver to make room
for the days and hold living time their half-prisoner.
Buttons, the days sew your coat of past and tomorrow.

Thus child with maternal hands tugs at the youth,
and I see that so many beings fill your mouth,
an aquarium teeming with tremulous yarns.
After all the joys and disasters, your light dances full
and your *a* your *e* apertural in the poem stripped bare
so that never could you bear the name of One only, You
nor someone

Growing Up

(for the hairy women of Gabriela Mistral)

Perhaps in an orphanhood gone unnoticed
her responsibilities appeared in dreams
betwixt lighthouses twisted along maritime bellies
and shipwrecks of exhaustion packed with furs
or obstreperous coins in a foreign tongue

Perhaps given such innocence
right down to her school shoes
they urged her to speak up, get going
to keep her promise, her blind
date with that someone, something, from beyond?
Speak up, get going, they told her,
and with responsibilities she'd grow, she'd see how
to help the dismembered walk down the road,
give back their mantle of negation,
and speak up as if re-living them

working

eating

watching

as if re-living, *reviving* them

out of the partition

of the nose

Memory Fence for a Deer

leaping over we were headed
sky up above in seduction
beneath each hoof a soleprint,
thousands corroborated our home, our mouth
not; the blue heat made
scribbles out of curtains walls medallions
and plunged heads into pools of gold

fortified children eyes alight
they told us, brought to hold up
the salver—seahorses? no!
the labour of progeny transparency of the cup
what's laudable fear of beasts what's fleshy

but from pratfall to pratfall we went
saw or didn't see the fences in scrambling over cup and outcry;
at dawn we took tea with dolphins
laughing amid phosphorescent excrescences

*—remember, remember without fail
our skins too were animal*

Parliament*

Whoever can't take off can't take leave,
exit through the door real or unreal
and say "I'm off" in the tone of bird or rain ascending.
No one leaves easily, and perhaps not at all
from the biggest instances, above all
the place of origin, that tower ambiguous
and threatening, always gobbling identity dreams.
There's no one who does not need time and friction
to grasp the struggle at the back of the tongue.
The point of most tension thus
does not reside in the quantity of scenes and fluttered embraces
or in which city is abandoned at noon, but lies in which
profiles, keys, shadow-feet and fold-up skies
we take with us, which

giants in smiles

—said she who takes leave
in the intersection of the bird

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