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Four Poems by Yaxkin Melchy

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Y que sea éste un libro alienígena / para los niños / en la vida radiante.
And may this be an alien book / for the children / in life resplendent.
Yaxkin Melchy, *Los Planetas*

** ** *

Abstract

Yaxkin Melchy is a young self-published Mexican poet and founding member of the *Red de los poetas salvajes* [Savage Poets' Network], an online community of emerging poets and artists based in Mexico City. This article reflects upon the process of translating Yaxkin's most recent book of poetry, published in 2012, entitled *Los Planetas* [The Planets]. It concludes with a sample of four translated poems.

Yaxkin's work is remarkable for many reasons. Its online context allows for the inclusion of large-scale visual artwork alongside the poetry, as well as active links to videos and other media, and provides unique opportunities for reader interactivity. The poetry also contains a significant degree of wordplay and intertextuality, combining innovative and novel language use with smatterings of scientific jargon, hypnagogic space fantasies, and a metaliterary penchant for self-reflection. The result is a bizarre and scathing critique of hypermodern society; a truly unique cosmos populated by aliens, dinosaurs, poets and angels.

Until now, the work of Mexican poet Yaxkin Melchy did not exist in translation. Translating a poet for the first time is a daunting and humbling experience, and one that invokes a curious sensation of honour and responsibility. The translation process inevitably involves the construction of certain relationships – between translator and text, between source text and target text, between translator and poet – and I have found that the more firmly grounded these relationships, the more profound one's understanding of the task at hand. Poetry, more than any other form of language, possesses qualities that are impossible to render in a second language without some degree of transformation. Whether the translator's challenges involve reproducing rhyme, rhythm, metre, neologism or cultural references, two things must be kept in sight at all times: both the source text, which is the translator's constant guide and inspiration, and the final poem, which belongs to the translator herself. The wisest path in translation is that which strays neither too far from the source nor too far from the target, but forges a coherent connection between the two.

When translating Yaxkin's most recent book of poetry, entitled *Los Planetas* [The Planets], I was fortunate enough to establish regular email correspondence with Yaxkin himself. This correspondence proved immensely valuable throughout the translation process, as it allowed me to clarify certain points and discuss the poetry with someone who knew and understood it more intimately than I ever could. From my growing personal investment in Yaxkin's work there emerged a unique sense of loyalty, quite distinct from the outdated and restrictive notions of "fidelity" and "faithfulness" that persist within translation studies commentary. Following Christiane Nord, I perceive loyalty as an interpersonal concept, primarily founded upon "a social relationship between *people*" (125). In other words, loyalty pertains above all to the translator's human context, implying a bilateral commitment to both the source and target texts. As a loyal translator, I have sought to produce a work of poetry that is worthy of bearing both Yaxkin's name and my own.

I have adopted a generally foreignizing strategy in my translation of *Los Planetas*. The original idea behind the concepts of foreignization and domestication was outlined by

Schleiermacher in his iconic 1813 treatise “Methoden des Übersetzens” (“On the Different Methods of Translating”). Schleiermacher declared that there were only two possible methods of translation: “Either the translator leaves the writer alone as much as possible and moves the reader toward the writer, or he leaves the reader alone as much as possible and moves the writer toward the reader” (42). The former method, advocated by Schleiermacher himself, involves retaining a certain sense of foreignness in the translated text. Rather than naturalizing the inherent strangeness of the original, foreignization implies “sending the reader abroad” (Venuti 20), thus transforming the reading experience into one of alienation.

The alien universe of *Los Planetas* is marked by a distinct poetic strangeness, which I have been at pains to preserve in my translation. Like all literature, Yaxkin’s work is embedded in a specific cultural and social context. There are certain concepts that simply cannot be rendered into English without some degree of explanation or distortion. Certain supplementary techniques, such as compensation, explicitation and generalization, are designed to facilitate the translation of such concepts (cf. Vinay and Darbelnet). For instance, the inevitable losses involved in translation can sometimes be redeemed at other points in the text. Unfortunately, though, compensation is not always possible, and culture-specific concepts in the source text must occasionally be smuggled into translation under the blanket of a more general target-language term. Moreover, implicit cultural information in the source text often needs to be rendered explicit in the target text in order to achieve the translation’s communicative objective. Poetry translation requires a special degree of caution in this regard, however. Ambiguity, intertextuality and complex wordplay are important components of Yaxkin’s work, and I have therefore hesitated to employ strategies of explicitation or clarification except in instances where I feel that the terminology has an obvious and important cultural implication (in the contemporary Mexican context) that will almost certainly be unfamiliar to Australian readers.

