

NIGHTLY INSTANTS FROM AN UNCOMPLETED SEA** NOCTURNOS DE MAR INACABADO

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“What is the nocturne?: It is the poetry that describes the night. The night is for the poet, silence, hushed words, realities and feelings that are not expressed, that are hidden away.”

(Translation: Tom Acker, Professor of Spanish, Colorado Mesa University)

“Our story”

From light, sand;
from sea, murmurs;
from strains, your voice.

From mornings, conk shells;
from palms, caresses;
from melodies, your body.

From evenings, horizon:
from breezes, aromas;
from calypsos, your company . . .

I need you . . .

From nights, silence;
From foam, the bed.
From dramas. . .

That is our story.

“First Marine Nocturne”

Abandon is in the night
Of the separation into which sink the lovers.
There is simply no possibility of a greater failure.

Therefore, they no longer possess the measured words

Nor the tittle-tattles that might spoil the gazes.
So the excuses will separate the abused bodies,
Nor will the deceptions work . . .

The soporific silence becomes quicksilver
Of a half-light that arouses
The still-disputing voices.
There is simply no going back to separation.

Suddenly, without effort, the hands mount an attack

To finally determine the outcome of the sympathies
That no longer move
Nor are they daunted by the perpetual yet recovered distance,
In time from the sea

“Outmoded nutrition of pure pleasure”

Your mouth on my mouth . . .

Yours on mine
And vice versa.

Your hand with mine. . .

What palpitations
In the perspiration of the din!

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Recepción: 15/05/13. Aceptación: 18/10/13.

Your sex in my sex. . .
Yours in mine
like a perfect tuning fork.
Your enjoyment, mine, too;
Your surrender, my explosion,
There is no greater pleasure
In the unfinished sea.

“Beatus ille”**

Blessed he who knows how to look and open
jealously,
He shall have his reward which he awaits
valiantly !

Blessed he who contemplates, givingly absorbed,
He shall withstand the joy of his efforts!

Blessed he that sustains with weight and
enjoyment
The sweets he shall gather hungrily.

The lovers, disdainfully open their branches to
the sun,
Invoking the gods as witnesses.

There will be no sparrow, nor rose, nor
nightingale;
The moans will not emit from the lucky breast.

The cavalcade will come, with feinted caresses
And the excessive effort will rhythmically
collapse.

Dying sparkles will escape like sparkles that
crackle
As their outlines touch.

The removed room will not explode in the
mirror
Before the galvanized groans of the aqueous
struggle.

“Of the sandstone struggle”

The bullfighter conquers with his arrogant
movements;
His body exudes before his obedient victim,
with a sensual atavistic squint, to the instinctive
pleasures.

The bullfighter wounds with his magnificent
dagger;
He sacrifices his body so that the victim complies
In his bloody role of desired love, expectant of
his onslaught.

The bullfighter attacks, thrusting again and
again;
His body is rewarded with sweat and a haughty
stare,
when the victim doesn't succumb to his delirium.

The bullfighter completes his tasks with
groaning cheers;
His body ceases to obey his earlier passion
Because the victim moans, in tumescent union,
racked with pain
Victim and bullfighter take pleasure in the
springy arena.
The moon and the sea are witnesses,
Even the stars...

Victim and bullfighter take pleasure in
the springy arena.
The moon and the sea are witnesses,
Even the stars. . .

** Beatus ille (Happy is the man...), coming from the opening words of Horace's second Epode, that praises country life, the pristine joys of working one's own land free from exploitation.

