

Ashdown House Cherry Pie Society

Poems for the Day of the Dead in Mexico

Desire

In your sweet face everything is beautiful
because I look at death, I'm happy;
when I contemplate you, emotions give me strength
if I see in your eyes my sparkle.

Life plays with those
who die by the lives they live;
With a dreamy minty gaze
and I'm starting to consume you by your neck...

My tongue sweetens if I look at you
little tasteful skulls of many flavors,
I feel sorry if I break you, if you shine,
the sugar brighten my sigh,
sequins of snow in its glow:
death is the color that seduces me.

Julie Sopetran

(Spanish poet)

A style of tomb

The subject transforms into a work of art.

Coffee colored earth

Is the faith.

And one little Mayan house so that the immobile body is shed.

And little fresh water for the soul's journey

one Cheche Itza mouth of open sky to learn

the waters

of the unknown...

Ixchel has not died

A nest, a tower, an angel, the clouds.

The thirst of the sublime!

Coffee colored earth

the faith.

The ones who always save us from monotony.

And the cross and the small blue door, blue, blue...

That opens the immense.

Everything transcends

Because it is the most profound: death,

And also to die we need a home where to stay in.

Coffee colored earth

the faith.

Julie Sopetran

(Spanish poet)

The Street

A long silent street.
I walk in blackness and I stumble and fall
and rise, and I walk blind, my feet
stepping on silent stones and dry leaves.
Someone behind me also stepping on stones, leaves:
if I slow down, he slows;
if I run, he runs. I turn: nobody.
Everything dark and doorless.
Turning and turning among these corners
which lead forever to the street
where nobody waits for, nobody follows me,
where I pursue a man who stumbles
and rises and says when he sees me: nobody.

Octavio Paz

Huastecan Woman

Everything transcend through candle, in bread, in flower, in hands...

The land grows green, they are vital memories;

the Huastecan wilderness: immortal women

who continue to rule from distant planes.

Salt and sugar from the breads or a silence of grains

of corn, inflamed within ancestral rites;

it is like a song medley of flowing springs

which transmutes their essence to human beings.

Skin weathered in the belief of ancestral dreams.

Tradition sculpted in majestic posture...

Your lit candles open new pathways.

Those who left have returned, your deeds reflect it,

your gaze, your expression, your wise tenderness

that exhales the purity of a divine well-being.

Julie Sopetran

Spanish Poet

A Song for Mother

I sing, I sing, for it hurts to cry
And the “why?” rings in my mind;
with my hands I recreate beauty
and that is why I sing and sing so much...

...so much like a sorrowful night
that amid nature’s aroma
the moaning of music is purity
that sprouts out of the words of my song.

I am seduced by the sensation, so beautiful
of reliving the brief journey
that is a star’s cry.

It is my reminiscent Love letter;
I know that my song reaches her
Because I lay my soul in her memory.

Julie Sopetran

(Spanish poet)

Woman with a Somber Gaze

Woman with a somber gaze,
Tell me, what do you see in the candles?
are they ghosts in the night
or are they flowers of the earth?

What do you treasure on your lap
illuminated and transparent,
even in the air
your silhouette appears?

Twice as much the pain,
twice as much the loss,
the flowers have become rivers
and the fragrance cries out.

Pondering at night,
vigil of the imagination,
bundle of lights and echoes,
stay up late during the wake...

Woman with a tender gaze
the flames of candles reach out;
are they mocking this moment
or are they restfully flickering out.

In your illuminated face
life rejuvenates,
to those who love death
this is a golden night in their sight.

For those who love life
it is a night of confusion,
the wax kisses the flowers
and the flame caresses the emotions.

Julie Sopena, 1995

(Spanish poet)

Beauty which Departs but Returns to Mixquic

The small floating island travels through the canal.

– Open the door, mother! So that we can surprise
that wandering soul who has arrived at our offerings;
the mirrors of the waterways have blinded her...

but she can feel her way, alone, to our house.

Prepare the food. That death may see
that this love of life we offer as a gift
so that she may better understand what the mystery
has bequeathed.

– Yes, dear daughter. Our house, clean, welcomes our
visitor.

Lights. Incense. Tamales. Chairs.

The bed is made with flowers which we bought.

The little floating house is beauty that traverses
by the unparalleled road of all the river banks
we get on and then... Will we return?

