

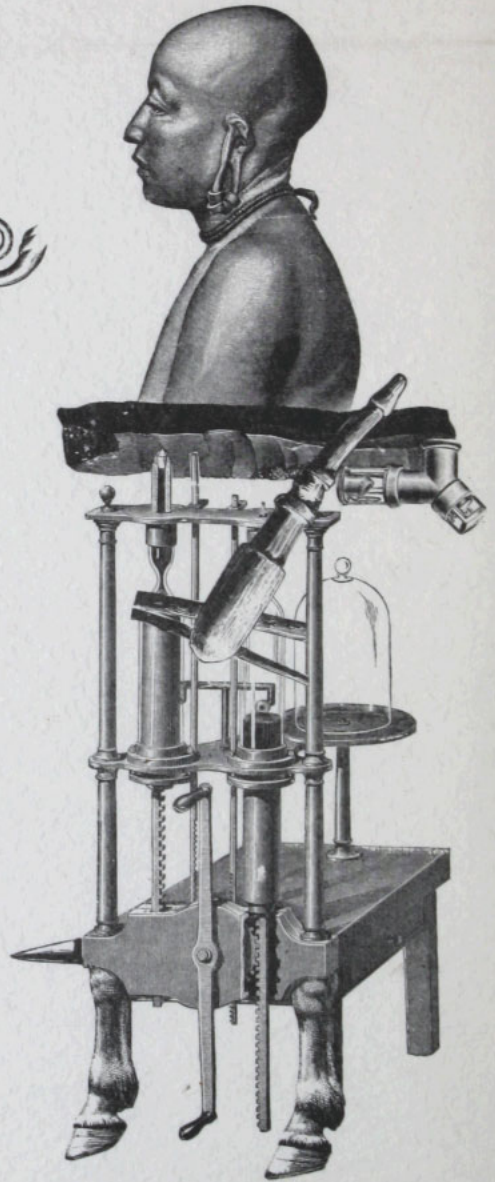
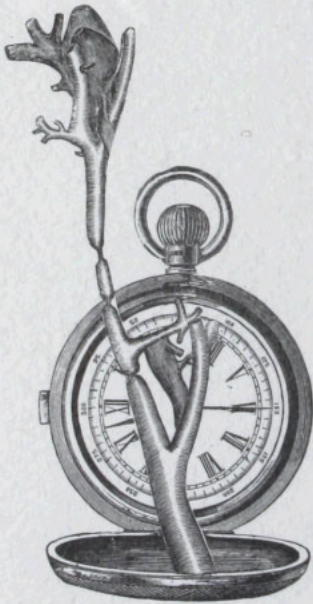
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Enrique Gómez-Correa

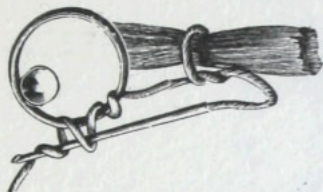
Mother Darkness

Oasis Toronto 1975



Moi ... j'existe toujours comme le basalte!

Lautréamont



Last April the fourth the blue thread was cut
Although far away your ear lies awake
 beside my bed
I will tell you now as it happens:

1 Lying on a cloud the angel waits for me
You know there is no tree without its angel
It is the 8 lying flat with eyes of bread
So that the palate
Of the magician who in vain searches for the star
May shine in the cup
You spilled in childhood
Do you remember now how the old
 sword of your father
Fell on the bird's throat?
And the blood ran the old blood
 that you belong to
And the same blood
That today I spill
So that you may see that behind me there is
Decidedly the darkness.

2

The doors have been made to open
or to close

If you open them it is love
If you close them it is hatred
Never repent of having loved
or hated

Think that now they unpunished search out my soul
It is the priestess over the half moon
That torments my thought
So that it may become yours
And you may see that behind the curtains there is
The cave of madness with its white and black pillars
Telling me:

*"One also dies under the sign of a star
Search for it and you will know the fate that awaits you
In the second death"*

You know already
I purify myself to purify you
To transfer to your lips
my awesome thirst of annihilation

That will be yours
I feel thirst
You are thirsty.

