

# "Once" and "Plot"

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| Angola |

translated by Stephanie Reist

## Once

Remember?

When you were a beast of the sky,  
a beast of the water, a beast of the bush, a beast of the core?

Remember

the entirety of our home, ancient time  
where life blossomed?

Our bodies made of earth,  
Our gestures free, colorful, irrigated  
with the saliva of turf.

Gestures still to analyze, structure,  
mathematicize...

Together with yours, which are ours,  
pulsating immersed  
making world, creating cosmos?  
Us, the ones from the beginning.

Remember?

In my lap  
you suckled  
the green sap of my jars.  
You sucked

much of the living flow transmuted in cocoons.  
You sniffed out  
between the hills  
the thriving of flowering fields, thickened forests.  
You groped  
the divine paths opened by the rivers in this vast body.  
You opened  
cracks, wounds,  
eager for more, always more,  
hungry creature.  
Not even goodbye could I bid you.  
Today you arrive and slay me.

Remember?

You don't remember.

....and it was I who birthed you.

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## Plot

To erect yourself you settled your feet into my shoulders.  
You left me with a broad stride  
squat  
in loamy ochre.

Decimate brush,  
decimate bush.

Naked

Decimated  
Decimate, the brush  
and the bush.

The fangs of the flows  
in the fur  
penetrate the brush,  
the bush.

Decimate.

Naked.

Wap! Vap!  
Crack! Prac! Prec!

Butchered.

Without treetops,  
wild shrubs,  
living rivers.

Without breath fluttering,  
walking and navigating.

I sing a funeral song.

I sieze my body

I split.

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