

NOCTURNE OF THE HOLLOW

ONE

*In order to see that everything has gone,
in order to see the holes and the garments,
give me your glove, made of moon,
and your other glove, of grass,
my love!*

The air can pluck the dead
snails from the elephant's lung
and whisk away the shivering worms
from the fingertips of light, or from the apples.

The faces float, impassive
below the diminutive cacophony of grasses
and in the corner is the humble breast of the frog
turbid of heart and mandolin.

In the grand plaza, deserted,
the recently severed, bovine head was lowing
and the forms that sought the serpent's coil
were as immutable and solid as crystal.

*In order to see that everything has gone,
give me your silent space, my love!
Nostalgia of the academy and the sad sky.
In order to see that everything has gone.*

Inside of you, my love, through your flesh,
that silence of trains, upside-down!
[that silence of upside-down trains!](#)
The mummy's arm, flowering!
That heaven without escape, love. That heaven!

It's the stone in the water and it's the voice on the breeze
borders of love that escape from your bloody torso.
To touch the pulse of our present love is enough
to make flowers bloom all over the other children.

to make flowers bloom over all the other children.

30 *In order to see that everything has gone,
In order to see the voids of clouds and rivers,
give me your bouquet of laurel, love,
In order to see—that everything has gone!*

35 The pure voids are roaming, for me, for you, in the morning light,
conserving the traces of the branches of blood
and some quiet, plaster silhouette, painting
instantaneous pain of the impaled moon.

Look at the concrete forms that seek their abyss,
the troubled dogs and the apples, unwhole.
40 Look at the longing, the anguish of a sad, fossilized world
that cannot see the significance of its first cry.

By the time, in bed, I search for the thread of rumors
By the time, in bed, I search for the murmur of the threads
you've come, my love, to cover my roof.
The emptiness of the ant can fill the air
45 but you moan aimlessly before my eyes.
45 but you keep moaning aimlessly before my eyes.

No, not before my eyes, that you could finally show me
four rivers fastened to your arm,
in the sturdy cabin where the captive moon
devours a sailor in front of his children.

50 *In order to see that everything has gone,
my unassailable love, my fugitive love.
No, don't give me your emptiness,
mine is already out in the open!*

Oh you, oh me, oh the breeze!
55 *In order to see that everything has gone.*

I.

With the whitest space of a horse,
manes of ash. Pure and twisted plaza.

Me.

60 My hollow penetrated with fractured armpits.

60 *My hollow penetrated with torn armpits.*

Dry skin of bland grapes and the asbestos of unbroken dawn.

All the light of the world fits inside an eye.

The cock crows and his song is longer than his wings.

I.

65 With the whitest space of a horse.

Surrounded by spectators with ants in their words.

En el circo del frio sin perfil mutilado.

In the circus of frost, without a mutilated silhouette.

Along the worn capitals of the bloodless cheeks.

Me.

70 My hollow without you, city, without your feeding dead,
equestrian, in my life, definitively anchored.

I.

There is no new century nor recent light.

Only a blue steed and an unbroken dawn.

NOCTURNO DEL HUECO

I

*Para ver que todo se ha ido,
para ver los huecos y los vestidos,
¡dame tu guante de luna,
tu otro guante de hierba,
amor mío!*

5

Puede el aire arrancar los caracoles
muerto sobre el pulmón de elefante
y soplar los gusanos ateridos
de las yemas de luz o de las manzanas.

10 Los rostros bogan impasibles
bajo el diminutivo griterío de las hierbas
y en el rincón esta el pechito de la rana
turbio de corazón y mandolina.

15 En la gran plaza desierta
mugía la bovina cabeza recién cortada
y eran duro cristal definitivo
las formas que buscaban el giro de la sierpe.

*Para ver que todo se ha ido,
dame tu mudo hueco, ¡amor mío!
Nostalgia de academia y cielo triste.
¡Para ver que todo se ha ido!*

20

Dentro de ti, amor mío, por tu carne,
¡qué silencio de trenes boca arriba!,
¡cuánto brazo de momia florecido!,
25 ¡qué cielo sin salida, amor, qué cielo!

