

POESIA

ESTER ASTUDILLO

To the memory of dad,
dead on July 10th 2017,
and to the now ravaged park of my childhood
still retaining such a host of infant memories

Nothing can be changed
the past is still the past
a bridge to nowhere.
SUFJAN STEVENS, *Carrie & Lou*

THE BRIDGE

My dearest, darling ones,
please pay heed to my words:
"You are pressed to mind the gap"
as the Brits would have it called.

There once was an expanse
wild & feral as they go,
not entirely unlike the British
meadows every other road.

Kids and families came to visit,
romped and frolicked in its fold,
seeped the jolly conviviality
of specimens of all sorts:

Ample, broadening willows,
ancient pine-trees slim and strong,
firs and elm trees high to measures
that the chunky, stocky ones
came all to be of one mind:
"better call the contest off!".

Time would have it
that there where once
nature bustled
now there grows
a lost paradise,
a desert of sorts.

Scant remains oddly standing
mark today the site
where shade and sunlight formerly
made a fair play of their plight
and delighted coming visitors
by civilly taking turns.

Now a glimpse of the rubble
casts a grim view of the yard:
an outmoded mangled bridge
to the solitary pine
still notably outliving
its ill-fated brother batch.

Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate.
DANTE ALIGHIERI, *La divina commedia*

ARCANO

Abril arriba en tropel.
Raciona con tiento su fardo.
Desde ignotas latitudes destierra al ventoso
de marzo.

Desbroza fresones y espliego,
lluvias mil, ponientes tardos,
y su tacto de rocío nos cautiva,
¡abril taimado!

Matarife, colma arroyos,
turba quintos, leva panes,
y el grano se torna brote con abril
en el sembrado.

Rubor de bayas inflama el cuerpo,
en cada alcoba, papel de esparto.
Motas cárdenas por abril junto a la espiga
en el prado.

Pax asesina, primera falta,
fragor de dagas, virgen del campo,
un trasiego de braceros nos ofrenda
abril villano.

Los claustros en la ciudades
abren puertas y ventanas,
y al brasero andalusí abril la lid
le ha ganado.

Ya a la ermita en romería el mayoral
marcha el paso.

¡Tiemble la tierra! ¡Buscad cubierto!
¡Dejad atrás esperanza toda!,
que abril impío echó el ancla y abre fuego
a bocajarro.