



Elaine Vilar Madruga



if my biological brother were Modigliani

not my brother
that can be noticed
he is incapable of drafting the blood's traces
anything else would make us equal
but the silk fan
quivers in his hand
as child's stone
ancient pith
for lauding the dead



not my brother
that can be noticed
fevers left him hairless
three months born
he captured atoms wood particles
inside a little glass bottle
to build a craft
a conquering flagship war vessel
hijacking beast

not my brother
that can be noticed
blood does not match blood
immobile despite being tracked
by the best dogs

the pack
clever seneschals of the world
that will be born when no other
exist

not my brother
father was not his father
mother was not his mother
grandpas were never his
crib and tree
were
the silence jail for the ten years girl
who saw insects biking
a wound in the finger
little one
bloody one

when she broke her fingertips the skin in some
animal's twilight
when the flesh egg crashed
she knew



not my brother
that can be noticed.

plaid

mother as a pure-blood violet
used to grow in the garden of my questions
her fate was no more than being
the plaid
with too many stripes
of my five years old dress
needle after needle had pierced her
to make her die
in a textile agony
open pore

she couldn't love me
from her womb I was weaving the hole that was her
I was the needle
the textile agony planting
in the center of all desertion
she couldn't love me
how

to love a body
that breathes
inside your own body
turtle shell above the turtle
she couldn't love me
those first years outside her
opened even more
the hole in the plaid
that was the heart the womb of my mother



even before birth
mother and I
both alone.

nest

the hole of the city was a nest of ravens
and my father the one with black feathers
used to fly towards the building edge
towards the broken roof tiles
to caw pleasantly
meanwhile I walked through the streets
similar to the skins of oranges
cracked road by departing dead
but my father
always the chosen raven of the nest
looks at me why not to do it if he wants
why should I stop him from opening its beak
from the highest window of the hotel
descending among shrieks and feathers to tangle my hair
and yell to me you damned one come back home
why not to do it if he could if he was my father and my mother
and my family
if the hotel was his kingdom and there he was
the great governor of the city
that dictated laws with its claws
it didn't matter to run to speed walk the intent to escape
of that skin
he was above me
and said those words I heard before about the heroism
of the cities
about the naked women in the subway
the homeless of extended hands
that had one more dollar than me in their pockets
I don't know if I have said that the entrance of the hotel was his grave



his little palace his kingdom
and no one
less I than no one
could execute the power there
less I among the ravens daughter of ravens but with not enough
feathers
for a fly

mother father the streets of this city spit out high
against the law of gravity against the hypnotic way of staying
quiet
begging is worthless
it is just required to lower the gaze
pass by the mortuary statue of a hotel
and look at father in the eye in the third eye that has been born in his head
as a first day flower
moving forward but not escaping of the city as a skin
where the ravens peck at some sweetness of another world
where I also strive to open the beak
and take my load to the highest window of the hotel
quiver then and die above
a snowdrift of almost blue feathers
will drop over the pulpit on the streets
no applauses no stages
just one egg will survive
to the third winter.

Translated by Cindy Guanche-Gonzalez

Elaine Vilar Madruga was born in Havana, Cuba, in 1989. Author, poet and playwright. Graduated in Theater Arts; Specializing in Dramaturgy, at the Higher Institute of Art (Instituto Superior de Arte, ISA). Graduated of middle level education in Music in the specialization of classical guitar. Completed the XI Course of Literary Formation Onelio Jorge Cardoso. Founder and Coordinator of the Fantastic Literature Workshop *Open Space (Espacio Abierto, 2009-2016)*.



She has worked as a creative writing professor, giving lectures and classes in several universities of the world. As a writer, she has been invited to different events in countries such as United States of America, Canada, Chile, Dominican Republic and Cuba. She is considered as one of the most important young writers in her country being an indispensable reference of playwright, short story, novel, science fiction, fantasy and poetry. Before reaching thirty years old, she has published more than twenty-four books of varied genres and has been considered by the specialized reviewers as one of the most promising authors of her generation.

Her work has been translated to French, Portuguese, Italian, German and English, and published in varied anthologies in Spain, England, Italy, Venezuela, Argentina, Uruguay, Mexico, United States, Chile, Brazil, Puerto Rico, Australia, Ecuador, El Salvador, Germany, India, Scotland and Cuba.

Cindy Guanche-Gonzalez works as a Technical System Analyst at INTELEX Technologies and in her free time, she is a freelance translator of poetry, playwright and prose. She has translated for the International Multilingual Poetry Anthology Amaravati Poetic Prism 2017, India and is currently working on the play *Obedience*, by Elaine Vilar Madruga. She loves Shakespeare, Tolkien and Emily Dickinson, and she hopes, one day, to work in her own house of publishing. She has translated for anthologies in India and for magazines in New York.