

As though we lived falling out of the skin into the soul
Clarissa Akyroyd

for Ivo Machado

He had to fly into the storm because there was nothing but storm.
Then there were stars and he tried to breathe in the pulse of their light.
The flickering of stars is like the heartbeat before death.

Airwaves for hours, the guidance: Tagore, Césaire, Neruda.
Like a shipwreck we die going into ourselves...
Then my own words, translated. My love, translated.

It was a small hope, for him: small hopes, each a distant light.
The great seas, the great sky, the tiny life between.
We spoke poems in a time out of time, on a breaking bridge of sound.

I loved him and I wished I could weave a net of words like a net of stars.
When the plane fell, he was calm. I saved him, but I couldn't save him.
The stars shook, then shone without wavering.

Now, when they beat, like a heart, I hear his voice.

(The title and the quoted line are taken from Pablo Neruda's 'Nothing But Death', translated from the Spanish by Robert Bly.)