The poet

Yaxkin Melchy represents an exciting new generation of talented young poets in Mexico. Born in Mexico City in 1985, he studied Industrial Design before embarking on his current studies in Letras Hispánicas at the Facultad de Filosofía y Letras, UNAM (Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México). In 2009 he won the Premio Nacional de Poesía Joven Elías Nandino [Elías Nandino Prize for Young Poetry] with his book *Los poemas que vi por un telescopio* [Poems I Saw through a Telescope]. His other books of poetry include *Ciudades electrodomeísticas* [Electrodomestic Cities], *Nada en contra* [Nothing Against], *El Nuevo Mundo* [The New World], *El Sol Verde* [The Green Sun], and *Los Planetas*. These last three books form a trilogy, of which *Los Planetas* is, in Yaxkin’s own words, “el tercer libro, o nave” [the third book, or ship] (personal communication).¹ Yaxkin is also a founding member of the *Red de los poetas salvajes* [Savage Poets’ Network], a community of emerging poets and artists based in Mexico who publish and share their work online. Deriving inspiration from the bohemian characters of Roberto Bolaño’s novel *The Savage Detectives* (1998), the *Red* began as a small-scale blog and eventually transmogrified into a vast, unofficial online journal and forum. Today, the *Red* is a borderless, youth-friendly space for creation and self-publication, offering promising opportunities for translation into languages other than Spanish. As well as publishing his own poetry, Yaxkin also compiles, edits and shares anthologies of poetry and visual art. Contributors range from his young Mexican contemporaries to important Latin American writers from earlier generations, such as Enrique Verástegui and Félix Luis Viera.

One of the most interesting aspects of the *Red de los poetas salvajes* is its predominantly online presence. Indeed, technology and the incorporation of modern communication media into the realm of art and poetry is one of the major recurring themes in Yaxkin’s work. For him, online publication is more than just a means of minimizing costs. Rather, it offers a way to “break away from literary monotony”, permitting access to “a form of creation that belongs more fully

¹ All translations from Spanish are my own.

to this movement” (from *Los Planetas*).² In other words, the dynamism and heterogeneity of the Internet make it the perfect vehicle for the kind of eclectic, innovative artwork that Yaxkin and his fellow “poetas salvajes” create. The online publication format allows for the inclusion of large-scale visual artwork alongside the poetry, as well as active links to videos and other media.³ At once a private and communal space, the Internet also offers unique opportunities for reader interactivity and feedback. Furthermore, as Yaxkin himself comments, the ephemeral nature of online literature adds a beautifully savage element to his writing. Composing poetry intended for the screen, he affirms, “means never relinquishing while there exists this universe of expressions that appear and disappear, that are created and erased” (“Electrónico-poética”). The complex web of creativity that is Yaxkin’s *Red* exists within the only truly untamed medium remaining, one impervious to censorship, the demands of the publishing industry, and the passage of time. “The web”, Yaxkin reminds us, “is a riddle waiting to be written”, an amorphous entity shaped and encoded by the very people who consume it (“Electrónico-poética”). Needless to say, the indeterminate and multifarious nature of the Internet cannot be replicated on paper. Even when removed from its online context, though, Yaxkin’s poetry retains its singular allure. While its personality is altered somewhat by the change in medium, the poetry’s essential nature remains intact.

Aside from the aforementioned focus on technology and online writing, Yaxkin’s poetry displays a complex vocabulary and intertextuality that pertain to the poet’s own, unmistakably Mexican context. As the title suggests, *Los Planetas* contains strong recurring themes of astronomy, space-fiction and metaphysics. There are several references to theoretical physicists and philosophers, and scientific or mathematical terminology is often woven into the fabric of the poetry. Yaxkin describes himself as “a scientific spirit, a wonder-struck child”, and his poetry is indeed a remarkable collage of juvenile fantasies and sophisticated scientific language. As a translator, I have had to first comprehend this language before attempting to communicate it in English. However, I have not attempted to demystify Yaxkin’s complicated vocabulary, deciding to leave his references more or less as opaque as they are in the original. Yaxkin also dedicates many of his poems to friends and contemporaries, and his writing frequently verges on the metaliterary with its self-reflective themes and explicit references to other poets and artists. Among the well-known figures populating his work we find Hermann Hesse and Federico García Lorca, musicians Ravi Shankar and Mercedes Sosa, and a host of Chilean poets including Bolaño, Neruda, Héctor Hernández and Juan Luis Martínez.