3

*"I have been the queen of dignity
To keep you on this Island
Alone, trapped by the wonders of thought
It is necessary that you understand well my son*



*I retain in my hands the keys that the angel delivered me
I shall give you this key so that you may turn it into a crown
I shall give you the ears of grain that I cause to sprout in my hands
The eagle over my heart and yours the cascade of stars
All will fall over your head
The cascade of air, the cascade of fire
 the cascade of water
The cascade of my thought that is yours
Mine in three that will be the creator number nine
All in the bag of eternity."*

4 Later the ceiling splits wide open
And I descend unto the chamber where the king poses
 tearing at his emerald beard
There are thousands of eyes on the ground and on the walls
That from so much staring at me wear my face down
Dampen my soul.
I tell you it is the incessant rain of triangles
 with their vortex upwards and their vortex downwards
I tell you the soul as the stone wears away
It is the red that aims at the bull
It is the air that aims at the bird
Listen listen
It is the sky that aims at your heart.

5 Mystery upon mystery
As night after night
To reach the sacred.

I now enter into the temple
Where the high priest
Gives me a key of gold
 and one of silver
Here it is necessary to receive many keys
Not to fall in the succession of abysses
That have no way out ever.
I am in front of a great black book
Of which I must decipher the seven seals
I say "*Mandragora*" remembering you
And immediately there is light
Light through the face
While the seals start to bleed
And the priests tumble.

6 Good and evil make love
Like the sun and the moon
Or quicksilver and sulphur
Or Leo and Gemini
The eternal lovers
What is more I tell you:
There are four hippocampi over the plain
That incite them to movement
And that is why the seals open like oysters
 over the grill
Like the cataclysms that turn
 wine into blood
On irate wings
Where silence
Cannot stand fast.



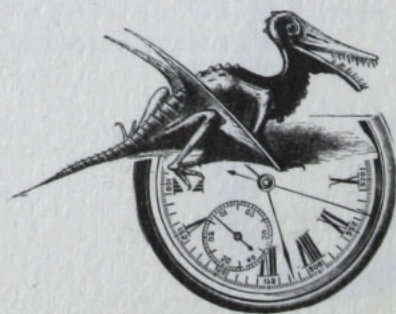
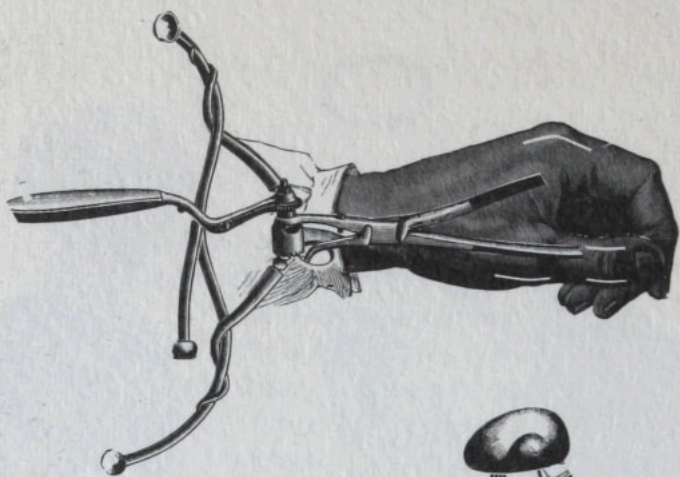


But they tell me moving their white heads
*"Do you forget, sir, that you have not asked to be taken here
to come to perturb us with so many demands?
Your world is no longer the beyond."*
And to tell the truth
It is so.

9 Now come the horses and they rush headlong to the well
There comes the one with long hair and throws into the same well
a lamp and bits of sulphur
Finally the lion jumps into the abyss with the ring
that has a black ruby and two diamonds
Saying that he takes command
of the incineration from now on.
So that the dove may spring forth
The dove hidden in the hands of the hermit
Then the sun shines above his noble head
While the serpent coils up
Giving way to the most profound mystery.

