



POEM MACHINE
Octavio Quintanilla

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A selection of 10

FRONTEXTOS

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SOMETIMES WE WANT THE IMPOSSIBLE

Sometimes we want the impossible.
We want to find a path that takes us to where time is born.
And so, I have never left you
even when the days dragged their bellies
like snakes in front of my door.

By now you know, I never had time
to be happy or to have pride.
To ruin my life, this road has been enough.
The day I stop writing will be the day
I have forgotten you.

I TAKE MY HANDS OFF AND PUT ON YOURS

Sometimes I take my hands off and put on yours.
Your hands are full of rumors
and I put them to my ears to see
if I can find the key that opens the night.
In them, I smell the perfume of hummingbirds.

That time that you found me on my knees
holding a woman's hand,
I wanted to tell you that I was not proposing to her,
but that I was drawing you on her palm
so even she could remember your face.

But by this time, your fire burned another forest.
Already your light shone in another city.
You already belonged to another universe.
What a fool I have been wanting to understand you.
Our fury, uprooted.

From now on, when you undress, I'll place two fingers
on the wound that your mother's death left on your body
to assure you that you will not have to open
your chest to scream at me.
I still hear the flower of your blood.

Return to me what cannot be said with metaphors.
Return to me the distance between us
that I still miss because it made me feel alive.

I try to convince myself that I have lost more than this,
but my heartbeat tells me otherwise.
"You have more to lose," it says. "You will have more wind, more
storm."

Sometimes I open my wallet to see if I still have the tooth
my daughter first lost, but it is not there anymore.
The only thing left to do is to open the world's curtains
and stop waiting.

A veces me qui to las ma nos y me pon go las tu yas • En e llas tu lo el per fu me del co li bri • Es tan lle nas de ru mo res • Y me las acer co a las ore jas pa ra en con trar la ila ve que a bre la fu er ta de la no che • Es cu cho la flor de tu san gre • De hoy en a de lan te, cu ando te des nu des, me te re dos de dos en la he ri da que en tu cuer po de jo la muer te de tu

abrir tu pe cho pa ra gni tar me • El hu mo

en con tras te di bu san do me en las ma nos de una

en otra ci u dad • Ya per te ne ci as a otro uni

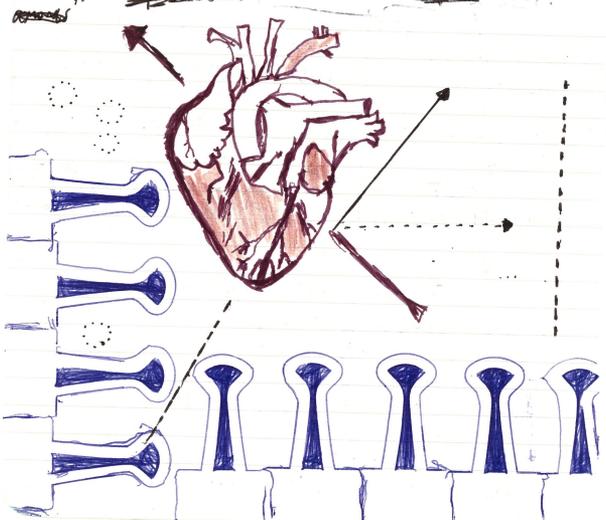
ves tra fu ria ya no tie ne ra iz • Ya no te ne

sin se mi ilas • Ya no me per te ne ce lo que

de la tum ba que so ne • Re gre sa me lo que no se

que aun ex tra no por que me ha cia sen tir vi vo • In ten to con ven cer me que he per di do mas que es to • pe ro mis

per dero • Ten dras mas vien to, mas tor men ta • A ve ces abro mi bi lle ta ra pa ra ver si to da via ten go el pri mer dia te que se le ca yo a mi hija • Ya no es ta qui • Asi como tu ya no es tas en mi mu r do • Lo uni co que da es a brir las con ti nas del mun do y de jan de es per ar •



ma dre • Te ase gu ro que ya no ten dras que

mu jer, que ria de cin te que no era yo a qui en es ta ba

te ha bi a apa ga do • Ya tu luz bri lla ba

ver so • Que ton to he si do en que rer com pre den der te

mos ma dre y el a mor que nos que da es un po zo

cre ce en ti • Lo que cre ce en mi son los hi jos

dice con me ta fo ras • Re gre sa me la le ja nia

An
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去地我们，请查
照所在。除本卷
外，能在一起卷在内
定图并一同要回路