Yaxkin’s intricate, alliteration-rich language, along with his Joycean penchant for neologisms, has often demanded a certain measure of ingenuity on my part. One striking example of such language appears in the book’s opening poem:

arreversados
entreverados por la primavera
varados en el verso
versados en lo que primeramente nace como un signo de
interrogación que crece con la lluvia

Difficult elements in this passage include the invented word *arreversado*, the repetition of the letter *v* and the sound *-ados*, the strange choice of the word *primeramente* (akin to using *firstly* instead of *first*), and the relationship between the words *verso* and *versados*. After much experimentation I settled on the following translation:

² In a section of *Los Planetas* entitled “Electrónico-Poética” [Electronic-Poetics], Yaxkin dedicates several poems to the topic of technology’s impact on the experience of composing and consuming poetry.

³ For examples, see the website of the *Red de los poetas salvajes*: reddelospoetassalvajes.blogspot.com (in Spanish).

rereversed
 interspersed by spring
 deserted in the verse
 versed in what is first born as a question
 mark that grows with the rain

The replacement of one neologism with another was simple enough, as was preserving the relationship between *verse* and *versed*. The real challenge lay in reproducing the rhythmic alliteration of the original. Initially, I preferred *streaked with spring* to *interspersed by spring*, and *stranded in the verse* to *deserted in the verse*. Nevertheless, I eventually opted to prioritize the sound of the whole stanza over my partiality for individual words. Happily, the word *first* fitted the rhyme of the stanza better than its clumsy cousin *firstly*, so I also chose to disregard Yaxkin's odd word choice in this instance.

Reading the stanza aloud several times helped me to arrive at this decision. I paid particularly close attention to the intrinsic patterns, rhythms and aural motifs formed by Yaxkin's language, and attempted to create analogous sounds in English. Many acclaimed poetry translators admit to employing similar methods in the translation and revision of their work. Edith Grossman, who has written extensively on the subject, describes her (re)creative process as one of aural repetition, focusing on the poem's spoken cadences rather than its formal structure. "I begin", she writes, by "reading the lines aloud, over and over again, until the Spanish patterns have been internalized and I can start to hear in my mind's ear the rhythms of a preliminary English version" (99). Margaret Sayers Peden, translator of Isabel Allende and Juan Rulfo, describes her method in equally musical terms, claiming to listen to "the way the poem is sung" (9). For Paul Valéry, the aesthetic quality of spoken verse is paramount: a poem, he writes, "is both a succession of syllables and a combination of words; and just as the latter ought to form a probable meaning, so the succession of syllables ought to form for the ear a kind of audible shape which, with a special and as it were peculiar compulsion, should impress itself simultaneously on both voice and memory" (113). Certainly, listening to a poem's living, audible pulse reveals latent rhythms and "deep-rooted tempos" within even the most prosaic verse (Grossman 99). Although Yaxkin's poetry conforms neither to rhyme nor to any strict poetic metre, it possesses a distinct musicality and resonates powerfully when spoken aloud.⁴ Yaxkin himself draws clear parallels between the composition of music and poetry: "I am composing mud", he writes in the opening poem of *Los Planetas*, "and the symphony orchestra of the prelude". Yaxkin's carefully chaotic, often unexpected word pairings lend the poems a subtle structural coherence, which I have attempted to preserve in my translation.

At several points during the translation process there arose instances in which, due to ambiguity, invented vocabulary and my own limited understanding of the poetry's intimate context, I was uncertain whether my translation decisions were accurate. The fact that I was engaged in regular email correspondence with Yaxkin prompted me to seek his advice in such instances. Had this not been the case, I would have been forced to make those decisions on my own, or with the help of other Mexican acquaintances, trusting in my own interpretation of Yaxkin's difficult language. Fortunately, though, Yaxkin deigned to guide me through some of the poetry's more perplexing terrain. His explanation of the neologism *próstumo*, for example, was at once illuminating and bemusing: "It has to do with the word *posthumous*", he wrote, "but I wanted the word to sound dirty, smeared with pristine mud". Unable to encompass all of Yaxkin's paradoxical concepts within one word, I eventually decided that the stanza as a whole managed to impart both the sense and self-contradictory feel of the original. I settled on:

