

Víctor Rodríguez Núñez (Havana, 1955) is one of Cuba's most outstanding and celebrated contemporary writers, with over seventy collections of his poetry published throughout the world. He has been the recipient of major awards in Spanish-speaking countries. His selected poems have been translated into over a dozen languages. His latest book in English translation is *rebel matter* (Shearsman Books, 2022). He divides his time between Gambier, Ohio, where he is a Professor of Spanish at Kenyon College, and Havana, Cuba. www.victorrodrigueznunez.com

Katherine M. Hedeen's latest translations include *midnight minutes* by Víctor Rodríguez Núñez (Carrion Bloom), *Almost Obscene* by Raúl Gómez Jattin (CSU Poetry Center), and *Book of the Cold* by Antonio Gamoneda (World Poetry Books). She is a Professor of Spanish at Kenyon College and a Managing Editor of Action Books. www.katherinemhedeen.com

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Víctor Rodríguez Núñez

vuelo

4

colgado a la razón
que acalambra la nube
la oración a san lázaro
rigurosa como la aerodinámica

la atómica central
sitiada por el bosque
el río atravesado
por la ciudad para drenar el sueño

al canto del celaje
la belleza descalza
dejándose leer sin moraleja

como paisaje de otro
esa oración donde ondulas
y te ases

flight

4

hung on the reason
that cramps the cloud
the prayer to san lázaro
exact like aerodynamics

the nuclear powerplant
besieged by the forest
the river crossed
by the city to drain the dream

on the edge of cloudscape
beauty barefoot
letting herself be read there is no moral

like the other landscape
the prayer where you sway
and hold on

en el viento hay sales que germinan
de súbito sin ninguna intención
el sentimiento helado
se despega de sí

se enraíza invisible
es cantil increpado por la escarcha
con su seca belleza
y su húmeda verdad

mas se huele la duda
del que ganó la piel en el combate
y regresa a su otra casa de arena

este soplo que se llena de pámpanos
la materia de toda reflexión
dios es impresionista

in the wind there are salts sprouting
suddenly without any intention
the frozen sentiment
comes apart

takes root unseen
is cliff rebuked by frost
with its dry beauty
and wet truth

but you can smell the doubt
of the one who earned his skin in combat
and returns to his other house of sand

this gust filling with vine shoots
the matter of every reflection
god is impressionistic

de los huesos se levanta la luna
níquel efervescente
y entre campos de nubes en secano
alguien vuelve a cantar

pero la r de piaf
no es miel en el café
la visión se da vuelta
no se arrepentirá de ser la sal

con rabia de partir a corazón abierto
calado en savia roja

la conjura

despegue horizontal
flecha adversa
no darás en el blanco

11

from the bones rises the moon
effervescent nickel
and among cloudfields in dry land
someone sings again

but piaf's r
isn't sweetness in the coffee
the vision goes round
won't regret being salt

with the rage of parting openheart
soaked in red sap
the plot

horizontal departure
adverse arrow
you won't hit the bullseye

translated by Katherine M. Hedeen