

1

Here is my poem

gruff

multiple

of the new city.

O city all tense

with cables and strains

all humming with motors and wings.

*On the margin of the days
marked off with telegraph polka
instantaneous landscapes flit
through systems of pneumatic tubes.*

Suddenly,

O the green

powderflash of their eyes.

Under the noonhour's coy blinds

Pass the red batallions.

The cannibal romance of Yankee music

has made its nest in all the ariels.

O international city,

towards what remote meridian

did that steamer set its course?

Everything is slipping far away.

Corrugated twilights film

the masonry of hills and woods.

Spectral trains wind away

into the far distance

puffing out civilizations.

The multitude broken out of doors

ripples musically through the streets.

And now the thievish bourgeoisie begin to tremble

for the lenders

who robbed the people;

but someone hid under his dreams

the spiritual pentagram of dynamite.

Here is my poem:

Garlands of hurrahs streaming in the wind,

flaring hair,

captive mornings in all eyes.

O city

full of music

built all out mechanical rhythm.

Tomorrow perhaps

only the lite embers of my verse

will glow to the trodden horizons.

2

This new depth of landscape

is a projection onto inner mirrorings.

Roaring crowds

today overflow the city squares.

and the triumphal hurrahs

of the Obregonistas

rattle in the sun of the facades

O romantic girl

all a flareup of gold,

perhaps between my hands

only these lite moments will remain.

The hills dressed in yellow

were asleep behind the windowglass

and the trammeled city

has been left trembling in the wires.

That wall is all hand clapping

“Good God”,

“Don’t be afraid, it’s the tidal wave of the crowd,

later in the fringe of silence

we’ll see the Aztec night grow to immensity.

Put out the light in the chandelier.

Among the mechanisms of sleeplessness

desire with a million eyes

strokes the poor flesh”.

A steel bird

has set its course for a star.

The harbor:

burning distances.

factory smoke,

above the orchestra tent

her memory suns itself.

An overseas farewell leapt out from the shore.

The motors sing

across the slaughtered landscape.

3

*The afternoon shot full of windows
floats above the telephone wires
and among the inverted
girders of this hour
hang bunches of mechanical goodbys.*

*Her marvelous youth
went off one morning
between my fingers
and in the empty ponds*

of looking glasses

shipwreck forgotten faces.

The poos syndicalist city

scaffolded all over

with cries and hurrahing.

Workmen

are red

and yellow.

Pistols have burnt again into bloom

after the trample of speeches,

and while the lungs

of the sick wind

supurate,

lost in the obscure corridors of music

some white sweetheart

shatters into withered petals.

4

*Among the thickets of silence
dusk licks up the blood of twilight.*

*The fallen stars
are dead birds
in the dreamless water
of the mirror.*

*And the sonorous
artillery of the Atlantic*

faded away at last

into the distance.

Over the autumn trees

breathes the night wind

the wind off Russia,

wind of immense tragedies.

And the garden

yellowing

founders in shadow.

Suddenly the recollection of her

sparkes in the dull room.

Her gold words

sift over my memory.

The rivers of blue overalls

overflow the dams of the factories

and the agitator trees

gesticulate speeches.

Strikers pelt each other

with stones and insults

and life is a tumultuos

conversion to the left.

At the edge of the pillow

the night is a sheer cliff

and sleeplessness

stays whirring in my brain.

Whose are these voices

skimming over the dark?

And those trains howling

towards gutted horizons.

The soldiers

will sleep in hell tonight.

God,

of all this disaster

only a few scraps

so white

of her memory

are left in my hands.

5

*The savage hordes of the black night
threw themselves on the shuddering town.*

*The bay
all flowering
with masts and moons
pours out
over the gentle piano score
her hands play,*

and the far away cry

of a steamboat

towards the northern sea :

Goodby

to a shipwrecked continent.

Between the wires of her name

fluttered feathers of birds.

Poor Celia Maria Dolores :

The landscape is inside us.

Under the axestrokes of silence

the cast iron buildings crumble.

The waves are of blood and the great hating clouds.

Desolation.

The speeches doped with marihuana

of the parties

splatter crap on her memory,

but

over the surging crowds of my soul

she has sifted her gentleness.

Ocotlan

there in the distance.

Voices.

Detonations

go pecking among the trenches.

Desire threw stones all night

at the darkened windows of some virginity.

Machinegun fire

hacks off hunks of silence.

The streets

reverberating, empty

are rivers of darkness

pouring into the sea

and the sky

threadbare

is the new

flag

that flares

over the city.