

The Pronoun of Love

**THE**

**PRONOUN**

**OF**

**LOVE**

**JORGE LARA**

## The Pronoun of Love

**A Ella**

# **Approaches**

## The Pronoun of Love

### **I WATCH**

I watch

the imagined expectancy

the wall loneliness

the slipping of a lime drop

I watch

the flies fall over my knees

the sweet twilight/sunset

of the letters read several times

I watch

the faceless face of love

and without any crumb of shame

I laugh

## The Pronoun of Love

### **SORRY**

Sorry

for escaping from the walls

for walking your streets with my game

for getting wet

with the rain of a certain dream

Sorry

for not acknowledging myself among my nothings

for my little hands eagerness

sorry for loving

for believing

at dawn

for the exigencies and the risks

## The Pronoun of Love

for my foetal congenital posture

for not shutting up

for facing life so fearless

when yet

maybe some birds remain

Sorry

for that uncombed doll

and so much repetitive abyss

sorry for the lips

perhaps unfolded tomorrow

rubbed out

dry

sorry

for the withered leaf among the fingers

for being so little and asking so much

## The Pronoun of Love

for the truth

and above all

sorry

because I don't regret it

## The Pronoun of Love

### GOODBYE PLACES

In the first rock that we bend  
in the last seagull  
when your eyes almost shade would be

In the middle of a bridge  
fording immensities  
rocking like a dream  
that snores the roundness  
of my hand on your cheek

In the summit of danger  
and in the falling down  
mouth against mouth



## The Pronoun of Love

There

without never knowing

when the handkerchiefs

will be displayed

## The Pronoun of Love

### IN SPITE OF WORDS

Love must be called

because it comes

so that it goes where you are

when it is

love must be called

love

and there is not a word

that can approach it

## The Pronoun of Love

### IT'S OK. LET'S PHILOSOPHZE

Time is so real

you say

like the events that it contains

then love

I reply

contains time

though it seems to escape

between the breath

of our kisses.

## The Pronoun of Love

**LET'S GO ON**

My space includes you

but I know

it doesn't sound like a phrase

of love

however...

## The Pronoun of Love

### A TWO LOVERS POSTCARD

They are watching together  
far away  
and in silence  
from a balcony

falls over them  
like a soft gown  
the fleeting certainty  
of eternity

## The Pronoun of Love

### PHOTO

She was small

and curious

what else to ask

to love

in the middle of its flight

## The Pronoun of Love

### **YOU'RE ARRIVING**

You're coming, yes

like the photo

with those winds

that cooled

the worn out skin

you're coming

in wavy images

to occupy the place

that was awaiting you

among my papers

and my days

## The Pronoun of Love

you're coming to me

and I, incredulous

follow you



## The Pronoun of Love

### REVERIE

When you bend your eyes  
my soul tightens up to my shoes

and when I think  
in all I want to do to you  
it occurs to me that it must be beautiful  
to squander the hours  
wetting the pores  
till the scream

and then to carry on looking  
but now  
with closed eyes

## The Pronoun of Love

### REASONS FOR WAKING UP

If you didn't breathe in my ear  
the night would lose its Saturday colour  
if your legs wouldn't hook my knees  
making a flower of you in my arms

if I wouldn't find in the morning  
your saliva  
your warm wetness of well slept  
your continued grumbling till the jumping  
till you pour the world in yourself  
and leave me swimming our bed

