

The women came out at night Las mujeres salieron a la noche

Poem by Jaime Huenún, translation from Spanish by Katia Guiloff

The women came out at night
and searched for the thread of dew
but only found the footsteps
of their sleepless, beloved deceased.

The thread of potatoes they found and
later

the thread of leaves in the cornfield,
the thread of the grinding stone
and the buzz of grey butterflies
that fluttered in the dim light
of their old, foggy orbs.

The sheep ran away who knows where,
the Thrushes who knows in which silence,
the children inhabited the gunshots
who knows in which hideout
in the distant white mountains.

Where to find the thread of the moon,
the thread of the promised waters?

Only rags of names and voices,
pieces of buried shirts,
plastic and nickel buttons,
fragments of vests and scarves.

The puddled garments of death,
joining the earth, the mist,

releasing the pigments, the seams,
the warm cotton of sheets.

The love of the women was dark,
a whisper crashing into stones,
a stream coming back to its source
and to the fibers of far away trees.

This is all you can find in our house:

a needle, a lamp, a loom,
a raw wooden table
and some broken aluminium plates.

The women were worn out in the dream
sewing and unsewing their visions,
knitting stitch by stitch a fragile sun
for the stark heart of the universe.