Es la piedra en el agua y es la voz en la brisa
bordes de amor que escapan de su tronco sangrante.
Basta tocar el pulso de nuestro amor presente
para que broten flores sobre los otros niños.

30 *Para ver que todo se ha ido,
para ver los huecos de nubes y ríos,
dame tus ramos de laurel, amor,
¡para ver que todo se ha ido!*

Ruedan los huecos puros, por mí, por ti, en el alba,
35 conservando las huellas de las ramas de sangre
y algún perfil de yeso tranquilo que dibuja
instantáneo dolor de luna apuntillada.

Mira formas concretas que buscan su vacío,
perros equivocados y manzanas mordidas.
40 Mira el ansia, la angustia de un triste mundo fósil
que no encuentra el acento de su primer sollozo.

Cuando busco en la cama los rumores del hilo,
has venido, amor mío, a cubrir mi tejado.
El hueco de una hormiga puede llenar el aire
45 pero tú vas gimiendo sin norte por mis ojos.

No, por mis ojos no, que ahora me enseñas
cuatro ríos ceñidos en tu brazo,
en la dura barraca donde la luna prisionera
devora a un marinero delante de los niños.

50 *Para ver que todo se ha ido,
¡amor inexpugnable, amor huido!*

*No, no me des tu hueco,
¡qué ya va por el aire el mío!
¡Ay de ti, ay de mí, de la brisa!*

55 *Para ver que todo se ha ido.*

II

Yo.

Con el hueco blanquísimo de un caballo,
crines de ceniza. Plaza pura y doblada.

Yo.

60 Mi hueco traspasado con las axilas rotas.
Piel seca de uva neutra y amianto de madrugada.

*Toda la luz del mundo cabe dentro de un ojo.
Canta el gallo y su canto dura más que sus alas.*

Yo.

65 Con el hueco blanquísimo de un caballo.
Rodeado de espectadores que tienen hormigas en las palabras.

En el circo del frío sin perfil mutilado.
Por los capiteles rotos de las mejillas desangradas.

Yo.

70 Mi hueco sin ti, ciudad, sin tus muertos que comen,
ecuestre por mi vida definitivamente anclada.
Yo.

*No hay siglo nuevo ni luz reciente.
Sólo un caballo azul y una madrugada.*

Commentary

"Nocturno del Hueco" is a tough and complicated poem and basically cost me two weeks of work on this collection. It frustrated me from the beginning and presents the most abject challenges against pinning down a workable meaning possible by fully in-your-face surrealism.

It is one of the most straightforwardly sexual of his poems.

NOCTURNO DEL HUECO
Lacunae Nocturne
Nocturne of the Void
Night of Emptiness
Nocturne of Emptiness
Nocturne of Hollowness
NOCTURNE OF THE HOLLOW

One

Para ver que todo se ha ido,
To see that everything has gone
In order to see that everything has gone,
para ver los huecos y los vestidos,
to see the holes and the dresses,
in order to see the lacunae and the garments,
in order to see the holes and the garments,
¡dame tu guante de luna,
give me your glove of the moon,
give me your lunar gauntlet
give me your glove, made of moon,
tu otro guante de hierba,
your other glove of the grass,
and its herbal mate
and your other glove, of grass,
amor mío!
my love!

Puede el aire arrancar los caracoles
The air can pull out the snails
The air can tear the dead
The air can pluck the dead
muerto sobre el pulmón de elefante
dead above the elephant's lung
snails from about the elephant's lung
snails from the elephant's lung
y soplar los gusanos ateridos
and blow the stiffened worms
and whisk the shivering worms
and whisk away the shivering worms
de las yemas de luz o de las manzanas.
from fingertips of light or apples.
from the fingertips of light, or from the apples.

Los rostros bogan impasibles

The faces bob, impassable

The faces float, impassive

bajo el diminutivo griterío de las hierbas

below the diminutive cries of the herbs

below the diminutive cacophony of grasses

y en el rincón esta el pechito de la rana

and in the corner is the little chest of the frog

and in the corner is the humble breast of the frog

turbio de corazón y mandolina.

muddy of heart and mandolin.

turbid of heart and mandolin.

