



Glosa sin Cabeza

Esteban
González Arteaga

I will write commentaries in illegible hand, which will themselves
elicit commentaries of a graphological nature.
I will arrive belatedly at opinions held by friends,
and at parties where they discuss them.

I will recall only those occurrences which skim
the mind like smooth stones on cold water,
and contract a habit by contagion, as one
acquires disease by heaving microbial air.

If it is difficult to breathe in this atmosphere,
it is not a question of the *longue durée*,
or the interminable longing
which spills into the present,
but, rather, the puncture wound of history
at its point of incision.