Towards 52nd Street

Asesinado por el cielo,
entre las formas que van hacia la sierpe
y las formas que buscan el cristal,
dejaré caer mis cabellos.

Con el árbol de muñones que no canta
y el niño con el blanco rostro de huevo.

Con los animalitos de cabeza rota
y el agua harapienta de los pies secos.

Con todo lo que tiene cansancio sordomudo
y mariposa ahogada en el tintero.

Tropezando con mi rostro distinto de cada día.
¡Asesinado por el cielo!

VUELTA DE PASEO. F. Garcia Lorca. Poeta en Nueva York

A journey, all this painting thanks to a journey.
Very few people know that where I come from, a journey can also mean a blow. *Darte un viaje* and *pegarte un viaje*, mean the same thing where I come from, but at the same time, they mean different things outside of where I come from.

A language, a slang, an attitude. Even so, I want to go beyond that.

Two friends from the city, Rubio and Moreno, are crossing the new bridge. In the background, on the other side of the river, the horizon of an ancient Arab city, Batalyaws, can be seen.
It seems that, with a slight tilt of the neck, extending down the back, one could see through time. The air is tinged with a veil of Bone-white memory.

At last, that vernacular place appears, the one we always contemplate, where we can enjoy immersing our entire bodies. It is a bank of fresh mud where Estirado emerges, bleeding and saying,
“I was hot tonight!”
Between the drops falling from the hair, the city appears, perched atop the hill of la Muela. Right behind, after turning their backs, they leave another country, the landscapes of Dehesa by Ortega Muñoz, the blurred images seen through train windows.

The three colours of the countryside allow, halfway across the bridge, a point of understanding between the two.
Again and again, all the stories Toni tells wander through their minds.

Another person's leg.
Another person's teeth.
The lives and deaths of others.

Javier Galán Hurtado