4 Yaxkin and other members of the *Red de los poetas salvajes* frequently perform their poetry aloud. Examples can be found at the following links:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4HzE9hVULv8>;
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pvPA_yPvBt8&feature=channel&list=UL

and I am composing my prosthymous mud
out of the pristine tombs of dictionaries

Such compromises are an inevitable part of poetry translation, and every translator suffers from an inherent sense of insecurity in the face of them. They recall the words of Wilhelm von Humboldt, from an 1816 preface to his translation of Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*: "I know only too well", he wrote, "to what extent my own translation falls short of what I would wish it to be" (59). Nevertheless, I do not feel disappointed with the text that I have produced, nor am I pessimistic about the outcomes of poetry translation in general. Like poetry itself, translation is a difficult and imperfect art form. It requires creativity, ingenuity and yes, a certain degree of compromise. But so does all writing. Poetry translation is no doubt a challenging task, but it is by no means a futile or impossible one.

A final, crucial element of Yaxkin's poetry is its smouldering undercurrent of social criticism. The Mexico of *Los Planetas* is a kind of cybergenetic dystopia, ravaged by modernity and capitalist debauchery. Indeed, Mexico's recent history is a chaotic *mélange* of unbridled consumerism, astonishing violence and deeply entrenched political corruption. Yaxkin articulates the disenchantment of a generation born and raised in that confusing social climate. "Mexico City / is my Third World Tokyo", he writes, a place where poverty and frivolity co-exist, where hypermodernity is inextricable from waste and decay. This said, his poetry is far from defeatist. The cosmos that Yaxkin has created is one in which poets rewrite entire constellations, where universes decompose and are rebuilt by human consciousness, where books are as big as houses – indeed, as big as planets – and time is distorted to the point of losing all meaning.

To an extent, then, *Los Planetas* is a form of surrealist escapism, a hallucinatory journey into outer (cyber)space. It is also much more than this, however. Poetry, Yaxkin explains, has become unnecessary in modern times, a peripheral art form disregarded by many as convoluted and bizarre. Art and Literature now tend to spring from inessential creative desires, rather than from necessity. "Desire creates writers, poets, Nobel laureates", he remarks, "but necessity is what compels a child to write stories in his schoolbooks" (personal communication). Yaxkin's own writing is an attempt to capture that child-like urgency, to recognize "the marvellous, mysterious Other that surrounds us" and to invade everyday language "with animals, plants, robots". Poetry understood as necessity, he claims, is not something superfluous but something inextricable from life itself, "more closely related to community, to dreaming, to children's riddles" than to artistic transcendence. In this sense, poetry is also a form of resistance in a society where ignorance and apathy reign: "Writing poetry is like taking to the streets in protest, but the streets are inside us and in our heads and in our hearts". For Yaxkin, poetry holds the key to comprehending, expressing and remedying our social discontent. It is a mechanism of innovation and renewal, both artistic and political. "The Book", he writes, "is a constellation of kites landing on the / metropolis / this country's forced landing in times of crisis / against the shootings and massacres / a weapon of destruction against the old and outdated / of regeneration" (from the text of *Los Planetas*).

Los Planetas reminds us that poetry, in all its forms, is what keeps us from the brink of self-destruction or utter de-humanization. It is a place populated by "living organic creatures, and that is the antithesis of dead literature" (personal communication). Mexico, in other words, is not (yet) a nation of cyborgs; "the poetry / transmitted in the breath / is the consciousness that we are living creatures of air and fire" (*Los Planetas*). For Yaxkin, poetry "belongs to us, to all of us, to everyone", and the creative flame within us all is what constitutes our humanity and our indefatigable freedom. While it burns, all is not lost.

I

estoy componiendo barro
y la orquesta sinfónica del prólogo

I am composing mud
and the symphony orchestra of the prelude

aquí dentro de mí voy a escribir porque afuera
vive un monstruo
y esta es mi alma hecha de colores un cometa de
papel y azufre

