

# Letting Words Come Inside

## Learning To Live

### One Day, The Everyday, Another Day, Today

Lau Cesarco Eglin

**Letting Words Come Inside**

It's a different book  
 when you read slowly, at the pace  
 necessary to touch  
 seams and notice  
 crevices between and around  
 inside is where you  
 want to be slow enough  
 to stop, go back:  
 It's when you can use the word  
*again* as a delight. Again, you  
 go over the lines and re-member.

Everything is intensified and wonder  
 becomes a state  
 to stay in as connected  
 to language as to yourself  
 as language. Roots.

Evergreens as a gradual  
 way of changing.  
 Lose the obvious,  
 spend more time to discern conifers  
 with needles of varying sharpness  
 that hint at how fast  
 you can pass  
 your hand over them,

how often can you go back  
 to a line and touch different

depths because being pricked or pierced  
 or punctured is again only perceived

when reading slowly  
 you know that  
 even if *pine* is sometimes  
 a verb of suffering,  
 it is never without its clusters  
 of needles. Evergreen. There's a comeback  
 as a tree. Let the roots bring you  
 to language, to connect  
 with the pace that allows you  
 to be you.

### **Learning To Live**

Of all that which I forgot and forget  
and has forgotten me in return  
what hurts the most is  
how to feel and recognize  
when I am actually feeling.

Somewhere it's still tangled  
like seaweed conjures itself up  
plural: every time it's algae.

It's easy when I see the red and feel  
the wet gush out of my sliced thumb,  
just a bit, just enough  
to show me it hurts and I press  
my thumb hard because streaming  
is so close to too much and too soon.

But feelings aren't instant. They take  
so long to be and sometimes  
it is over 24 hours, one day and its dream,  
to know that something is flowing out  
inside and by then it's so thick and wild  
flooding is inevitable. It's difficult  
to be ready, to know what to do, to not  
have time to articulate into the right  
words that I know are drowning and drown  
any return of what just happened, what might  
continue to come out alive.

**One Day, The Everyday, Another Day, Today**

I woke up knowing that today should have been tomorrow tied to as many yesterdays as needed to arrive. And once awake, blink, long enough to close my eyes and interpret translation. Hop from one day at the botanical garden to being able to sleep on, sleep with, slip into a question and its possibilities, using the lines to hold on and carry me through. That's how I'd describe becoming. Being tide. Never the same undulation, no matter how hard you stare at the shore. There are no rules that will hold such measurements. After all, today is the disarray in a bouquet, welcomed after having figured out the countless permutations of *this is not a fixed arrangement*.

### About the Author

Laura Cesarco Eglin is the author of three collections of poetry, *Calling Water by Its Name*, translated by Scott Spanbauer (Mouthfeel Press, 2016), *Sastrería* (Yaugurú, 2011), and *Reborn in Ink*, translated by Jesse Lee Kercheval and Catherine Jagoe (The Word Works, 2019). A selection of poems from *Sastrería* was translated collaboratively into English with Teresa Williams, and subsequently published as the chapbook *Tailor Shop: Threads* (Finishing Line Press, 2013). Cesarco Eglin has also published the chapbook *Occasions to Call Miracles Appropriate* (The Lune, 2015). Her poems, as well as her translations (from the Spanish, Portuguese, Portuguese, and Galician), have appeared or are forthcoming in a variety of journals, including *Modern Poetry in Translation*, *Eleven Eleven*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Copper Nickel*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Arsenic Lobster*, *International Poetry Review*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Blood Orange Review*, *Timber*, *Pretty Owl Poetry*, *Pilgrimage*, *Periódico de Poesía*, and more. Her poems are also featured in the Uruguayan women's section of *Palabras Errantes*, *Plusamérica: Latin American Literature in Translation*. Cesarco Eglin is the translator of *Of Death. Minimal Odes* by the Brazilian author Hilda Hilst, (co•im•press, 2018). She is the co-founding editor and publisher of Veliz Books.