于产品：笔记
接辅助产品
计。产品用
等和特殊场
的元素。
记录的故事

力、
独特

Univo s
Resaltio de ~~destaque~~ o tempo, sem a ~~qualificação~~ ..
diferença, ~~completa~~ ~~com~~ ~~o~~ ~~que~~ ~~se~~ ~~trata~~ ~~de~~ ~~um~~ ~~momento~~
de ~~uma~~ ~~parte~~ ~~do~~ ~~tempo~~ ~~em~~ ~~relação~~ ~~com~~ ~~o~~ ~~tempo~~ ~~total~~
do ~~todo~~ ~~o~~ ~~tempo~~ ~~em~~ ~~relação~~ ~~com~~ ~~o~~ ~~tempo~~ ~~total~~
do ~~todo~~ ~~o~~ ~~tempo~~ ~~em~~ ~~relação~~ ~~com~~ ~~o~~ ~~tempo~~ ~~total~~

I HAVE SEEN

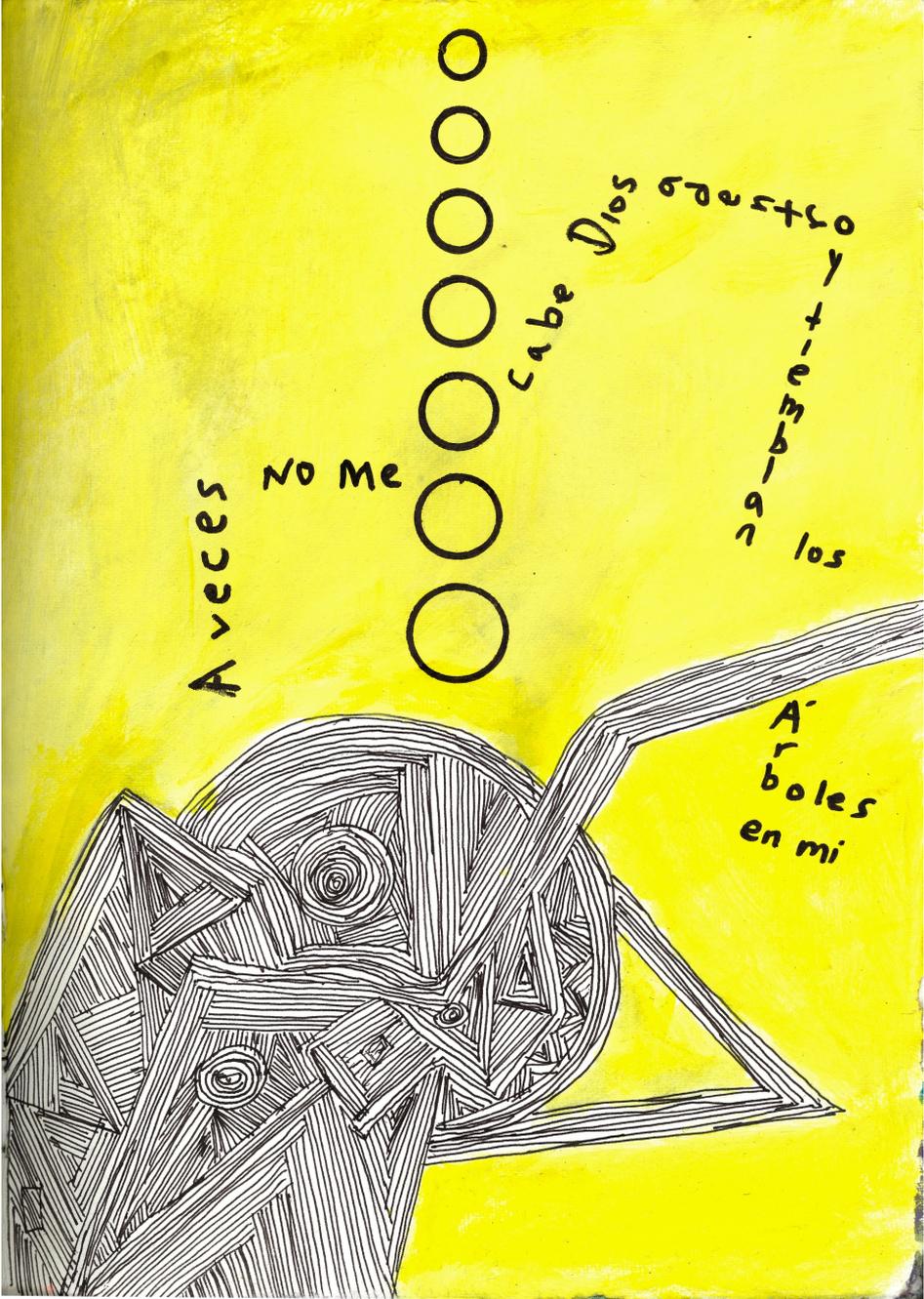
I have seen how they love each other.
I have seen how they forgive each other.
I have seen them waiting.
I have seen them dig deeper.

