

Poems

Ruth Sancho Huerga

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NOTHINGNESS

(From the Indian-Pacific Train. August. 2010)

As an echo,
The distance ripples.
The horizon evaporates in void's hisses.
A line of silence,
a train.

From the drizzle,
from a pallid land,
a nomad spectrum rises
as a cloud of nostalgia,
as a black-white eagle of remembrance.

ETERNITY IS A PUDDLE.

Your walk-about is blended with these tracks
and your voice is a warm yellow wind,
your words,
the wattle's blossom.

We eat,
drink,
eat,
laugh,
eat
and make love.

The carriage is an un-time's cradle capsule,
A sand clock with no hole
which through its glass
your heart's blood dries in stud dessert peas.

HISTORY IS A PEBBLE.

A train in an opposite direction
passes away
carrying all thoughts,
Not even ghosts remind in this place,
the mind.

WISDOM IS BLANKNESS.

And a heavy rain veils the plain,
Drops of miles melt in mud and blur dawn's powder.
All lost in the dream,
You arrived without coming,
Puri-Puri magic
Kadaicha man's power.

REALITY IS ILLUSION.

The train starts flying in both directions,
back and forth,
forth and back,
it bumps,
it blows,
Everything is upside down:
It digs the superficial,
It carves the air,
It surrounds the straight,
It fills up with emptiness.
It plunges into un-constriction,
It expands within the sunset,
It flashes in nought's darkness,
It dooms in beauty's billows,
and finally
It vanishes like dust.

NOTHINGNESS IS EVERYTHING.

And a song
From the soil
Begins to dance:

NOTHINGNESS IS REAL, =====
NOTHINGNESS IS HISTORY, =====
NOTHINGNESS, ETERNITY, =====
NOTHINGNESS IS WISDOM =====

Next Station:

== F == R == E == E == D == O == M ==

LOOKING FOR THE SUBLIME.

(From Fiordland & Otago Peninsula.
New Zealand. May 2010)

With white howls of winter witches
Riding clouds,
Gossiping frost,
Dressing in silver night's fiords,
Laughing high pitch of crystal slivers,
Devouring mountains,
Swallowing swamps,
Gurgling long rivers,
Licking Lake sobs,
It floods inside of me.

With an early morning snow
Up on the Alps Peaks,
Just at the top,
Narrows the wet paths,
Alienates my lofty flakes
Frightened by the altitude
Of an enchanting climb;
With the vertigo of its cliffs
Winding up my waving flings,
It overwhelms my sighs.

With green trunks and turquoise streams,
All splendour over the Rainbow Reach,
Among hanging lichens curtains,
On a waterfall moss mattress,
With a bushy bog as pillow
And a spider web sheet fellow,
It warms me up into its fresh breathe.

With its Robins' and Fantails' flirting,
With sand flies and honey bees
Buzzing my reason rejections,
It comes deeply into my inlets,
Invents private ecosystems
Where we feed each other needs,
From where we fall into our abyss
And let ourselves flow and feel.

Once, I came looking for it
But was he who found me, indeed.

HUNTER

We are warriors,
the force of roots
digging the core of our existence,
the strength of bones
bumping history,
the thunder
a cry from our throats.

We are warriors,
our teeth
hoes excavating our skin:
the soil.
the cliffs
our courage,
the moon
our sword.

We are warriors,

We are warriors,

...

waiting.

Ruth Sancho Huerga (Castellón de la Plana, Spain) holds a Master by Research in Media & Communication at R.M.I.T University and was the recipient of the Australian Endeavour Awards 2012. She also studied a Postgraduate in Digital Literature and English Philology at the University of Barcelona; Theatre Studies in Laboratorio de Teatro William Layton (Madrid) and Drama in Col.legi del Teatre (Barcelona). She is an actress, poet, playwright, theatre director and teacher. She has published and performed theatre and poetry in festivals in countries around the world such as Spain, England, U.S.A, Mexico, Colombia and Australia such at the 'Melbourne Writers Festival' 2005, 'Overload Poetry Festival' in 2006 and 2010, Colombia 2008, University of Barcelona 2010, 'Perth Poetry Festival' 2011, IFLIT Melbourne 2012.