



Poesía

Palinode

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(Traducción)

*No es verdad ese relato:
Ni fuiste en las naves de buenos remos,
Ni alcanzaste la ciudadela de Troya.*
Palinodia de Estesicoro

Tis not me tiptoeing by thy chambers
Neither me skulking with the eyes
Long gone shadows that are worn by ages

Leaving behind remnants over the things you never left
Tis not me staring at the picture
Neither just caress with my hand
Not far from here thou did not leave
Tis not me compulsively opening and closing the drawers
The wood will not be worn out
Neither the bright tinned handles
Tis not me expecting inside of a map
A compass a secret code
That is not speaking to me about a coast
In a not beyond dreams realm
With a prominent lighthouse that we did not see together
None safeway is lit by that shattered bulb
Where ships have not sunk miles before
Arriving at no coast and we do not embrace
Tis not me, there
Tis not thou, gone

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Libro: Las armas de mi padre
Nombre del poema: Palinodia
Año: 2022

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