

RAZONES EN EL INVIERNO

Para Erik, Flavio, Gustavo y Oracio Sosa Villavicencio

**Escribo para que nuestra sangre hable
con el río de la calle donde nadie sabe de nadie.
Para que tú desde una esquina de la noche me consumas
con la fuerza de un barco que se hunde.
Escribo para que el aire respire aire.
Escribo para que me piense el musgo del camino.
Para que me descifre en las pradera el ganso y el búho.
Escribo cuando tengo hambre,
cuando estoy por cerrar la puerta de mi alma.
Escribo para que ustedes me escriban,
para que me consideren uno de los suyos,
de los que reúnen semillas y se abrazan con las llamas,
como si nada pasara y solo yo pasara.
Escribo para que mis hijos un día sepan que tengo otra voz,
no la voz del que indica a qué hora apagar o encender la
mirada,
sino la voz que ustedes también reconocen en los almendros,
y en el movimiento de las nubes,
voz que desde hace siglos me nace
con cascabeles y plumas.
Escribo para que ustedes se hallen ante mis palabras.
Escribo por los que no escriben y se ríen solos,
para los que aman y andan entre el polvo.
Escribo entonces para nombrar las cosas que no tenemos,
para inventarlas,
para los que se deshacen de tristeza,
para los que nos golpean y nos encierran,
para los que yacen bajo las raíces de las aguas.
Escribo para que juntos nos asombremos.
Escribo para los que no pueden ver la luz y sostenerla en sus
manos,
como lo hacen nuestros hijos todas las mañanas .
Escribo para que ustedes dispersen con su risa el ritmo, el canto.**

REASONS IN THE WINTER

For Erik, Flavio and Gustavo Sosa Villavicencio

**I write so our blood speaks
with the river that is this street,
here where no one knows about anyone
so that from one corner of the night you consume me
with the force of a drowning boat.
I write so the air breathes air.
I write so the moss on the path thinks about me,
so that the goose and that owl on the prairie understand me.
I write when I am hungry,
when I am about to close the door of my soul.
I write so you write me
so that you consider me one of yours,
one of those who gathers seeds and embraces flames,
as if nothing happened and only I happened.
I write so my sons one day know that I have another voice
not the voice that tells them when to turn on and off their eyes,
but rather the voice that you also recognize in the almond trees,
and in the movement of the clouds.
A voice that was born many centuries ago
with rattles and feathers.
I write so that you find yourselves before my words.
I write for those who don't write and laugh alone,
for those who love and walk among the dust.
I write, then, to name the things that we don't have,
to invent them,
for those who undo themselves of sorrow,
for those who strike us and make us prisoners,
for those that are below the water's roots.
I write so that together we are amazed.
I write for those who cannot see light and hold it in their hands
like our sons do every morning.
I write so that with your laughter you disperse
the rhythm, the song.**

Moisés Villavicencio Barras is a Mexican poet, fiction writer and co-founder of *Cantera Verde*, a magazine which has been one of the most significant literary publications in Mexico for the last twenty years. His first book of poetry *May among Voices* was published in 2001. His poetry has been selected for several Mexican anthologies, magazines and CDs. His children's book *Ururumo* (2005) was published and distributed for the Department of Education in Oaxaca México. He was the recipient of two Writing fellowships through the National Commission for the Arts in Mexico (1993-1994 and 1996-1997). He has lived in Madison since 2001, and teaches second grade at Midvale Elementary School. His second book of poetry *Light of All Times* (bilingual edition) will be published in 2013 by Madison's Cowfeather Press.