

**Ana María Reyes
Barrios**

Magnetic islands

Magnetic islands
in ascending flavours

Enclaves with the warm
skin of an earthy shell
with walls of dreams
such is the work of a mouth
Nerve endings run amok, transmigrating

The tree grows
inwards as do veins

As do bodies
confined to their own
garments
to their own flesh and bones

Eyes also are directed inwards
the palms of the hands spread
out dilating the body
hurling it straight ahead
fleeing into space

Outside the sun is powerful enough to
soothe your teeth
and against the window that most electric
blue becomes enraged

What you can sense outside is the smell of a
new bird the changing complexion
of heavy skies

toward drowning shores

Outside, plants are bursting in the
direction of light freshly expanding their
skins

Dark air under the sun
like September rains when waking up

I sleep barefoot
and matted on the edge of my
bed I mime terse caresses
confirming this confinement

Islas magnéticas
Islas magnéticas
de sabor ascendente

Enclaves de piel
tibia de coraza
terráquea la pared
del sueño
el oficio de la boca
Las terminaciones nerviosas desbocadas, transmigradas

El árbol crece hacia
dentro las venas también

Así los cuerpos
confinados a su propia
vestimenta
a sus propias carnes y huesos

Los ojos también hacia
adentro las palmas
extendidas dilatando el
cuerpo
lanzándolo al frente
intentando huir hacia el espacio

Afuera hace un sol que calma los dientes
y sobre la ventana enfurece el azul más eléctrico

Afuera huele a pájaro
nuevo a tez liberada
a cielo pesado
a orilla náufraga

Afuera las plantas estallan hacia la luz

expanden sus pieles limpiamente

*Oscuro aire solar
como lluvia de septiembre al despertar*

*Yo duermo descalza
y apelmazada en la orilla de mi cama*

*gesticulo caricias secas
que redundan el
encierro*

Elastic sea

The scent is that of a crushed scream
entangled and flung into that white
dimension
of time contained within marble till now unspoilt

So tiresome the light, so far away
from the other half of the planet
such an uncommon search for a proud
body like an elastic shadow, the
unravelling path, endings that are so close
by

So elastic is the
sea its rare allure
its mystical shudder
its sovereign beginning

So elastic is the sea that today it appears as a woman and tomorrow as
a man so elastic that you can carry it under your skin
like a limitless
urging or a second
skin
that few can touch or
understand that few can hear
that few can discern

So elastic the sea, the sea, the seas, the tides and the waves that gave birth
to me, that ensnared me, that
knocked me down, that sheltered me, that killed
me and buried me

So elastic the sea that its brine gave

me sons and daughters
moons and suns and a sunken mountain for me to hide
within and fear no more

The sea, a wild mass where my skin and my body will
survive, yes, my also elastic body
at this belated juncture

There was a sea. It was to be found in a country
called 'whereIwasborn'.

Elástica mar

Huele a grito vencido
enredado
tirado en la blanca dimensión
en el tiempo ocupado de mármoles intactos

Tan cansina la luz y tan lejos de la mitad del
planeta tan insólita la búsqueda de su cuerpo
altanero

como sombra
elástica camino
deshecho finales a
medio suspiro

Tan elástica la
mar su rara
tentación su
temblar místico
su principio autónomo

Tan elástica la mar que hoy es una mujer y mañana es el
hombre mar tan elástica que es posible llevarla debajo de la piel
como una instancia
absoluta como una piel
más
que pocos entienden
que pocos escuchan
que pocos perciben

Tan elástica la mar, el mar, los mares, las mareas y las olas que me
parieron, que me enredaron, me revolcaron, me cobijaron, me mataron y me
enterraron

Que entre sus sales me dieron hijos e hijas, lunas y soles y una montaña

subacuática para esconderme y así no tener más miedo

La mar, de cuerpo salvaje en donde sobrevivirá mi piel, mi cuerpo, mi
también elástico cuerpo con su confluencia tardía

La mar había. La mar quedaba en un país que se llamaba “dondeyonací”

Ana María Reyes Barrios was born in Venezuela, and currently lives and works in London. She studied Art and Documentary Film, and has produced and directed several documentaries in Cuba, Venezuela, Spain and the UK. Very much a nomad in spirit, she has travelled and lived in several countries throughout the world. As an author, she writes both poetry and fiction. She regularly takes part in poetry readings and literary gatherings in London, and has co-directed the Poesía Pandémica workshop. Her first book, *Sombras de la Sal* (2021) was published by equidistancias.

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