10 Fastened to the insides of the wheel as a black star
The man bends forward
Because all that has been will be to return
The windstorm to the point that whips the accursed
For whom heaven is but a flash of lightning
Its splendour written
On the forehead of the poet.



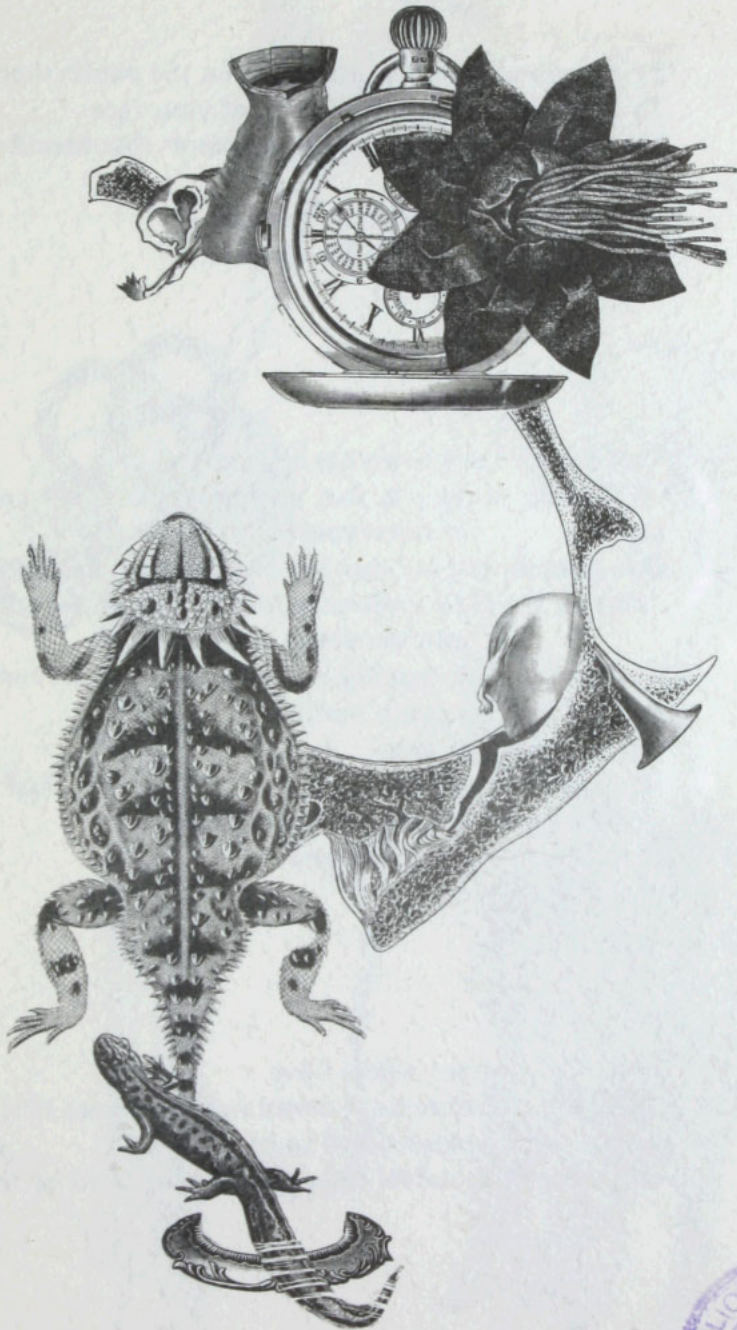


13

On the trail Ying and Yang dance in the moonlight
 They are two but they were born from one and will return to one
 With the labour of nine that is inverted when it trebles
 Certainly the dead go on dreaming
 In the captivity from which they are not freed until
 they reach the second death
 The one that does not have its face painted with milk
 The milk I fed you to surrender you to life
 The same I shall feed you so that you may reach death
 Final death
 That does not demand tears
 And only reincarnates
 Literally from nothingness.

