

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Sergio A. Ortiz: Three Poems

Sergio A. Ortiz · Wednesday, January 24th, 2018

### Bloodink

The thing to do  
when naught is left?  
hold on to dreams,  
and after dreams  
to nothing.

Are you afraid of the wolf  
who inhabited your nightmares?  
Look at your teeth,  
they're ready to devour him.

My friend discovers an invitation to the mystery  
where I see nothing but empty space.  
When he sings, I ask him to be silent.  
When he runs, I demand that he not move.  
My friend always in the middle of life

while I'm barely more than a blind eye  
looking at him without understanding.  
Watch him run knowing I cannot reach him,  
listen to him sing without grasping a word.

Him with his rhythm in the middle of life.  
I, saving the fall, hooked to his gaze.

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### Night Bird

I ask for nothing  
of this land  
that has given me everything

I loved and hated its men  
found my Adam        he fled with a bodybuilder

as soon as I gained weight

I sought God  
and in his place found knowledge  
I discovered a home in my body

and since then  
moved from place to place  
without desires

this is my way  
my destiny does not depend on luck  
I am the night bird  
foretelling death in my song

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## **The Heart does not Wither but it Tires**

We are the hand raised against our time.  
The wrath dreaming it could save mankind.  
One boiling night. The actual meaning of death.

Ripped off arms never hug. Shattered legs cannot run.  
Inattentive mouths do not smile.

We wanted to be more than just an epoch of bones,  
more than a sunset of displaced shadows from their bodies.  
Wanted to be useful, say what's right, constantly look  
at beautiful. But not even the seed of serenity  
reached its best shot.

Our desires became the songs of flies  
feeding on dead arms. This day, an empty bottle.  
Life, a table full of empty days, defeated,  
observed from distance by animals drunk on destiny.  
The world, a tavern that does not open on Sundays.

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