



POSTCARD

Ari Belathar¹

Perhaps
something is starting to break
in the stammering seconds
in the acrobatic heart beating
 where we are bleeding
 without kisses or chants

while in the distance
your city and mine
die of rainstorms

and you hurt me
you hurt me eliciting my doubts
 like the night
 like my vocation for void
 and the kneel down nights of your people

(caressed by the murmur of water and rage)

I am afraid
I see myself trembling
before the infinite solitude of the south
and I do not want to tell you more
about the space
between the fall and the acrobat

(scene of that sweet battle mouth to mouth)

stop this carousel
that does not stop turning inside my head
stop this fragrance
of cemetery freedom and flowers
I do not know about words
nor understand the squares in the window

¹ Ari Belathar is a Mexican poet and playwright in exile. Between 1994 and 2001, she facilitated creative writing and popular theatre workshops for indigenous women and children throughout Mexico. She was also a founding member of the first Mexican community radio station during the student strike at the National Autonomous University of Mexico in 1999. After being kidnapped and tortured by the Mexican National Army in 2001 due to her work as an independent journalist and human rights defender, she escaped to Canada. Belathar has published her poetry in literary journals and anthologies around the world, and has served as a writer in residence at the University of Windsor, Brandon University and Alameda Theatre Company in Toronto.

I understand a lot less the landscape
that is invented after

I only know
that here I am
saturated by nights

exiled from a country
that only exists in the shadows
that nostalgia draws up

(nobody chooses borders like a postcard)

when the gardens of the world
are filled with equestrian statues
of cowards

we are standing
in the centre of what it couldn't be
and to be here
is an inevitable mirage

yet
I haven't cried for your absence
and I haven't cried
because one day I left our home
with my hands tied to the silence
and my childhood broken in little pieces

how to tell you
that my heart is a dead bird
that I lose myself in each mirror
without violence in my gaze

that my language is now
the language of the enemy
and I do not have more
than my poor delirium
defeated by the distance

I only know that here I am
writing with the burden
of a postponed revolution