I am going to write here inside myself because
outside there lives a monster
and this is my soul made of colours a paper and
sulphur comet

aquí en el fondo del océano
a diez mil metros de altura en los tiempos
donde se revuelven las mareas y es pasado y
futuro

here at the bottom of the ocean
ten thousand metres high in time
where the tides toss and turn and it is past and
future

aquí donde la palabra está sentada en un trono
de corales negros
y la luz oscura se parcela y hace rayas y se
planta la luz

here where words are seated on thrones of black
coral
and the dark light divides itself and casts stripes
and the light takes root

donde las hojas luminosas se abren y se
cosechan los textos inauditos
y los ángeles
y los jaguares sigilan como astros-universos que
también están aquí
concentrados en las galaxias
en la creación de la reversión mutante
una palanca de hierro el corazón cifrado en
violetas azules

where the luminous leaves unfurl and brand new
texts are harvested
and the angels
and the jaguars stealth like star-universes that
are also here
concentrated in the galaxies
in the creation of the mutant reversion
an iron lever the heart encoded in
blue violets

y pinto rollos de arcoiris hasta que duermo en el
arcoiris

and I paint reels of rainbow until I sleep in the
rainbow

estoy componiendo barro y soy de barro
y la música está desperdigada por toda la
profundidad pelágica
como una caverna de gusanos luminosos

I am composing mud and I am mud
and the music is scattered through the pelagic
depths
like a cave of glow worms

liliput liliput liliput
ja ja ja
dios está en la luna tirando la basura de su
enorme planeta
y yo pesco y yo pesco con los oídos

lilliput lilliput lilliput
ha ha ha
god is on the moon taking out his enormous
planet's trash
and I fish and I fish with my ears

los bucles del tiempo interminable

for loops of interminable time

y corro y corro repitiendo descubriendo
cambiando de color las

and I run and I run repeating discovering
changing colour the

televisiones

televisions

caracoles y avispas

snails and wasps

limoneros y libélulas

lemon trees and dragonflies

corro y corro

I run and I run

y los juegos olímpicos se trasforman en cadenas
olímpicas

and the olympic games transform into olympic
rings

los aros están en mi nariz y en mi lengua

the hoops are in my nose and in my tongue

me siento todo continente todo océano todo

I feel all continent all ocean all

cielo

sky

todo república de banderas de nylon

all republic of nylon flags

jajaja

hahaha

calcetines rosas

pink socks

toda palabra al revés tiene otro color sabor y

words written backwards have a different colour

punto de quiebre

flavour and breaking point

corazón tropical tropicalísimo

tropical tropical heart

hirviendo café en las ojeras de mi rostro

boiling coffee in the circles under my eyes

poesía consumida

consumed poetry

quemándote como el sinfín

burning like infinity

el sinfín sillón de un muerto

the infinite armchair of a dead man

corro aunque soy universitario y desleal

I run although I am an undergraduate and

aunque mi padre está en el bosque esperándome

disloyal

borracho

although my father is waiting for me drunk in

y aunque mi madre vive en una caja de cerillos

the woods

porque afuera

although my mother lives in a matchbox

todos se queman

because outside everybody is burning

aunque mi hermana es de puntos alrededor de
su cuerpo

although my sister is made of points outside her
body

porque es un dibujo que no se ha unido ni

because she is a drawing that has not joined nor

arrebatao ni cosido a las

been snatched from nor stitched to the fabrics of

telas de la existencia

existence

así

so

porque soy desleal

because I am disloyal

sé que se puede reescribir dieciocho veces el

I know that the same poem can be rewritten

mismo poema
y las estrellas son dieciocho veces estrellas por
minuto
naa está bajo el mismo poema todo está
chorreando del mismo
sujeto poético
político prolífico pontificio

los shinigamis llevan cruces a la espalda
y los videos virtuales son los sueños de los que
aún no nacen
los que ya nacieron grabaron ovis o
extraterrestres
dejaron algunos poemas tontos locos alucinantes

se han muerto esperando
a ver que el sol saque la lengua
que las nubes se quemen y el cielo se convierta
en un diccionario de cristal
y la tierra en una licuadora de palabras

no les daré ninguna clase a ustedes
nada que provenga del lenguaje a la
militarización del lenguaje

instrúyanse conmigo en la pedagogía de las
cartas que mandamos al dios de mil rostros
a veces hay que llenar el corazón de luciérnagas
y pensar como un río que es otra forma de ser
luciérnaga
y sentir como el volcán que también es una
forma de ser
luciérnaga

penachos de escoba
ropa llena de piel y esqueletos
guantes pegados con engrudo
pulmón abierto y corazón calcetín
todo relleno con semillas negras

moco tierra vómito y vinagre
alfombras mágicas cuernos y precisión lunática

eighteen times
and the stars are stars eighteen times per
minute
naah it all falls under the same poem
everything is flowing from the same
poetic subject
political prolifical pontifical

the shinigamis bear crosses on their backs
and video games are the dreams of the
unborn
those who were born recorded ufos or
extraterrestrials
they left a few silly crazy wonderful poems

they died waiting
for the sun to stick out its tongue
for the clouds to burn and the sky to become a
glass dictionary
and the earth a blender of words

