

Triptych about Death

Tríptico acerca de la muerte

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The Noiseless Guest

This gloomy rain has cried all day,
and as I rush to shut the window,
an alien moth is perched along.
Its feathery antennae it stretches,
and its long tongue it unrolls,
sucking all my secret thoughts.

This is insane,
I hear it calling my name....

Crying that rain has now stopped,
and gone unseen is the moth,
Filled I am by this unknown calm,
my body weighs no burden anymore,

– There’s a lady lyin’ on the floor!
– Why’s she wearin’ my gown?

A Fly in my Soup

There’s a Fly in my soup,
and He fixedly stares at me.
The Waiter ignores my call,
and the Fly stirs my guts.
Thousands of lenses gaze,
and there’s no way to escape.
His wings begin to sway,
and madly He pounces against.

Panting!
Quivering!
Sweating!

Self-control surrenders!
Strength weakens!
Willpower unnerves!

The Fly hinders my sight,
and everything turns dark.
Roughly my breathing thwarts,
and away my spirit dies.
A deadly disease is the Fly
and there’s nothing but cry.
My all me... bones and soul,
the Fly has managed to dry.

Praying Death

Underneath my feet the dry
leaves break as I walk by.
In a close distance an iron gate
rattles as the wind cries.
Beyond darkness a deadly presence
muddles my sight,
By turning around its head to reach
my fear It tries.
Holding a prayer's mien, It freezes my
raving mind
Nearing enough to reveal its striking
legs by my side.

Like the Mantid together I keep my
hands,
And about to fall down on my knees I am
Begging not to be its unescapable
sacrifice;
And straight in its eyes the Beast I descry
Reclaiming its power as It smells
my fright,

And with crystals of fear, woe my
will stabs.

Domain is claimed as It slightly sways
Craving to pounce its prey against.
Shadow falls in the depths of my pain;
My hour has come; my spirit slips away.
This natural journey nothing can break;
And farther the grave, I will be erased.

Beyond the veil no grief awaits me,
they say...
Ahead a sound of water rushes filling
the space.
In this point of no return to silent my
heart fades;
On a void I float as my life over I con-
template.
While facing the futility of stepping
back in time,
Into the Mantid's rotten aliment my
body dies.