

## Xaviera Ringeling

### London

your grey mass  
turns continuous airstrip  
    of  
    blue  
turns automated circular  
escalator

### *Londres*

*tu masa gris  
deviene aeropuerto continuo  
    del azul*

*deviene escalera mecánica  
circular*

### With or without fruit

emaciated endometrium  
discharges scant blood

and the pain the unbearable  
possibly without a purpose within me

summons today the sentence  
the patriarch's worn lecture:

~~a woman~~ without children  
there is nothing sadder than a woman without children

female barren female without being – for them  
I must be – female barren female without being

yet my forefathers ignore from what intestinal  
floodlight I will myself create life  
they do not know that I have no name  
they do not know that with or without fruit

I engender light

### **Con o sin fruto**

escuálido endometrio  
vierte exiguas sangres

y el dolor el insoportable  
tal vez sin propósito en mí

retorna hoy la sentencia  
el usado discurso del patriarca:

~~una mujer~~ sin hijos  
no hay nada más triste que una mujer sin hijos

hembra yerma hembra sin ser – para ellos  
he de ser – hembra yerma hembra sin ser

pero no sabrá mi progenie de qué luminaria  
intestinal he de crear yo la vida  
no sabrán ellos que no tengo nombre  
no sabrán que con o sin fruto  
engendro la luz

### **In alien land**

lack of sleep and steadfast clumsiness prevail:  
unlimited capacity to fail

that keeps our flesh lean

permeable upon the bone

for there are two-hundred tragedies  
soaking sunny days  
this distant yet present affliction  
an unrelenting flood where  
the word –family– breathes  
loss is repeated it renews itself there

from this island of decreasing safeguards  
thousands of kilometres away

we cushion guilt with trifling electronic  
transfers

### ***En terreno ajeno***

*reina la carencia de sueño y la infalible torpeza:  
ilimitada capacidad para el error*

*que nos mantiene la carne delgada  
permeable sobre los huesos*

*y hay doscientas tragedias  
para humedecer días soleados  
hay un dolor distante-presente  
un aluvión sempiterno en el lugar  
donde habita la palabra –familia–  
la pérdida se repite se renueva allí*

*desde esta isla de menguantes garantías  
a miles de kilómetros de distancia*

*suavizamos culpas con modestas transferencias  
electrónicas*

Xavier Ringeling was born in Paraguay and is a Chilean national, currently based in London. She studied Philosophy in Chile, and Environmental Studies in London where she founded the poetry group Poesía Pandémica. Her poetry collection *La oblicua luz de la tarde* (2019) was awarded the XXXII Premio Voces Nuevas by the

Spanish publisher Torremozas, and her work appears in the anthology *Leyendo Poesía in London* (2019). A further poetry collection, *Alba* (2019), was published in London by El Ojo de la Cultura.

A recording of this text can be found at [writersmosaic.org.uk](http://writersmosaic.org.uk)

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