

## Around the House. Maya Cú



Selection and translation by Gloria E. Chacón y Juan G. Sánchez Martínez

Introducción...

*Alrededor de la casa* © Maya Cú

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I dreamed  
of a house

White  
surrounded by flowers  
and tall trees

I only asked for a  
deserved  
roof and floor

I never had it

Yesterday  
a provider  
of certainty appeared  
He daily  
builds  
next to me  
this new house

in mutual discovery  
we are laying  
the foundations

we make the walls

we share the dream  
to put our pieces together  
to build a new house  
where we will live

Today I undressed

I posed for  
the camera

the room strewn with  
clothes throughout

my footprints  
scattered

when I stopped  
I realized  
that  
all the mirrors  
disappeared

I found my body  
dancing  
smiling  
friendly and passionate

and it was enough for me

She

knows that upon her return  
she will open the door  
and feel joy to meet you  
for coffee  
for dipping bread  
in coffee  
to listen to the radio  
and dance to the beat of your song

He

knows that upon his return  
he will remove the wire from the gate  
cross the patio to reach  
your side

he will greet you happily  
because he managed to finish a day's work  
because the earth responds to his care

the sun was benevolent and did not burn his skin  
the rain is generous and will fall later

he will show you the best seeds  
that he found  
for the next sowing

they will eat next to the stone-bench  
beans and hot coffee  
corn tortillas from their harvest  
and cheese

melted  
like them



# ALREDEDOR DE LA CASA

colección el fuego perdido

MAYA  
CÚ

poetas guatemaltecos contemporáneos



Proyecto Editorial **La Chifurnia**

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## **Elena visits the house**

### **I**

#### **Strange communion with Elena**

Did you hear my name?

You looked for it and you preferred it, because you know that here, behind this nomenclature, my soul is waiting for a reunion celebration.

But, the only celebration we put up today is one of tears.

Time and time again, the weeping, why unites our hearts like this? Is our sorrow for these beloved cities so great that it is capable of uniting our distant melancholies?

### **II**

#### **girls reunion**

Painting that afternoon would be fun if Elena was calm enough to pose.

But Elena is a restless girl who bites her nails and spits the waste on the chair. She wets her feet in the firm sand of a sea that cannot be crossed. A sea that erased the way back to the city of our daydream, our dream, our ephemeral root, our space of communion. I, the little sister, watch her carefully, while I wait for time to stop on this piece of beach, asking Yemayá to take care of us, to be our mother, our goddess, our friend, our compass, to return to that city.

### **III**

#### **The one I'm not**

Diva  
elegance in the word  
voice and erudition  
corporeal strength  
unattainable height  
charismatic presence

a story that I would like as my own  
feet dancing on the urban cobbled street  
sand full of your feet  
water full of your fear  
lips reciting verses next to Reynaldo

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eyes alive of revolution

flashing fingers

mestizo song  
eternal song  
cheerful song  
song with tone  
song with you  
your song  
my song

Song not yet written  
half song  
song without score  
broken song  
shared song  
song in two rhythms

distant song  
oppressive  
uncertain

sad song without reason  
sad permanent weep

never ending pain  
intimate pain  
pain countering  
parallel pain

the one you are not  
the one we are

## **IV**

### **Epilogue**

If I ever belonged to someone  
it's to you

because you chose me  
or because my shadowy female ancestor  
chose you



## **Image**

Grandma whisks cocoa  
gathers the fire  
secures the ocote-sticks

the girl braids garlic  
draws a circle, and skeletons  
rise dancing at its center

inviting to swing  
a song  
of few notes

I dance  
the mist fills with colors  
I rise

the image  
is immortalized  
behind the door