En la gran plaza desierta

In the great deserted plaza

In the grand plaza--deserted--

In the grand plaza, deserted,

mugía la bovina cabeza recién cortada

mooed the cow's recently severed head

the recently severed, bovine head was lowing

y eran duro cristal definitivo

and they were definitive, hard crystal

and the forms that sought the serpent's gyre.

and the forms that sought the serpent's coil

las formas que buscaban el giro de la sierpe.

the shapes that sought the turn of the snake.

were as immutable and solid as crystal.

Para ver que todo se ha ido,

To see that everything has gone

In order to see that everything has gone,

dame tu mudo hueco, ¡amor mío!

give me your mute hole, my love!

give me your silent space, my love!

Nostalgia de academia y cielo triste.

Nostalgia of the academy and sad sky.

Nostalgia of the academy and melancholy sky

Nostalgia of the academy and the sad sky.

¡Para ver que todo se ha ido!

To see that everything has gone!

In order to see that everything has gone!

In order to see that everything has gone.

Dentro de ti, amor mío,
Inside of you, my love,
por tu carne,
through your flesh,
¡qué silencio de trenes boca arriba!,
what silence of upside-down trains!
that silence of inverted trains!
that silence of upside-down trains!
that silence of trains, upside-down.
that silence of trains, upside-down!
¡cuánto brazo de momia florecido!,
how much arm of flowering mummy!
The mummy's brazen brandishing
The mummy's arm, flowering!
¡qué cielo sin salida, amor, qué cielo!
what heaven without escape, love, what heaven!
That..
That heaven without escape, love. That heaven!

Es la piedra en el agua y es la voz en la brisa
It's the stone in the water and it's the voice on the breeze
bordes de amor que escapan de su tronco sangrante.
borders of love that escape from your bloody trunk.
borders of love that escape from your bloody torso.
Basta tocar el pulso de nuestro amor presente
Touching the pulse of our present love is enough
To touch the pulse of our present love is enough
para que broten flores sobre los otros niños.
in order to burst flowers over the other kids.
to make flowers bloom all over the other children.

Para ver que todo se ha ido,
To see that everything has gone,
In order to see that everything has gone,
para ver los huecos de nubes y ríos,
to see the holes of clouds and rivers,
In order to see the lacunae of clouds and rives,
In order to see the voids of clouds and rivers,
dame tus ramos de laurel, amor,
give me your bouquet of laurel, love,

¡para ver que todo se ha ido!
to see that everything has gone!
In order to see--that everything has gone!

Ruedan los huecos puros, por mí, por ti, en el alba,
The pure holes roll along, for me, for you, in the morning light,
The empty lacunae unfurl out, for me, for you, in the morning light,
The pure voids are roaming, for me, for you, in the morning light,
conservando las huellas de las ramas de sangre
conserving the traces of the branches of blood
y algún perfil de yeso<<comma here?>> tranquilo que dibuja
and some profile of plaster who quietly paints
and some quiet, plaster silhouette, painting
instantáneo dolor de luna apuntillada.
instantaneous pain of the skewered moon.
instantaneous pain of the pierced moon.
instantaneous pain of the impaled moon.

Mira formas concretas que buscan su vacío,
Look for the concrete forms that seek their void,
Look at the concrete forms that seek their abyss,
perros equivocados y manzanas mordidas.
mistaken dogs and bitten apples.
mistaken dogs and unwhole apples.
the troubled dogs and the apples, unwhole.
Mira el ansia, la angustia de un triste mundo fósil
Look at the longing, the anguish of a sad, fossilized world
que no encuentra el acento de su primer sollozo.
that cannot find the emphasis of its first sobbing.
that cannot encounter the significance of its first cry.
that cannot see the significance of its first cry.

Cuando busco en la cama los rumores del hilo, (que mierda es un rumor del hilo,
pequeño camino de líquido)
When I seek in bed the rumors of the trickle,
By the time, in bed, I search for the thread of rumors
By the time, in bed, I search for the murmur of the threads
has venido, amor mío, a cubrir mi tejado.
you've come, my love, to cover my roof.
you've come, my love, to plaster my roof
you've come, my love, to cover my roof.
El hueco de una hormiga puede llenar el aire
The hole of the ant can fill the air

The emptiness of the air can fill the air
pero tú vas gimiendo sin norte por mis ojos.
but you go directionless and moaning before my eyes.
but you keep moaning aimlessly for my eyes.
but you moan aimlessly for my eyes.
but you moan aimlessly in my eyes.
but you moan aimlessly through my eyes.
but you moan aimlessly before my eyes.

