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## Two Translations of the Poet Guadalupe Ángela Ramírez

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## Two Translations of the Poet Guadalupe Ángela Ramírez

### **Erratum**

In the original print version of volume 62, the editorial staff placed the incorrect byline for the Spanish version of the two poems by Guadalupe Ángela Ramírez. Kirk Alvaro Lua is the English translator of this work. Guadalupe Ángela Ramírez is the original author.

# ***Virgen de los Abismos***

by Guadalupe Ángela

Ángela perdió las alas  
volvió serpiente  
llamó a un dios  
que no respondía,  
tomó a la tarde  
entre las sábanas,  
se dijo:  
no quiero repetir  
esto hasta el infinito,  
sólo entonces las plumas  
se multiplicaron  
en textos...  
“Quién no tiene alas  
no debe tenderse  
sobre abismos”.

# ***Our Lady of the Abyss***

**An English Translation by Kirk Alvaro Lua**

Ángela lost her wings

became a serpent

called out to a god

who never answered,

she took the evening

between bed sheets,

she said:

I do not want to repeat

this until infinity,

only then her feathers

multiplied

into words...

*One who does not have wings*

*should not lie down*

*over abysses.*

# ***Virgen de los Senos***

by Guadalupe Ángela

No volverás a tocar mis senos  
aquellos que te sorprendieron  
bajo la blusa roja  
aquellos que balanceaste  
como esferas de cristal blando  
transparencias,  
luces que aparecieron  
al cerrar la puerta.  
No volverás a besar mis senos  
que te permitían  
entrar a un sendero  
donde la parra se enlazaba  
para construir techos  
y de tu boca escurría el vino.

No volverás a ver mis senos  
aún en el lugar donde siempre  
me hallabas.

Subiré a un barco  
donde los marinos perderán su ruta  
como si mis senos cantaran,  
y ahí seré mujer de nadie  
y de todos.

# ***Our Lady of Breasts***

**An English Translation by Kirk Alvaro Lua**

Never again will you touch my breasts  
those that surprised you  
under a red blouse  
those that you balanced  
like spheres of soft crystal  
transparent,  
brilliance that appeared  
to close the door.

Never again will you kiss my breasts  
that permitted you  
to enter a path  
where the vine linked  
to construct roofs  
and wine trickled from your mouth.

Never again will you see my breasts  
still in the place where  
you always found me.

I will climb aboard a ship  
where the seas will lose their route  
as if my breasts could sing,  
and there I will be no one's woman  
and everyone's.