

Juana Adcock

Tres seasons

1. *I know how she does it:*

*“¡Look at how I stand
out from the crowd!
My unique uniqueness un resplendor
around my crown”*

*She makes the most of every piece,
wastes not one.
She seams together the debris
to beautiful, coherent whole*

*She creates, creaks open the door
into which a trap, a trip
across the mushy fields;
a place can only take her so far*

*Trip white Fergus, silent Fergus,
snow on Kelvingrove.
La línea negra de sus párpados
rasguea sus ojos a la chinoise*

*Y donde los árboles hicieron su lento striptease
revelando una cumbre horizontal de luces
the light recedes over the white hills
the rain punctures the snow, dalmationing*

*Y el hiato entre mis cariadas muelas
Dice, let me say, without irony:
dip your fingers in the clay
in the early days we had only ourselves.*

2. *Ella tiene diamantes incrustados en los lagrimales.*

*Por eso la quieren más que a mí.
Por eso y por los rayos verdes de su photocopy machine.
(And for saying yes cuando digo no
not really, to be on my own)*

*Ella tiene, como iba diciendo, la boca
llena de murciélagos.
Cuando sonrío las alas se extienden,
acarician dientes.*

*Por eso la quieren más que a mí.
Sus ojos, por otro lado,
de verde-cielo se van haciendo cafés
con las hojas en otoño.*

*Era halloween, por ejemplo, when the bats
leapt out of her mouth.
She almost died in her sleep.
I was still green.*

3. *Her hair is a forest in flames.*

*Yesterday, if i remember well
la post office was a parranda where all parcels were opened.
I armed myself against her beauty.
I laughed out loud.*

Three seasons

1. I know how she does it:

*“Look at how I stand
out from the crowd!
My unique uniqueness a radiance
around my crown”*

*She makes the most of every piece,
wastes not one.
She seams together the debris
to beautiful, coherent whole*

*She creates, creaks open the door
into which a trap, a trip*

across the mushy fields;
a place can only take her so far

Trip white Fergus, silent Fergus,
snow on Kelvingrove.
The black line on her eyelids
scrawling her eyes a la chinoise

And where trees performed their slow striptease
revealing a horizontal summit of luminance
the light recedes over the white hills
the rain punctures the snow, dalmationing

And the hiatus between my decayed molars
declares, let me say, without irony:
dip your fingers in the clay
in the early days we had only ourselves.

2. *Diamonds encrusted in her tear glands.*

That is why they love her more than they love me.
Because of that, and because of the green rays in her photocopy machine.
(And for saying yes when I say no
not really, to be on my own)

As I was saying, her mouth
is full of bats.
And when she smiles, their wings expand
caressing her teeth.

That is why they love her more than they love me.
Her eyes, on the other hand,
of a green-skyblue colour depart making coffee
with autumn leaves.

It was halloween, for example, when the bats
leapt out of her mouth.
She almost died in her sleep.
I was still green.

3. Her hair is a forest in flames.

Yesterday, if I remember well
the post office was a rave where all parcels were opened.
I armed myself against her beauty.
I laughed out loud.

Imagino/I imagine

*Todos los días I imagine
cómo sería being married to you
financial hardship, porque siempre hay deudas, hipotecas
lips, naked shoulders
next day amanecemos
tú poniéndote los zapatos
yo haciendo café
tendríamos cats for kids
books for lovers y huajes to drink
I was never much for linen
pero lo era en el fondo.
Es el slag
del tiempo
I was to live
under.*

*I don't sé
qué me da más miedo:
conventions routine
falling head first,
all that I no pude,
giving up what hurts.
I've been despidiéndome of you
desde before we met
que entraste into the room
wearing my skirt
and I knew
que you no eras all para tenerte
and I would both be going siempre y lejos away.*

I imagine

*Every single day I imagine
how it would feel being married to you
financial hardship, because there are always debts,
mortgages
lips, naked shoulders
next day we would wake up
you putting on your shoes
and me making coffee
we would have cats for kids
books for lovers and gourds to drink
I was never much for linen
but then deep down I was.*

*It is the slag
of time
I was to live
 under.
I don't know
what frightens me most:
conventions routine
falling head first,
all that I could not,
giving up what hurts.
I've been saying goodbye to you
since before we met
and you came into the room
wearing my skirt
and I knew
that you were not all to be had
and I would both be going always and far away.*

Juana Adcock was born in Monterrey, Mexico in 1982, and has lived in Glasgow since 2009. She has translated both Latin American and Spanish writers, including Diego Osorno, Gabriela Wiener, Julia Navarro and Giuseppe Caputo. Her first poetry collection *Manca* (2014) was described by the Mexican critic Sergio González Rodríguez as the best book published that year. Her work has appeared in *Words Without Borders*, *Asymptote* and *Glasgow Review of Books*.

A recording of this text can be found at writersmosaic.org.uk

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