No, por mis ojos no, que ahora me enseñas
No, before my eyes no, now you show me
No, not for my eyes, that you could finally show me
cuatro ríos ceñidos en tu brazo,
four rivers clinging to your arm,
four rivers fastened to your arm,

en la dura barraca donde la luna prisionera
in the dilapidated cabin where the captive moon
in the sturdy barricade where the captive moon
in the sturdy cabin where the captive moon
devora a un marinero delante de los niños.
devours a sailor in front of his children.

Para ver que todo se ha ido,
To see that everything has gone,
In order to see that everything has gone,
¡amor inexpugnable, amor huido!
my unstormable love, my fugitive love!
my unassailable love, my fugitive love.

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No, no me des tu hueco,
No, don't give me your hole,
No, don't give me your emptiness,
¡qué ya va por el aire el mío!
mine is already flying in the air!
mine is already out in the open!
¡Ay de ti, ay de mí, de la brisa!
Oh you, oh me, oh the wind!
...breeze

Oh you, oh me, oh the breeze!

Para ver que todo se ha ido.
To see that everything has gone.
In order to see that everything has gone.

Two

Yo.

Me.

I.

Con el hueco blanquísimo de un caballo,

With the whitest hole of a horse,

With the whitest emptiness of a horse,

With the whitest space of a horse,

crines de ceniza. Plaza pura y doblada.

manes of ash. Pure and folded plaza.

manes of ash. Plaza, pure and doubled

manes of ash. Pure and twisted plaza.

Yo.

Me.

Mi hueco traspasado con las axilas rotas.

My hole soaked through and broken armpits.

My space pierced with the broken axles

My space crossed over with broken armpits.

My hollow intruded upon with broken armpits.

My hollow penetrated with fractured armpits.

Piel seca de uva neutra y amianto de madrugada.

Dry skin of neutral grape and asbestos of the deep night.

Dry skin of neutered grape and asbestos of the unbroken dawn

Dry skin of bland grapes and the asbestos of unbroken dawn.

Toda la luz del mundo cabe dentro de un ojo.

All the light of the world fits inside an eye.

Canta el gallo y su canto dura más que sus alas.

The rooster calls and his song is longer than his wings.

The cock crows and his song is longer than his wings.

Yo.

Me.

I.

Con el hueco blanquísimo de un caballo.

With the whitest hole of a horse.

With the whitest emptiness of a horse

With the whitest space of a horse.

Rodeado de espectadores que tienen hormigas en las palabras.

Surrounded by spectators who have ants in their words.

Surrounded by spectators with ants in their words.

En el circo del frío sin perfil mutilado.

In the circus of the cold without a mutilated silhouette.

In the circus of coldness (without a mutilated profile)

In the circus of coldness, without a mutilated silhouette.

In the circus of frost, without a mutilated silhouette.

Por los capiteles rotos de las mejillas desangradas.

Along the worn capitals of the blood-drained cheeks.

Along the worn capitals of the bloodless cheeks.

Yo.

Me.

Mi hueco sin ti, ciudad, sin tus muertos que comen,

My hole without you, city, without your feeding dead,

My hollow without you, city, without your dead who eat,

My hollow without you, city, without your feeding dead,

ecuestre por mi vida definitivamente anclada.

equestrian, and definitively anchored to my life.

equestrian for my life, definitively anchored

equestrian, in my life, definitively anchored.

Yo.

Me.

I.

No hay siglo nuevo ni luz reciente.

There is no new century nor recent light.

Sólo un caballo azul y una madrugada.

Just a blue horse and a night.

Only a blue steed and an unbroken dawn.

Notes:

"Nocturno del Hueco" is a tough and complicated poem and basically cost me two weeks of work on this collection. It frustrated me from the beginning and presents the most abject challenges against pinning down a workable meaning possible by fully in-your-face surrealism.

It is one of the most straightforwardly sexual of his poems