



PABLO ARMANDO FERNÁNDEZ

In defense of Memory

I argued against
all signs of white.
It's true light as a whole
is white.
White is its rope.
Under what it covers
within the body,
there are every and all sorts of colors,
rainbows an artist
could never cope with.
Oblivion is an empty canvas,
pure desolation, illimitable
blasts of dreadful snow.
Harvest of cotton grows
abandoned on the fields.
Whiteness is dementia or worse.
not knowing day from night,
Oblivion.
Every one of these pairs of opposites,
Oblivion.
Ignoring who or where we are,
Oblivion.
Light against light,
Oblivion.
Oblivion is the openness
of a white realm
where white blinds, where
white erases every image
that would perpetuate life.

FERNÁNDEZ

For we know in part

TO GRAHAM GREENE

Better to walk where the zebra crossing
lies

and not be killed.

Back at our peashell house we play
with pebbles, mine
are not as beautiful as yours.
We are becoming old.

The moon falls whispering, let us
pretend

we are surprised.

Do not look back, peacefully the dead
are watching our retreat.

Do not look back, the moon crawls on
the wall

in slow defeat.

This is not magic.

We are not to disappear containing
wonder.

We can be generous to pain,
while trembling with spring's gifts
as we grow younger
in the winter rain.

Let us move
out of the zebra line, now.

London, January, 23rd , 1964

FERNÁNDEZ