

María Clara González De Urbina

Passengers of the Wind

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Passengers of the Wind

by Matilde Espinosa de Pérez

The poet María Clara González surprises us with a third book of lovely poems disturbingly titled: *Passengers of the wind*. At the threshold of its reading nothing could be better than to entertain ourselves by what that title suggests. From any angle of the imagination we consider it, all of us are passengers—regardless of the circumstances that we live—. As such, this excellent poet takes us through her world, stopping when the communication is direct and profound; that is to say, in the work itself. The themes undertaken by Maria Clara are impregnated with a very special kind of sensitivity. Within the warm human context—who has already journeyed through the sorrows which life brings about—, her personality gives itself away vigorously and resolutely.

The artistic sense of the poem "*Ritual Dance*" opens its doors when it says: "*Generously/ I give myself/ to the movement that seizes me*". */Mother-land/ cradle-woman and destiny*". All of a sudden, the images break the everyday being in the poem "*Dream Hunt*": "*Until when the light on the window/ and the heart anxiously / sipping it away*"?

Away from technicalities, tendencies or genders, the work does not deviate from the true poetic sense. The intention transcends and takes over the reader in any given emotional moment. By a simple use of the language, hues enrich the word. Transparency, clarity, the lack the impressionistic tones or deceiving resources of vain are but a few of poetry's demands—if there are any—..

To be a poet a compromise is implied. First, with oneself; then, with the public—and every artist needs one—.

But let us return to our poet, to the enchantment of her metaphors and to the topics which are of interest to us all. In the first section, several themes such as: "*Uprooted*", evoke particular moods upon which the environment relates to our feelings: "*This Friday's rain /reaps one-by-one all dreams/ implores images—/ that orphan-like adhere to a rose*". The brief poem to her father is beautiful. Besides its natural tenderness, it sublimates the relationship of the "small girl" with whom has departed.

Each and everyone of the intimate-familiar poems has an ascending and profound accent. The poem that refers to her daughter expresses it so: "*Girl of restless eyes I wished to leave you with transparent water/ within the confines of your soul*".

With the title of "Childhood" the most suggestive memory is unraveled: *"Sometimes I roam / through the house of my childhood/ on that street /that looks east. /That house / visits me at night"*.

In Maria Clara's poetic case, originality—a highly personal trait— has resonance as expressed in the poem " *Diffused Light*" which expresses certain mystery—finishing like this—: *"It is to accept oneself as a woman-heron/ as an abandoned-heron /as a mermaid-heron / to all-of-a-sudden-know oneself nothing"*.

In all poetic works love poems have priority over the rest. *"Fire Steeds"*—bright and vast space— invites us to that universe of feelings where love was magic, entrancing.

First steps and its dazzling are expressed in the poem *"Stone Steeds"*: *How could that thirsty girl that I was / get lost / in any painting? How could your blue recognize her /at the border of the night/ of dunes and stone steeds?*

After the findings, transfigurations travel from the complex to the simple: *"Stay Within Me"* is both a proposal and deliverance: *"Do not fight with yourself/ migrant warrior/ stay within me/ listen to the song/ that my hands and breast whisper"*.

When the territory that we are talking about is defined, two poems surprise us: *My Heart—shipwreck's master / lacks understanding as to how to survive hope"*. It is the eternal fight that feelings suggest against reality. In all defeats, hope appears all-redeeming like dawn. There is nothing definite. Life is an ever changing parable.

In the poem *"Ecstasy"* the poet demands: *"I want my eyes to caress that imprecise shine / you hide and as I guess it / I want to loose myself in you / like cloud anew and rescue hope with you"*.

Love asks questions. So it is in all youngsters' "why?"—so simple and yet categorical—. In its depth the poem *"Reborn"* contains the questions; *"From what forgotten desire / were you reborn to bring together nostalgia / and to turns words green."* " *From what far gone kiss did you return that I recognize each of its fires?"*

In the love relationship all the interior scenarios has its boundaries or are absent. It is moving how in the poem *"Unction"* the past—in one verse—foresees as *"you erase scars / and that old hurt/—almost storm—/ finds flustered shelter and sank in oblivion"*.

The poem *"Dream Station"* is magnificent. Intimacy is drawn upon and suggestive images in that play or fire is interchanged jubilantly: *Your drizzle and my fog/ your joy and my eyes/ your eyes and my womb/ my hands and your body./ In this station of only one dream / my giving of transparent water / your spiral fire is within me.*

The generous testimony of the person who deeply loves, notwithstanding a possible absence, is beautifully expressed in the poem *"Pact"*: *" If by chance it drizzles on your street/and you wish to dry your body/ within my arms/ and if silence overcomes / and you remember that strange language / learnt by my side. / If you return / to dampen with moons the memories / If the tropic impatiently claims you /within its greenness. /Or if by chance it is night in your dwelling / I shall*

leave the door open". More than a human offering, it is the heart's unfolding to provide shelter to the loved one.

