# Rafael Ayala Páez – Two Poems Translated by Roger Hickin

### **April**

I sensed the omens
I broke the words
I raised the wings:
the pain descended through the walls.

#### Abril

Intuí los presagios rompí las palabras alce las alas:

el dolor descendía por las paredes.

### They do not burn

The lamp spills its wine over a body

a back or the loved

To love crystal eyes

To love this sibylline mouth is to be consumed in a blaze

Nonetheless they do not burn the skins like papers.

# No se queman

La lámpara derrama su vino sobre un cuerpo

una espalda o lo amado

Amar unos ojos de cristal

Amar esta sibilina boca

es consumirse en una hoguera

Sin embargo no se queman

las pieles como papeles.

**Rafael Ayala Páez** from Zaraza, Guárico, Venezuela, holds a degree in Education, Language Arts from Universidad Nacional Experimental Simón Rodríguez (UNESR). Founding member of the Municipal Writers Network of Zaraza. He has published in literary magazines in the United States, South America and Europe. Some of his poems have been translated to English, German, Frenchman and Hebrew. He published Bocados de silencio in 2012.

**Roger Hickin** who translated these peoms is a New Zealand poet, visual artist, book designer & publisher. Although he has written poetry since the 1960s, his main preoccupation was with sculpture and painting until the early 2000s when poetry began to demand more serious attention. His artworks have often incorporated poetry and his involvement with the visual arts has given rise to a number of poems about art & artists. His *Waiting for the Transport* (Kilmog Press, Dunedin) and *The Situation & other poems*, (Cold Hub Press Chapbook), both appeared in 2009. Roger is the director of Cold Hub Press which publishes poetry in several languages, including bi-lingual chapbooks of poems.