

sea and salt



ricardo quesada

DESAKATO



**` this light is natural
ignores the death`**

-octavio paz-

it is the lack of sea

'burgundy language of being flagellates'



it is this lack of sea
which squashes me
cold heat species
to me
that devastate
each one of my days
~~one by one~~
and comes the solitude to me
/I know that for sure/
and I will not do anything
already do not want to do nothing

then this is
more than to only
be strange to the sea
/unavoidable/
it is certainty of the slightness
on which it lives:
spring that not yet is spring
winter that still is returned rain storm
tornado

yes! this lack of sea is more than all that
because there is no breeze already in my way
is no gull
that me grazne driven crazy
only fishes that suffocates
rotting
in my throat

this lack of sea -I repeat- is more than that
distresses to me
and it depresses me
makes me walk as if it spoke
makes me cry as coughing
ill terminal
man overboard
castaway of its destiny
bottle that sinks
that it does not drink
that sinks

it is this lack of sea
which makes me miss you
and love you
almost slightly clear...
hate you
like the salt that lacks today in my destiny
(what more but?) to.

vancouver

(the bird has flown)

'you have all the names of the clear water'



and I knew then that
that one
was to move
-the world would be ours
and the distances would not exist-
the time is long like my cold
and the ocean
pacific
like my *mar/amor*
(my sea of love)
waves that take to my disperses flowers
sun beaches twilight
and pure *amor/mar/amor*
(my sea of love and love).



for my small one