

Psyche

by *Andrea Gagliardi*

tr K.A. Kopple

unravelling the mystery with his instrument
with the first half, I'm going to assist him
by a crack of skylight pull out
the grass that confers death
I'm going to part you and you part
the woman in labor plasters the vestibule which you let me see
with the misery of cadavers
dividing up the cure
in my scab of love they see the wound
I have
great fulminating powerful
with his lance I write the poem
close it for me he said I don't want to be left alone to write
I will write on your body with my silver bone

now I search but he has gone
dressed in yellow for his destroyed soul
in the shade of the tiger I move
with infinite lines calling out to you
from the cage and the circle

Poema de Psiqué by Andrea Gagliardi

\destraba el misterio con su instrumento\en la primera mitad voy a ayudarlo\ por la hendidura del tragaluz a arrancar\la yerba que nos invista de muerte\voy a partirte y partes\la parturienta empasta los vestibulos que me dejas ver\con la miseria de los cadáveres\reparte la curación\ en mi costra de amor ven llaga\tengo una\ gran poderosa fulminante\con su lanza inscribo el poema\dijo ciérramela no quiero quedarme solo a escribir\voy a escribir sobre tu cuerpo con mi hueso de plata\ahora lo busco pero se fue vestido\de amarillo para su alma destrozada\en la sombra del tigre me muevo\con trazo infinito llamándote\dentro de la jaula y del círculo