If it weren't for the hasty breakfast  
our butter quarrels  
our kisses

## The Pronoun of Love

the advice the toothpaste

your see you later

if it weren't for the smile of your eyes

if your hair wouldn't tickle my nose

when falling over and over again

from the end of the day

with which reason

I would escape from the dreams

to try the life

## The Pronoun of Love

### LOVE AND SIESTA

Sun

day of elongated siesta

sweating on the pavements

cool love and in some moments water

between the lips and the foreign skin

hands    legs

and the pillow so far

like the glass on the bedside table

dense dream

awakening of movements

which still look for each other

in the night of hairs

transfusion body to body

from the I to the we

## The Pronoun of Love

pause in the sigh and in the tear

thanksgiving

adoration of the womb

consecration of the nipples to the hungry kiss

abolition of sex for sex

satisfied

playful

hidden and I ask for a break

mumbled scents

of I love you

resting on the plain

between the wet thighs

under the curly sun

afternoon of love and siesta

## The Pronoun of Love

### SILVER ODE

Any relationship

anything in fact

older than twenty five years

starts to mature

it can last more

or not

it can smell like rusted matter

or to wisterias

you get rotten by love

or leaven from boredom

## The Pronoun of Love

after a quarter of a century

shared

or ask for the time

or force the extra time

I make

a surprised face

and say

it cannot be

somebody has miscalculated

the bills

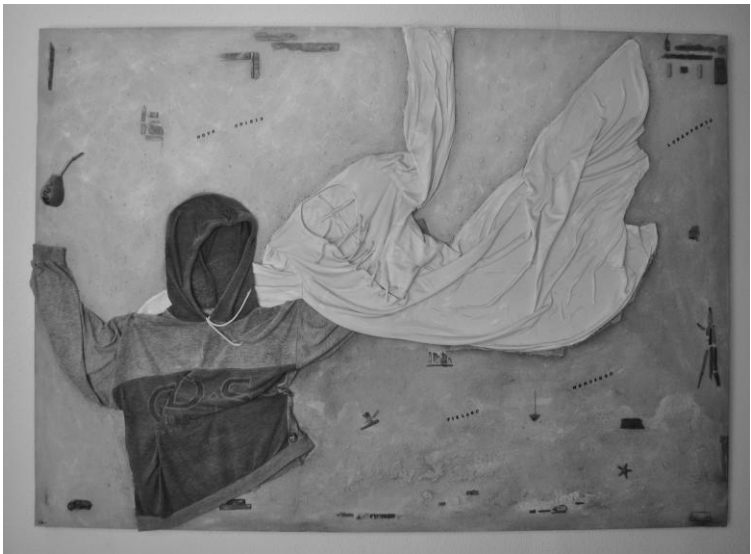
what if

we start again

**PROPERLY SAID**



## The Pronoun of Love



**THE BAD POET OF THE GOOD MATÉS**

Come in!

the session starts

with this light

we call day

good morning

means then

that bending head

to the respectable

No, it's not a mime

it's the bad poet

that now looks like the photo

## The Pronoun of Love

of nurses

in hospitals

Not a cough

please

it would be terrible

for the ceremony

you see there he goes bare footed

and treading

like a dancer

more like an uncombed ugly duckling

than black swan

more than a clumsy stumbling

of the thumb

than fluttering pirouette

more morbid lips

## The Pronoun of Love

and eyes of silent movie

than beaming skater

it's a mess of love

our bad poet

though also a prodigy

of silence

lighting the fire

handling tins

orange skins

beware of the kettle

that burns

sugar pots

little buns with butter

this at the end

this first

everything measured

almost perfect

## The Pronoun of Love

Why almost...?

because he wanted to tell it

translate it

write that poem

which every morning

overwhelms him

of joy, of incense

f unheard colours

of toast smell

and sleepy transits

Each time he promises himself

that this time he'll do it

he'll make breakfast

in foamy verses

he'll paint them

## The Pronoun of Love

with sandy chalk  
over the steamy water  
which in a fine spurt  
swallows with majesty the grass  
in its little volcano  
of telluric wood

Yes ladies  
gentlemen  
he says now remorseful  
but decided  
to confess:

I'm the one  
who prepares  
the most glorious

## The Pronoun of Love

morning *matés*

but also this one

the worst

the poorest

the most useless poet

when I try to transmit

this sonata at four hands

that we still make up

and sip and dream

and hugged we laugh

and between mockeries we rhyme

and to pleasure

bring closer

I'm the fool

that so much incites

## The Pronoun of Love

the illusive muses  
imagining new shapes  
of approaching the beautiful  
the sleeping  
honey eyed  
to her awakening  
always slow  
and thick of her eyelashes  
between shob-shob and purring  
cradled in my chest  
almost sealed I'd say  
out of being  
absolutely pretentious.

I'm the one who seeks  
boldly



## The Pronoun of Love

the words

the exact the concise ones

the dammed ones sorry

the one who comes out with

the usual lukewarm words

too much washed up

It seems

that this sweet game

that half sleepwalked

we tight-roped walk

escapes by far

the effort

spits my works

out of painting it by spoonfuls.

## The Pronoun of Love

How you do play with poems  
out of sorrow I say to myself  
that having *matés* we fly  
light magical  
as marco polos  
on the warm carpet  
of our bed

the verses don't come  
but your lips drive me  
to project  
the major adventure I desire

because after  
so much fable telling  
and planning

## The Pronoun of Love

and high commitments  
with ideas  
I know that nothing  
neither imagined nor written down  
will give me  
what each morning provides  
when I hold myself to your profiles  
of traveller  
when we go ashore  
the new day to conquer  
  
perhaps you'll understand  
my failure  
what I don't know how to explain  
-the simple happiness  
the fullness, the ineffability

## The Pronoun of Love

of those meters of swinging  
staircase steps  
between the furnace and the pillow-  
if I tell you  
that within my many doubts  
my silly fears  
it is in this our meeting  
when I the least doubts have

I want to say that I want  
above all  
more than anything  
till the last thread  
of the last package  
of indigenous beverage  
till the last sip of life

## The Pronoun of Love

to repeat this long ceremony  
of the silent dawn  
being that who prepares  
the most beloved matés

the one who will go on drowning  
frustrated and happy  
in the thick foam  
of untranslatable poems

## The Pronoun of Love

BUT, WHO IS IT?