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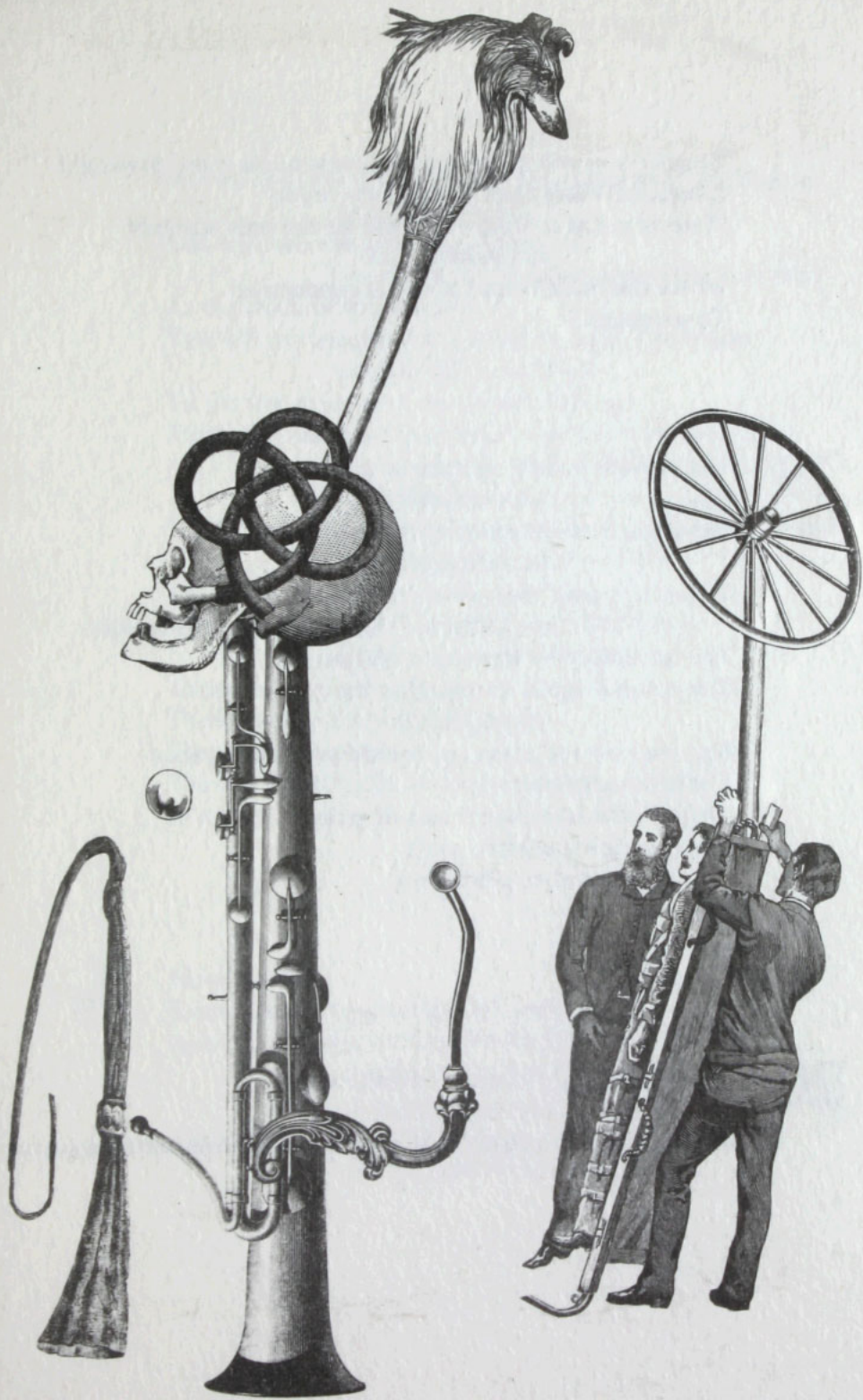
They guide me to the great hall where the masked ball
 is at large
 The singers make the lamps shake with their shrieks
 And in the center of the chamber the magician is pouring
 the philosophers' fluid from the silver cup
 into the gold cup
 The silence is not the same on the flowers' petals
 That from red turn into white
 The sign of accomplishment of the blood's maceration
 So much light poured out
 To carry us to the joy of purification
 To which we remain
 Eternally chained.



