

GALDEKETA

Non daude pozaldi horailetatik
 batzeko ginen taupada hordigarri haiek?
 Non, belaontzien ezpalez
 eraikitzekotan ginen sutondo ibiltaria?
 Non dago tigreen marrekin
 dekoratu nahi genuen aberri berria?
 Non, iraganaren magalari atximurka eginez
 berretsi gura genituen gure paisajeak?
 Non da lehen ohe hartako erloju ezberdina?
 Non galdu dugu misterioaren ura,
 zeinahi utopia bedekatzeko balio ziguna?
 Non gorde duzu irudimenaren maleta?
 Zer dago orain barruan?

Basalarrosek miazkatu dute
 baselizaren zurezko arkupea.
 Hantxe, harrizko murraren kontra
 amodioa antzestu genuen aspaldiko arrasti hartan.
 Euriak zelaiari erauzten zion busti-hotsoa
 zeure hatzek atera zioten nire sexuari.
 Armiarma-sarean zehar ostadarra ikusten nuen
 zuk bultza eta bultza
 ezerezaren kontra egiten zenidan bitartean.
 Gero, trinki-tranka aldendu ginen errepidean aurrera
 gorputzei bihozminaren salda epela zeriela.
 Huraxe izan zen atzen enkontruetako bat,
 gure azal umelak ordurako bazekiellarik
 elkarrentzat ez ginela.

QUESTIONS

Where did they go,
 the delirious heartbeats
 we said we'd gather as we laughed back then?
 Where the portable home
 we said we'd build out of ships' carcasses?
 Where the new nation
 we would decorate with tiger stripes?
 Where the landscape we said we'd rob
 from the hidey-hole of the past?
 Where did that special clock we kept by our first bed go?
 Where did we lose the water of mysteries
 with which we blessed so many Utopias?
 Where did you put the suitcase of the imagination?
 What do you keep there now?

Wild roses have gobbled up
 the latticed arch in front of the hermitage.
 It was there, against the stone wall,
 that we made love that afternoon.
 The rain dispersed the meadow's cool dampness
 as your fingers reconjured it from my sex.
 I could see a rainbow on a spider's web
 as you rammed and rammed
 fighting my body against the void.
 Later, we gracelessly lost each other on the path,
 our bodies still dripping with the lukewarm soup of heartbreak.
 That, in short, was one of our most definitive encounters,
 our ripe flesh aware by then
 we weren't made for each other.