

Seven Poems

JUAN LÓPEZ

IMAGINE

1

imagine if those messages didn't arrive on time
and your objective were not achieved
as you had busily planned
imagine if your mentor died in the very moment
you need him like water
imagine if the wind ruined your new disorder
and left everything in its rightful place
imagine if you looked at last into the eyes
of the one who loves you
and you suddenly learned how to look at that person
imagine if your imagination triumphed in the end
and all the offices to make claims closed
imagine if it rained hate again
and again you said there must be a reason
imagine if all of this morning's birds
knocked at your door
and you acted as if nothing happened

THOSE WHO

2

those who die leave and stay
those who run almost always arrive
but they keep running
obsessed
those who don't run are known to fly
those who eat live procreate and die
those who don't eat get skinny like numbers
and die
those who take their time take your time
those who play pretend that only their game
[matters
that's why playing isn't always possible
those who lie postpone the agony
and that's why one lies to oneself
those who climb the mountain come back full of
[clouds
those who break the molds are necessary
those who reproduce them and worship them and
[sell them
are inevitable and will be forgotten
those who abuse alcohol keep their bodies
[disinfected
those who dress too well are afraid of something
those who bark at the moon are called lunatic dogs

those who talk to themselves don't touch

[sensitive topics

those who sleep expect not to be awakened

those who are in love know that the world is ending

those who broke the silence won't be able to fix it

THORNS

3

you're a little girl and a thorn sticks in your hand
you run to your father or to your mother
they pick you up and treat the wound and comb
[your hair again
they give you candy and talk to you about
[something else
you go again looking for another thorn

you're a grown-up and love hurts you
you're alone and without consolation
you very slowly pull off the sorrow
you bathe you comb your hair you look at yourself
[in the mirror
you go again looking for another thorn

DARKNESS (ECOLOGICAL MESSAGE)

4

the subterranean rivers have no sky
they are veins
riverbeds impossible to ride in their totality
they have end and beginning
they have a life of their own
but
like everything
or almost everything
they depend on the sky they don't have
and they can't be explained
without the sea

TREE OF THE WORLD

5

not only exists
the tree that fell with no one watching it
the tree was rather born to fulfill a cycle
that includes its rise and its fall
and also our absence
that is to say
its loneliness

MANTRA

7

I know where you are
but it doesn't work
I know where it works
but you are not there
I know where not
but you are
it works

Juan López

Juan López was born in 1962 in Mendoza, Argentina, where he currently resides. He has published «Poemas» (1999), «Ciclos vitales» (2001), «Mirá» (2005), «Arañas (2009)», «Notas de agosto y otros poemas» (2011), and «La palabra taxi y otros textos» (2013). His website can be found at www.juanlopeztextos.com.ar.

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