

CUANDO ME ROBARON EL NOMBRE

*fui una fui cien fui miles
y no fui nadie.
NN era mi rostro despojado
de gesto de mirada de vocal.*

*Camino mi desnudez numerada
en fila sin ojos sin yo
con ellos sola
desangrando mi alfabeto
por cadenas guturales
por gemidos ciudadanos de un país
sin iniciales.*

*Párpado y tabique
mi horizonte
todo silencio y eco
todo reja todo noche
todo pared sin espejo
donde copiar una arruga
una mueca un quizás.*

Todo punto y aparte.

*Hasta que un día
me devolvieron el nombre
y salí a lucirlo por los pasillos
del mundo.*

*Máscaras encontré
países perfiles adormecidos
lenguas golosas de novedades
absurdo.*

*Me dejé caminar así
hacia mi ningún lugar
hacia mi nada
por desfiladeros de huellas*

WHEN THEY ROBBED ME OF MY NAME

I was one out of a hundred, out of thousands
and I was no one.
Deprived of gesture, gaze and voice
my face was reduced to the letters, NN.

In my numbered nakedness I walk
alone with them draining my alphabet
in eyeless and selfless rows
draining my alphabet
through guttural chains
through civic wailing of a country
without initials.

Eyelid and partition
my horizon
all silence and echo
all bars all night
all mirrorless wall
nowhere to copy a wrinkle
a grimace a perhaps.

All a full stop and a moving on.

Until one day
they gave me back my name
and I went out to display it through the hallways
of the world.

I found masks
countries' drowsy profiles
tongues greedy for news
the absurd.

I let myself walk like this
toward my nowhere
toward my nothingness
through steep paths of

sin rocío
sin poder traducir
mis cicatrices.

¡Ese nombre no es mío!
El mío

era cien era mil era todos
el mío
era cuerpo era vientre era voz
tenía vecinos silbaba
era diurno y nocturno
era un dios.

Se me ha perdido mi nombre!
por las veredas de un mapa
sin esquinas grité
entre puertas acribilladas de miedo.

¡Quiero mi nombre!
mi nombre propio curvo palpitante
¡Que me lo traigan!
envuelto en primaveras
con erre de rayuela
con o de ojalá
con a de aserrín aserrán.

Mi nombre enredadera se enredó
entre sílabas de muerte
DE SA PA RE CI DO
ido
nombre nunca más
mi nombre.

Enajenada de sujeto
no supe conjugarme
no supe recorrer
el abecedario de mis lágrimas.

dewless bones
unable to translate
my scars.

That name is not mine!
Mine

was a hundred was a thousand was everyone's
mine
was body was womb was voice
had neighbors whistled
was diurnal and nocturnal
was a god.

I've lost my name!
I shouted along the trails of a
cornerless map
between doors riddled with fear.

I want my name!
my own, curved, throbbing name
Bring it to me!
wrapped in spring
with an *r* for *rayuela*
and an *o* for *ojalá*
and an *a* for *aserrín aserrán*

My curling name got tangled
between death syllables
DI SAP PEAR ED
gone
a name never again
my name.

Alienated from my subject
I didn't know how to conjugate myself
or how to navigate
the *abc's* of my tears.

Fui ojos revolviendo ayer
fui manos atrapando jirones
fui pies resbalando
por renglones eléctricos.

No supe pronunciarme.
Fui piel entre discursos
sin saliva sin vestigios
de donde ni por que

ni cuando ni hasta cuando.

No podrás jamás decirlo!
jamás decirte, pensé.

Pero escribirás
escribiré sí
miles de ges de eres de eses
garabatos vicarios
hijos de mi boca
remolinos de deseos
que fueron nombres.

Escribiré
látigos negros para domar
otras salvajes mayúsculas
ahogándome la sangre.
Resistiré resistirás
con nombre y apellido
el descarado lenguaje
del olvido.

I was eyes looking back upon yesterdays
I was hands snatching at rags
I was feet slipping
through electric lines.

I didn't know how to express myself.
I was the skin between
dry and vacuous speeches
without saliva without vestiges
with no why or wherefore

no whensoever or whereupon.

You will never be able to say it!
never speak for yourself, I thought

But you will write
yes, I will write
thousands of G's of R's of S's
vicarious scribbles
offspring rising from my mouth
whirlpools of desires
that were once names.

I will inscribe
black whips to tame
other wild capital letters
drowning my blood.
With first and last names
I will resist you will resist
the brazen language
of oblivion.

NN: No Name

rayuela: hopscotch

ojalá: hope

aserrín aserrán: popular children's nursery rhyme

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