This dear book contains many fitting poetic forms exercising a kind of seduction. It is tempting to stop in each poem due to its aesthetic recreation. And we agree with the poetic definition of the Colombian writer Oscar Londoño Pineda: *"To possess the gift of the poetic creation is to be assisted with the capability to see beyond the immediate reality, that is, to be the owner of fine perception instruments of such reality transfixing it towards its illuminated interior"*.

Attracted by the last poem, intention is subdued and remains roaming in a love story marvelously lived. *"And then I will say that everything was fine / that I had lukewarm afternoons/ dawns and mountains/ that by the seaside and in mangrove swamps / I loved. / I had my poems/ in those rainy afternoons. /Life taught me its lessons slowly / good-byes/ memories / abandonment. / and I was you / and I was him / and I was us"*.

This bilingual poetry book is an addition to the last publications written by women. Readers will greet Maria Clara González De Urbina with great joy.

Bogotá, 26 of November, 1995.

*To an enigmatic traveler who inspired
my love for rainbows.*

DREAM HUNT

SEARCH

Until when a light in the window
and the anxious heart sipping it away?

Until when
the dream hunt
without destiny?

RITUAL DANCE

When from the bottom of the dwelling
sprouts a dark and slender moon dance
the night's abandonment owns me

Generous
I give myself
to the movement that seizes me
Mother-land
Cradle-woman and destiny
you are a fragile skin lake of hope

MUTATION

*"...when this way I'm hounded by a longing desire to roam
What a profound grief I feel to be a woman!"*

Juana de Ibarbourou

Don't grieve Juana
for now we can
sate ourselves of moon
walk through footpaths that crazy invite us
to restlessly and mysteriously open free doors
and loom our thirst

Just as you desired
we now can
sail through fields
walk the sea
yet to do so
without knowing how
like snakes we change skin!

SECRET VOICES

I dress in armor
I wear spurs
I adjust the helmet

I will not silence
those secret voices
that my skin thrusts
upon the metal's rubbing
wanting to restrain it

ECSTASY

I want my eyes
to caress that imprecise shine
you hide as I guess it

I want to loose myself in you
like cloud anew
and rescue hope with you

I want to forget the fear of abysses
and cling voraciously to the word.

PETITION

Just for today
give me your hand
to fool myself

Give me your body
to cool my thirst

Today
Just for today
teach me how to lie
the way you do
when you repeat

only the flight
of a migratory bird unites us

WAIT

The beach
allows
—with each goodbye—
the swinging waves
to detach

She awaits
damp and still
the return

WOMAN

I

Clay and light
mirror reflecting
the universe's blaze

II

Palm tree and waterfall destiny
yearns for infinity
and returns to earth
that share of blood
owned

GREY MOUNTAIN

That mountain of my city of rains
that accompanies me
—on my way to work—
seems the same every day

It isn't yesterday's
And today's
will inadvertently
be replaced in tomorrow's morning

FRIEND?

With daybreak
a mature woman visits

Without asking
she puts my clothes on
shares my pipe dreams
prepares me
so that tomorrow
another woman wears
—for the first time—
my memories

I have tried everything
—even sleepless nights—
to avoid her return

It doesn't matter if I ignore her
or if I welcome her

She
—in a monotonous and dark ritual—
comes near
recycling my words

if I allow her time
she writes them down

I do not know whether
she is a friend or foe
I just know
that—like yesterday—
she will greet me

UPROOTED

This Friday's rain
rips one-by-one all dreams

imploring mirages
that orphan-like adheres to a rose

Scolding and questioning them

Halts hope in the tapestries

Leaves behind a helplessness
of abandoned garden

This monotonous and heavy rain
seems to repeat itself with each drop!

DIFFUSED LIGHT

How to describe moments that time withers away
as life suddenly glows?

How to explain that suddenly existence has
another meaning and that it's possible to define
destiny's unnoticed course?

How to tell the world that life is a pressing ocean?

How to talk about senseless things?

How to at least attempt to share that
with words that do not exist?

It's to accept oneself as a woman-heron
as an abandoned heron
as a mermaid-heron
to
—all-of-a-sudden—
know nothing of oneself

ANCHOR

Dad

It is Autumn

yet I can still hear

the cry of the child

longing your absence

that eternal Thursday

of your departure

LEGACY

*“Aloneness is your best treasure
through her—your fantasy goes—
bespangled with stories
of departing seas...”
Giovanni Quessep*

Girl of restless eyes
I wanted to sooth the crevices of your soul
with transparent water
and forever cleanse you from pains!

I wanted to bequeath
my infinite craving
to thrust you over the blue
Give you the mountains
and my traveling wings

Tonight
when your eyes—lakes of hope—
share your secret

I understand
that I could not save you today
from that loneliness that joins me
like an open wound

CHILDHOOD

Sometimes I roam
the house of my childhood
on that street
looking East

That house
visits me at night
and during a few afternoons
I return to her spaces
long-gone and aching

There my imaginary friend
—of that lonely girl—
waits for me

My dreams
lie down on her walls
without yet germinating
—like those hydrangeas—
and that ivy
that climbed
the yard's mud wall

Life
defoliates promises
but that old house
small and muted
protects—within its walls—
the girl that I once was

OVATION

These source of caresses
will never die

It will be—after the departure—
dove
wind
incense
desert sand

Those clear hands
will extend to God supreme supplication
and the generous Lord
will smile to perceive them luminous

FIRE STEEDS

My heart
—shipwreck's master—

lacks understanding as to how to survive
hope!

