

Arctic Ocean



Atlantic Ocean

Pacific Ocean

Peru

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Pacific Ocean

Indian Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Southern Ocean

Mask of some God

By Blanca Varela (a Peruvian poet)

Facing me that lunar face.
Nose of silver, birds on brow.

Birds on brow?

And then there's red
and everything the earth deserts.
Moisture with powers of fire
blooming past black eyelids.
A face on the wall.

Behind the wall, beyond all will,
further even than seeing and hushing:
What?

Always something to break, abolish or fear?
And on the other side? Upside down?

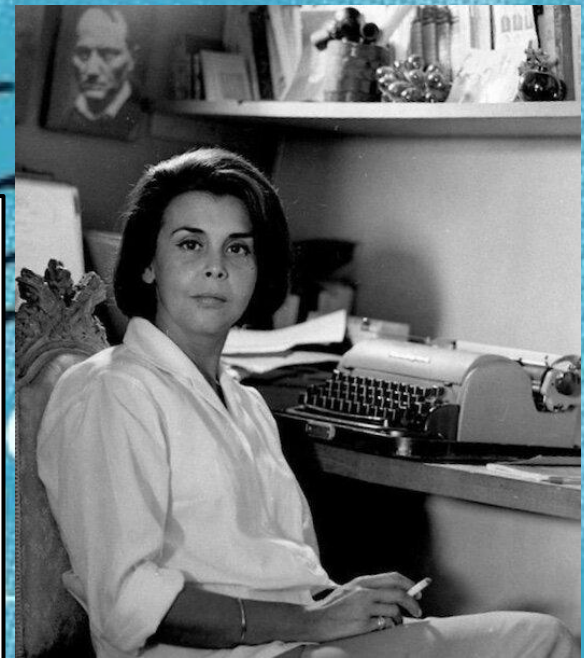
Flight of the hand, the line is born,
vibrant destiny, black destiny.

For a moment the melody is clear,
seems eternal, the afternoon
so pure, the sky's shadow.

I return again. I ask.
Maybe that silence says something,
it is an immense letter that names and
contains us
in its deep air.

Maybe the death behind that smile
is love, a gigantic love
in whose center we are ablaze.

Maybe such an other side exists
and it is also the gaze
and all of this is the other
and that is this
and we are a form that changes with light
until being only light, only shadow.



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Selección y prólogo
ga Muñoz Carrasco

Blanca Varela

About the poet

- Born in Lima, Peru, in 1926
- Died in Lima, Peru, in 2009
- Varela's poetry is described as surrealist
- She lived in Paris for a period of time, and whilst there became part of a group of Latin American artists living in the city.
- The group met to discuss and discover ways to create art that embraced modernity, whilst still remaining true to their Latin American identity.



About the poem

- How do you feel after reading it?
- Which lines or words resonated with you and why?
- What would you say the main theme of this poem is?