

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Sergio A. Ortiz: Three Poems

Sergio A. Ortiz · Wednesday, January 24th, 2018

Bloodink

The thing to do
when naught is left?
hold on to dreams,
and after dreams
to nothing.

Are you afraid of the wolf
who inhabited your nightmares?
Look at your teeth,
they're ready to devour him.

My friend discovers an invitation to the mystery
where I see nothing but empty space.
When he sings, I ask him to be silent.
When he runs, I demand that he not move.
My friend always in the middle of life

while I'm barely more than a blind eye
looking at him without understanding.
Watch him run knowing I cannot reach him,
listen to him sing without grasping a word.

Him with his rhythm in the middle of life.
I, saving the fall, hooked to his gaze.

Night Bird

I ask for nothing
of this land
that has given me everything

I loved and hated its men
found my Adam he fled with a bodybuilder

as soon as I gained weight

I sought God
and in his place found knowledge
I discovered a home in my body

and since then
moved from place to place
without desires

this is my way
my destiny does not depend on luck
I am the night bird
foretelling death in my song

The Heart does not Wither but it Tires

We are the hand raised against our time.
The wrath dreaming it could save mankind.
One boiling night. The actual meaning of death.

Ripped off arms never hug. Shattered legs cannot run.
Inattentive mouths do not smile.

We wanted to be more than just an epoch of bones,
more than a sunset of displaced shadows from their bodies.
Wanted to be useful, say what's right, constantly look
at beautiful. But not even the seed of serenity
reached its best shot.

Our desires became the songs of flies
feeding on dead arms. This day, an empty bottle.
Life, a table full of empty days, defeated,
observed from distance by animals drunk on destiny.
The world, a tavern that does not open on Sundays.

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