

## *Changing the universe...*

**By Irene Marques**

Kernels of light  
I imagine  
When I look downside  
Toward the South Pole

Menthol lipstick  
With brown or dark caramel scents  
I imagine the flowers that your lips grow  
And that I might even feel in my solitary wanderings in the dark dusk

Kernels of light  
I envisage in my long wintry nights  
I, who sit alone in the North Pole  
Waiting for the moon to become round and round and round again  
Because when the season is ready  
And the winter mature I will no longer stop in the nights of my lonely siestas

Will no longer stop there  
And will run and gallop toward you  
In the South Pole

Will run and steal you from all you have  
Yes, because I cannot heal or wait or repent any longer  
Yes, because I have been alone dancing in the stubborn whirl of the northern wind  
Alone for many lives and seasons that have brought me back to the circle of this life  
To the season of this stagnant sun

Yes, the commandos of colonels will no longer be sufficient  
Nor the cooper shields of fierce transitional soldiers that I have been battling against all  
my lives  
Incarnation after reincarnation after des-incantation  
Repeating the circle of blood and sore wounds that cannot be controlled

I have been there and there  
I have been to your house and to mine  
And to that one over the flamingo horizon and even far and beyond only to come back  
here and be imprisoned in the laws of disintegration  
I have been sleeping and awakening in fast cavalcades of deadly malignant horses  
Who in their mistaken magnificence have cavalcaded me to the end of the near world  
Only to bring me back to this precise point of commencing solitude

I have been there and there

Over to your house and to mine  
Beyond the centre or the cascade of the river down the luminous channel  
Tried the flying kite and the childish swing put across the two thin and scentful  
eucalyptus trees by my father's incantatory garden  
Or sometimes across the two large and rough oak trunks that you planted in the public  
plaza in the beginning of the sparkling haze  
When one molecule said 'YES' to another molecule and love was first made between two  
creatures

Have been there and there  
And back to here  
On top of the shedding snake's skin to enter your finite world and become someone,  
something, someday, somewhere

I have  
I have  
And now it is the time to enter no--thing  
The one that might BE