I will not teach you anything
nothing stemming from language to the
militarization of language

learn with me in the pedagogy of letters that
we send to the god of a thousand faces
sometimes we must fill our hearts with fireflies
and think like a river which is another way of
being a firefly
and feel like the volcano which is also a way of
being a
firefly

tufts of broom
clothes full of skin and skeletons
gloves stuck together with wheat paste
open lung and sock heart
all filled with black seeds

snot earth vomit and vinegar
magic carpets horns and lunatic precision

marea cuerpo vocación de hilo enredar las
ciudades con inmensas líneas de pintura
hasta trazar un mapa sobre el mapa
un mapa textil sobre el mapa de lo concreto

ondear la ciudad como bandera sobre el valle
la bandera constelación
la bandera Marte
la bandera prepucio
la banderola tambor
la bandera seno
labio partido

ángeles paralíticos con una flor en vez de
cuerpo
ángeles epilépticos con una flor en vez de
cabeza
ángeles sanguíneos con sangre en vez de flores
en vez de pensamientos

arreversados
entreverados por la primavera
varados en el verso
versados en lo que primeramente nace como un
signo de interrogación
 que crece con la lluvia

alrededor de peces blancos comidos por
murciélagos azules
zorros verdes
muchachos esporádicamente transparentes

llamados antárticos pero llamados al sol
muchachas que caen del cielo para rociar con
sus orines el equinoccio
y hacernos creer lo mismo que hacernos crecer
que algún día esta
escalera llegará al infierno

ja ja ja
nada podrá mordernos
ni la modernidad ni su cola
ni los remordimientos ni la culpa

tide body thread vocation
entangle the cities with immense lines of paint
until a map is traced upon the map
a textile map upon the concrete map

ripple to the city like a flag upon the valley
the constellation flag
the Mars flag
the foreskin flag
the drum flag
the breast flag
chapped lip

paralytic angels with a flower for a
body
epileptic angels with a flower for a
head
sanguine angels with blood instead of flowers
instead of thoughts

rereversed
interspersed by spring
deserted in the verse
versed in what is first born as a
question mark
 that grows with the rain

around white fish eaten by
blue bats
green foxes
sporadically transparent boys

antarctic appeals but appeals to the sun
girls who fall from the sky to spray the
 equinox with their urine
and make us believe the same thing make us
believe that some day this
stairway will lead us to hell

ha ha ha
nothing will bite us
not modernity nor its tail
not regret nor doubt

las cruces del cristo son espadas de madera
y rompemos las piñatas
repletas de estrellas

y estoy componiendo mi próstumo de barro
el prístino sepulcro de los diccionarios

pero estoy reponiendo cosmopolitismo extraño
extraterrestre y estratosférico
angelical y dragónico:
ácido desoxirribonucleico
así nace una planta
así se crea un gen de la historia
de una semilla donde está dormida la flor que
soy por adentro de
 los huesos
la yerba que soy por los ojos hacia fuera
la hechura verde de mi sol
la tela muerta de mi hojarasca

ese
libro
que
vino
del
espacio
exterior
preguntando
me
si...
ja
ja
já!

the crosses of christ are wooden swords
and we shatter the piñatas
full of stars

and I am composing my prosthumous mud
out of the pristine tombs of dictionaries

but I am replenishing cosmopolitism, strange
extraterrestrial and stratospheric
angelic and dragonic:
deoxyribonucleic acid
this is how a plant is born
this is how a history gene is born
from a seed where sleeps
the flower inside
 my bones
the grass that grows out of my eyes
the green make of my sun
the dead fabric of my fallen leaves

that
book
that
came
from
outer
space
asking
me
if...
ha
ha
ha!

