

Poetry Reading by Tino Villanueva

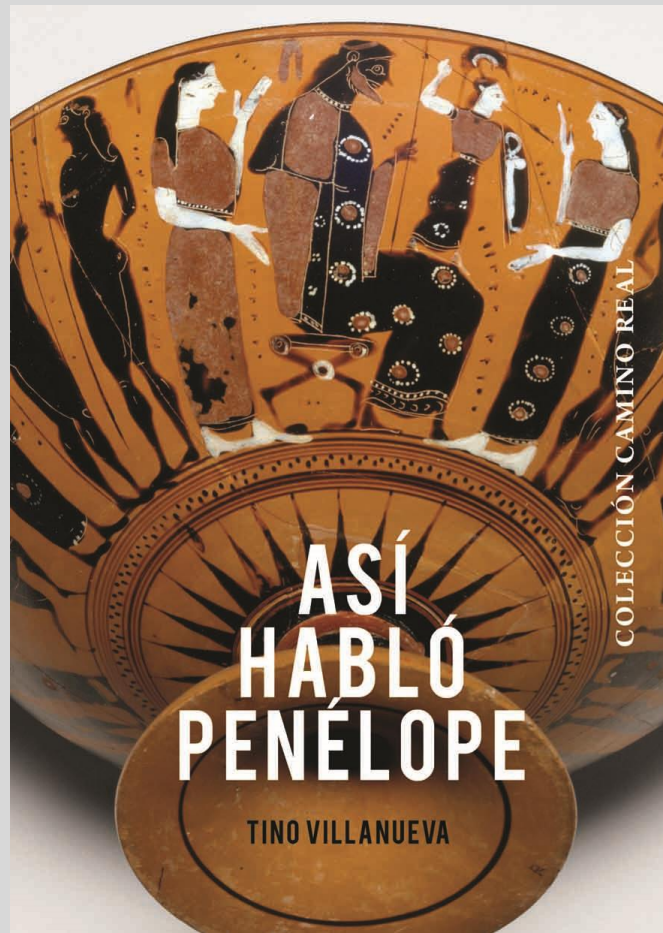
October 28th, 2014 – 5:30 pm

Real Colegio Complutense

26 Trowbridge St., 02138 Cambridge, MA

<http://rcc.harvard.edu/>

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Organizers:

José Antonio Gurpegui (Universidad de Alcalá) & David Yagüe (Harvard University)

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SO SPOKE PENELOPE

This is the palace where I've learned to survive;
where two years ago I embraced Odysseus,
stout son of Laertes, one last time—
one long embrace was all it took
to shape one heartbeat between us before he left for Troy.

This is the palace I walk around in
from hall to hall, a world of stone and wood that is mine.
This is the room where I work in wool,
and talk it out with myself;
where still awake I toss and turn,
pace around in the middle of the night,
convincing myself once more
that the earthly idea of love is still the life-blood of my body.

This is the palace where I wear the crown of faithfulness;
where the sound of the sea is the sound I think with.
Therefore, if I stand by a window expecting each time to see
the outline of a ship coming toward me,
what is it but my love,
and the passion time gives it to grow for Odysseus,
like-minded husband of the cunning mind, for whom I wait.

*So spoke Penelope when she awoke this morning:
when the golden cloth of dawn rose
out of the sea.*