By phosphorescent statues raised on the public thoroughfares
To celebrate the transfiguration of your face
To celebrate the hands of the murderer that herald the northern lights
In the vertigo of love
With much delight with true delight
Of seeing air exchanged for earth
And fire for water.

17 The beautiful unknown has been seated
On the hills of the city that you have built at the cost
of seven continuing dreams
Giving to understand that she has exceeded herself in love
And that it will be preferable for her to spill the purifying fluid
into the desert and the marsh
So that the spark that lights the faces may spurt forth
And the soul become a bonfire
Distilling drop by drop
The stupefied thought
While the great star eats the small ones
So that the rose may turn red
Without snapping.

18 In the third heaven where I live
The city has already been devastated by the sea of darkness
Everything has surrendered to its waves
And even the beautiful cathedral was corroded by the acid of the night



Because you will know that darkness burns more than light
Loneliness more than ashes of the moon
More than the scorpion that will be the only survivor
of the shipwreck
Where the most beautiful one is condemned
To perpetual love.

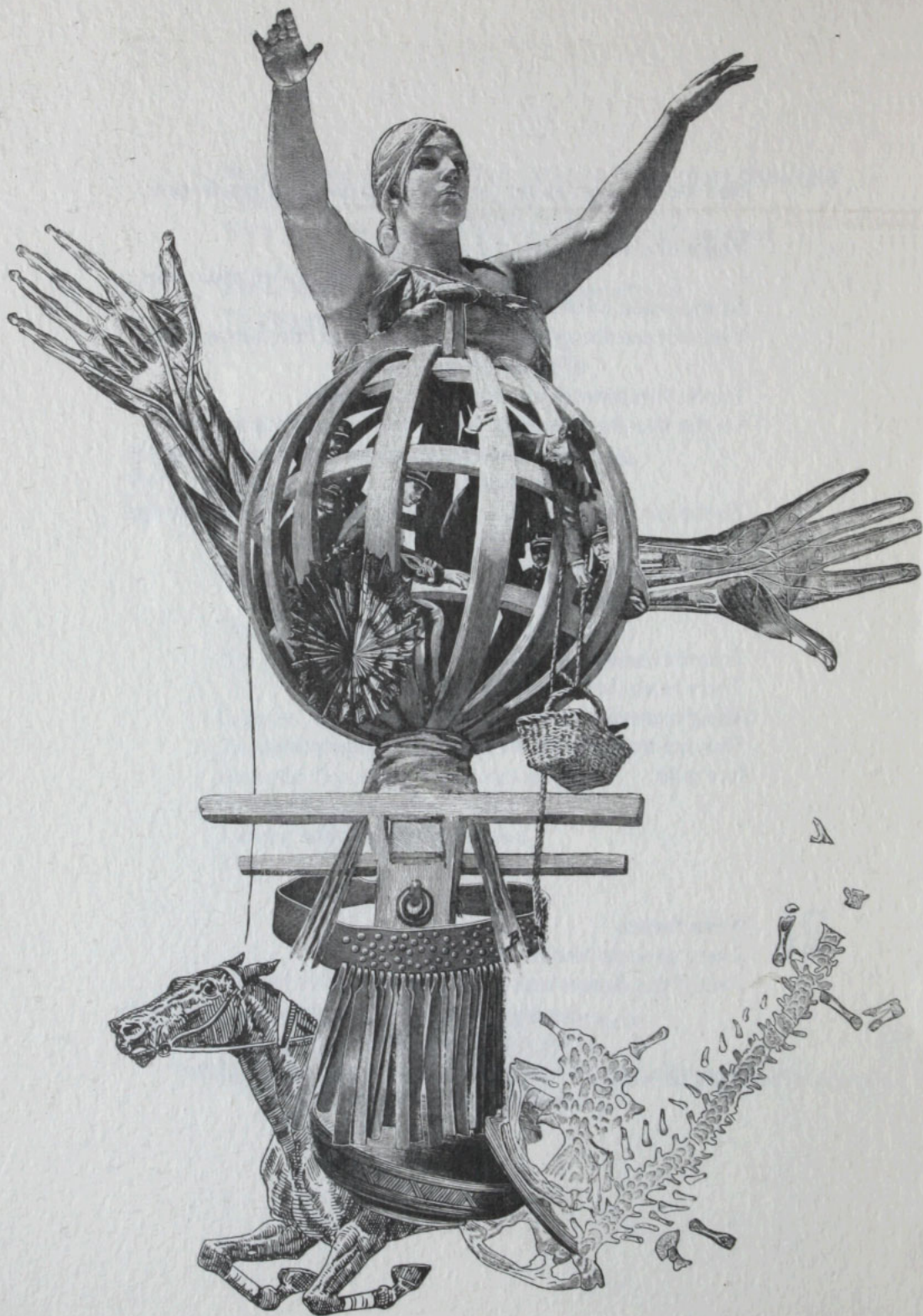
19 The wounds left by solitude of darkness
Always end by radiating light
Incandescent light capable of resisting
the battering of waves
Or perhaps defy the heavens criss-crossed
by the flash of lightning and cruel beetles.
The sun abides by its marital obligations
The moon delights to its will in the games
of love and sea
Because now the doors and windows can be opened
The heat may enter
And gild the transparent ears of grain
Of the uncontaminated souls -
Among which they often find
You.