They want to forget the sun.



ÁRBOLES

Misfortune knows no God
and no God knows
the trees that tremble
inside of you.



A veces NO Me



Cabe Dios
estados
y + un + b + a + n + a + los

Arboles
en mi

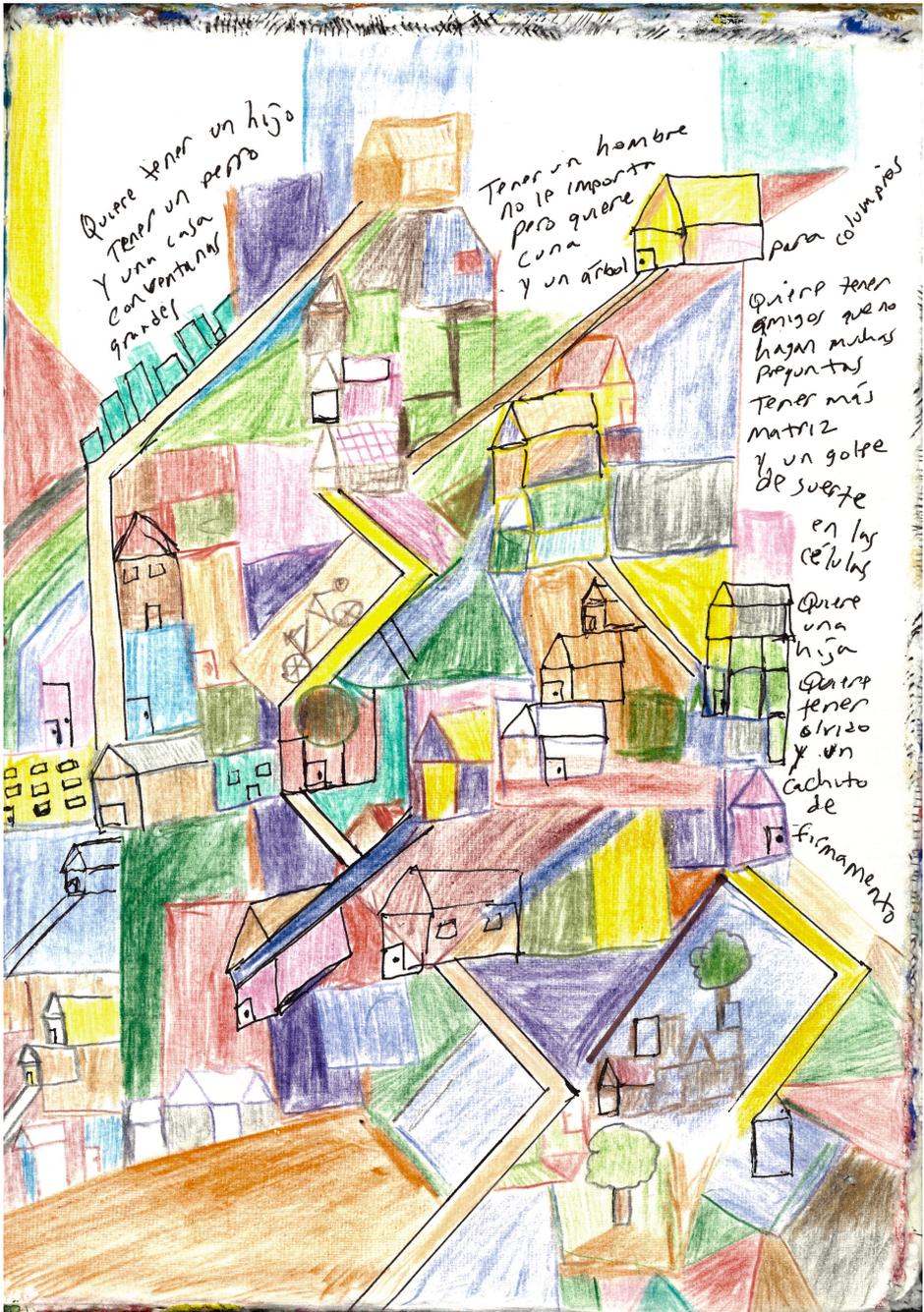
WANT

She wants a child.
Wants a dog and a house with large windows.
Having a man does not matter.
But she wants a crib and a tree for swings.

She wants to have friends
who do not ask too many questions.
Wants more womb and a stroke
of luck in the cells.

She wants a daughter.
Wants forgetfulness and a tiny slice
of firmament.

That is all she wants.



Quiere tener un hijo
Y tener un perro
Y una casa
con ventanas
grandes

Tener un hombre
No le importa
pero quiere
Cuna
y un árbol

Quiere tener
amigos que no
hagan muchas
preguntas
Tener más
matriz
y un golpe
de suerte
en las
células

Quiere
una
hija
Quiere
tener
elvizo
y un
cachuto
de
firmamento

I am looking for the man who stole
all the stones in this world,
for the one who sharpened all the knives
in our kitchens.

I am looking for the bomb of time,
that place where crimes are invented for us.

I am looking for the shoe that left without me,
for the road that removes me from the feeling
that no longer wants to be a shadow.

I am looking for the dream and the gambler
that have no present,
the eternity that I never reach.

Tell me: if I keep looking, will I find
what I was before I became flesh,
before I became exile?

Ando buscando
todas las
A ese que
los cuchillos



al que se robó
piedras del mundo
afiló todos
del mundo

Ando buscando
A ese lugar
Crímenes



el fondo del tiempo
donde nos inventan

Ando buscando
que se fue
