

## BEWILDERED, ENRAGED

'Onward  
beating back indignity',  
--Ernesto Che Guevara

So we are left  
bewildered  
enraged  
though this death was  
one of the predictable absurdities  
it is embarrassing to look at  
the paintings  
the carpets  
the arm-chairs  
to take a bottle from the refrigerator  
to type the three global letters of your name  
on the inflexible

on the inflexible machine  
that never  
never had  
such a faded ribbon  
embarrassing to be cold  
and draw close to the stove like always  
to be hungry and eat  
to do such a simple thing  
as open the record-player and listen in silence  
above all when it is a Mozart quartette

it is embarrassing to be comfortable  
and to have asthma is embarrassing  
when you comandante are falling  
machine-gunned  
legendary  
radiant

you are our tormented conscience  
rumor has it they burned you  
with what fire  
will they burn the good  
good news  
the irascible tenderness  
you brought and carried away  
with your cough  
with your clay

rumor has it they incinerated  
the whole of your vocation  
save one finger

it is enough to show us the way  
to indict the monster and his infamy  
to squeeze once again the triggers

so we are left  
bewildered  
enraged  
of course with time this leaden  
bewilderment  
will gradually abate  
but the rage will stay  
become more pure

you are dead  
you are alive  
you are falling  
you are cloud  
you are rain  
you are star

wherever you are  
if you are  
if you are ascending  
manage at last  
to breathe the easy  
to fill your lungs  
with Heaven

wherever you are  
if you are  
if you are ascending  
it is a pity God does not exist

but there will be others  
of course there will be others  
SPOONING AT LUNCH WITH YOU

## WITH YOUR PERMISSION

It is forbidden to write about a certain class of violence  
so I will speak only of that violence which is permissible

authorized violence is present comprehensive and curious in your  
love letters caresses with you the thighs of your  
sweetheart listens to your whispers your  
expirations

crude and wretched he insinuates himself tamely into your house  
poor gendarme promoted suddenly to horror  
handler of secrets and majolica  
at times a minor thief without vocation or melancholy  
a parvenu to crime and nouveau riche with fear

authorized violence watches with deep concern the camel  
passing through the eye of a needle  
and ordains an imperforate silence so he can vociferate  
in your ear his hygienic enthusiasm  
for liberty

he leaves his hear at home with the kids or in the apartment  
of his third mistress so it will not be compromised  
when he goes out to finish off  
his wide-eyed victims

authorized violence hates your every pore but above all  
loathes himself and as he still cannot confess  
this knows that in the mirror he will find  
punctilious his chronic retching  
his minifundio of shame

so he torments with his mouth parched squandering insomnias  
desiccated well-populated insomnias knowing deep  
inside it is all a great futile postergation  
because history is not impatient but  
does keep its files up to date.

authorized violence owns an extraordinary pair of scissors  
for cutting off the ears of truth but after  
he has no idea what to do with them  
he cannot understand symbols and good for him because  
everything the streets windows eyes walls sky  
fists teeth are market-places of symbols  
fairs where the future is offered  
like an unexpected bargain

authorized violence plunges deep into his lattens self-moving  
strongholds expugnable nights but leaves a little  
chink for breathing through which not a stray  
bullet but a small boulder can pass  
he is afraid and good for him

authorized violence has a formidable electronic computer  
to inform him which violence is good and which  
violence is bad so that way he can prohibit  
the mentioning of execrable violence

the computer reported for example that this poem  
was about good violence