STONE STEEDS

How could that thirsty girl that I was
get lost
in any oil painting?

How could your blue recognize her
on a night's border
of dunes

and stone steeds?

REBORN

From what forgotten desire
were you reborn to bring together
nostalgias
and revive words?

From what far gone kiss did you return
that I recognize each of its fires?

From what dream did you returned so
entangled
to remind me that it is still April
and that in my skin caresses play

PROPHECY

Eyes that ignore sunshines
woods and humidities
refusing to drink
—although thirsty—
my pure water
offering herself
generously and authentically

Your ice will melt
with my hidden sun
My moss
of locust
and palm tree caresses
will ignite the snows of your soul
After venturing through my jungle
you will not be able to abandon her

INVOCATION

I will beg the sunflower to retain you

The rose
to bring you anxiously

The carnation
so you dream of me...

The gullible astromelia
to keep you by my side

All flowers
will give me their petals
and with the glim of careless stars
I will burst of you

TROUBADOUR

Your guitar and your song
your destiny accept

Your blood (heritage)
gallops through time
in search of my womb (essence)

Your word

goes off into the distance

STAY WITH ME

No longer fight with yourself ?
migratory warrior
Stay within me

Listen to the song
that my hands and breasts whisper

Imprison your tenderness
Calm my sand
eager of sea

AVATAR

That far away girl in the picture
already knew your being

That girl that I contemplate
in the worn-out paper
had your blue on her honey eyes

It is the same sad girl
that smiles
when rests from love over your chest
and feels that tenderness overtakes her

It is that girlish voice
that in dreams repeats
that was lotus
was a sleeping willow
was cactus and mermaid
and now a traveling heron
to share
your rainbow

TRACE

Tonight I will visit your dream
I will enter silently
disguised as wave or storm
as rain or seagull
I will walk your inside and reach your
beach

When you awake
you will remember that one
who shared with you
your "*Saudades*"

CANTICLE

This poem that moves
my deepest feelings
is born onto itself
when
my defeated words
wither away
to allow my hands
to caress the body
in a dark and clean
ritual dance

Doubtful and curious
they run through hidden corners
and in his pores
the essence settles down
luminous findings
in the muted language
like in the beginning

This poem
in the making
is due to be written
until it finds the word
that will tenuously undo itself
upon my hands touch
—in transit and passengers of the wind—

Maybe
these words
will never germinate

but...my hands
moulded love
over his body
and in the skins' memory
this uncertain poem
relentlessly hounds me
to be forever be engraved

UNCTION

You erase scars
and that old hurt
– almost storm –
seeks flustered shelter
in oblivion

IN A DREAMS' STATION

*We have forgotten our names
and our pronouns are confused and
binded...*

Octavio Paz

Your drizzle and my fog
Your jubilation and my eyes
Your eyes and my womb
My hands and your body

In this station of one dream only
My giving—transparent water—

Your spiral fire
is within me

SINCE ALL-WAYS

Your step
—of one syllable—
through my line
of empty words
has all-ways been announced

Your step of echoes
like rain
in your beloved land
was reality before seeing you

Your step
of bagpipes¹
was what my soul was going through
when as a child premonitions visited

¹ Translators Note: In Spanish the word "gaita" (bagpipes) invokes a particular rhythm and instrument characteristic on the coastal areas of a few Latin American countries with origin in Galicia . In this poem, María Clara refers to the Breton bagpipe.

ENCOUNTER

If life
grants us another moment
I will let you be yourself
I will
simply be myself

I will listen
to the melody
of your music
and to mine
when they melt

PACT

If by chance it drizzles on your street
and you wish to dry your body
within my arms

If silence overcomes
and you remember that strange language
learnt by my side

If you return
to dampen with moons the memories
If the tropic impatiently claims you
within its verdure

Or if by chance it is night in your dwelling
I shall leave the door
open

DAWNS

You will learn to see me
between autumn leaves

I will stay with you
at dawn
when your eyes embrace
the vastness of the sea

SECRET

That name
that you will not pronounce
when you cross the ocean
will be your silence...
your good-bye

That forbidden name
full of vowels
will perform its task of bell
it will be bread
it will be air
it will be earth

It will be the only name
that you shall remember
when you come close
at the end of your journey!

AND THEN I WILL SAY

...And then I will say that all was fine
that I had lukewarm afternoons
dawns and mountains
that by seaside and in the mangrove
swamps
I loved

I had my poems in rainy afternoons

Slowly life taught me its lessons

good-byes

remembrances

abandonments

And I was you

and I was him

and I was us

I enjoyed the fireplaces' glow
and unique company
on the rug

Notwithstanding the fear
and notwithstanding the doubts
I set the course
and I walked it through

Then I was hands
and I was words

Then the old wax masks
fell down

Then light appeared

*... And if I finally attempt adventure
and if I create it...?*

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