



## ***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*

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**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.