

The background of the cover is filled with several abstract, dark blue wireframe geometric shapes. These shapes are composed of interconnected lines forming various polygons and polyhedra, some of which are distorted or skewed, giving them a dynamic, crystalline appearance. They are scattered across the white background, with a large, complex shape in the upper left and several smaller, more elongated shapes in the upper right and lower portions of the cover.

**The
Lightness
of Matter**

poems by
Rafael Ayala Páez

The lightness of matter

Rafael Ayala Páez

In memory of my aunt, Leida Páez

Rafael Ayala Paez has the enviable ability to write about the heaviest and deepest of matters —love, sex, death, longing —with the lightest of touches. His is a voice that informs without hectoring, seduces without cloying, convinces without shouting. In *La levedad de la materia/ The lightness of matter*, his images alight on the page; we can't help but turn to see where they will lead us next.

Maura Alia Badji, poet/writer/editor

If Rafael Ayala Páez's poems, with their beautiful burden of love & loss, don't always reach the hard contemplative simplicity they might aspire to, as they sift through the natural world & eyeball death in the attempt, at times they can take your breath away.

Roger Hickin, New Zealand poet, visual artist & publisher.

I sensed the omens
I broke the words
I raised the wings:
 the pain descended
 through the walls.

April 20th

Because that day she broke a tile
the ray burned the trees
the streets grew silent
and I knew nothing of time
 of your hands
of the signs
that foretold the decline
 of your breath.

It is difficult not to hear
The echo of her voice
In the pages I write.

You are an errant spirit
that moves among the foliage
under the pebbles scattered on the sand.
Wind that talks to me in the swaying
of trees dragonfly of an absolute pure blue.

Eternal breath bringing solace.

Breath

The air/verb

writes

the original history

The air measures the light of the sky.

The lightness of matter

The bird on the branch

lightness of the body:

infinite/empty.

Meditation in winter

The rain is an animal inside my body.
Its skin sketches itself on to my skin
and in the northern extreme of the sky
I watch it being born.

The rain feels musical,
hypnotizes the fear the pain
fraying their edges
now comes peace.

Always on the threshold

Fear is a strange country.
A fish that rises from the depths
to the surface of my senses
eclipsing them.

Fear asphyxiates the words,
I could only hear them inside of me.

Nameless place
where not even the echo of my voice
can be heard.

Impressions

Memory is in the fingertips
Colors are in the eyes
Infancy is contained in the backbone
Worlds are born in broken shells
There will always be a sign in every object
made vague in the horizon
An infinite omen in the night
A sparkle suspended on the forehead
An old smell beneath the pebbles
A red sun behind the hills
Sunrises on the eyelids
Balloons floating in the sky
Villages unsuspected in the soles of feet
Giant anemones in the clouds
Beings that walk on their heads
Suns like pupils
Divers drowned in a glass of water
Shipwrecks of desperation
Locomotives exhaling a swarm of flies
Trees that understand what we say
A clock with arms and legs
A tower submerged in a puddle
Eyes crying birds
Dreams that drive their cars in the night
Rafts that navigate the arteries leaving a trail of stars
Songs searching for the light
Skies tense like elbows and arms
Cities built in my left hand
Suns between fingers
Tides of deaf ears
Pieces of beaches in the retina
Aquatic insects
Maps of remote places like galaxies
Discussions over matters that we will soon forget
Islands that are nests of sounds
Impressions of everything dreamed
seen
smelled
heard
felt
forgotten...

sensed
liked

Vaishvanara/agni

The fire, pair of the universe,
creates a sun
spilling out flames.

The fire moves towards the center.

The breath is wind
that sings without stopping.
The eyes
caves
that light up
in a glimpse of clarity.

This is the house

*With or without hope
We always return home*
Jaroslav Seifert

This is the house of lost joys
The house where all things come together

This is the house
Where the humming of the sun is heard
Through the cracks of the door

This is the house
Where deepest night
Drips from the wall

This is the house of those we forget each day
Where all things come together.

The sweetness of fire
enraptures a naked body
and the leaves of summer
sing in the eyes' brightness.

Everything shakes under your breast.

Each time you leave...

Each time you leave
confusions and fears assault my serenity.

Each time you leave
affliction dresses me a shirt of uncertainties
and vertigo.

Each time you leave
the wings of sadness cover me with their shadows.

Each time you leave
my heart returns to a state of loss
sunk into a deep silence.

Each time you leave *I dissolve*
like the rainy dust of the road.

They do not burn

The lamp spills its wine
 over a body
 a back or the beloved
To love crystal eyes
 To love this sibylline mouth
is to be consumed in a blaze
 But skins don't burn
 like papers.

Images

If you saw what solitude
 represents earth without wind
Your face was moon
 over a sea a plain a dawn
Wait wait Time was a fabric
 The tic-tac of a frozen tide
Your face was the light
the stars the city the forest were already visible
 those recovered images of passion
that sound like phonographs
 like docile air that emerges
 from memory.

The indescribable

Large eyes darkened mouth
 breasts or paradise enigma or wing
this silence this consummation of evening
 this reminder that time is not a wave
but an island
this speaking slowly without delirium
 awaiting the bellow of the indescribable.

Notes

Rafael Ayala Paez (Zaraza, Guarico, April 24, 1988). Degree in Education, Language Arts mention the Universidad Nacional Experimental Simón Rodríguez (UNESR). Founding member of the Municipal Writers Network of Zaraza . He has published in literary magazines in your country, of South America and Europe.

Some of his poems have been translated to English, German, Frenchman and Hebrew. He has published:(*Bocados de silencio*, 2012).

About the translators

Emanuel Xavier (born May 3, 1971), is an American poet, spoken word artist, novelist, editor, and activist born and raised in New York City, in the Bushwick area of Brooklyn. Of Puerto Rican and Ecuadorian ancestry, he emerged from the neo-Nuyorican spoken word movement to become a successful writer and advocate for gay youth programs and Latino gay literature. Once a street hustler and drug dealer, he has conducted spoken word poetry workshops and produced benefits and events for youth organizations around the United States. **He has published: *Mariposas: A Modern Anthology of Queer Latino Poetry* (2008), *Christ Like* (2009), *If Jesus Were Gay & other poems* (2010), *Me No Habla With Acento* (2011), y *Pier Queen* (2012).**

Claudia Ferrari was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina in 1961. In her life she has two great passions: languages and painting. She gets a degree as a literary, scientific and technical translator of English and French while she studies painting at MEEBA. While doing her post-degrees studies at the Sorbonne University in Paris, she had the opportunity of getting in touch with local artists. In her search for getting to know new cultures, she studies Japanese and its ideograms for ten years. She then discovers her inner world through Sumi-é, an antique Japanese technique using natural dyes on rice paper. Together with her Teacher Kazu Takeda she turns into the Oriental world where she recreates her occidental being through the techniques of colour Sumi-é. Her teachers were I. Merellano, N. Pagano, E. Audivert and Juan Doffo. In Contemporary and Modern Art, F. Barreda.