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Catedrales que Trinan

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Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters is an international literary journal dedicated to publishing works encompassing, but not limited to, the Anglophone, Francophone, Hispanophone and Dutch-speaking Caribbean. The Journal is especially dedicated to presenting the arts and letters of those communities that have long been under-represented within the creative discourse of the region, among them: Aruba and the Netherlands Antilles, Maroon societies, and the Asian and Amerindian societies of the region. Calabash has a strong visual arts component.

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Rodrigo Rojas

CATEDRALES QUE TRINAN

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In ecclesiam

In ecclesiam

En esta casa encontraréis el amor
También cardenales, hortensias y arzobispos
colgados de sus alas
en mil sábanas de fuego
y en su tierna fricción
átomos que sisean delicados
en su pequeñez de insectos
pulverizados en la ampollita
en la búsqueda
en los voltios de lucidez
en la oración que se extiende al cielo como una serpiente
en los refrigeradores que murmuran su amor
al cátodo
al ánodo

al juguete sin pilas en el patio
al cable sin ropa tendida
a la ciudad sin sus pájaros mecánicos
sin el chisporroteo de seres alados en los cables
sin volantines ni enredaderas
o pájaros derritiéndose
con el latigazo de energía
en los kilovatios de sus propios gorjeos
sus cantos nutridos por corriente trifásica
luminosos como el corazón de Jesús
con espinas titilantes
con fulgor y gotas sagradas
Soy el templo, trinan
La catedral de los megavoltios
En mí la verdad se confunde.

Rodrigo Rojas

CHIRPING CATHEDRALS

• • •

In ecclesiam.

In ecclesiam.

In this house you will find Love
cardinals, hydrangeas and archbishops
hung by their wings,
from a thousand bed sheets of fire.
And in a tender friction,
you'll find atoms hissing
in the tinyness of insects
burnt to dust by a lightbulb
burnt by volts of enlightenment
by a search
in a prayer extending like a serpent to heaven
in the love murmured by refrigerators
to the cathode
the anode
to the toy with no batteries in the backyard
to the clothesline with no laundry
to a city without its birds of steel
without the sizzling of winged creatures on cables
without kites or bindweed
or hawks melting
in the whip of energy
in the Kilowatts of their own trills.
Their chants nourished by a three-phase current,
glowing like the heart of Jesus
with twinkling sharp thorns, flashing
drops of sacred anti freeze fluid.
I am the temple, they trill,
The Cathedral of Megavolts.
In me Truth is confused.