

THREE

Here,
Ramon Collar,
your family exists from hand to mouth,
it abides
while, far away, you visit the seven swords, in Madrid,
the Madrid front.

Ramon Collar, ox-driver
and soldier to the point of being
son-in-law to your wife's father;
husband, son of the old son of Man;
Ramon of sorrows: yes, you, brave Collar,
paladin of Madrid by the skin of your teeth: listen, Roy, here
your folks think a lot about your hair-do!

They are quite anxious, agile from weeping in a time of tears!
Marching to the tune of drums, speaking to your cattle
on a time of earth!

Ramon! Collar! Think of yourself! If you get hurt,
don't be so foolish as to die, restrain yourself!
Here,
your propensity is kept in little bottles;
here,
your dark trousers, with time,
learn how to wear and walk in utter absence;
listen, Ramon, here,
the old man, your father-in-law,
misplaces you each time he bumps into his daughter!

And I must tell you: They have eaten your flesh here,
unwittingly, of course;
they have tasted of your breast without realizing it,
and of your foot as well;
they daydream, crowned in the dust of your footsteps!

They have prayed to God,
here;
they have sat on your bed, talking loudly
amid your lack and little items;
I forget who has taken up your plow, I don't know
who went to see you, returning from your empty horse!

Ramon Collar, here, at any rate, is your friend;
good luck to you, man of God, kill and write!

FOUR

A man goes by with a loaf of bread on his shoulder.
Am I going to write, afterwards, about my double?

Another one sits down, scratches, extracts a louse
from under his arm and kills it.
How does one dare speak of psychoanalysis?

Another one has entered my breast with a stick in his hand.
Is one, then, to talk to the doctor about Socrates?

A cripple wanders by with a boy at his side.
Am I to read Andre Breton a little later?

Another one trembles with cold, coughs, spits blood.
Can one ever refer to the Over-Self without shame?

Another one searches through muck for bones, peelings.
How does one later write about the infinite?

A bricklayer falls from a roof, dies, and thus foregoes his lunch.
Is one, therefore, to experiment with trope, with metaphor?

A merchant cheats a customer out of an ounce.
Is one to speak, afterwards, of a fourth dimension?