II

calcula
el espacio
que queda
entre tu boca
y la boca de las estrellas

calculate
the space
that remains
between your mouth
and the mouth of the stars

reanuda trayectos
barcos de vapor manchando el horizonte gris

resume your journeys
steamboats dirtying the grey horizon

muerde
escupe una y otra vez

bite
spit again and again

no dejes de mirar
los sonidos tristes del día
las gargantas en éxtasis de la noche
la bulimia de las estrellas
vomitando
cometas miles de cometas

do not stop looking
at the sad sounds of the day
at the throats in night-time ecstasy
at the bulimia of the stars
vomiting
comets thousands of comets

no dejes de romperte
como el faro
al que le cae una piedra del espacio

do not stop breaking yourself
like a lighthouse
smashed by a stone from outer-space

no dejes de hundirte más
como la ola tragada por sus hermanas
hasta convertirte en un submarino
profundo y negro
con mil manos
atrapando millones de luces
con lenguas de lodo

do not stop sinking further
like a wave swallowed by its sisters
until you become a submarine
deep and black
with a thousand hands
trapping millions of lights
with tongues of mud

busca
huye
vierte tu espeso torrente a tu hueco corazón

search
flee
spill your thick torrent upon your hollow heart

vive
acuéstate con el pecho lleno de hologramas

live
recline with your chest full of holograms

sube
rima
bate las ondas de la luz

rise
rhyme
pound the waves of light

el cielo es un lago de gasóleo
todo va a arder dicen los ángeles excitados
y sientes unas cosquillas terribles

olvida lo que serás
revierte aquella energía en los ojos
moliendo poemas remoliendo poemas

mírate con el planeta
en tu puño

the sky is a gasoline lake
everything is going to burn, the excited angels
say, and you feel a terrible tickling

forget what will be
spill again that energy in your eyes
grinding poems regrinding poems

look at yourself with the planet
in your fist

III

danzas folclóricas del mezcal
electroacústica
revienta el sonidero en mi cabeza
sé que es un libro que ha estallado en mí
sueño hambriento
hiena del sol
lujuria de verdes campos
ángeles sin dientes
bailan con dinosaurios
se acerca un meteorito –sol gigante como una
flor–
estamos en una monografía extraterrestre
bailando con el petróleo una danza llena de
fuego y noche
voz de nieve
arruinadero
hervidero
fiesta de los eclipses
besándose
como el universo
cuando crecía como una célula mutante
y estos son los versos del microprocesador
del juego del baile
que todos bailan
para siempre

folkloric mescal dances
electroacoustic
bursting the sound system inside my head
I know it is a book that has exploded in me
hungry dream
hyena of the sun
lust of green fields
toothless angels
dance with the dinosaurs
a meteorite is approaching –sun gigantic like a
flower–
we are inside an extraterrestrial monograph
dancing with petroleum a dance filled with fire
and night
voice of snow
ruins
hives
fiesta of the eclipses
kissing each other
like the universe
when it grew like a mutant cell
and these are the microprocessor verses
of the game the dance
that everyone dances
for ever

IV

los perros de los cuadernos murieron
desaparecieron de la imaginación

the notebook dogs died
they disappeared from imagination

adelante y afuera de mi ventana hay cientos de
perros callejeros
que no encuentran las entradas de lo infra
calles llenas de perros
cementeros de perros marinos
perros voladores
y perros luminosos

ahead and outside my window there are hundreds
of stray dogs
that cannot find the entrances to the underworld
streets filled with dogs
cemeteries of marine dogs
flying dogs
and luminous dogs

desenterramos los huesitos junto a latas de
refresco
pepsi perros
y perros sabritas
serán
los dinosaurios del futuro

we unearth the little bones buried among soda
cans
pepsi dogs
and doritos dogs
will be
the dinosaurs of the future

cierro los ojos
los párpados son duros como hojas metálicas
y la música pop bilz pap no puede dormir

I close my eyes
the eyelids are hard like metallic leaves
and the bilz pap pop music can't sleep

enciendo mi yo reality show:
estoy bailando con los perros que se fueron al
cielo
y el sol gordo arriba
deshaciéndose como una bola de mantequilla

I switch on my personal reality show:
I am dancing with the dogs that went to
heaven
and the fat sun overhead
melting us like a lump of butter

los perros tienen grosellas en las orejas
como los pendientes de santa Claus
y jalan un trineo de leche
sobre los edificios

the dogs have currants in their ears
like santa claus earrings
and they pull a sleigh of milk
atop the buildings

¿a dónde irán?
de un lado a otro del ecuador
que es una calle muy ancha
sin puntos cardinales
y sin porvenir

where will they go?
from one side of the equator to the other
which is a very broad street
with no cardinal points
and no future

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