

# Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park

## Las piedras fuimos marcadas con hierro candente

Las piedras fuimos marcadas con hierro candente  
quemados nuestros ojos  
vimos con la mirada volteada  
agujeros negros  
tragándonos en la infinidad  
la muerte chineaba nuestra desgracia  
su perro lamia nuestras heridas  
escupiendo  
nuestra conciencia lacerada  
ya el sabor de la tierra no era el mismo  
los frutos caían antes de madurar  
a escondidas fuimos creciendo  
gota a gota en le profundo de las cuevas  
así fue como nos envolvió el silencio  
del gran comienzo.

## We, Stones, Were Branded by Hot Iron

We, stones, were branded by hot iron  
our eyes scorched  
we saw through an inverted gaze  
black holes  
swallowing us in infinity  
death cuddling our misfortune  
his dog licking our wounds  
spitting  
our lacerated conscience  
already the flavor of the earth was not the same  
fruits fell before they ripened  
we were growing clandestinely  
drop by drop within the caves  
it was in this way that the silence of the great  
beginning engulfed us

Rosa Chávez – Mayan, Guatemala  
Trans. by Gloria E. Cachón.

Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park, an urban poetry walk, is sponsored by the Friends of the Takoma Park Maryland Library. Poster designs are by students at the School of Art and Design, Montgomery College, Takoma Park. Designer Nicholas Thompson