She...

and she and she

and she

Forever: she

The pronoun of love

## The Pronoun of Love

Her shape goes on being  
enigmatic and far away

she really is the girl

I sometimes

call mother.

## The Pronoun of Love

Don't play the poor orphan

she says to me

Till you appeared I was

I answer

believing I'm playing

so she hugs me

                  cradles me

                  eats up

my tears

moving her head

resigned



## The Pronoun of Love

Nothing more music  
more natural  
than silence

when I watch her  
by me.

## The Pronoun of Love

She is so fragile  
though she is not by any means  
when my hands  
jump at her  
like paws  
    looking for her blood

like clumsy petals they reach her  
like surrendered flags  
getting asleep in her thighs.

## The Pronoun of Love

I watch her pass  
and pass again  
and I don't reach her

I send blue kisses to her  
                  indirects

I stone her with missives  
of suicidal admirer

I meet her  
in every corner

I miss her each time  
when by her

I rest

## The Pronoun of Love

I call her name  
before falling asleep

and at waking up I find  
a pigeon  
watching us

## The Pronoun of Love

I look at her

but don't get full of looking

she overflows my self with emotion

in her sorceress shape

her apron witchcrafts

and whispering eyelashes

she deals her cards

everywhere

and I chase her

licking the sticky edges

of her presence

## The Pronoun of Love

She appeared by the light

or I should say

that from that time on

I can see

## The Pronoun of Love

She brought the oldest fruits  
harvested with patience  
the tenderness the humor  
the calmness

she cooked in a slow fire  
the very witch

she took advantage of my furies  
she sewed my injuries with kisses  
and opened this one  
                    endless

called life

that like her  
is called

## The Pronoun of Love

I wanted to know her name

utter it

write it in my eyes

project it far away

to find

after each blinking

the rainbow



## The Pronoun of Love

I curl up

In her warm shafts

there's a soft wind

a noiseless breaking waves effect

that drives me to run aground

In that beach

of mild sand

## The Pronoun of Love

I hold in my arms  
the moment  
that nobody will steal from us

## The Pronoun of Love

I cross  
with a couple of caresses  
the bridge that the flesh  
                  has risen up  
between infinity  
and our bodies

## The Pronoun of Love

To love her is a right  
an obligation  
that rises with the sun  
and the first morning steps.

to love her is the only solution  
To all my questions

## The Pronoun of Love

I love her  
during the lapse  
that stops being a dream  
to enwrap the hours  
of our shared daily work

but I look forward like a madman  
to the resting time  
when I dream her  
mate

## The Pronoun of Love

of all my works.

I love her because I do  
and because I don't  
and for every possibility  
with which  
we kiss

## The Pronoun of Love

I seek

with fumbling fingers

the language of your womb

I learn to spell

the quietness of love

## The Pronoun of Love

Like a little animal  
knottier than frightened  
I run to her  
to her neck  
and her smell

less wild  
than tumultuous  
more desolated  
than hurt

like the anxious puppy  
that still I am  
I crouch myself up in her lap  
to be deloused  
of fears



## The Pronoun of Love

Her hair wraps me  
and time stops  
that old tic tac

it loses its memory  
faced to definitive

## The Pronoun of Love

I don't need more  
than the wind that shifts

I can drink  
tirelessly  
like an ant in love  
the invisible dots  
that your sight is leaving

I'm guilty  
of a passive contemplation  
of not being the lion that provokes  
but the sphinx  
the hermit blind  
who lives to listen to your steps

## The Pronoun of Love

to repeat questions

in the crossroads

endless sets of questions

made up of her name

## The Pronoun of Love

If I want to live

is because her

if I want to last

in this hell

is because of her fresh lips

that call me

if I can drag

so much tiredness

is because of her fingers

which dishevel my wrinkles

what I want

Is to love her

till my last breath

## The Pronoun of Love

To say we  
is much bigger  
and mysterious  
than the Big Bang

to be we  
above the you and I  
at least so hard  
as relativity

to repeat we  
like any other pronoun  
of love  
the true evolution  
so much looked for

## The Pronoun of Love

AND NOW...

Hands become useless

lips shiver

poetry shuts up

ashamed

faced to the eyes that look for me

when I wake her up

## The Pronoun of Love

That's why I want

to dawn by her

this only idea

this sweet obsession

is the poem