

AQUIDAUANA AFTERNOON
(p. 69-71) from *Paraguayan Sea*

Wilson Bueno (Brazil)¹

La fatigue des métaux, l'oeuf de l'oegg du scorpion, the vigil, the tacit meat made a yoke, inheritance d'adulthood, what's spent, les years, moitié ville, moitié vie, the scorched alley, rivière ébulliante de cinquante winteres, the dark face of exhausted blood, kidneys already failing, la pression artériel, nettle and paprika, the point, the sea, le cap, la mer, the facte and the cape of good hope, those lost in the brambles, the fact, the arc du sinistre, les pallid ones, dusk, our chambre, notre maison, all khe'kenhren'stha', the humblest lamp, our bed, the amputated sexe that still itches. And I choke it, the flaccid, le flou, the hollow of the hollowe of the middle, it's all in half-light. And there's worse: demain il faut que je me chante a new zany chanson, and maybe I will feel complete as are toutes the stations of the Hour of Disgraces.

Aquidauana, Dorados, Puerto Soledad, cities of rivières and dust, of bones languid at exactement two in the afternoon, sieste et feu, it dumbfounds us febrile in an imponderable viscosité, it all goes sweaty and sucks, it all blanches emolient in a death shudder of innards éclatés and more, the post-colic collapse made of rips and vomit, the tree ne move pas tout seule, the taste of sex on the tongue, la langue, le sexe in idiomes multiples, owen:na', almost like a deflowered rose, death and sex don't talk but how splendide it feels -- the belly that lifts its hackles, resounding tremor of the skin touched par desire and coma, the air, all the air as it was, choked, a thirst that can't be slaked by water and fear prêt just as, after un peu, le dur soleil can dry out les rues où reign only bordelles and bars de port -- dead and vide from this fatigue de personne et de no-one. Aquidauana. How tristes, how mélancoliques sont les soirs qui s'attardent brûlants et encore mates, notre maison des femmes, a maindrag on the frontière, our bedrooms suffocantes, sheet and sex and cette punishing chaleur. All of it in ce temps-là, de forgetting, so it makes up a kind of destin -- a

¹ Um fragmento da tradução para o Francenglish, pela poeta canadense Erin Moure e que será publicado pela Oxford Press University. *Aquidauana Afternoon*.

way of suffering less what God does not give only today to recognize cete
inclination de nous à martyrdom and jubilation. Deux couteaux et deux blades.
May thy great Hand ever save us so it doesn't sink in our souls, the definitive
cristal or his splendid shard, in the spume de blood et grass. The seas tinged
ruby. Kania:tare: onehshon. Kaniatara'ko:wa'.

kania:tare: large body of water

kaniatara'ko:wa': ocean

khe'kenhren'stha' : I humiliate someone

onehshon: abyss

owen:na: word