20 The lines of your hand foretell the storm
That no one will be able to evade
Not even the earth with its gravity that no longer terrifies anyone

Nor the jeweller taking care of his stones as of the fingers
of his deft hand.
You will now see how the ghosts open
the doors of the graveyards with their axes
At the crack of the gunshot
You will see the gravediggers run to open the tombs
of their favourite dead
To the fire those who only wore disguises
To the fire the impure of heart together with the priests
that disowned magic in order to become
social workers
To the fire the ones with crooked lips that sold their images
at the gate of the great night
To the fire the opaque-faced merchants
Who have never loved but sheltered themselves
under the wings of infamy
Triumph belongs to the eye
There is no justice without the eye
The devastating eye
The eye trapping the image of the same mirror
In a gulp.

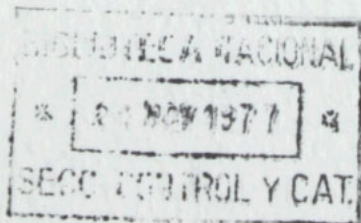
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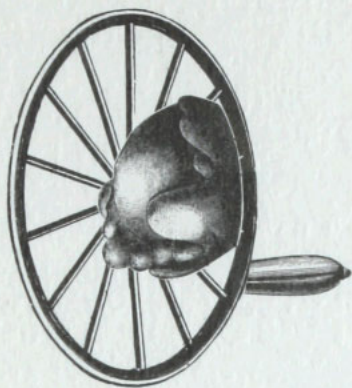
Nevertheless
Every process reaches its conclusion
And if the dancer insists on dancing on the beach
despite the fact that the sea disappeared
in front of her very own eyes
The wife dressed in her new gown and her beryl gloves
for the arrival of a new heaven



What are the symbols climbing the pyramid because of you?
Generously you saved the words
Your calm was enough
Your nobility without loneliness
The blue thread cut
To forsake me
Heaven below earth above
I howl as do sailors lost on the ocean
Mother darkness.

Guatemala City, August, 1972.





Edition of nine copies with the originals of the illustrations numbered from 1 to 9 and 261 copies numbered from 10 to 270.

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