



English Studies in Latin America

Select Poems by Roberto Onell

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Select poems by Roberto Onell¹ English translations by Arielle Concilio²

¹ Roberto Onell H. Santiago, Chile; Bachelor of Sociology (P. Universidad Católica de Chile, 2001); Master's in Literature (PUC, 2003) with thesis on Gonzalo Rojas; Doctor of literature (PUC and Universität Leipzig, 2012) with a thesis on Pablo Neruda. He has published in academic circles and the press, and participated in academic conferences in Chile, Argentina, Brazil, and Germany. He regularly teaches Poesía Hispanoamericana (Hispanic American poetry) at the PUC in the Department of Letras. In 2010, he published his first collection of poetry, *Rotación* (Express editions), and is currently preparing his second collection.

² Arielle Concilio recently completed her BA in English and Spanish from Wellesley College (2013), where she completed a full length translation of the first edition of Octavio Paz's *Libertad bajo palabra*. Her interests lie in literary translation, contemporary Latin American poetry, Contemporary American poetry, poetic theory, Feminist Theory, and Gender and Queer Studies. She is currently working on translations for Chilean poets, Marjorie Agosín and Roberto Onell. She will receive her MA in Comparative Literature from Dartmouth College in 2015.

DANZA

Minutos desvestidos,
la lumbre de otros miembros
y el domingo infinito.

LA GOTA

De sal en una gota ver tu rostro.

CANCIÓN A DESHORA

Aquí están las horas robadas
al mundo, al futuro, a este día.
Las he arrebatado tan crías;
tan solas de abrazo, que llaman.

Oyendo rumores de aguas,
las horas son voces hoy mías.
Mi voz, sumergida en el curso,
regresa a una tierra olvidada.

Aquí está mi voz, ya descalza,
alzando mi infiel transparencia,
y así voy cifrando un transcurso
que se hace canción con las aguas.

DANCE

Minutes undressed—
the splendor of other limbs,
and the infinite Sunday.

THE DROP

Through salt in a drop a glimpse of your face

CANCIÓN A DESHORA³

Here are the hours stolen
from the world, the future, today.
I've snatched them so tender,
so untouched, that they wail.

Hearing the sounds of the waters,
the hours today are my voices.
My voice, submerged in the course,
returns to a forgotten land.

Here is my voice, now barefoot,
raising my traitorous transparency;
So I cipher through the course of time
becoming a song with the waters.

³ The sense of the Spanish expression “a deshora” changes depending on the context; it may signify an inopportune, inconvenient, or unexpected moment. Because no English word seems to fully capture this sense, I have chosen to maintain the Spanish.