

# Two Poems by Narlan Matos

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*Translated by Michael Palmer*

## Calendar

it's right to forget about March  
so that April can finally arrive  
to lie beneath this January shade  
so that the abyss of June can disappear

whose face is this behind the ivy?  
pale and white the moon's ether light  
lay above the lilies of absence and chimera

still they remain, the grasses of September  
and the azaleas of afternoon  
and the latitudes of silence

it's not death I search for, *amiga*,  
when the breeze brings your words  
when you offer me the scent of your skin  
and the Milky Way is suddenly reborn  
calmly among the meadow's wild roses  
or when you open the immense petals  
of your clear and bright smile (a lily?)  
to the night of my being

Narlan Matos Teixeira

tr. Michael Palmer

## Czar

vast the waiting for everything  
for the sea the west conceals and reveals  
for the gentle arms of the pale shore  
of the sea foam  
for the fragrance of lavender  
for the meadows and violets  
for the lady of the dream with hands of lilies  
and jasmine arms  
perfumed by the dark night's chill

immortal is the czar of time  
like a samurai hidden in the invisible  
flying over our brittle corpses  
vocabularies pour from his mouth  
in the shape of mountains and streams  
in our spirits  
the ache of *is* and *exists* throbs  
in our spirits  
nothing brings silence or sleep  
and finally  
a strange nothing beckons behind things

meanwhile take in the dawns  
and the wind  
and the gold summer sows across the fields  
and the words of March announcing green leaves  
take in the dark water of the forest's rivers  
flowing over white sand  
take in, brother, what there is of the eternal

because waiting for mankind is vast

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