Julie Sopetran

(Spanish poet, 2000)

Journalist with a Borrowed Suit

I am a cadaver of the PRESS

I was born in a story;
in the most serious of news
I am the specialist.

I see many die.
I am the true journalist;
transcribing my work
I was left with no skin.

My indepth articles
provide reason for opinions;
under my blue suit, I hide
my bones and my heart.

Not to argue,
the PRESS has authority;
it brings what's necessary
if it's to report the TRUTH.

My style is to present the naked truth
since my suit is borrowed;
I like the raw news
and I outline the story.

Death beckons me
she follows me;
if I don't write about her, she will come for me
or she will sentence me to oblivion.

The interview torments me
I detest the transcription:
she doesn't bother with gossip
just the facts.

I research the questionnaire
I like what is ethnocentric;
I am that skeleton in the closet
and they call me egocentric.

I have many educated readers
who growl at me;
they are like adult children
forgetting death.

Subjective, impression,
bias from which we suffer;
Death without a heart
idea she doesn't deserve

I write for those who think
my advice is precise;
I send my message through the intense
calling of notices.

My friend plays the drums
announcing the carnage;
awaken into Love!
Without which you have nothing.

Come on! Read the news
for in this world of excesses;
only he who thinks is saved
and the rest, are bones.

Don't look at me if you are scared
but that coffin is my home;
if you can't handle its sight
its' better to take it in jest.

I am a professional
of the profession of providing news;
news—it's all evil
to be good is only ... sacrifice.

Diversity is the secret
of being and enjoying;
playing the drums, dares
those who know how to Love.

And me as a journalist
of the NEWS skinny and frank;
I invite you to run the show
bare and for no reason.

Bones and heart to the wind
Who can stop us?
Not the internet, nor thoughts,
only those who can READ.

Julie Sopetran

(Spanish poet, 2000)

Message in Colors

Lit candles. Faces. Memories
and an entrance that's a rainbow: protection for the place
of rest and meditation.
Necklaces. Cempasuchitl, pre-Hispanic links, songs,
paper medals, flames talking to the wind
the diverse language departed.
It is the prime time of the celebration
or death's thread, threaded
through time's needle.
It is the decomposition of matter, transformed into art.
It is the final curtain awoken from death in Ocotepc.
Yes. An eternal dream of uncorrupt flowers and of
gibberish.

It is death's lament, fading away
and it is also the respect made a tribute.
Who could have imagined so much beauty on a tomb?
Mole. Glass of water. Copal. Salt. Prayers.
Firecrackers. Fruits. Bread. Music.
Corridos. Bolas. Romantic songs.

History, praised. Creativity, expressed
in its most raw form...
And it is the color purple, elegies in white, blue, pink.
It is a blow from grace so heightened as artificial fire
that reveals the soul's presence in the darkness.
Something like the flowering of martyrdom in flames.
An arrangement for the end or the posthumous splendor.
In Morelos everything is possible
gloom battles with life and its victor,
it is once again for a little which, happiness, live tradition
which overcomes reality.

It was before these ornate gravesites, when I knew
that in Ocotepc, as in my heart,
those that have departed return every year to remind us of
their love.
And that only LOVE can save us.

Julie Sopetran

(Spanish poet, 2000)

Unnamed

Death has arrived
dancing the carisisqui
she has come to take with her
the visitors of Mixquic.

Tacho, Street Poet

What is Death?

What is death? It is the glass of life broken into a
thousand pieces, where the soul disperses like
perfume from a flask, into the silence of the eternal
night.

Unknown Author

Xelaxhuaanas

Woman, you guard the memories and you cry out:
your fruit of the earth flies away with the wind;
as the papel picado rattles and I feel
a language of aromas and flames.

Water for the thirst that you claim
with the faith that stirs in the mind;
with such grandeur that is sorrow
of all that you suffer because you love.

You have brought with you death's scent
the burning incense is alive in the house
and on the sleeping mat lies what used to be:

butterfly that pierces the air it traverses
and carries within its wings all which it has lived
its perfume is passion in all it touches.

Julie Sopetran

Unnamed 2

It has been so long since I have seen her,
it has been so long since I have visited her,
since the last day
I went to her tomb
to bring her flowers

Yesterday I took the long road
to the cemetery
and I realized how profound
and unforgettable is her memory.

It has been so long since I have seen her,
it has been so long since I have visited her.

Ignacio García Cuevas