

QUADERNA

2 | 2014

Camilo Roldan

Extrait de / From La Torre

Référence électronique

Camilo Roldan, “La Torre”, *QUADERNA* [en ligne], 2 | 2014, mis en ligne le 11 janvier 2014. URL : <http://quaderna.org/la-torre>

Tous droits réservés

The time it takes
for this event

to find me is
detrimental

to itself and
is failing me.

Or the event
has been and like

post-orgasm splits
into discrete

information
sex person love

what being is
left incomplete

*y mi mal es
tan entero*

I die without
and without death.

The time it takes
se me dobla

and is doubled
in duration

*del evento
compartido*

and because I'm
living is this

what will happen
when I so hope

you die of not
dying caught up

*por enreda-
dera y la*

*subida que
diste para*

encontrarnos
is failing me.

The time it takes
is failing me

*cual vivo sin
vivir en mí*

met with response
more than silence

*en un gesto
repetido*

shattering and
has collected

*a la vez y
finalmente*

erased I feel
I don't when pulled

*mis romances
invisibles*

in a gesture
repeated

destrozado
recogido

all things in thirds
I found the cross

absurdo en
mi pecho tal

invisible
ballads folded

se me dobla
mi dolor y

all at once and
finally said

en respuesta
sin quietismo

do not translate
what is private

el tiempo que
dura no dá.

The time it takes
El tiempo que

is failing me.
dura no dá

something lasting.
Duraciones

sin fruto que
así dudo

what is a fruit
if not ripened.

Se me dobla
Softer softer

Dura duro
I am doubled

Muero muero
I live I live

Vivo vivo
I die I'm dead.

*Bajo la vid
y la vida*

Below the vine
and the life I

lower the vine
unto my life.

I said it was
a quickness hard

*que cae de
la Torre y*

*conocemos
en ladrillos.*

They were my friends
all in falling

and when we thought
we would as grapes

on the pavement
land wet instead

we land in sets
to build again.

All of this a
deck of cards launched

upwards like a
carpetbeater

thrashes a rug
gentle dust motes

are drifting cards
in play and flight.

The one one thought
to have in love

*el espejo
de mí en mí*

*con esperan-
za de verte*

ever spirals
away withal.

But it is a
structure building

the time it takes
to rise its own

collapse and one
remembers there

order always
is to the deck.

I would lament
my life if you

were to remain
here dejected

*aun despues que
la plomada*

*llegue al fin
de su cuerda*

no redoblas
and you fail me.