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## Caliban, and Roberto, Astride a Horse from La Víbora

Nancy Morejón

Translated from the Spanish by Pamela Carmell

A few precise words  
pour his purity into a woven island basket  
and just breathe in their murmur, his sincere passion for the language.

Facing the sea, Caliban lowers his head,  
as he takes in the rainstorm before his only love.

The young poet catches sight of the tomeguín finch,  
anchored to his brother's forehead,  
to the ancient sand of his dreams.

Caliban weeps before Odysseus' ships  
and before the true light of a woman, he trembles  
like those fawns he would have offered up to her  
"she who wounds from afar," under Achilles's heel.

Roberto, free, alongside his own shadow,  
wandering through the palace of his everyday life  
as he searches for the door that exits onto another new  
possibility.

Roberto, free, as never before.

The stars, high above, seek to be transparent  
before the hills:

The towers, raised high.

In the distance an amphora clutches the flower of twenty centuries:  
The old word is the beginning of life.  
The new word is the beginning of death.  
The words are mother and father and blessing  
of world travelers. Caliban hears them and sounds them out.  
Caliban understands them, and embraces them tenderly,  
alongside the trembling of that boy long ago

who, in his innocence, in his pure, daring word,  
sat astride a horse from La Víbora.

--El Cerro, 2 August 2016

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