Al camino
al sentimiento
ser sombra



al zapato
sin mí
que me regresa
que ya no quiere

Ando buscando
que no
A la
inmóvil



al sueño
tiene presente
eternidad
que nunca alcanzo

Ando
al
que
salvo

buscando
tahúr
a porro todo
la última

pulgada
que le



de vida
queda

Estoy buscando
antes
lo que era



lo que era
de ser carne
antes de ser exilio



FUEGO

You and I never had a bed.
Only fire.



MARTILLO

hhhhhhhh
aaaaaaaaa
mmmmm
mmmmm
eeeeeeee
rrrrrrrrrr



MATADEROS

We will
survive
the slaughter
houses
of our times





OCTAVIO QUINTANILLA

Octavio Quintanilla is the author of the poetry collection, *If I Go Missing* (Slough Press, 2014) and the 2018-2020 Poet Laureate of San Antonio, TX. His poetry, fiction, translations, and photography have appeared, or are forthcoming, in journals such as *Salamander*, *RHINO*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Pilgrimage*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Southwestern American Literature*, *The Texas Observer*, *Existere: A Journal of Art & Literature*, and elsewhere. His visual work has been exhibited at the AllState Almaguer art space in Mission, TX, El Centro Cultural Hispano de San Marcos, and in the Weslaco Museum. He holds a Ph.D. from the University of North Texas and is the regional editor for Texas Books in Review and poetry editor for *The Journal of Latina Critical Feminism*. Octavio teaches Literature and Creative Writing in the M.A./M.F.A. program at Our Lady of the Lake University in San Antonio, Texas. Check out his website: octavioquintanilla.com or find him on Instagram @writeroctavioquintanilla & Twitter @OctQuintanilla

