

**BOSTON POEMS/ Pedro Granados**

*To Anna H. Brown*

**I will die**

I will die

and that chrysalis will continue

dragging its bud

until it becomes a flower.

I will die

and my love for Germán,

my brother, will not die.

I will die

and my love will not.

**XIII**

Yo moriré

y aquella crisálida proseguirá

arrastrando su capullo

hasta ser una flor.

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Yo moriré

y mi amor por Germán,

mi hermano, no morirá.

Yo moriré

y mi amor no morirá.

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## **It seems incredible**

It seems incredible

but all that you felt

and thought as a child

you can now name.

There's so much. And it makes for

a long, long poem.

You can say everything, literally.

Now sit there, quietly,

all wrapped up in yourself. Like before.

Like how always right before the

knowledge hits you.

A tenderhearted

fly hums.

Because you are still afraid,

and without doubt still happy

to think and say

what you once thought impossible.

That old blanket, then,

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ought to cover up everything from before.

Run, run honey.

Embrace and waste your time

like always.

Now, bit by bit, one by one.

It's enough to speak simply

even though the words maul you.

When have you really ever been

intelligent?

Wicked and silly. Brutish

and proud in the thick of same old stew.

And those eyes, a chicken

laying eggs, those eyes.

But not yours.

A mute pest turned into petal, into young

fleece, the most intimate of feathers.

A tear rises, takes off,

loses itself like a missile

and explodes. And returns.

What you didn't want to know

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now comes back to you.

An innocent buzzing of knowledge.

A small fly fluttering against your door.

## XXXVII

Parece increíble

pero todo aquello que sentías

o pensabas de niño

puedes ahora decirlo.

Qué grande. Y se presta

a un poema bien, bien largo.

Literalmente todo puedes decirlo.

Y quédate quieto allí,

ensimismado. Como antes.

Como siempre antes que se produjera

cualquier suerte de conocimiento.

Una mosca vibra

muy sensible.

Porque aún tienes miedo,

y sin duda alegría,

de pensar y decir

lo que creías imposible.

Aquella manta vieja, entonces,

merece cubrir todo lo anterior.

Corre. Corre querido.

Abraza y pierde tu tiempo

como siempre.

Ahora que poco a poco

y cada uno.

Basta con hablar sencillamente

aunque aquellas palabras te violen.

¡Cuándo has sido verdaderamente

inteligente!

Infame y necio. Bruto

y orgulloso entre el estofado de costumbre.

Y aquellos ojos. Una gallina

poniendo huevos, aquellos ojos.

Pero no los tuyos.

Una muda alimaña convertida

en pétalo, en vellón

tierno, en la más íntima de las plumas.

Una lágrima vuela, se eleva,

se pierde como un misil

y explota. Y regresa.

Lo que sabías sin querer

ahora regresa.

Un zumbido inocente era el conocimiento.

Una pequeña mosca vibrando contra tu puerta.

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**What's gotten into you?**

What's gotten into you?

A few found words.

That open banana,

half eaten.

The immobile circumference

of crockery.

The slender fork.

What's gotten into you?

What's made you so happy

all of a sudden?

Freed from your soul like a feather.

Floating giggling up to the zenith

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of the dinning room.

Better, higher

than that enormous fly,

already crazy with so much

swatting. Astounded.

But what's made you so happy

all of suddent?

## **XXIV**

¿Qué te tocó?

Algunas halladas palabras.

Aquel banano abierto,

a medio consumir.

La inmóvil circunferencia

de la loza.

El esbelto tenedor.

¿Qué te tocó?

¿Qué te hizo feliz



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tan de repente?

Liberada el alma

como una pluma.

Elevándose boba hasta el cenit

del comedor.

Mejor. Mejor

que aquella enorme mosca.

Enloquecida ya de tanto

portazo. Atónita.

¿Pero qué te hizo feliz

tan de repente?

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## **All night the rain has knocked at our window**

All night the rain has knocked at our window

and at our door.

We have been stripped naked

under the rain.

Without ideas. Without projects, without real

worries.

As if we just a piece of cement,

underneath the rain. An eye of rock

that peers up from the cement.

The all-night rain has watched over us

and like an oriental dream has told us:

We'll run away! To where, we don't know.

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**I**

La lluvia toda la noche ha tocado nuestra ventana  
y nuestra puerta.

Hemos estado literalmente desnudos  
bajo la lluvia.

Sin ideas. Sin proyectos. Sin reales  
preocupaciones.

Como si fuéramos un pedazo de cemento, nada más,  
debajo de la lluvia. Un ojo de piedra  
que asoma entre el cemento.

La lluvia toda la noche nos ha velado  
y como en un sueño oriental nos ha dicho:  
Huyamos. Pero no sabemos dónde.

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**Like always**

An ordinary angle.

An intersection of lines.

A point. Whichever.

Three suns: yellow,

blue and red. Walking

hand in hand with my siblings.

In the dream. In heaven.

The three burning suns

of every intersection.

In an ordinary angle

the three ubiquitous suns parallel.

I'm forty-two

in Boston and now I see them:

Eduardo, Elenita, let's not go so far.

While the sea's foam

impregnates everything.

Drowning us all.

## II

Como siempre.

Un ángulo cualquiera.

Una intersección de líneas.

Un punto. Cualquiera.

Tres soles: amarillo,  
azul y rojo. Caminando  
de la mano con mis hermanos.

En el sueño. En el cielo.

Los tres ardientes puntos  
de toda intersección.

En cualquier ángulo  
los tres ubicuos soles paralelos.

Tengo 42 años  
y en Boston ya los veo:

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-Eduardo, Elenita, no vayamos tan lejos.

Mientras la espuma del mar

Lo va impregnando todo.

Y luego nos ahoga.

Poems from *Desde el más allá* (Lima: Corza Frágil, 2004)

Traslated by Laura Middlebrooks

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