

IV

El mismo aire que oxida las cortezas de los cedros
es el que eleva mi pájaro negro con alas de polietileno,
cuando se moje con el sudor de las nubes
cortaré el hilo que lo ata a mis manos.

A veces me imagino
que el mundo es un papalote sin guía
y que de su cola penden cientos de árboles verdes.

A esa altura nadie distingue
la diferencia entre pájaros y bolsas
o de muros y carreteras.

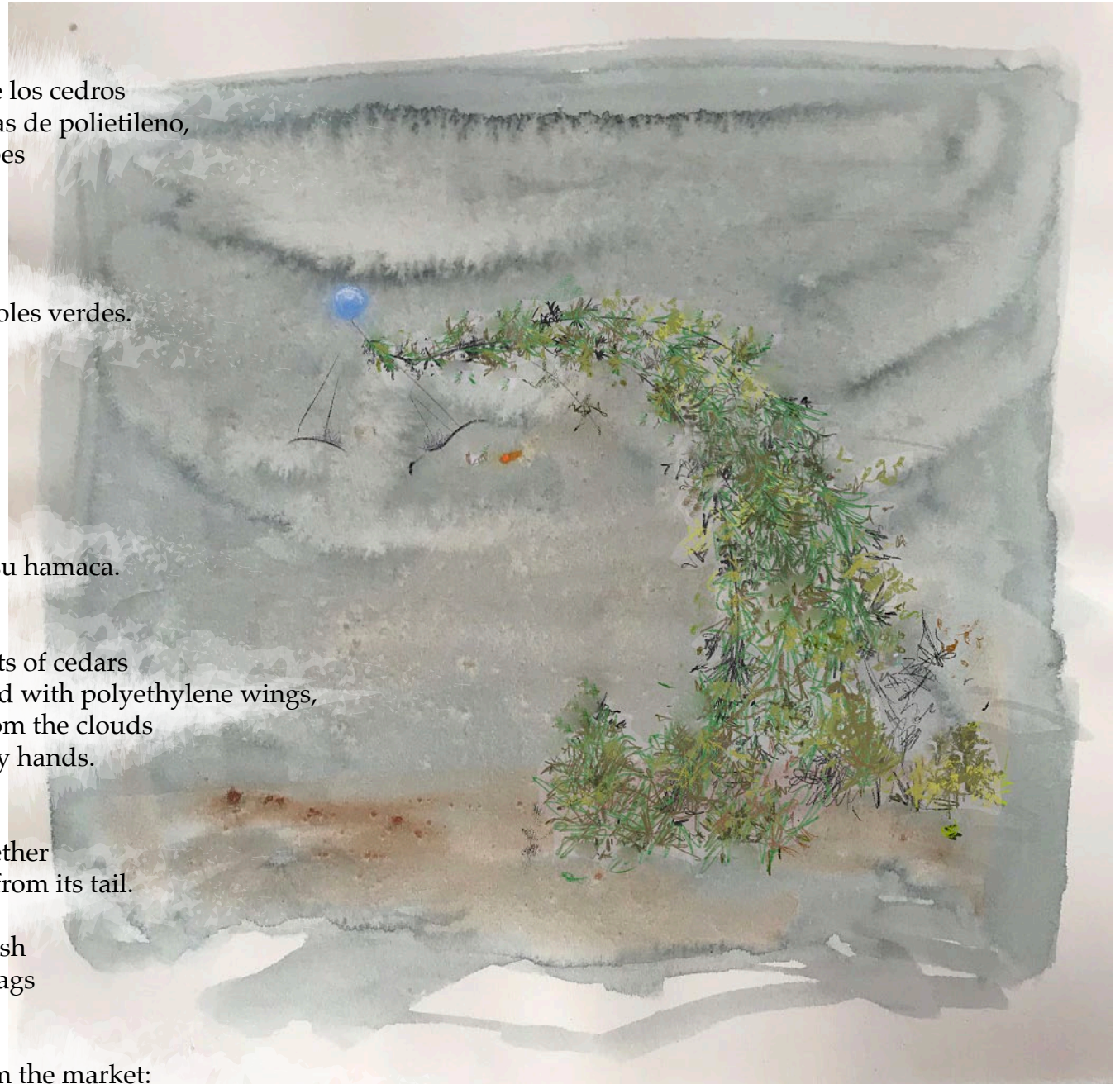
Mi abuela ha vuelto del mercado:
si no vuelas ahora, pájaro negro,
sabrá que estás hecho con los hilos de su hamaca.

The same air that oxidizes the crusts of cedars
is the one that lifts up my black bird with polyethylene wings,
when it gets wet with the sweat from the clouds
I will cut the string that ties it to my hands.

Sometimes I imagine
that the world is a kite without a tether
and hundreds of green trees hang from its tail.

At that height no one can distinguish
the difference between birds and bags
or walls and highways.

My grandmother has returned from the market:
if you don't fly now, black bird,
we'll know that you're made of strings from her hammock.



Poeta **Janil Uc Tun** (1994, Ticul, Yucatán) es miembro fundador del colectivo U Yotoch Yúuyum desde donde promueve la identidad de los pueblos mayas. Translator **Don Cellini** is a teacher, poet, translator and photographer. You can see more of his work at www.doncellini.com. Artist **MJ Levy Dickson's** artwork explores global interconnectedness through common denominators in nature which transcend conventional boundaries.

11.1.20 **BROADSIDED PRESS**
www.broadsidedpress.org