

CORRECTIONS
 (tu olgueys bi announ)
 Helena Grande

self exile

brimming over with suspicion
 the grammar was simple
 good grades, right documents, enough grief
 to choose development over attachment

translate this abstract privilege
 the size of the unknown
 years in the ocean to find losses
 in-between shores is a length
 I'd never be able to pay

translate this exhausted palimpsest
 perennial misreading
 home, collective, love
 trying to separate oil from water

translate this New York City
 that will swallow us up, tired of
 being rad and rough
 I've been told new yorkers feel
 a love-hate for her teeth
 worms, *muddled blood*,
empty offices, crushed cows
 in Lorca's eyes:

No es el infierno, es la calle.

No es la muerte, es la tienda de frutas.

This isn't hell, it's the street

This isn't death, it's the fruit store¹

1. The verses in italics belong to Federico García Lorca's poem New York. Oficina y Denuncia, published in García Lorca, Federico, Poeta en Nueva York, Grove Press, New York (2008) pp. 122-126 Translated by Pablo Medina and Mark Statman.