



Grafies·Incisions

Joan Navarro

Writings·Incisions

[13]

Before the insect comes to the world of air and dances the endless dance and draws the frenzied curves of the tremor: Before the fertilization of the orchid: Before the honey birth: Come: Bread of Angels: Black constellation of light: Flower cotton: Come.

[14]

Time shrank and expanded: It dissolved and condensed: The wheel rubbed the surface of the hours: The wheel: The calculus of nothingness: The infinite series: The maize grain: The nostalgia of warm waters: The persistence of the amniotic night: Reptile: Archipelago of lichens.

[15]

Lens. Eye. Curb of hollowness. Pollen granule. Desire to have seen the forest thunderstruck: Duration of being protected by absence: Repetition and return: The laurel forest: The revelation of what is not visible: The abandonment of the gaze that kneads words: Ashes: The voice of your body: The algebra of ferns.

[16]

Drypoint you are engraving the fire in the grotto, the rip and the tundra, the thirst and the spring: The name of time: The incisions of pain: The warp of memory. With the gouge and the burin you are grooving the black ascent, the hollow foam of the shipwrecked boat: Wood, marble and metal: Whisper of the last prayer.

[17]

Lying on the stones, I glimpse the shape of the arch which is falling down: The hills of the wild planet: The bark of the bird and the ephemeral fires at the frontier: The charcoal ring: The charcoal: The heart's tool: The fescue and the smoke: The concave dance: This slowness of words:

Translated by Pilar Segarra