Letting Words Come Inside

Learning To Live

One Day, The Everyday, Another Day, Today

Lau Cesarco Eglin
Letting Words Come Inside

It’s a different book
when you read slowly, at the pace
necessary to touch
seams and notice
crevices between and around
inside is where you
want to be slow enough
to stop, go back:
It’s when you can use the word
again as a delight. Again, you
go over the lines and re-member.

Everything is intensified and wonder
becomes a state
to stay in as connected
to language as to yourself
as language. Roots.

Evergreens as a gradual
way of changing.
Lose the obvious,
spend more time to discern conifers
with needles of varying sharpness
that hint at how fast
you can pass
your hand over them,

how often can you go back
to a line and touch different

depths because being pricked or pierced
or punctured is again only perceived

when reading slowly
you know that
even if pine is sometimes
a verb of suffering,
it is never without its clusters
of needles. Evergreen. There’s a comeback
as a tree. Let the roots bring you
to language, to connect
with the pace that allows you
to be you.
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Of all that which I forgot and forget
and has forgotten me in return
what hurts the most is
how to feel and recognize
when I am actually feeling.

Somewhere it’s still tangled
like seaweed conjures itself up
plural: every time it’s algae.

It’s easy when I see the red and feel
the wet gush out of my sliced thumb,
just a bit, just enough
to show me it hurts and I press
my thumb hard because streaming
is so close to too much and too soon.

But feelings aren’t instant. They take
so long to be and sometimes
it is over 24 hours, one day and its dream,
to know that something is flowing out
inside and by then it’s so thick and wild
flooding is inevitable. It’s difficult
to be ready, to know what to do, to not
have time to articulate into the right
words that I know are drowning and drown
any return of what just happened, what might
continue to come out alive.
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I woke up knowing that today should have been tomorrow tied to as many yesterdays as needed to arrive. And once awake, blink, long enough to close my eyes and interpret translation. Hop from one day at the botanical garden to being able to sleep on, sleep with, slip into a question and its possibilities, using the lines to hold on and carry me through. That’s how I’d describe becoming. Being tide. Never the same undulation, no matter how hard you stare at the shore. There are no rules that will hold such measurements. After all, today is the disarray in a bouquet, welcomed after having figured out the countless permutations of this is not a fixed arrangement.
About the Author

Laura Cesarco Eglin is the author of three collections of poetry, *Calling Water by Its Name*, translated by Scott Spanbauer (Mouthfeel Press, 2016), *Sastrería* (Yaugarú, 2011), and *Reborn in Ink*, translated by Jesse Lee Kercheval and Catherine Jagoe (The Word Works, 2019). A selection of poems from *Sastrería* was translated collaboratively into English with Teresa Williams, and subsequently published as the chapbook *Tailor Shop: Threads* (Finishing Line Press, 2013). Cesarco Eglin has also published the chapbook *Occasions to Call Miracles Appropriate* (The Lune, 2015). Her poems, as well as her translations (from the Spanish, Portuguese, Portuñol, and Galician), have appeared or are forthcoming in a variety of journals, including *Modern Poetry in Translation, Eleven Eleven*, *Puerto del Sol, Copper Nickel, Spoon River Poetry Review, Arsenic Lobster, International Poetry Review, Tupelo Quarterly*, *Columbia Poetry Review, Blood Orange Review, Timber, Pretty Owl Poetry, Pilgrimage, Periódico de Poesía*, and more. Her poems are also featured in the Uruguayan women’s section of *Palabras Errantes, Plusamérica: Latin American Literature in Translation*. Cesarco Eglin is the translator of *Of Death. Minimal Odes* by the Brazilian author Hilda Hilst, (co•im•press, 2018). She is the co-founding editor and publisher of Veliz Books.